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VOL. II.

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The Adventurer,

AND

The Guardian.



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1785.

A
HARRISON'S EDITION.



THE
ADVENTURER.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

TENTANDA VIA EST; QUA ME QUOQUE POSSIM
TOLLERE HUMO, VICTORQUE VIRUM VOLITARE PER ORA.

VIRGIL

ON VENT'ROUS WING IN QUEST OF PRAISE I GO,
AND LEAVE THE GAZING MULTITUDE BELOW.



LONDON:

Printed for HARRISON and Co. N^o 13, Paternoster Row.

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HARRISON'S EDITION

ADVENTURER

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LONDON

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THE ADVENTURER.

N^o. I. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1753.

HAC ARTE POLLUX, ET VAGUS HERCULES
INNIXUS, ANGES ATTIGIT IGNEB.

Hor.

THUS MOUNTED TO THE TOW'RS ABOVE,
THE VAGRANT HERO, SON OF JOVE.

FRANCIS.

AS every man, in the exercise of his duty to himself and the community, struggles with difficulties which no man has always surmounted, and is exposed to dangers which are never wholly escaped; life has been considered as a warfare, and courage as a virtue more necessary than any other. It was soon found, that without the exercise of courage, without an effort of the mind by which immediate pleasure is rejected, pain despised, and life itself set at hazard, much cannot be contributed to the publick good, nor such happiness procured to ourselves as is consistent with that of others.

But as pleasure can be exchanged only for pleasure, every art has been used to connect such gratifications with the exercise of courage, as compensate for those which are given up; the pleasures of the imagination are substituted for those of the senses, and the hope of future enjoyments for the possession of present; and to decorate these pleasures and this hope, has wearied eloquence and exhausted learning. Courage has been dignified with the name of heroick virtue; and heroick virtue has deified the hero: his

statue, hung round with ensigns of terror, frowns in the gloom of a wood or a temple; altars were raised before it, and the world was commanded to worship.

Thus the ideas of courage, and virtue, and honour, are so associated, that wherever we perceive courage, we infer virtue and ascribe honour; without considering, whether courage was exerted to produce happiness or misery, in the defence of freedom or support of tyranny.

But though courage and heroick virtue are still confounded, yet by courage nothing more is generally understood than a power of opposing danger with serenity and perseverance. To secure the honours which are bestowed upon courage by custom, it is indeed necessary that this danger should be voluntary: for a courageous resistance of dangers to which we are necessarily exposed by our station, is considered merely as the discharge of our duty, and brings only a negative reward, exemption from infamy.

He who, at the approach of evil, betrays his trust or deserts his post, is branded with cowardice; a name perhaps more reproachful than any other, that does not imply much greater turpitude:

tude: he who patiently suffers that which he cannot without guilt avoid, escapes infamy, but does not obtain praise. It is the man who provokes danger in its recess, who quits a peaceful retreat, where he might have slumbered in ease and safety, for peril and labour, to drive before a tempest or to watch in a camp; the man who descends from a precipice by a rope at midnight, to fire a city that is besieged; or who ventures forward into regions of perpetual cold and darkness, to discover new paths of navigation, and disclose new secrets of the deep; it is the ADVENTURER alone on whom every eye is fixed with admiration, and whose praise is repeated by every voice.

But it must be confessed that this is only the praise of prejudice and of custom: reason as yet sees nothing either to commend or imitate; a more severe scrutiny must be made, before she can admit courage to belong to virtue, or entitle it's possessor to the palm of honour.

If new worlds are sought merely to gratify avarice or ambition, for the treasures that ripen in the distant mine, or the homage of nations whom new arts of destruction may subdue; or if the precipice is descended merely for a pecuniary consideration; the Adventurer is, in the estimation of reason, as worthless and contemptible as the robber who defies a gibbet for the hire of a strumpet, or the fool who lays out his whole property on a lottery ticket. Reason considers the motive, the means, and the end; and honours courage only when it is employed to effect the purpose of virtue. Whoever exposes life for the good of others, and desires no super-added reward but fame, is pronounced a hero by the voice of reason; and to withhold the praise that he merits, would be an attempt equally injurious and impossible. How much then is it to be regretted, that several ages have elapsed since all who had the will had also the power thus to secure at once the shout of the multitude, and the eulogy of the philosopher! The last who enjoyed this privilege were the heroes that the history of certain dark ages distinguishes by the name of Knights-Errant; beings who improved the opportunities of glory that were peculiar to their own times, in which giants were to be encountered, dragons destroyed, enchantments dissolved, and captive princesses set at liberty.

These heroes, however numerous, or wherever they dwelt, had nothing more to do, than, as soon as Aurora with her dewy fingers unlocked the rosy portals of the east, to mount the steed, grasp the lance, and ride forth attended by a faithful squire; a giant or a dragon immediately appeared; or a castle was perceived with a mote, a bridge, and a horn; the horn is sounded, a dwarf first appears, and then an enchanter; a combat ensues, and the enchanter is defeated; the Knight enters the castle, reads a Talisman, dissolves the enchantment, receives the thanks of the princesses, and encomium of the knights; then is conducted by the principal lady to the court of her father; is there the object of universal admiration, refuses a kingdom, and sets out again to acquire new glory by a series of new adventures.

But if the world has now no employment for the Knights-Errant, the Adventurer may still do good for fame. Such is the hope with which he quits the quiet of indolence and the safety of obscurity; for such ambition he has exchanged content, and such is his claim as a candidate for praise. It may, indeed, be objected, that he has no right to the reward; because, if it be admitted that he does good for fame, it cannot be pretended that it is at the risk of his life: but honour has been always allowed to be of greater value than life.

If, therefore, the Adventurer risks honour, he risks more than the Knight. The ignominy which falls on a disappointed candidate for publick praise, would by those very Knights have been deemed worse than death; and who is more truly a candidate for publick praise than an author? But as the Knights were without fear of death, the Adventurer is without fear of disgrace or disappointment: he confides, like them, in the temper of his weapon, and the justice of his cause; he knows he has not far to go, before he will meet with some fortress that has been raised by sophistry for the asylum of error, some enchanter who lies in wait to ensnare innocence, or some dragon breathing out his poison in defence of infidelity; he has also the power of enchantment, which he will exercise in his turn; he will sometimes crowd the scene with ideal beings, sometimes recal the past, and sometimes anticipate the future; sometimes he will

will transport those who put themselves under his influence to regions which no traveller has yet visited, and will sometimes confine them with invisible bands till the charm is dissolved by a word, which will be placed the last in a paper which he shall give them.

Nor does he fear that this boast should draw upon him the imputation of arrogance or of vanity; for the Knight, when he challenged an army, was not thought either arrogant or vain; and yet as every challenge is a boast, and implies a consciousness of superiority, the ostentation is certainly in proportion to the force that is defied; but this

force is also the measure of danger, and danger is the measure of honour. It must also be remarked, that there is great difference between a boast of what we shall do, and of what we have done. A boast when we enter the lists, is a defiance of danger; it claims attention, and it raises expectation; but a boast when we return, is only an exultation in safety, and a demand of praise which is not thought to be due; for the praise that is thought to be due is always paid. Let it be remembered, therefore, that if the Adventurer raises expectation, he proportionably encreases his danger; and that he asks nothing which the publick shall desire to withhold.

Nº II. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER II, 1752.

PALMA NEGATA MACRUM, DONATA REDUCIT OPIMUM.

HOR.

—TO SINK IN SHAME, OR SWELL WITH PRIDE,
AS THE GAY PALM IS GRANTED OR DENY'D.

FRANCIS.

THE multitudes that support life by corporal labour, and eat their bread in the sweat of their brow, commonly regard inactivity as idleness; and have no conception that weariness can be contracted in an elbow-chair, by how and then peeping into a book, and musing the rest of the day: the sedentary and studious, therefore, raise their envy or contempt, as they appear either to possess the conveniencies of life by the mere bounty of fortune; or to suffer the want of them by refusing to work.

It is, however, certain, that to think is to labour; and that as the body is affected by the exercise of the mind, the fatigue of the study is not less than that of the field or the manufactory.

But the labour of the mind, though it is equally wearisome with that of the body, is not attended with the same advantages. Exercise gives health, vigour, and cheerfulness, sound sleep, and a keen appetite: the effects of sedentary thoughtfulness are diseases that embitter and shorten life, interrupted rest, tasteless meals, perpetual languor, and causeless anxiety.

No natural inability to perform manual operations has been observed to proceed from disinclination; the reluctance, if it cannot be removed, may be sur-

mounted; and the artificer then proceeds in his work with as much dexterity and exactness, as if no extraordinary effort had been made to begin it: but with respect to the productions of imagination and wit, a mere determination of the will is not sufficient; there must be a disposition of the mind which no human being can procure, or the work will have the appearance of a forced plan, in the production of which the industry of art has been substituted for the vigour of nature.

Nor does this disposition always ensure success, though the want of it never fails to render application ineffectual; for the writer who sits down in the morning, fired with his subject, and teeming with ideas, often finds at night, that what delighted his imagination offends his judgment, and that he has lost the day by indulging a pleasing dream, in which he joined together a multitude of splendid images without perceiving their incongruity.

Thus the wit is condemned to pass his hours, those hours which return no more, in attempting that which he cannot effect, or in collecting materials which he afterwards discovers to be unfit for use: but the mechanick and the husbandman know, that the work which they

they perform will always bear the same proportion to the time in which they are employed, and the diligence which they exert.

Neither is the reward of intellectual equally certain with that of corporal labour; the artificer, for the manufacture which he finishes in a day, receives a certain sum; but the wit frequently gains no advantage from a performance at which he has toiled many months, either because the town is not disposed to judge of his merit, or because he has not suited the popular taste.

It has been often observed, that not the value of a man's income, but the proportion which it bears to his expences, justly denominates him rich or poor; and that it is not so much the manner in which he lives, as the habit of life he has contracted, which renders him happy or wretched. For this reason, the labour of the mind, even when it is adequately rewarded, does not procure means of happiness in the same proportion as that of the body. They that sing at the loom, or whistle after the plough, wish not for intellectual entertainment; if they have plenty of wholesome food, they do not repine at the inelegance of their table, nor are they less happy because they are not treated with ceremonious respect, and served with silent celerity. The scholar is always considered as becoming a gentleman by his education; and the wit is conferring honour upon his company, however elevated by their rank or fortune: they are, therefore, frequently admitted to scenes of life very different from their own; they partake of pleasures which they cannot hope to purchase; and many superfluities become necessary, by the gratification of wants, which in a lower class they would never have known.

Thus the peasant and the mechanick, when they have received the wages of the day, and procured their strong beer and supper, have scarce a wish unsatisfied: but the man of nice discernment and quick sensations, who has acquired a high relish of the elegancies and refinements of life, has seldom philosophy enough to be equally content with that which the reward of genius can purchase.

And yet there is scarce any character so much the object of envy, as that of a successful writer. But those who only see him in company, or hear encomiums

on his merit, form a very erroneous opinion of his happiness: they conceive him as perpetually enjoying the triumphs of intellectual superiority; as displaying the luxuriance of his fancy, and the variety of his knowledge, to silent admiration; or listening in voluptuous indolence to the music of praise. But they know not, that these lucid intervals are short and few; that much the greater part of his life is passed in solitude and anxiety; that his hours glide away unnoticed, and the day, like the night, is contracted to a moment by the intense application of the mind to it's object: locked up from every eye, and lost even to himself, he is reminded that he lives only by the necessities of life; he then starts as from a dream, and regrets that the day has passed unenjoyed, without affording means of happiness to the morrow.

Will Hardman the smith had three sons, Tom, Ned, and George. George, who was the youngest, he put apprentice to a taylor: the two elder were otherwise provided for; he had by some means the opportunity of sending them to school upon a foundation, and afterwards to the University. Will thought that this opportunity to give his boys good learning, was not to be missed. Learning, he said, was a portion which the Devil could not wrong them of; and, when he had done what he ought for them, they must do for themselves.

As he had not the same power to procure them livings, when they had finished their studies, they came to London. They were both scholars; but Tom was a genius, and Ned was a dunce. Ned became usher in a school at the yearly salary of twenty pounds, and Tom soon distinguished himself as an author: he wrote many pieces of great excellence; but his reward was sometimes withheld by caprice; and sometimes intercepted by envy. He passed his time in penury and labour; his mind was abstracted in the recollection of sentiment, and perplexed in the arrangement of his ideas and the choice of expression.

George, in the mean time, became a master in his trade, kept ten men constantly at work upon the board, drank his beer out of a silver tankard, and boasted, that he might be as well to pass in a few years as many of those for whom he made laced cloaths, and who thought

thought themselves his betters. Ned wished earnestly that he could change stations with George: but Tom, in the pride of his heart, disdained them both;

and declared, that he would rather perish upon a bulk with cold and hunger, than steal through life in obscurity, and be forgotten when he was dead.

N^o III. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1752.

SCENIS DECORA ALTA FUTURIS.

VIRG.

THE SPLENDID ORNAMENT OF FUTURE SCENES.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,
AS the business of Pantomimes is become a very serious concern, and the curiosity of mankind is perpetually thirsting after novelties, I have been at great pains to contrive an entertainment, in which every thing shall be united that is either the delight or astonishment of the present age: I have not only ransacked the fairs of Bartholomew and Southwark, but picked up every uncommon animal, every amazing prodigy of nature, and every surprizing performer, that has lately appeared within the bills of mortality. As soon as I am provided with a theatre spacious enough for my purpose, I intend to exhibit a most sublime Pantomime in the modern taste; but far more ostentatious in it's feats of activity, it's scenes, decorations, machinery, and monsters. A sketch of my design I shall lay before you; and you may possibly think it not inconsistent with the character of an Adventurer to recommend it to publick notice.

I have chosen for the subject the Fable of Hercules; as his labours will furnish me with the most extraordinary events, and give me an opportunity of introducing many wonders of the monstrous creation. It is strange that this story, which so greatly recommends itself by it's incredibility, should have hitherto escaped the search of those penetrating geniuses, who have rummaged not only the legends of antiquity, but the fictions of Fairy tales, and little history books for children, to supply them with materials for Perseus and Andromeda, Doctor Faustus, Queen Mab, &c. In imitation of these illustrious wits, I shall call my entertainment by the name of HARLEQUIN HERCULES.

In the original story, as a prelude to his future victories, we are told that

Hercules strangled two serpents in the cradle: I shall therefore open with this circumstance; and have prepared a couple of pasteboard serpents of an enormous length, with internal springs and movements for the contortions, which I dare say will far exceed that most astonishing one in Orpheus and Eurydice. Any of the common-sized parti-coloured gentry, that have learnt to whimper and whine after being hatched in the egg in the Rape of Proserpine, may serve for this scene: but as the Man Hercules must be supposed to be of a preternatural bulk of body, the Modern Colossus has practised the tiptoe step and tripping air for the ensuing parts. Instead of a sword of lath, I shall arm him, in conformity to his character, with a huge cork-club.

The first labour is the killing the Nemean Lion, who, in imitation of the fable, shall drop from an oiled-paper moon. We have been long accustomed to admire lions upon the stage; but I shall vastly improve upon this by making our conqueror slay him upon the spot, and cloke himself with the skin: I have therefore got a tawny-coloured hide made of coarse serge, with the ears, mane, and tip of the tail, properly bushed out with brown worsted.

Next to this is the destruction of the Hydra, a terrible serpent with seven heads; and as two were said to sprout up again in the place of every one that was cut off, I design, by the art of my machinery, to exhibit a successive regeneration of double heads, till a hundred and more are prepared to be knocked off by one stroke of the aforesaid cork-club.

I have a beautiful canvas wild boar of Erymanthus for the third labour; which, as Harlequin is to carry it off the stage upon his shoulders, has nothing in it's belly but a wadding of tow, and a little boy who is to manage it's motions, to let down the wire-jaw, or gnash the

the wooden tusks: and though I could rather wish he were able to grunt and growl, yet as that is impossible, I have taught the urehin to squeak prodigiously like a pig.

The fourth labour, his catching the hind of Mænales, whose feet were of brass, and horns of gold, I fear I must omit; because I cannot break any common buck to run slow enough. But he is next to drive away those enormous birds of Stymphalus's Lake, which were of such prodigious bigness, that they intercepted the light with their wings, and took up whole men as their prey. I have got a flock of them formed of leather covered with ravens feathers; they are a little unwieldy, I must confess; but I have disposed my wires so as to play them about tolerably well, and make them flap out the candles; and two of the largest are to gulp down the grenadier, stationed at each door of the stage, with their caps, muskets, bayonets, and all their accoutrements.

The sixth labour is an engagement with the Amazons; to represent whom, I have hired all THE WONDERFUL TALL MEN AND WOMEN that have been lately exhibited in this town. The part of Hyppolita their queen is to be played by the Female Sampson, who, after the company has been amazed with the vast proofs of her strength, is to be fairly slung in a wrestling bout by our invincible Harlequin.

I shall then present you with a prospect of the Augean stable, where you will have an arrangement on each side of seven or eight cow hides stuf with straw, which the fancy's eye may as easily multiply into a thousand, as in a tragedy-battle it has been used to do half a dozen scene-shifters into an army. Hercules's method of cleansing this stable is well known; I shall therefore let loose a whole river of pewter to glitter along the stage, far surpassing any little clinking cascade of tin that the playhouse or Vauxhall can boast of.

As he is next to seize upon a bull breathing out fire and flames, I had prepared one accordingly, with the palate and nostrils properly loaded with wild-fire and other combustibles; but by the unskilfulness of the fellow inclosed in it, while he was rehearsing Bull's part, the head took fire, which spread to the carcass, and the fool narrowly escaped suffering the torment of Phalaris. This

accident I have now guarded against, by having lined the roof and jaws with thin plates of painted iron.

To personate Geryon, who had three bodies, I have contrived to tie three men together back to back; one of them is the FAMOUS NEGRO who swings about his arms in every direction; and these will make full as grotesque a figure as the man with a double masque. As Harlequin for his eighth labour is to deliver this triple-form monster to be devoured by his cannibal oxen, I shall here with the greatest propriety exhibit the NOTED Ox with six legs and two bellies; and as Diomedes must be served up in the same manner as a meal for his flesh-eating horses, this will furnish me with a good pretext for introducing the BEAUTIFUL PANTHER-MARE.

After these I shall transport you to the orchard of the Hesperides, where you will feast your sight with the green paper trees and gilt apples. I have bought up the old copper Dragon of Wantley as a guard to this forbidden fruit; and when he is new burnished, and the tail somewhat lengthened, his aspect will be much more formidable than his brother dragon's in Harlequin's Sorcerer.

But the full display of my art is reserved for the last labour, the descent through a trap-door into HELL. Though this is the most applauded scene in many of our favourite pantomimes, I do not doubt but my HELL will out-do whatever has been hitherto attempted of the kind, whether in it's gloomy decoration, it's horrors, it's flames, or it's devils. I have engaged the engineer of Cuper's Gardens to direct the fire-works: Ixion will be whirled round upon a wheel of blazing saltpetre; Tantalus will catch at a reflux flood of burning resin; and Sisyphus is to roll up a stone charged with crackers and squibs, which will bound back again with a thundering explosion at a distance, you will discover black steams arising from the River Styx, represented by a stream of melted pitch. The NOTED FIRE-EATER also shall make his appearance, smoking out of red-hot tobacco pipes, champing lighted brimstone; and swallowing his infernal mass of broth. Harlequin's errand hither being only to bring away Cerberus, I have instructed THE MOST AMAZING NEW ENGLISH CHIEF SAVANT to act the part of this three-headed dog, with the assistance of two artificial noddles.

noddles fastened to his throat. The sagacity of this animal will surely delight much more than the pretty trick of his rival, the human hound, in another entertainment.

Thus I have brought my Hercules through his twelve capital enterprizes; though I purpose to touch upon some other of the Grecian hero's achievements. I shall make him kill Cacus the three-headed robber, and shall carry him to Mount Caucasus, to untie Prometheus, whose liver was continually preyed upon by a vulture. This last-mentioned incident I cannot pass over, as I am resolved that my vulture shall vie in bulk, beauty and docility, with the so much applauded STUPENDOUS OSTRICH: and towards the end I doubt not but I shall be able to triumph over the SORCERER'S GREAT GELDING, by the exhibition of my Centaur Nessus, who is to carry off the LITTLE WOMAN that weighs no more than twenty-three pounds, in the character of Deianira; a burthen great enough for the osler who is to play the brute-half of my Centaur, as his back must be bent horizontally, in order to fix his head against the rump of the man-half.

The whole piece will conclude with Harlequin in a bloody shirt, skipping, writhing, and rolling, and at length expiring, to the irregular motions of the fiddle-stick: though, if any of the fire-offices will ensure the house, he shall mount the kindled pile, and be burned to ashes in the presence of the whole audience.

Intrigue is the soul of these dumb shews, as well as of the more senseless farces: Omphale, therefore, or Deianira, must serve for my Colombine; and I can so far wrest the fable to my own purpose, as to suppose that these dangers were encountered by Harlequin for their sakes. Eristheus, the persecutor of Her-

cules, will be properly characterised by Pantaloon; and the servant, whose business it is, as Homer says, 'to shake the regions of the gods with laughter,' shall be the WONDERFUL LITTLE NORFOLK-MAN, as in all books of chivalry you never read of a giant but you are told of a dwarf. The fellow with Stentorian lungs, who can break glasses and shatter window-panes with the loudness of his vociferation, has engaged in that one scene, where Hercules laments the loss of his Hylas, to make the whole house ring again with his bawling; and the wonderful man, who talks in his belly, and can fling his voice into any part of a room, has promised to answer him in the character of Echo.

I cannot conclude without informing you, that I have made an uncommon provision for the necessary embellishments of singing and dancing. Grim Pluto, you know, the black-peruked monarch, must bellow in bass, and the attendant-devils cut capers in flame-coloured stockings, as usual; but as Juno cherished an immortal hatred to our hero, she shall descend in a chariot drawn by peacocks, and thrill forth her rage; Deianira, too, shall vent her amorous sighs to soft airs: the Amazons, with their gilt-leather breast-plates and helmets, their tin-pointed spears and looking-glass shields, shall give you the Pyrrhic dance to a preamble on the kettle-drums; and at Omphale's court, after Hercules has resigned his club, to celebrate her triumph, I shall introduce a grand dance of distaffs, in emulation of the Witches dance of broomsticks. Nothing of this kind shall be omitted, that may heighten either the grandeur or beauty of my entertainment: I shall therefore, I hope, find a place somewhere in this piece, as I cannot now have the WIRE-DANCER, to bring on my DANCING-BEARS.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

A

LUN Tertius.

Nº IV. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1752.

FACTA VOLUPTATIS CAUSA SINT PROXIMA VERIS.

HOR.

FICTIONS, TO PLEASE, SHOULD WEAR THE FACE OF TRUTH.

ROSC.

NO species of writing affords so general entertainment as the relation of events; but all relations of events do not entertain in the same degree.

It is always necessary, that facts should appear to be produced in a regular and connected series, that they should follow in a quick succession, and yet that they should

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should be delivered with discriminating circumstances. If they have not a necessary and apparent connection, the ideas which they excite obliterate each other, and the mind is tantalized with an imperfect glimpse of innumerable objects that just appear and vanish; if they are too minutely related, they become tiresome; and if divested of all their circumstances, insipid; for who that reads in a table of chronology or an index, that a city was swallowed up by an earthquake, or a kingdom depopulated by a pestilence, finds either his attention engaged, or his curiosity gratified?

Those narratives are most pleasing which not only excite and gratify curiosity, but engage the passions.

History is a relation of the most natural and important events: history, therefore, gratifies curiosity, but it does not often excite either terror or pity; the mind feels not that tenderness for a falling state, which it feels for an injured beauty; nor is it so much alarmed at the migration of barbarians, who mark their way with desolation, and fill the world with violence and rapine, as at the fury of a husband, who, deceived into jealousy by false appearances, stabs a faithful and affectionate wife kneeling at his feet, and pleading to be heard.

Voyages and Travels have nearly the same excellencies and the same defects: no passion is strongly excited except wonder; or if we feel any emotion at the danger of the traveller, it is transient and languid, because his character is not rendered sufficiently important; he is rarely discovered to have any excellencies but daring curiosity; he is never the object of admiration, and seldom of esteem.

Biography would always engage the passions, if it could sufficiently gratify curiosity: but there have been few among the whole human species whose lives would furnish a single adventure; I mean such a complication of circumstances, as hold the mind in an anxious yet pleasing suspense, and gradually unfold in the production of some unforeseen and important event; much less such a series of facts, as will perpetually vary the scene, and gratify the fancy, with new views of life.

But Nature is now exhausted; all her wonders have been accumulated, every recess has been explored, deserts have

been traversed, Alps climbed, and the secrets of the deep disclosed; time has been compelled to restore the empires and the heroes of antiquity; all have passed in review; yet fancy requires new gratifications, and curiosity is still unsatisfied.

The resources of Art yet remain: the simple beauties of nature, if they cannot be multiplied, may be compounded, and an infinite variety produced, in which by the union of different graces both may be heightened, and the coalition of different powers may produce a proportionate effect.

The Epic Poem at once gratifies curiosity and moves the passions; the events are various and important; but it is not the fate of a nation, but of the hero in which they terminate, and whatever concerns the hero engages the passions; the dignity of his character, his merit, and his importance, compel us to follow him with reverence and solicitude, to tremble when he is in danger, to weep when he suffers, and to burn when he is wronged: with these vicissitudes of passion every heart attends Ulysses in his wanderings, and Achilles to the field.

Upon this occasion the Old Romance may be considered as a kind of Epic, since it was intended to produce the same effect upon the mind nearly by the same means.

In both these species of writing truth is apparently violated: but though the events are not always produced by probable means, yet the pleasure arising from the story is not much lessened; for fancy is still captivated with variety, and passion has scarce leisure to reflect, that she is agitated with the fate of imaginary beings, and interested in events that never happened.

The Novel, though it bears a nearer resemblance to truth, has yet less power of entertainment; for it is confined within the narrower bounds of probability, the number of incidents is necessarily diminished, and if it deceives us more, it surprises us less. The distress is indeed frequently tender, but the narrative often stands still; the lovers compliment each other in tedious letters and set speeches; trivial circumstances are enumerated with a minute exactness, and the reader is wearied with languid descriptions and impertinent declamations.

But

But the most extravagant, and yet perhaps the most generally pleasing of all literary performances, are those in which supernatural events are every moment produced by Genii and Fairies; such are the Arabian Nights Entertainments, the Tales of the Countess d'Anois, and many others of the same class. It may be thought strange, that the mind should with pleasure acquiesce in the open violation of the most known and obvious truths; and that relations which contradict all experience, and exhibit a series of events that are not only impossible but ridiculous, should be read by almost every taste and capacity with equal eagerness and delight. But it is not, perhaps, the mere violation of truth or of probability that offends, but such a violation only as perpetually recurs. The mind is satisfied, if every event appears to have an adequate cause; and when the agency of Genii and Fairies is once admitted, no event which is deemed possible to such agents is rejected as incredible or absurd; the action of the story proceeds with regularity, the persons act upon rational principles, and such events take place as may naturally be expected from the interposition of superior intelligence and power: so that though there is not a natural, there is at least a kind of moral probability preserved, and our first concession is abundantly rewarded by the new scenes to which we are admitted, and the unbounded prospect that is thrown open before us.

But though we attend with delight to the achievements of a hero who is transported in a moment over half the globe upon a griffon, and see with admiration a palace or a city vanish upon his breaking a seal, or extinguishing a lamp: yet if at his first interview with a mistress, for whose sake he had fought

so many battles and passed so many regions, he should salute her with a box on the ear; or if immediately after he had vanquished a giant or a dragon, he should leap into a well or tie himself up to a tree; we should be disappointed and disgusted, the story would be condemned as improbable, unnatural, and absurd, our innate love of truth would be applauded, and we should expatiate on the folly of an attempt to please reasonable beings, by a detail of events which can never be believed, and the intervention of agents which could never have existed.

Dramatic Poetry, especially tragedy, seems to unite all that pleases in each of these species of writing, with a stronger resemblance of truth, and a closer imitation of nature: the characters are such as excite attention and solicitude; the action is important, its progress is intricate yet natural, and the catastrophe is sudden and striking; and as we are present to every transaction, the images are more strongly impressed, and the passions more forcibly moved.

From a dramatic poem to those short pieces, which may be contained in such a periodical paper as the *Adventurer*, is a bold transition. And yet such pieces, although formed upon a single incident, if that incident be sufficiently uncommon to gratify curiosity, and sufficiently interesting to engage the passions, may afford an entertainment, which, if it is not lasting, is yet of the highest kind. Of such, therefore, this paper will frequently consist: but it should be remembered, that it is much more difficult and laborious to invent a story, however simple and however short, than to recollect topics of instruction, or to remark the scenes of life as they are shifted before us.

N^o V. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1752.

TUNC ET AVES TUTAS MOVERE PER AERÀ PENNAS;
 ET LUPUS IMPAVIDUS MEDIIS ERRAVIT IN AGRIS:
 NEC SUA CREDULITAS PISCEM SUSPENDERAT HAMO.
 CUNCTA SINE INSIDIIS, NULLAMQUE TIMENTIA FRAUDEM,
 PLENAQUE PACIS ERANT. ——— Ovid.

THEN BIRDS IN AIRY SPACE MIGHT SAFELY MOVE,
 AND TIM'ROUS HARES ON HEATHS SECURELY ROVE:
 NOR NEEDED FISH THE GUILFUL HOOK TO FEAR;
 FOR ALL WAS PEACEFUL, AND THAT PEACE SINCERE.

DRYDEN.

I Have before remarked, that it is the peculiar infelicity of those who live by intellectual labour, not to be always able equally to improve their time by application: there are seasons when the power of invention is suspended, and the mind sinks into a state of debility from which it can no more recover itself, than a person who sleeps can by a voluntary effort awake. I was sitting in my study a few nights ago in these perplexing circumstances, and after long rumination and many ineffectual attempts to start a hint which I might pursue in my lucubration of this day, I determined to go to bed, hoping that the morning would remove every impediment to study, and restore the vigour of my mind.

I was no sooner asleep than I was relieved from my distress by means which, if I had been waking, would have increased it; and instead of impressing upon my mind a train of new ideas in a regular succession, would have filled it with astonishment and terror. For in dreams, whether they are produced by a power of the imagination to combine images which reason would separate, or whether the mind is passive, and receives impressions from some invisible agent, the memory seems to lie wholly torpid, and the understanding to be employed only about such objects as are then presented, without comparing the present with the past. When we sleep, we often converse with a friend who is either absent or dead, without remembering that the grave or the ocean is between us. We float like a feather upon the wind, or we find ourselves this moment in England and the next in India, without reflecting that the laws of nature are suspended, or enquiring how the scene could have been so suddenly shifted be-

fore us. We are familiar with prodigies; we accommodate ourselves to every event, however romantic; and we not only reason, but act upon principles which are in the highest degree absurd and extravagant.

In that state, therefore, in which no prodigy could render me unfit to receive instruction, I imagined myself to be still sitting in my study, pensive and dispirited, and that I suddenly heard a small shrill voice pronounce these words—'Take your pen; I will dictate an Adventure.' I turned to see from whom this voice proceeded, but I could discover nothing: believing, therefore, that my good genius or some favouring muse was present, I immediately prepared to write, and the voice dictated the following narrative.

'I was the eldest son of a country gentleman, who possessed a large estate; and when I was about nineteen years of age, fell with my horse as I was hunting; my neck was dislocated by the fall, and for want of immediate assistance I died before I could be carried home: but I found myself the next moment, with inexpressible grief and astonishment, under the shape of a mongrel Puppy in the stable of an inn, that was kept by a man who had been butler to my father, and had married the cook.

'I was indeed greatly caressed; but my master, in order, as he said, to increase my beauty as well as my strength, soon disencumbered me of my ears and my tail. Besides the pain that I suffered in the operation, I experienced the disadvantages of this mutilation in a thousand instances: this, however, was but a small part of the calamity which in this state I was appointed to suffer.

'My

‘ My master had a son about four years old, who was yet a greater favourite than myself; and his passions having been always indulged as soon as they appeared, he was encouraged to gratify his resentment against any thing, whether animate or inanimate, that had offended him, by beating me; and when he did any mischief, for of other faults little notice was taken, the father, the mother, or the maid, were sure to chastise me in his stead.

‘ This treatment from persons whom I had been accustomed to regard with contempt, and command with insolence, was not long to be borne: early one morning, therefore, I departed. I continued my journey till the afternoon without stopping, though it rained hard: about four o’clock I passed through a village; and perceiving a heap of shavings that were sheltered from the wet by the thatch of a house which some carpenters were repairing, I crept as I thought unnoticed into the corner, and laid myself down upon them: but a man who was plaining a board, observing that I was a strange dog and of a mongrel breed, resolved to make himself and his companions merry at my expense: for this purpose, having made a hole about two inches diameter in a piece of deal, he suddenly caught me up, and putting the remainder of my tail through this diabolical engine, he made it fast by driving in a wedge, with a heavy mallet, which crushing the bone, put me to inexpressible torment. The moment he set me down, the wretches who had been spectators of this waggery, burst into immoderate laughter at the awkward motions by which I expressed my misery, and my ridiculous attempt to run away from that which I could not but carry with me. They hooted after me till I was out of their sight: however, fear, pain, and confusion, still urging me forward with involuntary speed, I ran with such force between two pales that were not far enough asunder to admit my elbow, that I left it with the remainder of my tail behind me. I then found myself in a farm-yard; and fearing that I should be worried by the mastiff which I saw at a distance, I continued my flight: but some peasants who were at work in a neighbouring barn, perceiving that I ran without being pursued,

‘ that my eyes were enflamed, and that my mouth was covered with foam, imagined that I was mad, and knocked out my brains with a flail.

‘ Soon after I had quitted this maimed and persecuted carcass, I found myself under the wings of a Bullfinch with three others that were just hatched. I now rejoiced in the hope of soaring beyond the reach of human barbarity, and becoming like my mother a denizen of the sky: but my mother, before I was perfectly fledged, was surprized in her nest by a school-boy, who grasped her so hard, to prevent her escape, that she soon after died; he then took the nest with all that it contained, which he deposited in a basket, where I presently lost my three companions in misfortune, by change of food and unskilful management. I survived; and soon after I could feed myself, I was taken by my tyrant’s mother when she went to pay her rent, as a present to her landlord’s daughter, a young lady who was extremely beautiful, and in the eighteenth year of her age.

‘ My captivity now began to lose its terrors; I no longer dreaded the rude gripe of a boisterous urchin, whose fondness was scarce less dangerous than his resentment; who in the zeal of his attachment to a new play-thing, might neglect me till I perished with hunger; or who might wring off my neck, because he had some other use for the halfpenny which should procure me food: the confinement of a cage became habitual; I was placed near a pleasant window; I was constantly fed by one of the finest hands in the world; and I imagined, that I could suffer no misery under the patronage of smiles and graces.

‘ Such was my situation, when a young lady from London made an afternoon’s visit to my mistress: she took an opportunity to caress me among her other favourites, which were a parrot, a monkey and a lap-dog; she chirped, and holding out her finger to me, I hopped upon it; she stroked me, put my head to her cheek, and to shew my sensibility of her favours, I began to sing: as soon as my song was over, she turned to my mistress, and told her, that the dear little creature might be made absolutely the sweetest bird in the world, only by putting out his eyes, and confining it in a less cage:

‘ to

to this horrid proposal my fair keeper agreed, upon being again assured that my song would be very greatly improved; and the next day performed herself the operation, as she had been directed, with the end of a hot knitting-needle. My condition was now more easily to be conceived than expressed: but I did not long suffer the mournful solitude of perpetual darkness; for a cat came one night into the room undiscovered, dragged me through the wires of the cage, and devoured me.

I was not displeased to find myself once more at large; delivered from blindness and captivity, and still able to sport upon the breeze in the form of a Cockchafer. But I had scarce entered this new scene of existence, when a gentleman, in whose garden I was feasting on one of the leaves of a cherry-tree, caught me, and turning to his son, a boy who had just been put into his first breeches—"Here, Tommy," says he, "is a bird for you." The boy received me with a grin of horrid delight, and, as he had been taught, immediately impaled me alive upon a corking-pin, to which a piece of thread was fastened, and I was doomed to make my young master sport, by fluttering about in the agonies of death: and when I was quite exhausted, and could no longer use my wings, he was bid to tread upon me, for that I was now good for nothing; a command with which he mercifully complied, and in a moment crushed me to atoms with his foot.

From a Cockchafer I transmigrated into an Earth-worm, and found myself at the bottom of a farmer's dunghill. Under this change of circumstances I comforted myself by considering, that if I did not now mount upon the wind, and transport myself from place to place with a swiftness almost equal to thought, yet I was not likely either to please or to offend mankind, both of which were equally fatal; and I hoped to spend my life in peace, by escaping the notice of the most cruel of all creatures.

But I did not long enjoy the comfort of these reflections. I was one morning disturbed by an unusual noise, and perceived the ground about me to shake. I immediately worked my way upward to discover the cause; and the moment I appeared above the surface, I was

eagerly snatched up by a man who had stuck a dung-fork into the ground, and moved it backward and forward to produce the effect that had now happened. I was put into a broken pan with many other associates in misfortune, and soon after disposed of to one of those gentle swains who delight in angling. This person carried us the next morning to the brink of a river, where I presently saw him take out one of my companions, and, whistling a tune, pass a barbed hook through the whole length of his body, entering it at the head and bringing it out at the tail. The wretched animal writhed itself on the bloody hook, in torture which cannot be conceived by man, nor felt by any creature that is not vital in every part. In this condition he was suspended in the water as a bait for fish, till he was, together with the hook on which he hung, swallowed by an eel. While I was beholding this dreadful spectacle, I made many reflections on the great inequality between the pleasure of catching the prey, and the anguish inflicted on the bait. But these reflections were presently after lost, in the same agonies of which I had been a spectator.

You will not have room in this paper to relate all that I suffered from the thoughtless barbarity of mankind, in a Cock, a Lobster, and a Pig: let it suffice to say, that I suffered the same kind of death with those who are broken upon the wheel, I was roasted alive before a slow fire, and was scourged to death with small cords, to gratify the wanton appetite of luxury, or contribute to the merriment of a rabble.

Thus far I had written as amanuensis to an invisible dictator; when my dream still continuing, I felt something tickle my wrist, and turning my eye from the paper to see what it was, I discovered a Flea, which I immediately caught, and killed, by putting it into the candle. At the same instant the Flea vanished, and a young Lady of exquisite beauty stood before me. 'Thoughtless wretch,' said she, 'thou hast again changed the state of my existence, and exposed me to still greater calamities than any that I have yet suffered. As a Flea I was thy monitor, and as a Flea I might have escaped thy cruelty if I had not intended thy instruction. But now to be con-

cealed

‘ cealed is impossible, and it is therefore
 ‘ impossible to be safe. The eyes of
 ‘ desire are upon me, and to betray me
 ‘ to infamy and guilt will be the toil of
 ‘ perseverance and the study of reason.
 ‘ But though man is still my enemy,
 ‘ though he assails me with more vio-
 ‘ lence and persists with more obstinacy,
 ‘ I have yet less power of resistance;
 ‘ there is a rebel in my own bosom who
 ‘ will labour to give me up, whose in-
 ‘ fluence is perpetual, and perpetual in-
 ‘ fluence is not easily surmounted. Pub-
 ‘ lish, however, what I have communi-
 ‘ cated; if any man shall be reclaimed
 ‘ from a criminal inattention to the fe-
 ‘ licity of inferior beings, and restrained
 ‘ from inflicting pain by considering the
 ‘ effect of his actions, I have not suf-

‘ fered in vain. But as I am now ex-
 ‘ posed not only to accidental and casual
 ‘ evils, as I am not only in danger from
 ‘ the frolics of levity, but from the de-
 ‘ signs of cunning; to atone for the injury
 ‘ which thou hast done me, let the Ad-
 ‘ venturer warn the sex of every wile that
 ‘ is practised for their destruction; and
 ‘ deter men from the attempt, by dis-
 ‘ playing the aggravated guilt, and
 ‘ shameless dissimulation, of assuming an
 ‘ appearance of the most ardent and ten-
 ‘ der affection, only to overwhelm with
 ‘ unutterable distress the beauty whom
 ‘ love has made credulous, and innocence
 ‘ keeps unacquainted with suspicion.’

While I listened to this address, my
 heart throbbed with impatience; and the
 effort that I made to reply, awaked me.

Nº VI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1752.

NUNC AUCTIONEM FACERE DECRETUM EST MIHI:
 FORAS NECESSUM EST, QUICQUID HABEO, VENDERE.
 ADESTE SULTIS, PRÆDA ERIT PRÆSENTIUM.
 LOGOS RIDICULOS VENDO.

PLAUT.

I AM OBLIGED TO PART WITH MY WHOLE STOCK, AND AM RESOLVED TO SELL IT
 BY AUCTION: YOU THAT WILL BUY MAKE HASTE, HERE WILL BE EXCELLENT
 PENNYWORTHS; MY MERCHANTIZE IS JESTS AND WITTICISMS.

LAST Sunday morning I was dis-
 turbed very early by an old crony,
 a brother of the quill, as he calls him-
 self, who burst into my chamber, and
 running to my bed-side—‘ Get up, my
 ‘ dear friend,’ said he, pressing my hand
 with great eagerness; ‘ I have such news
 ‘ for you! Here’s your cloaths; make
 ‘ haste, let me beg of you.’

I had been used, at each return of the
 sabbath, to receive a visit from my old
 acquaintance about dinner time; but I
 could not imagine what had induced
 him to give me this morning salutation.
 However, I huddled on my cloaths, and
 had scarce seated him by the fire-side in
 my study, when flinging down a paper
 very much blotted upon the table—
 ‘ There,’ says he, ‘ there’s a scheme for
 ‘ you, my old boy! I am made for ever—
 ‘ Read it—I am made for ever.’

I very well knew my friend’s foible:
 he has learning, a great deal of vivacity,
 and some judgment; but he wants the
 necessary steadiness for serious applica-
 tion. He is continually in pursuit of

new projects, but will not allow himself
 time to think of putting them in exe-
 cution. He has contracted with every
 eminent bookseller in town for works of
 which he had only conceived the design,
 and scarce ever proceeded beyond the
 title-page and preface. He is a professed
 writer; and of a genius so extensive, that
 all subjects are alike to him; but as he
 cannot submit to the drudgery of correct-
 ness, his performances are hurried over
 in so slovenly a manner, that they hardly
 procure him a bare subsistence. He is,
 therefore, perpetually exclaiming against
 the tyranny of the trade; and laments,
 that merit should be so much discour-
 aged, by the ignorance or envy of the
 town.

I had often experienced the fertility of
 his invention, in forming such projects
 as were easy in theory but impossible in
 the practice; I therefore expected no-
 thing less than such another whimsical
 contrivance as his last, ‘ for making new
 ‘ boards out of shavings:’ but how was
 I surprized, when I took up his paper, and
 saw

saw at the top of it the following advertisement!

On the day of next,
Will be sold by AUCTION,

A curious and valuable collection of manuscripts (warranted originals) in prose and verse.

Being the entire stock in trade of
TIMOTHY SPINBRAIN,
Author,
Leaving off Business.

As I could not help smiling at the conceit, my friend understood it as a mark of my approbation; and snatching the sheet out of my hand—'Well,' says he, 'don't you think this will free me from the impertinence of duns, and the fervility of suing to those unconscionable vultures the book-sellers, for more copy-money? Why, man, I shall raise an estate by it, I have such an infinite number of tracts on political, polemical, philosophical, physiological, economical, religious, and miscellaneous subjects. My manuscripts, let me tell you, are of greater utility, and consequently more valuable, than those in the Vatican or Bodleian libraries.' He then proceeded to descant on the particulars of his plan; not forgetting to enliven his discourse with many sprightly fallies against the retailers of the works of the learned, those blood-suckers, as he called them, of the literary commonwealth.

'Sir,' continued he, 'I intend to strike off an impression of twenty thousand copies of my catalogue, to be distributed among all the lovers of literature throughout the three kingdoms; and I shall take care to circulate a sufficient number among the Virtuosi in Holland, France, Italy, Spain, Germany, and elsewhere. I will just mention to you some of the chief articles that enrich my collection.

'In politics, I have an infallible scheme for ruining the French power, which, I suppose, will be bought up at any price, by commission from abroad, if our ministry have not spirit enough to outbid them. I have another for a coalition of parties, which will prevent all disputes at the next general election. I have another for discharging the national debt, which I contrived in gratitude for my being set at

liberty by the last act of insolvency. I have several other pamphlets on the important topics of liberty, bribery, and corruption, written on both sides the question; and a most curious collection of speeches adapted to every kind of debate, which will be of admirable use to young members of parliament. In philosophy, I have several new systems in opposition to the present received opinions: I have a proof that the earth is an octagon; another, that the sun is inhabited; and a third, that the moon may, for aught we can tell to the contrary, be made of a green cheese. I have a new theory of optics, demonstrating, that darkness is caused by certain tenebrious rays oppugning, obtunding, sheathing, and absorbing the rays of light. I have resolved the phenomena of electricity and magnetism; and have made many surprising improvements in all the arts and sciences. These I fear will be carried off by some German professor, who will thence claim the merit to himself, and the honour of the discovery will be attributed to his nation.

Those who are fond of displaying their talents in religious disputes, will find in my auction, sufficient matter for their various altercations; whether they are Atheists, Deists, or distinguished by the modest appellation of Free-thinkers. There is scarce a sect among the many hundred, whom I have not defended or attacked: but it must not be concluded from thence, that I have been biassed more towards one than another; as you know the faith of an author is out of the question; and he only writes pro or con, as the several opinions are more or less embraced or exploded in the world. I have got, indeed, some infallible arguments against the Pope's infallibility; and some probable conjectures, that there never was such a person as Mahomet; both which, I don't doubt, will be bought up by the emissaries of Rome and Constantinople.

Here I interrupted my friend, by asking him, if he had not something likewise against the Patriarch of the Greek church; or a serious admonition against the growth of Hotentottism among us. He answered very calmly, I should see in the catalogue, and proceeded.

The emissaries of Constantinople—
Well—my stock in the Belles Lettres

is almost inexhaustible. I have a complete set of criticisms on all the ancient authors, and a large store of conjectural emendations on the old English classics: I have several new essays on modern wit and humour; and a long string of papers, both serious and diverting, for periodical lucubrations. I have, I know not how many original entertaining novels, as well as elegant translations from the French; with a heap of single pamphlets on the most popular and interesting subjects. My poetry will consist of every article, whether tragedies, comedies, farces, masques, operas, sonnets, cantatas, songs, pastorals, satires, odes, elegies or epithalamiums: and then, such a load of epigrams, anagrams, rebuses, riddles, acrostics, conundrums! which you know will fetch a high price from the wittings, and the proprietors of monthly magazines. To wind up the whole, there shall be several distinct lots of title-pages and mottos, and dedications, and prefaces, and plans for books.

Thus, my dear friend, have I opened to you the main drift of my design; and I believe, at a moderate computation—let me see—ay, after I have cleared myself in the world, I shall be able to retire into the country, let me tell you, with a pretty fortune in my pocket. But before I begin my sale, if you can find any thing that will suit your Adventurer, as you are an old acquaintance, you shall have it at your own price."

I thanked Mr. Spinbrain for his genteel offer, and heartily congratulated him on the prospect of his pretty for-

tune: but I could not help enquiring, where all these immense stores of literature were lodged, as I never had observed any thing but loose scraps of paper scattered about his room, and one book of 'loci communes,' or 'hints,' as he called them, placed upon the chimney-piece. 'Ha!' says he, 'that's true; I forgot to mention that: why, indeed, they are none of them quite finished as yet: but I have got the rough draughts of most somewhere: besides, I have it all here,' pointing to his forehead. I advised him to set about it directly; and in the evening, when we parted, he resolved not to go to bed till he had perfected his scheme. Yesterday morning I received a note from him, acquainting me that he had laid aside all thoughts of his auction; because, as he imagined, the maid had inadvertently lighted his fire with the best of his materials.

The restlessness of my friend's chimerical genius will not, however, let him entirely give up the point: and though he has been disappointed in this mighty project, yet he informs me, he has hit upon a scheme equally advantageous, which shall monopolize the whole business of scribbling, and he offers to take me into partnership with him. 'Ah,' says he, 'we shall humble those fellows'—We need not care a farthing for 'Mr. Bibliopola.' His design is to open a New Literary Warehouse, or Universal Register Office for Wit and Learning. The particulars he has promised to communicate to me to-morrow: in the mean time, he desires me to advance him a trifle, to buy paper for a poem on the late theatrical disputes.

A

N^o VII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1752.

SIT MIHI PARS AUDITA LOQUI—

VIRO.

WHAT I HAVE HEARD, PERMIT ME TO RELATE.

I Received, a few weeks ago; an account of the death of a lady whose name is known to many, but the 'eventful history' of whose life has been communicated to few: to me it has been often related during a long and intimate acquaintance; and as there is not a single person living, upon whom the making it public can reflect unmerited dishonour, or whose delicacy or virtue can suffer by the relation, I think

I owe to mankind a series of events from which the wretched may derive comfort, and the most forlorn may be encouraged to hope; as misery is alleviated by the contemplation of yet deeper distress, and the mind fortified against despair by instances of unexpected relief.

The father of Melissa was the younger son of a country gentleman who possessed an estate of about five hundred a year; but as this was to be the inheritance

C

tance

tance of the elder brother, and as there were three sisters to be provided for, he was at about sixteen taken from Eton school, and apprenticed to a considerable merchant at Bristol. The young gentleman, whose imagination had been fired by the exploits of heroes, the victories gained by magnanimous presumption, and the wonders discovered by daring curiosity, was not disposed to consider the acquisition of wealth as the limit of his ambition, or the repute of honest industry as the total of his fame. He regarded his situation as servile and ignominious, as the degradation of his genius and the preclusion of his hopes; and longing to go in search of adventures, he neglected his business as unworthy of his attention; heard the remonstrances of his master with a kind of fullen disdain; and after two years legal slavery, made his escape, and at the next town enlisted himself a soldier; not doubting but that, by his military merit and the fortune of war, he should return a general officer, to the confusion of those who would have buried him in the obscurity of a counting-house. He found means effectually to elude the enquiries of his friends, as it was of the utmost importance to prevent their officious endeavours to ruin his project and obstruct his advancement.

He was sent with other recruits to London, and soon after quartered with the rest of his company in a part of the country, which was so remote from all with whom he had any connection, that he no longer dreaded a discovery.

It happened that he went one day to the house of a neighbouring gentleman with his comrade, who was become acquainted with the chambermaid, and by her interest admitted into the kitchen. This gentleman, whose age was something more than sixty, had been about two years married to a second wife, a young woman who had been well educated and lived in the polite world, but had no fortune. By his first wife, who had been dead about ten years, he had several children: the youngest was a daughter who had just entered her seventeenth year; she was very tall for her age, had a fine complexion, good features, and was well shaped; but her father, whose affection for her was mere instinct, as much as that of a brute for its young, utterly neglected her education. It was impos-

sible for him, he said, to live without her; and as he could not afford to have her attended by a governess and proper masters in a place so remote from London, she was suffered to continue illiterate and unpolished; she knew no entertainment higher than a game at romps with the servants; she became their confident, and trusted them in return, nor did she think herself happy any where but in the kitchen.

As the capricious fondness of her father had never conciliated her affection, she perceived it abate upon his marriage without regret. She suffered no new restraint from her new mother, who observed, with a secret satisfaction, that Miss had been used to hide herself from visitors, as neither knowing how to behave, nor being fit to be seen; and chose rather to conceal her defects by excluding her from company, than to supply them by putting her to a boarding school.

Miss, who had been told by Betty that she expected her sweetheart, and that they were to be merry, stole down stairs, and, without scruple, made one in a party at blindman's buff. The soldier of fortune was struck with her person, and discovered, or thought he discovered, in the simplicity of nature, some graces which are polished away by the labour of art. However, nothing that had the appearance of an adventure could be indifferent to him; and his vanity was flattered by the hope of carrying off a young lady under the disguise of a common soldier, without revealing his birth, or boasting of his expectations.

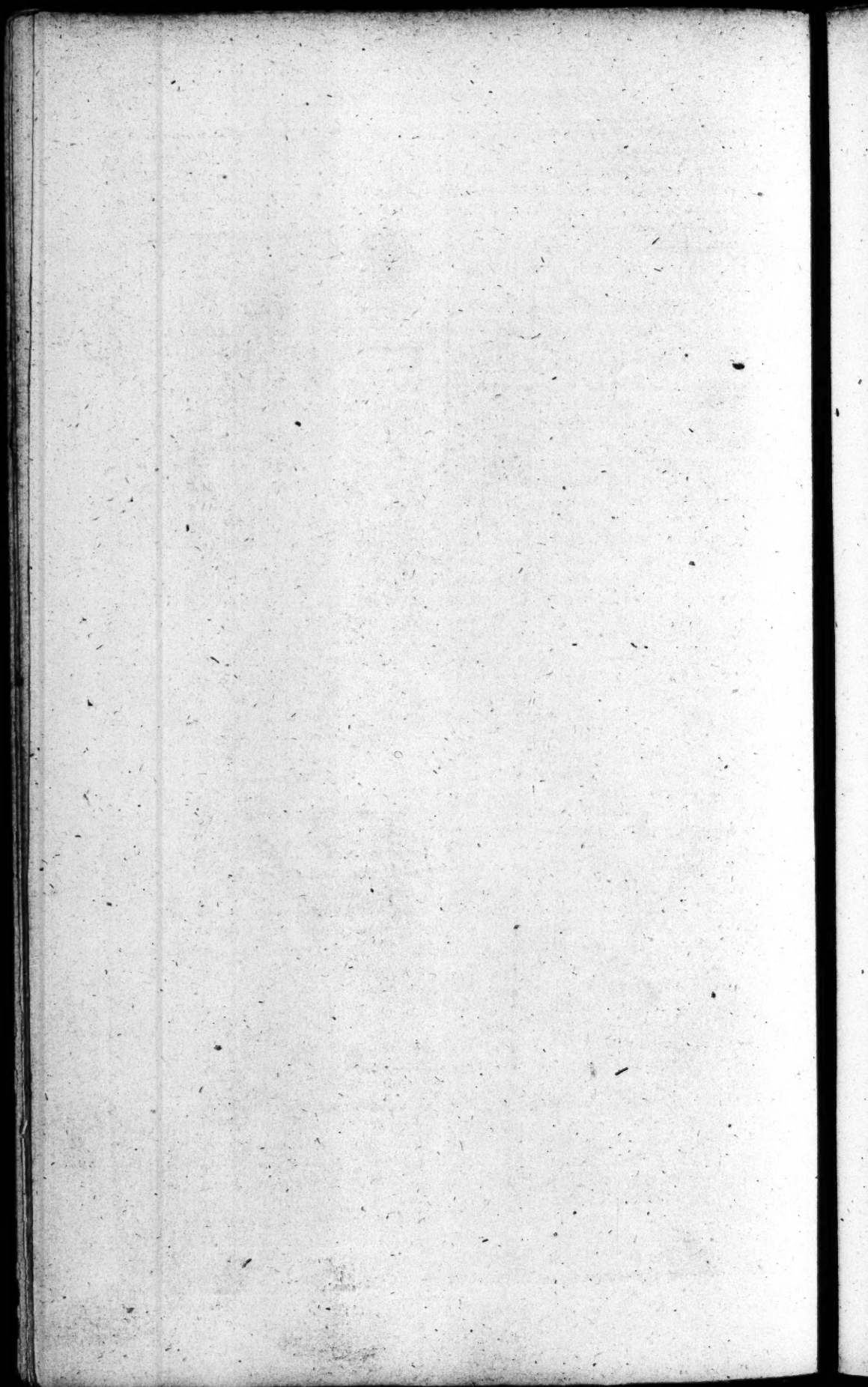
In this attempt he became very assiduous, and succeeded. The company being ordered to another place, Betty and her young mistress departed early in the morning with their gallants; and there being a privileged chapel in the next town, they were married.

The old gentleman, as soon as he was informed that his daughter was missing, made so diligent and scrupulous an inquiry after her, that he learned with whom and which way she was gone. He mounted his horse, and pursued her, not without curses and imprecations; discovering rather the transports of rage than the emotion of tenderness, and resenting her offence rather as the rebellion of a slave than the disobedience of a child. He did not, however, overtake them till the



Richard del.

Sam. Taylor sculp.



the marriage had been consummated; of which when he was informed by the husband, he turned from him with expressions of brutality and indignation, swearing never to forgive a fault which he had taken no care to prevent.

The young couple, notwithstanding their union frequently doubled their distress, still continued fond of each other. The spirit of enterprize and the hope of presumption were not yet quelled in the young soldier; and he received orders to attend King William, when he went to the siege of Namur, with exultation and transport, believing his elevation to independence and distinction as certain as if he had been going to take possession of a title and estate. His wife, who had been some months pregnant, as she had no means of subsistence in his absence, procured a passage with him. When she came on shore and mingled with the crowd that followed the camp, wretches who without compunction wade in human blood to strip the dying and the dead, to whom horror is become familiar and compassion impossible, she was terrified: the discourse of the women, rude and unpolished as she was, covered her with confusion; and the brutal familiarity of the men filled her with indignation and disgust. Her maid Betty, who had also attended her husband, was the only person with whom she could converse, and from whom she could hope the assistance of which she was so soon to stand in need.

In the mean time she found it difficult to subsist; but accidentally hearing the name of an officer, whom she remembered to have visited her mother soon after her marriage, she applied to him, told him her name, and requested that he would afford her his protection, and permit her to take care of his linen. With this request the captain complied; her circumstances became less distressed, and her mind more easy: but new calamity suddenly overtook her; she saw her husband march to an engagement in the morning, and saw him brought back desperately wounded at night. The next day he was removed in a waggon, with many others who were in the same condition, to a place of greater safety at the distance of about three leagues, where proper care might be taken of their wounds. She entreated the captain to let her go in the waggon with him; but

to this he could not consent, because the waggon would be filled with those who neither were able to walk, nor could be left behind. He promised, however, that if she would stay till the next day, he would endeavour to procure her a passage; but she chose rather to follow the waggon on foot, than to be absent from her husband. She could not, however, keep pace with it, and she reached the hospital but just time enough to kneel down by him upon some clean straw, to see him sink under the last agony, and hear the groan that is repeated no more. The fatigue of the journey, and the perturbation of her mind, immediately threw her into labour, and she lived but to be delivered of Melissa, who was thus in the most helpless state left without father, mother, or friend, in a foreign country, in circumstances which could afford no hope of reward to the tenderness that should attempt the preservation of her life, and among persons who were become obdurate and insensible, by having been long used to see every species of distress.

It happened that, among those whom accident or distress had brought together at the birth of Melissa, there was a young woman, whose husband had fallen in the late engagement; and who a few days before had lost a little boy that she suckled. This person, rather perhaps to relieve herself from an inconveniency, than in compassion to the orphan, put it to her breast: but whatever was her motive, she believed that the affording sustenance to the living, conferred a right to the apparel of the dead, of which she therefore took possession; but in searching her pocket she found only a thimble, the remains of a pocket looking-glass, about the value of a penny in Dutch money, and the certificate of her marriage. The paper, which she could not read, she gave afterwards to the captain, who was touched with pity at the relation which an enquiry after his laundress produced. He commended the woman who had preserved the infant, and put her into the place of it's mother. This encouraged her to continue her care of it till the captain returned to England, with whom she also returned, and became his servant.

This gentleman, as soon as he had settled his immediate concerns, sent Melissa under the care of her nurse to her grandfather; and inclosed the certificate

of her mother's marriage in a letter containing an account of her death, and the means by which the infant had been preserved. He knew that those who had been once dear to us, by whatever offence they may have alienated our affection when living, are generally remembered with tenderness when dead; and that after the grave has sheltered them from our resentment, and rendered reconciliation impossible, we often regret as severe that conduct which before we approved as just: he therefore hoped, that the parental fondness which an old man had once felt for his daughter, would revive at the sight of her offspring; that the memory of her fault would be lost in the sense of her misfortunes; and that he would endeavour to atone for that inexorable resentment which produced them, by cherishing a life to which she had, as it were, transferred her own. But in these expectations, however reasonable, he was mistaken. The old man, when he was informed by the messenger that the child she held in her arms was his grand-daughter, whom she was come to put under his protection, refused to examine the contents of the letter, and dismissed her with menaces and insult. The knowledge of every uncommon event soon becomes general in a country town. An uncle of Melissa's, who had been rejected by his father for having married his maid, heard this fresh instance of his brutality with grief and indignation; he sent immediately for the child and the letter, and assured the servant that his niece should want nothing which he could bestow: to bestow much, indeed, was not in his power, for his father having obstinately persisted in his resentment, his whole support was a little farm which he rented of the 'squire; but as he was a good economist, and had no children of his own, he lived decently; nor did he throw away content, because his father had denied him affluence.

Melissa, who was compassionate for her mother's misfortunes, of which her

uncle had been particularly informed by her maid Betty, who had returned a widow to her friends in the country, was not less beloved for her own good qualities; she was taught to read and write, and work at her needle, as soon as she was able to learn; and she was taken notice of by all the gentry as the prettiest girl in the place: but her aunt died when she was about eleven years old, and before she was thirteen she lost her uncle.

She was now again thrown back upon the world, still helpless, though her wants were increased, and wretched in proportion as she had known happiness: she looked back with anguish, and forward with distraction; a fit of crying had just afforded her a momentary relief, when the 'squire, who had been informed of the death of his tenant, sent for her to his house. This gentleman had heard her story from her uncle, and was unwilling that a life which had been preserved almost by miracle, should at last be abandoned to misery; he therefore determined to receive her into his family, not as a servant, but as a companion to his daughter, a young lady finely accomplished, and now about fifteen. The old gentleman was touched with her distress, and Miss received her with great tenderness and complacency: she wiped away her tears; and of the intolerable anguish of her mind, nothing remained but a tender remembrance of her uncle, whom she loved and revered as a parent. She had now courage to examine the contents of a little box which he had put into her hand just before he expired; she found in it only the certificate of her mother's marriage, enclosed in the captain's letter, and an account of the events that have been before related, which her uncle had put down as they came to his knowledge: the train of mournful ideas that now rushed upon her mind, raised emotions which, if they could not be suppressed by reason, were soon destroyed by their own violence.

N^o VIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1752.

DURATE, ET VOSMET REBUS SERVATE SECUNDIS.

VIRG.

ENDURE AND CONQUER, LIVE FOR BETTER FATE.

IN this family, which in a few weeks after returned to London, Melissa soon became a favourite: the good squire seemed to consider her as his child, and Miss as her sister; she was taught dancing and musick, introduced to the best company, elegantly dressed, and allowed such sums as were necessary for trivial expences. Youth seldom suffers the dread of to-morrow to intrude upon the enjoyment of to-day, but rather regards present felicity as the pledge of future: Melissa was probably as happy as if she had been in the actual possession of a fortune, that, to the ease and splendor which she enjoyed already, would have added stability and independence.

She was now in her eighteenth year, and the only son of her benefactor was just come from the university to spend the winter with his father in town. He was charmed with her person, behaviour, and discourse; and what he could not but admire, he took every opportunity to commend. She soon perceived that he shewed particular marks of respect to her, when he thought they would not be perceived by others; and that he endeavoured to recommend himself by an officious assiduity, and a diligent attention to the most minute circumstances that might contribute to her pleasure. But this behaviour of the young gentleman, however it might gratify her vanity, could not fail to alarm her fear: she foresaw, that if what she had remarked in his conduct should be perceived by his father or sister, the peace of the family would be destroyed; and that she must either be shipwrecked in the storm, or thrown overboard to appease it. She therefore affected not to perceive, that more than a general complaisance was intended by her lover; and hoped that he would thus be discouraged from making an explicit declaration: but though he was mortified at her disregard of that, which he knew she could not but see, yet he determined to address her in such terms as should not leave this provoking neutrality in her

power: though he revered her virtue, yet he feared too much the anger of his father to think of making her his wife; and he was too deeply enamoured of her beauty, to relinquish his hopes of possessing her as a mistress. An opportunity for the execution of his purpose was not long wanting: she received his general professions of love with levity and merriment; but when she perceived that his view was to seduce her to prostitution, she burst into tears, and fell back in agony unable to speak. He was immediately touched with grief and remorse; his tenderness was alarmed at her distress, and his esteem increased by her virtue; he caught her in his arms, and as an atonement for the insult she had received, he offered her marriage: but as her chastity would not suffer her to become his mistress, neither would her gratitude permit her to become his wife: and as soon as she was sufficiently recollected, she entreated him never more to urge her to violate the obligation she was under either to herself or to her benefactor. 'Would not,' said she, 'the presence of a wretch whom you had seduced from innocence and peace to remorse and guilt, perpetually upbraid you; and would you not always fear to be betrayed by a wife, whose fidelity no kindness could secure; who had broken all the bands that restrain the generous and the good; and who, by an act of the most flagitious ingratitude, had at once reached the pinnacle of guilt, to which others ascend by imperceptible gradations?'

These objections, though they could neither be obviated nor evaded, had yet no tendency to subdue desire: he loved with greater delicacy, but with more ardour; and as he could not always forbear expostulations, neither could she always silence them in such a manner as might most effectually prevent their being repeated. Such was one morning the situation of the two lovers: he had taken her hand into his, and was speaking with great eagerness; while she regarded

garded him with a kind of timorous complacency, and listened to him with an attention which her heart condemned: his father, in this tender moment, in which their powers of perception were mutually engrossed by each other, came near enough to hear that his heir had made proposals of marriage, and retired without their knowledge.

As he did not dream that such a proposal could possibly be rejected by a girl in Melissa's situation, imagining that every woman believed her virtue to be inviolate, if her person was not prostituted, he took his measures accordingly. It was near the time in which his family had been used to remove into the country: he, therefore, gave orders, that every thing should be immediately prepared for the journey, and that the coach should be ready at six the next morning, a man and horse being dispatched in the mean time to give notice of their arrival. The young folks were a little surprized at this sudden removal; but though the squire was a good-natured man, yet as he governed his family with high authority, and as they perceived something had offended him, they did not enquire the reason, nor indeed did they suspect it. Melissa packed up her things as usual: and in the morning the young gentleman and his sister having by their father's orders got into the coach, he called Melissa into the parlour; where in a few words, but with great acrimony, he reproached her with having formed a design to marry his son without his consent, an act of ingratitude which he said justified him in upbraiding her with the favours which he had already conferred upon her, and in a resolution he had taken that a bank bill of fifty pounds, which he then put into her hand, should be the last: adding that he expected she should within one week leave the house. To this heavy charge she was not in a condition to reply; nor did he stay to see whether she would attempt it, but hastily got into the coach, which immediately drove from the door.

Thus was Melissa a third time, by a sudden and unexpected desertion, exposed to penury and distress, with this aggravation, that ease and affluence were become habitual; and that though she was not so helpless as at the death of her uncle, she was exposed to yet greater

danger; for few that have been used to slumber upon down, and wake to festivity, can resist the allurements of vice, who still offers ease and plenty, when the alternative are a flock-bed and a garret, short meals, coarse apparel, and perpetual labour.

Melissa, as soon as she had recovered from the stupor which had seized her upon so astonishing and dreadful a change of fortune, determined not to accept the bounty of a person who imagined her to be unworthy of it; nor to attempt her justification, while it would render her veracity suspected, and appear to proceed only from the hope of being restored to a state of splendid dependence, from which jealousy or caprice might again at any time remove her, without cause and without notice. She had not, indeed, any hope of being ever able to defend herself against her accuser upon equal terms; nor did she know how to subsist a single day, when she had returned his bill and quitted his house: yet such was the dignity of her spirit; that she immediately inclosed it in a blank cover, directed to him at his country seat, and calling up the maid who had been left to take care of the house, sent her immediately with it to the post-office. The tears then burst out, which the agitation of her mind had before restrained; and when the servant returned, she told her all that had happened, and asked her advice what she should do. The girl, after the first emotions of wonder and pity had subsided, told her that she had a sister who lodged in a reputable house, and took in plain-work, to whom she would be welcome, as she could assist her in her business, of which she had often more than she could do; and with whom she might continue till some more eligible situation could be obtained. Melissa listened to this proposal as to the voice of Heaven; her mind was suddenly relieved from the most tormenting perplexity, from the dread of wandering about without money or employment, exposed to the menaces of a beadle, or the insults of the rabble: she was in haste to secure her good fortune, and felt some degree of pain lest she should lose it by the earlier application of another; she therefore went immediately with the maid to her sister, with whom it was soon agreed that Melissa should work for her board and lodging; for she would

would not consent to accept as a gift, that which she could by any means deserve as a payment.

While Melissa was a journeywoman to a person, who but a few weeks before would have regarded her with envy, and approached her with confusion; it happened that a suit of linen was brought from the milliner's wrapped up in a news-paper: the linen was put into the work basket, and the paper being thrown carelessly about, Melissa at last caught it up, and was about to read it; but perceiving that it had been published a fortnight, was just going to put it into the fire, when by an accidental glance she saw her father's name: this immediately engaged her attention, and with great perturbation of mind she read an advertisement, in which her father, said to have left his friends about eighteen years before, and to have entered either into the army or the navy, was directed to apply to a person in Staple's Inn, who could inform him of something greatly to his advantage. To this person Melissa applied with all the ardour of curiosity, and all the tumult of expectation: she was informed that the elder brother of the person mentioned in the advertisement was lately dead, unmarried; that he was possessed of fifteen hundred a year, five hundred of which had descended to him from his father, and one thousand had been left him by an uncle, which upon his death, there being no male heir, had been claimed by his sisters; but that a mistress who had lived with him many years, and who had been treated by the supposed heiresses with too much severity and contempt, had in the bitterness of her resentment published the advertisement, having heard in the family that there was a younger brother abroad.

The conflict of different passions that were at once excited with uncommon violence in the breast of Melissa, deprived her for a time of the power of reflection; and, when she became more calm, she knew not by what method to attempt the recovery of her right: her mind was bewildered amidst a thousand possibilities, and distressed by the apprehension that all might prove ineffectual. After much thought and many projects, she recollected that the captain, whose servant brought her to England, could probably afford her more assistance than any other person: as he had been often

pointed out to her in publick places by the squire, to whom her story was well known, she was acquainted with his person, and knew that within a few months he was alive. She soon obtained directions to his house; and being readily admitted to a conference, she told him, with as much presence of mind as she could, that she was the person whom his compassion had contributed to preserve when an infant; in confirmation of which she produced his letter, and the certificate which it inclosed; that by the death of her father's elder brother, whose family she had never known, she was become entitled to a very considerable estate; but that she knew not what evidence would be necessary to support her claim, how such evidence was to be produced, nor with whom to entrust the management of an affair in which wealth and influence would be employed against her. The old captain received her with that easy politeness which is almost peculiar to his profession, and with a warmth of benevolence that is seldom found in any: he congratulated her upon so happy and unexpected an event; and, without the parade of ostentatious liberality, without extorting an explicit confession of her indigence, he gave her a letter to his lawyer, in whom he said she might with the utmost security confide, and with whom she would have nothing more to do than to tell her story. 'And do not,' said he, 'doubt of success, for I will be ready to testify what I know of the affair, whenever I shall be called upon; and the woman who was present at your birth, and brought you over, still lives with me, and upon this occasion may do you signal service.'

Melissa departed, melted with gratitude and elated with hope. The gentleman to whom the captain's letter was a recommendation, prosecuted her claim with so much skill and assiduity, that within a few months she was put into the possession of her estate. Her first care was to wait upon the captain, to whom she now owed not only life but a fortune: he received her acknowledgments with a pleasure, which only those who merit it can enjoy; and insisted that she should draw upon him for such sums as she should want before her rents became due. She then took very handsome ready-furnished lodgings, and determined immediately to justify her conduct to the squire, whose kindness she still remembered,

tered, and whose resentment she had forgiven. With this view she set out in a chariot and six, attended by two servants in livery on horseback, and proceeded to his country-seat, from whence the family was not returned: she had lain at an inn within six miles of the place; and when the chariot drove up to the door, as it was early in the morning, she could perceive the servants run to and fro in a hurry, and the young lady and her brother gazing through the window to see if they knew the livery; she remarked every circumstance which denoted her own importance with exultation; and enjoyed the solicitude which her presence produced among those from whose society she had so lately been driven with disdain and indignation.

She now increased their wonder, by sending in a servant to acquaint the old gentleman that a lady desired to speak with him about urgent business, which would not, however, long detain him: he courteously invited the lady to honour him with her commands, hastened into his best parlour, adjusted his wig, and put himself in the best order to receive her. She alighted, and displayed a very rich undress, which corresponded with the elegance of her chariot, and the modish appearance of her servants. She contrived to hide her face as she went up the walk, that she might not be known too soon; and was immediately introduced to her old friend, to whom she soon discovered herself to his great astonishment, and before he had recovered his presence of mind, she addressed him to this effect. 'You see, Sir, an orphan who is under the greatest obligations to your bounty, but who has been equally injured by your suspicions. When I was a dependent upon your liberality, I would not assert my innocence, because I could not bear to be suspected of falsehood: but I assert it now I am the possessor of a paternal estate, because I cannot bear to be suspected of ingrati-

tude. That your son pressed me to marry him, is true; but it is also true that I refused him, because I would not disappoint your hopes and impoverish your posterity.' The old gentleman's confusion was increased by the wonders that crowded upon him: he first made some attempts to apologize for his suspicions with awkwardness and hesitation; then doubting the truth of appearance, he broke off abruptly, and remained silent; then reproaching himself, he began to congratulate her upon her good fortune, and again desisted before he had finished the compliment. Melissa perceived his perplexity, and guessed the cause; she was therefore about to account more particularly for the sudden change of her circumstances; but Miss, whose maid had brought her intelligence from the servants, that the lady's name who was with her papa was Melissa, and that she was lately come to a great estate by the death of her uncle, could no longer restrain the impatience of her affection and joy; she rushed into the room and fell upon her neck, with a transport that can only be felt by friendship, and expressed by tears. When this tender silence was past, the scruples of doubt were soon obviated; the reconciliation was reciprocal and sincere; the father led out his guest, and presented her to his son with an apology for his conduct to them both.

Melissa had bespoke a dinner and beds at the inn; but she was not suffered to return. Within a few weeks she became the daughter of her friend, who gave her hand to his son, with whom she shared many years that happiness which is the reward of virtue. They had several children, but none survived them; and Melissa, upon the death of her husband, which happened about seven years ago, retired wholly from town to her estate in the country, where she lived beloved, and died in peace.

Nº IX. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1752.

—Εν πρώτοις Δύνη διδασκαλίαν.

VET. EPIGR.

BE HUNG THE INSTRUCTIVE SYMBOL O'ER HIS DOOR.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,
I Should be sorry to take off your attention from matters of greater moment, and to divert you from the spe-

culatation of faults, that present themselves directly before your eyes, by desiring you to contemplate the enormities that hang over your head. It has been customary, I know, with you writers of essays,

essays, to treat the subject of SIGNS in a very ludicrous manner: for my part, I cannot help thinking, that it deserves a more serious consideration. The attacks of your predecessors on the absurdities which tradesmen usually commit in these pendent advertisements, have been very slight, and consequently have produced no salutary effect: blunders have to this day been handed down from master to prentice, without any regard paid to their remonstrances; and it is left to the sturdy Adventurer, if he pleases, to combat these monstrous incongruities, and to regulate their Babel-like confusion.

I am at present but an humble journeyman sign-painter in Harp Alley; for though the ambition of my parents designed that I should emulate the immortal touches of a Raphael or a Titian, yet the want of taste among my countrymen, and their prejudice against every artist who is a native, have degraded me to the miserable necessity, as Shaftesbury says—'of illustrating prodigies in fairs, and adorning heroick sign-posts.' However, as I have studied to improve even this meanest exercise of the pencil, I intend to set up for myself; and, under the favour of your countenance, to reduce the vague practice of SIGN-PAINTING to some standard of elegance and propriety.

It cannot be doubted, but that SIGNS were intended originally to express the several occupations of their owners; and to bear some affinity, in their external designations, with the wares to be disposed of, or the business carried on within. Hence the HAND and SHEARS is justly appropriated to tailors; as the HAND and PEN is to writing-masters; though the very reverend and right worthy order of my neighbours, the Fleet-parsons, have assumed it to themselves as a mark of—'Marriages performed without imposition.' The WOOL-PACK plainly points out to us a WOOLLEN-DRAPER; the NAKED BOY elegantly reminds us of the necessity of cloathing; and the GOLDEN FLEECE figuratively denotes the riches of our staple commodity: but are not the HEN and CHICKENS, and the three PIGEONS, the unquestionable right of the poulterer; and not to be usurped by the venders of silk or linen?

It would be endless to enumerate the gross blunders committed in this point;

by almost every branch of trade. I shall therefore confine myself chiefly to the numerous fraternity of Publicans, whose extravagance in this affair calls aloud for reprehension and restraint. Their modest ancestors were contented with a plain Bough stuck up before their doors: whence arose the wise proverb—'Good wine needs no bush:' but how have they since deviated from their ancient simplicity! They have ransacked earth, air, and seas; called down sun, moon, and stars, to their assistance; and exhibited all the monsters that ever teemed from fantastic imagination. Their Hogs in Armour, their Blue Boars, Black Bears, Green Dragons, and Golden Lions, have already been sufficiently exposed by your brother essay writers:

—*Sus horridus, atraque Tigris,
Squamosusque Draco, et fulva cervosce
Leana.* VIRG.

With foamy tusks to seem a bristly boar,
Or imitate the lion's angry roar;
Or hiss a dragon, or a tyger stare.

DRYDEN.

It is no wonder that these gentlemen, who indulge themselves in such unwarrantable liberties, should have so little regard to the choice of SIGNS adapted to their MYSTERY. There can be no objection made to the BUNCH OF GRAPES, the RUMMER, or the TUNS: but would not any one enquire for a Hosier at the LEG, or for a Locksmith at the CROSS-KEYS? And who would expect any thing but water to be sold at the FOUNTAIN? The TURK'S HEAD may fairly intimate that a seraglio is kept within; the ROSE may be strained to some propriety of meaning; as the business there transacted may be said to be done 'under the Rose:' but why must the ANGEL, the LAMB, and the MITRE, be the designations of the seats of drunkenness or prostitution?

Some regard should likewise be paid by tradesmen to their situation; or, in other words, to the propriety of the place: and in this too the Publicans are notoriously faulty. The KING'S ARMS, and the STAR AND GARTER, are aptly enough placed at the court-end of the town, and in the neighbourhood of the Royal Palace; SHAKESPEARE'S HEAD takes his station by one Playhouse, and BEN JOHNSON'S by the other.

other: **HELL** is a public-house adjoining to Westminster Hall, as the **DEVIL TAVERN** is to the lawyers quarters in the **TEMPLE**: but what has the **CROWN** to do by the **Change**, or the **GUN**, the **SHIP**, or the **ANCHOR**, any where but at Tower-Hill, at Wapping, or Deptford?

It was certainly from a noble spirit of doing honour to a superior desert, that our forefathers used to hang out the Heads of those who were particularly eminent in their professions. Hence we see **GALEN** and **PARACELUS** exalted before the shops of chemists; and the great names of **TULLY**, **DRYDEN**, **POPE**, &c. immortalized on the rubric posts of booksellers, while their heads denominate the learned repositories of their works. But I know not whence it happened that Publicans have claimed a right to the physiognomies of kings and heroes, as I cannot find out, by the most painful researches, that there is any alliance between them. **LEBEC**, as he was an excellent cook, is the fit representative of luxury; and **BROUGHTON**, that renowned athletic champion, has an indisputable right to put up his own head, if he pleases: but what reason can there be, why the glorious **DUKE WILLIAM** should draw porter, or the brave **ADMIRAL VERNON** retail slip? Why must **QUEEN ANNE** keep a gin-shop, and **KING CHARLES** inform us of a skittle-ground? Propriety of character, I think, requires, that these illustrious personages should be deposed from their lofty stations; and I would recommend hereafter that the **ALDERMAN**'s effigy should accompany his **INTIRE BUTT BEER**; and that the comely face of that public-spirited patriot, 'who first reduced the price of punch, and raised its reputation **PRO BONO PUBLICO**,' should be set up wherever three-pen'orth of warm rum is to be sold.

I have been used to consider several Signs, for the frequency of which it is difficult to give any other reason, as so many hieroglyphics with a hidden meaning, satirizing the follies of the people, or conveying instruction to the passer by. I am afraid that the stale jest on our sober citizens gave rise to so many **HORNS** in the public streets; and the number of **CASTLES** floating with the wind, was probably designed as a ridicule on those erected by sailing projectors.

TUMBLEDOWN DICK, in the Borough of Southwark, is a fine moral on the instability of greatness and the consequences of ambition: but there is a most ill-natured sarcasm against the fair-sex exhibited, on a sign in Broad St. Giles's, of a headless female figure, called the **GOOD WOMAN**:

*Quale portentum, neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis;
Nec Juba tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrit.*

HOR.

No beast of such portentous size
In warlike Daunia's forest lies,
Nor such the tawny lion reigns
Fierce on his native Afric's thirsty plains.
FRANCIS.

A discerning eye may also discover in many of our **SIGNS** evident marks of the religion prevalent among us before the Reformation. **SAINT GEORGE**, as the tutelary saint of this nation, may escape the censure of superstition: but **ST. DUNSTON** with his tongs ready to take hold of **SATAN**'s nose, and the legions of **ANGELS**, **NUNS**, **CROSSES**, and **HOLY LAMBS**, certainly had their origin in the days of Popery.

Among the many **SIGNS**, which are appropriated to some particular business, and yet have not the least connection with it, I cannot, as yet, find any relation between **BLUE BALLS** and pawn-brokers; nor could I conceive the intent of that long **POLE** jutting out at the entrance of a barber's shop, till a friend of mine, a learned etymologist and glossiographer, assured me, that the use of this **POLE** took its rise from the corruption of an old English word. 'It is probable,' says he, 'that our primitive tonsors used to stick up a wooden block, or head, or **POLL**, as it was then called, before their shop-windows, to denote their occupation; and that afterwards, through a confounding of different things with a like pronunciation, they put up that parti-coloured staff of an enormous length, which is now called a **POLE**, and appropriated only to barbers.'

The same observations might be extended to other methods that tradesmen make use of to attract the public notice. Thus, the card manufacturers stamp upon their packs the figure perhaps of **Harry the Eighth**, or the **Great Mogul**, though I cannot find in history that either

either of these monarchs played at cards: it would therefore be more in character to give us a picture of the GROOM-PORTER, or of that master of the science the celebrated HOYLE, who has composed an elaborate treatise on every fashionable game.

I could point out to you many more enormities; but lest I should exceed the limits of your paper, I shall at present conclude with assuring you, that I am

Your devoted humble servant,
PHILIP CARMINI.

A

N^o. X. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1752.

DA, PATER, AUGUSTAM MENTI CONSCENDERE SEDEM;
DA FONTEM LUSTRARE RONI; DA, LUCE REFERTA,
IN TE CONSPICUOS ANIMI DEFIGERE VISUS!

BORTH.

GIVE ME, O FATHER, TO THY THRONE ACCESS,
UNSHAKEN SEAT OF ENDLESS HAPPINESS!
GIVE ME, UNVEIL'D, THE SOURCE OF GOOD TO SEE!
GIVE ME THY LIGHT, AND FIX MINE EYES ON THEE!

NOTHING has offended me more, than the manner in which subjects of eternal moment are often treated. To dispute on moral and theological topics is become a fashion; and it is usual with persons, of whom it is no reproach to say they are ignorant, because their opportunities of gaining knowledge have been few, to determine with the utmost confidence upon questions to which no human intellect is equal. In almost every tavern and every alehouse illiterate petulance prates of fitness and virtue, of freedom and fate; and it is common to hear disputes concerning everlasting happiness and misery, the mysteries of religion and the attributes of GOD, intermingled with lewdness and blasphemy, or at least treated with wanton negligence and absurd merriment.

For lewdness and blasphemy, it is hoped no apology will be seriously offered: and it is probable, that if the question in debate was, which of the disputants should be hanged on the morrow, it would be conducted with decency and gravity, as a matter of some importance: that risible good-humour, and that noble freedom, of which they appear to be so fond, would be thought not well to agree with their subject; nor would either of the gentlemen be much delighted, if an argument intended to demonstrate that he would within a few hours be suspended on a gibbet, should be embellished with a witty allusion to a button and loop, or a jocular remark that it would effectually secure him from future accidents either by land or water: and yet the justice and mercy of Omnipotence, the life and

death of the Soul, are treated with ridicule and sport; and it is contended, that with ridicule and sport they ought always to be treated.

But the effect, as well as the manner, of these fashionable disputes, is always ill: they tend to establish what is called natural religion, upon the ruins of Christianity; and a man has no sooner styled himself a moral philosopher, than he finds that his duty both to GOD and man is contracted into a very small compass, and may be practised with the greatest facility. Yet as this effect is not always apparent, the unwary are frequently deluded into fatal error; and imagine they are attaining the highest degree of moral excellence, while they are insensibly losing the principles upon which alone temptation can be resisted, and a steady perseverance in well-doing secured.

Among other favourite and unsuspected topics, is the Excellency of Virtue. Virtue is said necessarily to produce it's own happiness, and to be constantly and adequately it's own reward; as vice, on the contrary, never fails to produce misery, and inflict upon itself the punishment it deserves; propositions, of which every one is ready to affirm, that they may be admitted without scruple, and believed without danger. But from hence it is inferred, that future rewards and punishments are not necessary, either to furnish adequate motives to the practice of virtue, or to justify the ways of God. In consequence of their being not necessary, they become doubtful; the Deity is less and less the object

of fear and hope; and as virtue is said to be that which produces ultimate good below, whatever is supposed to produce ultimate good below is said to be virtue: right and wrong are confounded, because remote consequences cannot perfectly be known; the principal barrier, by which appetite and passion are restrained, is broken down; the remonstrances of conscience are overborne by sophistry; and the acquired and habitual shame of vice is subdued by the perpetual efforts of vigorous resistance.

But the inference from which these dreadful consequences proceed, however plausible, is not just; nor does it appear from experience, that the premises are true.

That VIRTUE ALONE IS HAPPINESS BELOW, is indeed a maxim in speculative morality, which all the treasures of learning have been lavished to support, and all the flowers of wit collected to recommend; it has been the favourite of some among the wisest and best of mankind in every generation; and is at once venerable for it's age, and lovely in the bloom of a new youth. And yet if it be allowed that they who languish in disease and indigence, who suffer pain, hunger, and nakedness, in obscurity and solitude, are less happy than those who, with the same degree of virtue, enjoy health, and ease, and plenty, who are distinguished by fame, and courted by society; it follows that virtue alone is not efficient of happiness, because virtue cannot always bestow those things upon which happiness is confessed to depend.

It is indeed true, that virtue in prosperity enjoys more than vice, and that in adversity she suffers less: if prosperity and adversity, therefore, were merely accidental to virtue and vice, it might be granted, that, setting aside those things upon which moral conduct has no influence, as foreign to the question, every man is happy, either negatively or positively, in proportion as he is virtuous; though it were denied, that virtue alone could put into his possession all that is essential to human felicity.

But prosperity and adversity, affluence and want, are not independent upon moral conduct: external advantages are frequently obtained by vice, and forfeited by virtue; for as an estate may be gained by secreting a will, or loading a die, an estate may also be lost by withholding a vote, or rejecting a job.

Are external advantages then too light to turn the scale? Will an act of virtue, by which all are rejected, ensure more happiness than an act of vice, by which all are procured? Are the advantages, which an estate obtained by an act of vice bestows, overbalanced through life by regret and remorse? and the indigence and contumely that follow the loss of conveniences, which virtue has rejected, more than compensated by content and self-approbation?

That which is ill-gotten, is not always ill used; nor is that which is well rejected always remembered without regret. It is not to be supposed that he who, by an act of fraud, gained the possession of a thousand pounds a year, which he spends in such a gratification of his appetites and passions as is consistent with health and reputation, in the reciprocation of civilities among his equals, and sometimes in acts of bounty and munificence, and who uses the power and influence which it gives him so as to conciliate affection and procure respect; has less happiness below, than if by a stronger effort of virtue he had continued in a state of dependence and poverty, neglected and despised, destitute of any other means to exercise the social affections than mutual condolence with those who suffer the same calamity, and almost wishing, in the bitterness of his distress, that he had improved the opportunity which he had lost.

It may indeed be urged, that the happiness and infelicity of both these states are still in exact proportion to virtue: that the affluence, which was acquired by a single act of vice, is enjoyed only by the exercise of virtue; and that the penury, incurred by a single effort of virtue, is rendered afflictive only by impatience and discontent.

But whether this be granted or denied, it remains true that the happiness in both these states is not equal; and that in one the means to enjoy life were acquired by vice, which in the other were lost by virtue. And if it be possible, by a single act of vice, to encrease happiness upon the whole of life; from what rational motives can the temptation to that act be resisted? From none, surely, but such as arise from the belief of a future state, in which virtue will be rewarded and vice punished; for to what can happiness be wisely sacrificed, but to greater happiness? and how can the ways of God be justified,

justified, if a man, by the irreparable injury of his neighbour, becomes happier upon the whole, than he would have been if he had observed the eternal rule, and done to another as he would that another should do to him?

Perhaps I may be told that to talk of sacrificing happiness to greater happiness, as virtue, is absurd; and that he who is restrained from fraud or violence, merely by the fear of Hell, is no more virtuous than he who is restrained merely by the fear of a gibbet.

But supposing this to be true, yet with respect to society, mere external rectitude of conduct answers all the purposes of virtue; and if I travel without being robbed, it is of little consequence to me, whether the persons whom I met on the road were restrained from attempting to invade my property by the fear of punishment, or the abhorrence of vice: so that the gibbet, if it does, not produce virtue, is yet of such incontestible utility, that I believe those gentlemen would be very unwilling that it should be removed, who are, notwithstanding, so zealous to steel every breast against the fear of damnation; nor would they be content,

however negligent of their souls, that their property should be no otherwise secured, than by the power of MORAL BEAUTY, and the prevalence of ideal enjoyments.

If it be asked, how moral agents became the subjects of accidental and adventitious happiness or misery; and why they were placed in a state in which it frequently happens, that virtue only alleviates calamity, and vice only moderates delight; the answer of Revelation is known, and it must be the task of those who reject it to give a better; it is enough for me to have proved that man is at present in such a state: I pretend not to trace the 'unsearchable ways of the Almighty,' nor attempt to 'penetrate the darkness that surrounds his throne;' but amidst this enlightened generation, in which such multitudes can account for apparent obliquities and defects in the natural and the moral world, I am content with an humble expectation of that time, in which 'every thing that is crooked shall be made straight, and every thing that is imperfect shall be done away.'

Nº XI. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1752.

—ILLE POTENS SUI
LÆTUSQUE DEGET, CUI LICET IN DIEM
DIXISSE, VIXI.

Hor.

HAPPY THE MAN, AND HAPPY HE ALONE,
HE WHO CAN CALL TO-DAY HIS OWN;
HE WHO, SECURE WITHIN, CAN SAY,
TO-MORROW DO THY WORST, FOR I HAVE LIV'D TO-DAY.

DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT is the fate of all who do not live in necessary or accidental obscurity, who neither pass undistinguished through the vale of poverty, nor hide themselves in the groves of solitude, to have a numerous acquaintance and few friends:

An acquaintance is a being who meets us with a smile and a salute, who tells us in the same breath that he is glad and sorry for the most trivial good and ill that befalls us, and yet who turns from us without regret, who scarce wishes to see us again, who forsakes us in hopeless sickness or adversity, and when we die remembers us no more. A friend is he

with whom our interest is united, upon whose participation all our pleasures depend; who soothes us in the fretfulness of disease, and cheers us in the gloom of a prison; to whom when we die even our remains are sacred, who follows them with tears to the grave, and preserves our image in his heart. A friend our calamities may grieve, and our wants may impoverish, but neglect only can offend, and unkindness alienate. Is it not therefore astonishing, that a friend should ever be alienated or offended? and can there be a stronger instance of the folly and caprice of mankind, than their withholding from those upon whom their happiness is confessed to depend, that civility which they lavish upon others, without

without hope of any higher reward than a trivial and momentary gratification of their vanity, by an echo of their compliments and a return of their obedience?

Of this caprice there are none who have more cause to complain than myself. That I am a person of some importance has never yet been disputed: I am allowed to have great power to please and to instruct; I always contribute to the felicity of those by whom I am well treated; and I must confess, that I am never abused without leaving marks of my resentment behind me.

I am generally regarded as a friend; and there are few who could think of parting with me for the last time, without the utmost regret, solicitude, and reluctance. I know, wherever I come, that I have been the object of desire and hope; and that the pleasure which I am expected to diffuse, has, like all others, been enjoyed by anticipation. By the young and gay, those who are entering the world either as a scene of business or pleasure, I am frequently desired with such impatience, that although every moment brings on wrinkles and decrepitude with irresistible rapidity, that they will be willing that the time of my absence should be annihilated, and the approach of wrinkles and decrepitude rendered yet more precipitate. There cannot surely be stronger evidence than this of my influence upon their happiness, or of their affection for me: and yet the transport with which I am at first received quickly subsides; they appear to grow weary of my company, they would again shorten life to hasten the hour of my departure, and they reflect upon the length of my visit with regret.

To the aged I confess I am not able to procure equal advantages; and yet there are some of these who have been remarkable for their virtue, among whom I experience more constant reciprocations of friendship. I never heard that they expressed an impatient expectation of me when absent, nor do they receive me with rapture when I come; but while I stay they treat me with complacency and good-humour; and in proportion as their first address is less violent, the whole tenour of their conduct is more equal: they suffer me to leave them in an evening without importunity to prolong my visit, and think of my departure with indifference.

You will, perhaps, imagine, that I

am distinguished by some strange singularity, of which the uncommon treatment that I receive is a consequence. As few can judge with impartiality of their own character, none are believed merely upon their own evidence who affirm it to be good: I will therefore describe to you the manner in which I am received by persons of very different stations, capacities, and employments. The facts shall be exhibited without false colouring; I will neither suppress, soften, nor exaggerate any circumstance, by which the natural and genuine state of these facts may be discovered, and I know that your sagacity will do me justice.

In summer I rise very early, and the first person that I see is a peasant at his work, who generally regards me with a smile, though he seldom participates of my bounty. His labour is scarce ever suspended while I am with him; yet he always talks of me with complacency, and never treats me with neglect or indecorum, except perhaps on a holiday, when he has been tipping; and this I can easily overlook, though he commonly receives a hint of his fault the next morning, that he may be the more upon his guard for the future.

But though in the country I have reason to be best satisfied with the behaviour of those whom I first see, yet in my early walks in town I am almost sure to be insulted. As soon as the wretch who has passed the night at a tavern, or a gaming-table, perceives me at a distance, he begins to mutter curses against me, though he knows they will be fulfilled upon himself, and is impatient till he can bar his door, and hide himself in bed.

I have one sister, and though her complexion is very dark, yet she is not without her charms: she is, I confess, said to look best by candle-light, in her jewels, and at a public place, where the splendor of her dress, and the multiplicity of other objects, prevent too minute an examination of her person. Some good judges have fancied, though perhaps a little whimsically, that there is something inexpressibly pleasing in her by moon-light, a kind of placid ease, a gentle languor, which softens her features, and gives new grace to her manner: they say too, that she is best disposed to be agreeable company in a walk, under the chequered shade of a grove, along the green banks of a river, or upon the sandy beach by the sea.

My

My sister's principles in many particulars differ from mine; but there has been always such a harmony between us, that she seldom smiles upon those who have suffered me to pass with a contemptuous negligence; much less does she use her influence, which is very great, to procure any advantage for those who drive me from their presence with outrage and abuse; and yet none are more assiduous in their addresses, nor intrude longer upon her privacy, than those who are most implacably my enemies.

She is generally better received by the poor than the rich; and indeed she seldom visits the indigent and the wretched, without bringing something for their relief; yet those who are most solicitous to engage her in parties of pleasure, and are seen longest in her company, are always suspected of some evil design.

You will, perhaps, think there is something enigmatical in all this; and lest you should not yet be able to discover my true character sufficiently to engage you in my interest, I will give you a short history of the incidents that have happened to me during the last eight hours.

It is now four o'clock in the afternoon: about seven I rose; soon after, as I was walking by the dial in Covent Garden, I was perceived by a man well dressed, who appeared to have been sleeping under one of the sheds, and whom a watchman had just told that I was approaching. After attempting to swear several oaths, and staggering a few paces, he scowled at me under his hat, and insulted me indirectly, by telling the watchman, as well as he could, that he had sat in company with my sister till he became too drunk to find his way home, which nevertheless he had attempted; and that he hated the sight of me as he hated the devil: he then desired that a coach or a chair might be immediately called to carry him from my presence.

About nine I visited a young lady who could not see me, because she was but just returned from a rout. I went next to a student in the Temple, who received me with great joy; but told me, that he was going to dine with a gentleman, whose daughter he had long courted, and who at length, by the interposition of friends,

had been persuaded to consent to the match, though several others had offered a larger settlement. From this interview I had no desire to detain him; and about twelve I found a young prodigal, to whom I had afforded many opportunities of felicity, which he neglected to improve; and whom I had scarce ever left without having convinced him, that he was wasting life in the search of pleasure which he could never find. He looked upon me with a countenance full of suspicion, dread and perplexity, and seemed to wish that I had delayed my visit, or been excluded by his servant; imagining, as I have since heard, that a bailiff was behind me. After dinner, I again met my friend the student; but he who had so lately received me with extasy, now looked at me with a fullen discontent, and if it had been in his power would have destroyed me, for no other reason than because the old gentleman whom he had visited had changed his mind.

You may, perhaps, be told, that I am myself inconstant and capricious, that I am never the same person eight or ten hours together, and that no man knows whether at my next visit I shall bring him good or evil: but identity of person might with equal truth be denied of the Adventurer, and of every other being upon earth; for all animal bodies are in a state of perpetual decay and renovation: so ridiculous a slander does not indeed deserve a serious reply; and I believe you are now ready to answer every other cavil of my enemies, by convincing the world that it is their own fault if I do not always leave them wiser and better than I find them; and whoever has through life continued to become gradually wiser and better, has obtained a source of divine felicity, a well of living water, which, like the widow's oil, shall increase as it is poured out, and which, though it was supplied by time, eternity shall not exhaust.

I hope, Sir, your paper will be a means of procuring me better treatment; and that you will yourself be solicitous to secure the friendship of,

Your humble servant,

TO-DAY.

N^o XH. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1752.MAGNUM PAUPERIES OFFROBRIUM JUBET
QUIDVIS AUT FACERE AUT PATI.

HOR.

HE WHOM THE DREAD OF WANT ENSNARES,
WITH BASINESS ACTS, WITH MEANNESS BEARS.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

OF all the expedients that have been found out to alleviate the miseries of life, none is left to despair but complaint: and though complaint, without hope of relief, may be thought rather to increase than mitigate anguish, as it recollects every circumstance of distress, and imbitters the memory of past sufferings by the anticipation of future; yet, like weeping, it is an indulgence of that which it is pain to suppress, and soothes with the hope of pity the wretch who despairs of comfort. Of this number is he who now addresses you: yet the solace of complaint, and the hope of pity, are not the only motives that have induced me to communicate the series of events, by which I have been led on in an insensible deviation from felicity, and at last plunged in irremediable calamity: I wish that others may escape perdition; and am, therefore, solicitous to warn them of the path that leads to the precipice from which I have fallen.

I am the only child of a wealthy farmer, who, as he was himself illiterate, was the more zealous to make his son a scholar; imagining that there was in the knowledge of Greek and Latin some secret charm of perpetual influence, which as I passed through life would smooth the way before me, establish the happiness of success, and supply new resources to disappointment. But not being able to deny himself the pleasure he found in having me about him, instead of sending me out to a boarding-school, he offered the curate of the parish ten pounds a year and his board to become my tutor.

This gentleman, who was in years, and had lately buried his wife, accepted the employment, but refused the salary: the work of education, he said, would agreeably fill his intervals of leisure, and happily coincide with the duties of his function; but he observed that his curacy, which was thirty pounds a year,

and had long subsisted him when he had a family, would make him wealthy now he was a single man; and therefore he insisted to pay for his board: to this my father, with whatever reluctance, was obliged to consent. At the age of six years, I began to read my Accidence under my preceptor; and at fifteen had gone through the Latin and Greek Classics. But the languages were not all that I learned of this gentleman; besides other science of less importance, he taught me the theory of Christianity by his precepts, and the practice by his example.

As his temper was calm and steady, the influence which he had acquired over me was unlimited: he was never capriciously severe; so that I regarded his displeasure not as an effect of his infirmity, but of my own fault; he discovered so much affection in the pleasure with which he commended, and in the tender concern with which he reproved me, that I loved him as a father; and his devotion, though rational and manly, was yet so habitual and fervent, that I revered him as a saint. I found even my passions controuled by an awe which his presence impressed; and by a constant attention to his doctrine and his life, I acquired such a sense of my connection with the invisible world, and such a conviction of the consciousness of DEITY to all my thoughts, that every inordinate wish was secretly suppressed, and my conduct regulated by the most scrupulous circumspection.

My father thought he had now taken sufficient care of my education, and therefore began to expect that I should assist in overlooking his servants, and managing his farm, in which he intended I should succeed him: but my preceptor, whose principal view was not my temporal advantage, told him that, as a farmer, great part of my learning would be totally useless; and that the only way to make me serviceable to mankind, in proportion to the knowledge I had acquired, would be to send me to the university,

verfity; that at a proper time I might take orders. But my father, befides that he was ftill unwilling to part with me, had probably many reafons againft my entering the world in a caffock: fuch, however, was the deference which he paid to my tutor, that he had almoft implicitly fubmitted to his determination, when a relation of my mother's, who was an attorney of great praftice in the Temple, came to fpend part of the long vacation at our houfe, in confequence of invitations which had been often repeated during an abfence of many years.

My father thought that an opportunity of confulting how to difpofe of me, with a man fo well acquainted with life, was not to be loft; and perhaps he fecretly hoped that my preceptor would give up his opinion as indefenfibie, if a perfon of the lawyer's experience fhould declare againft it. My coufin was accordingly made umpire in the debate; and after he had heard the arguments on both fides, he declared againft my becoming a farmer: he faid, it would be an act of injuftice to bury my parts and learning in the obfcurity of rural life; becaufe, if produced to the world, they would probably be rewarded with wealth, and diftinction. My preceptor imagined the queftion was now finally determined in his favour; and being obliged to vifit one of his parifhioners that was fick, he gave me a look of congratulation as he went out, and I perceived his cheek glow with a fufh of triumph, and his eye fparkle with tears of delight.

But he had no fooner left the room, than my coufin gave the converfation another turn: he told my father, that though he had oppofed his making me a farmer, he was not an advocate for my becoming a parfon; for that to make a young fellow a parfon, without being able to procure him a living, was to make him a beggar. He then made fome witty reflections on the old gentleman who was juft gone out; nobody, he faid, could queftion his having been put to a bad trade, who confidered his circumftances now he had followed it forty years. And after fome other fprightly fallies, which, though they made my father laugh, made me tremble; he clapped him upon the foulder—'If you have a mind your boy fhould make a figure in life, old gentleman,' fays he; 'put him clerk to me; my Lord Chancellor King was no better than the fon of a country fhopkeeper;

' and my mafter gave a perfon of much greater eminence many a half crown when he was an attorney's clerk in the next chambers to mine. What fay you? fhall I take him up with me or no?' My father, who had liftened to this propofal with great eagernefs, as foon as my coufin had done fpeaking, cried—'A match!' and immediately gave him his hand, in token of his confent. Thus the bargain was ftruck, and my fate determined before my tutor came back.

It was in vain that he afterwards objected to the character of my new mafter, and expreffed the moft dreadful apprehenfions at my becoming an attorney's clerk, and entering into the fociety of wretches who had been reprefented to him, and perhaps not unjuftly, as the moft profligate upon earth: they do not, indeed, become worfe than others, merely as clerks; but as young perfons, who with more money to fpend in the gratification of appetite, are fooner than others abandoned to their own conduct; for though they are taken from under the protection of a parent, yet being fcarce confidered as in a ftate of fervitude, they are not fufficiently reftained by the authority of a mafter.

My father had conceived of my coufin as the beft-natured man in the world; and probably was intoxicated with the romantick hope of living to fee me upon the bench at Weftminfter Hall, or of meeting me on the circuit loling in my own coach, and attended by a crowd of the inferior instruments of juftice. He was not therefore to be moved either by expoftulation or entreaty; and I fet out with my coufin on horfeback to meet the ftage at a town within a few miles, after having taken leave of my father with a tendernefs that melted us both; and received from the hoary faint his laft instructions and benediction, and at length the parting embrace, which was given with the fient ardour of unutterable wifhes, and repeated with tears that could no longer be fuppreffed or concealed.

When we were feated in the coach, my coufin began to make himfelf merry with the regret and difcontent that he perceived in my countenance, at leaving a cowhoufe, a hogftye, and two old grey-pates, who were contending whether I fhould be buried in a farm or a college. I, who had never heard either my father or my tutor treated with irreverence,

could not conceal my displeasure and resentment; but he still continued to rally my country simplicity with many allusions which I did not then understand, but which greatly delighted the rest of the company. The fourth day brought us to our journey's end, and my master, as soon as we reached his chambers, shook me by the hand, and bid me welcome to the Temple.

He had been some years a widower, and his only child, a daughter, being still at a boarding-school, his family consisted only of a man and maid-servant and myself; for though he had two hired clerks, yet they lodged and boarded themselves. The horrid lewdness and profaneness of these fellows terrified and disgusted me: nor could I believe that my master's property and interest could be safely entrusted with men, who in every respect appeared to be so destitute of virtue and religion: I, therefore, thought it my duty to apprise him of his danger; and accordingly one day when we were at dinner, I communicated my suspicion, and the reason upon which it was founded. The formal solemnity with which I introduced this conversation, and the air of importance which I gave to my discovery, threw him into a violent fit of laughter, which struck me dumb with confusion and astonishment. As soon

as he recovered himself, he told me, that though his clerks might use some expressions that I had not been accustomed to hear, yet he believed them to be very honest; and that he placed more confidence in them, than he would in a formal prig, of whom he knew nothing but that he went every morning and evening to prayers, and said grace before and after meat; that as to swearing, they meant no harm; and as he did not doubt but that every young fellow liked a girl, it was better they should joke about it than be hypocritical and sly: not that he would be thought to suspect my integrity, or to blame me for practices, which he knew to be merely the effects of bigotry and superstition in which I had been educated, and not the disguises of cunning or the subtrefuges of guilt.

I was greatly mortified at my cousin's behaviour on this occasion, and wondered from what cause it could proceed, and why he should so lightly pass over those vices in others, from which he abstained himself; for I had never heard him swear; and as his expressions were not obscene, I imagined his conversation was chaste; in which, however, my ignorance deceived me, and it was not long before I had reason to change my opinion of his character.

NO XIII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1752.

SIC OMNIA PATIS
IN PEJUS RUERE, AC RETRO SUBLAPSA REFERRI:
NON ALITER QUAM QUI ADVERSO VIX FLUMINE LEBUM
REMIGIS SUBIGIT: SI BRACHIA FORTE REMISIT,
ATQUE ILLUM IN PRÆCEPS PRONO RAPIT ALVEUS AMNI.

VIRG.

THUS ALL BELOW, WHETHER BY NATURE'S CURSE,
OR FATE'S DECREE, DEGEN'RATE STILL TO WORSE.
SO THE BOAT'S BRAUNY CREW THE CURRENT STEM,
AND, SLOW ADVANCING, STRUGGLE WITH THE STREAM;
BUT IF THEY SLACK THEIR HANDS, OR CEASE TO STRIVE,
THEN DOWN THE FLOOD WITH HEADLONG HASTE THEY DRIVE.

DRYDEN.

THERE came one morning to enquire for him at his chambers, a lady who had something in her manner which caught my attention and excited my curiosity: her cloaths were fine, but the manner in which they were put on was rather flaunting than elegant; her address was not easy nor polite, but seemed to be a strange mixture of affected

state and licentious familiarity; she looked in the glass while she was speaking to me, and without any confusion adjusted her tucker. She seemed rather pleased than disconcerted at being regarded with earnestness; and being told that my cousin was abroad, she asked some trifling questions, and then making a slight curtsy, took up the side of her hoop

hoop with a jerk that discovered at least half her leg, and hurried down stairs.

I could not help enquiring of the clerks, if they knew this lady; and was greatly confounded when they told me with an air of secrecy, that she was my cousin's mistress, whom he had kept almost two years in lodgings near Covent Garden. At first I suspected this information; but it was soon confirmed by so many circumstances, that I could no longer doubt of it's truth.

As my principles were yet untainted, and the influence of my education was still strong, I regarded my cousin's sentiments as impious and detestable; and his example rather struck me with horror, than seduced me to imitation. I flattered myself with hopes of effecting his reformation, and took every opportunity to hint the wickedness of allowed incontinence; for which I was always rallied when he was disposed to be merry, and answered with the contemptuous sneer of self-sufficiency when he was sullen.

Near four years of my clerkship were now expired, and I had never yet entered the lists as a disputant with my cousin: for though I conceived myself to be much his superior in moral and theological learning; and though he often admitted me to familiar conversation, yet I still regarded the subordination of a servant to a master, as one of the duties of my station, and preserved it with such exactness, that I never exceeded a question or a hint when we were alone, and was always silent when he had company, though I frequently heard such positions advanced, as made me wonder that no tremendous token of the Divine displeasure immediately followed: but coming one night from the tavern, warm with wine, and, as I imagined, flushed with polemic success, he insisted upon my taking one glass with him before he went to bed; and almost as soon as we were seated, he gave me a formal challenge, by denying all DIVINE REVELATION, and defying me to prove it.

I now considered every distinction as thrown down, and stood forth as the champion of religion, with that elation of mind which the hero always feels at the approach of danger. I thought myself secure of victory; and rejoicing that he had now compelled me to do what I had often wished he would permit, I obliged him to declare that he

would dispute upon equal terms, and we began the debate. But it was not long before I was astonished to find myself confounded by a man, whom I saw half drunk, and whose learning and abilities I despised when he was sober; for as I had but very lately discovered, that any of the principles of religion, from the immortality of the soul to the deepest mystery, had been so much as questioned, all his objections were new. I was assaulted where I had made no preparation for defence; and having not been so much accustomed to disputation, as to consider that, in the present weakness of human intellects, it is much easier to object than answer, and that in every disquisition difficulties are found which cannot be resolved, I was overborne by the sudden onset, and in the tumult of my search after answers to his cavils, forgot to press the positive arguments on which religion is established: he took advantage of my confusion, proclaimed his own triumph, and because I was depressed, treated me as vanquished.

As the event which had thus mortified my pride was perpetually revolved in my mind, the same mistake still continued: I enquired for solutions instead of proofs, and found myself more and more entangled in the snares of sophistry. In some other conversations which my cousin was now eager to begin, new difficulties were started, the labyrinth of doubt grew more intricate, and as the question was of infinite moment, my mind was brought into the most distressful anxiety. I ruminated incessantly on the subject of our debate, sometimes chiding myself for my doubts, and sometimes applauding the courage and freedom of my enquiry.

While my mind was in this state, I heard by accident that there was a club at an alehouse in the neighbourhood, where such subjects were freely debated, to which every body was admitted without scruple or formality: to this club in an evil hour I resolved to go, that I might learn how knotty points were to be discussed, and truth distinguished from error.

Accordingly on the next club night I mingled with the multitude that was assembled in this school of folly and infidelity. I was at first disgusted at the gross ignorance of some, and shocked at the horrid blasphemy of others; but

curiosity prevailed, and my sensibility by degrees wore off. I found that almost every speaker had a different opinion, which some of them supported by arguments, that to me, who was utterly unacquainted with disputation, appeared to hold opposite probabilities in exact equipoise; so that, instead of being confirmed in any principle, I was divested of all; the perplexity of my mind was increased, and I contracted such a habit of questioning whatever offered itself to my imagination, that I almost doubted of my own existence.

In proportion as I was less assured in my principles, I was less circumspect in my conduct: but such was still the force of education, that any gross violence offered to that which I had held sacred, and every act which I had been used to regard as incurring the forfeiture of the Divine Favour, stung me with remorse. I was indeed still restrained from flagitious immorality, by the power of habit: but this power grew weaker and weaker, and the natural propensity to ill gradually took place; as the motion that is communicated to a ball which is struck up into the air, becomes every moment less and less, till at length it recoils by it's own weight.

Fear and hope, the great springs of human action, had now lost their principal objects, as I doubted whether the enjoyment of the present moment was not all that I could secure; my power to resist temptation diminished with my dependence upon the GRACE OF GOD, and regard to the sanction of his law; and I was first seduced by a prostitute, in my return from a declamation on the BEAUTY of virtue, and the strength of the MORAL SENSE.

I began now to give myself up entirely to sensuality, and the gratification of appetite terminated my prospects of felicity: that peace of mind, which is the sunshine of the soul, was exchanged for the gloom of doubt, and the storm of passion; and my confidence in GOD and hope of everlasting joy, for sudden terrors and vain wishes, the longings of satiety, and the anguish of disappointment.

I was indeed impatient under this fluctuation of opinion, and therefore I applied to a gentleman who was a principal speaker at the club, and deemed a profound philosopher, to assist the la-

bours of my own mind in the investigation of truth, and relieve me from distraction by removing my doubts: but this gentleman, instead of administering relief, lamented the prejudice of education, which he said hindered me from yielding without reserve to the force of truth, and might perhaps always keep my mind anxious, though my judgment should be convinced. But as the most effectual remedy for this deplorable evil, he recommended to me the works of Chubb, Morgan, and many others, which I procured, and read with great eagerness; and though I was not at last a sound deist, yet I perceived with some pleasure that my stock of polemic knowledge was greatly increased; so that, instead of being an auditor, I commenced a speaker at the club: and though to stand up and babble to a crowd in an alehouse, till silence is commanded by the stroke of a hammer, is as low an ambition as can taint the human mind, yet I was much elevated by my new distinction, and pleased with the deference that was paid to my judgment. I sometimes, indeed, reflected, that I was propagating opinions by which I had myself become vicious and wretched; but it immediately occurred, that though my conduct was changed, it could not be proved that my virtue was less; because many things, which I avoided as vicious upon my old principles, were innocent upon my new. I therefore went on in my career, and was perpetually racking my invention for new topics and illustration; and among other expedients, as well to advance my reputation, as to quiet my conscience, and deliver me from the torment of remorse, I thought of the following.

Having learned that all error is innocent, because it is involuntary, I concluded that nothing more was necessary to quiet the mind than to prove that all vice was error: I therefore formed the following argument. 'No man becomes vicious, but from a belief that vice will confer happiness: he may, indeed, have been told the contrary; but implicit faith is not required of reasonable beings; therefore, as every man ought to seek happiness, every man may lawfully make the experiment; if he is disappointed, it is plain that he did not intend that which has happened; so that every vice is an error;

‘ror; and therefore no vice will be punished.’

I communicated this ingenious contrivance to my friend the philosopher, who, instead of detecting the difference between ignorance and perverseness, or stating the limitations within which we are bound to seek our own happiness, applauded the acuteness of my penetration, and the force of my reasoning. I was impatient to display so novel and important a discovery to the club, and the attention that it drew upon me gratified my ambition to the utmost of my expectation. I had indeed some opponents; but they were so little skilled in argumentation, and so ignorant of the subject, that it only rendered my conquest more signal and important; for the chairman summed up the arguments on both sides, with so exact and scrupulous an impartiality, that as I appeared not to have been confuted, those who could not discover the weakness of my antagonists, thought that to confute me was impossible; my sophistry was taken for demonstration, and the number of profelytes was incredible. The assembly consisted chiefly of clerks and apprentices, young persons who had received a religious though not a liberal education; for those who were totally ignorant, or wholly abandoned, troubled not themselves with such disputations as were carried on at our club: and these unhappy boys, the impetuosity of whose passions was restrained chiefly by fear, as virtue had not yet become a habit, were glad to have the shackles struck off which they were told priestcraft had put on.

But however I might satisfy others, I was not yet satisfied myself; my torment returned, and new opiates became necessary: they were not indeed easily to

be found; but such was my good fortune, that an illiterate mechanic afforded me a most seasonable relief—‘by discussing the important question, and demonstrating that the soul was not nor could be immortal.’ I was, indeed, disposed to believe without the severest scrutiny, what I now began secretly to wish; for such was the state of my mind, that I was willing to give up the hope of everlasting happiness, to be delivered from the dread of perpetual misery; and as I thought of dying as a remote event, the apprehension of losing my existence with my life, did not much interrupt the pleasures of the bagnio and the tavern.

They were, however, interrupted by another cause; for I contracted a distemper, which alarmed and terrified me, in proportion as it’s progress was swift, and it’s consequences were dreadful. In this distress I applied to a young surgeon, who was a speaker at the club, and gained a genteel subsistence by keeping it in repair: he treated my complaint as a trifle; and to prevent any serious reflections in this interval of pain and solicitude, he rallied the deplorable length of my countenance, and exhorted me to behave like a man.

My pride, rather than my fear, made me very solicitous to conceal this disorder from my cousin; but he soon discovered it rather with pleasure than anger, as it completed his triumph, and afforded him a new subject of raillery and merriment. By the spiritual and corporeal assistance of my surgeon, I was at length restored to my health, with the same dissolute morals, and a resolution to pursue my pleasures with more caution: instead, therefore, of hiring a prostitute, I now endeavoured to seduce the virgin, and corrupt the wife.

Nº XIV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1752.

ADMONET, ET MAGNA TESTATUR VOCE PER UMBRAS:
DISCITE JUSTITIAM MONITI, ET NON TEMNERE DIVOS.

VIRG.

—EV’N YET HIS VOICE FROM HELL’S DREAD SHADES WE HEAR—
‘BEWARE, LEARN JUSTICE, AND THE GODS REVERE.’

IN these attempts my new principles afforded me great assistance: for I found that those whom I could convert, I could easily debauch; and that to convert many, nothing more was necessary

than to advance my principles, and alledge something in defence of them, by which I appeared to be convinced myself; for not being able to dispute, they thought that the argument which had convinced

convinced me, would, if they could understand it, convince them: so that, by yielding an implicit assent, they at once paid a compliment to their own judgments, and smoothed the way to the indulgence of appetite.

While I was thus gratifying every inordinate desire, and passing from one degree of guilt to another, my cousin determined to take his daughter, who was now in her nineteenth year, from school; and as he intended to make her mistress of his family, he quitted his chambers, and took a house.

This young lady I had frequently seen, and always admired; she was therefore no sooner come home, than I endeavoured to recommend myself by a thousand assiduities, and rejoiced in the many opportunities that were afforded me to entertain her alone; and perceived that she was not displeased with my company, nor insensible to my complaisance.

My cousin, though he had seen the effects of his documents of infidelity in the corruption of my morals, yet could not forbear to sneer at religion in the presence of his daughter; a practice in which I now always concurred, as it facilitated the execution of a design that I had formed of rendering her subservient to my pleasures. I might indeed have married her, and perhaps my cousin secretly intended that I should: but I knew women too well to think that marriage would confine my wishes to a single object; and I was utterly averse to a state, in which the pleasure of variety must be sacrificed to domestic quiet, or domestic quiet to the pleasure of variety; for I neither imagined that I could long indulge myself in an unlawful familiarity with many women, before it would by some accident be discovered to my wife; nor that she would be so very courteous or philosophical, as to suffer this indulgence without expostulation and clamour: and besides, I had no liking to a brood of children, whose wants would soon become importunate, and whose claim to my industry and frugality would be universally acknowledged; though the offspring of a mistress might be abandoned to beggary, without breach of the law, or offence to society.

The young lady, on the contrary, as she perceived that my addresses exceeded common civilities, did not question but that my view was to obtain her for a wife; and I could discern that she often

expected such a declaration, and seemed disappointed that I had not yet proposed an application to her father: but imagining, I suppose, that these circumstances were only delayed till the fittest opportunity, she did not scruple to admit all the freedoms that were consistent with modesty; and I drew every day nearer to the accomplishment of my design, by insensible approaches, without alarming her fear, or confirming her hopes.

I knew that only two things were necessary; her passions were to be enflamed, and the motives from which they were to be suppressed, removed. I was therefore perpetually insinuating, that nothing which was natural could be ill; I complained of the impositions and restraints of priest-craft and superstition; and, as if these hints were casual and accidental, I would immediately afterwards sing a tender song, repeat some seducing verses, or read a novel.

But henceforward, let never insulted beauty admit a second time into her presence the wretch who has once attempted to ridicule religion, and substitute other aids to human frailty, for that 'love of GOD which is better than life,' and that fear 'which is the beginning of wisdom:' for whoever makes such an attempt, intends to betray; the contrary conduct being without question the interest of every one whose intentions are good, because even those who prophanely deny religion to be of divine origin, do yet acknowledge that it is a political institution well calculated to strengthen the band of society, and to keep out the ravager by entrenching innocence and arming virtue. To oppose these corrupters by argument rather than contempt, is to parley with a murderer, who may be excluded by shutting a door.

My cousin's daughter used frequently to dispute with me, and these disputes always favoured the execution of my project: though, lest I should alarm her too much, I often affected to appear half in jest; and when I ventured to take any liberty, by which the bounds of modesty were somewhat invaded, I suddenly desisted with an air of easy negligence; and as the attempt was not pursued, and nothing farther seemed to be intended than was done, it was regarded but as wagery, and punished only with a slap or a frown. Thus she became familiar with infidelity and indecency by degrees.

I once subtly engaged her in a debate, whether

whether the gratification of natural appetites was in itself innocent; and whether, if so, the want of external ceremony could in any case render it criminal. I insisted that virtue and vice were not influenced by external ceremonies, nor founded upon human laws, which were arbitrary, temporary, and local: and that as a young lady's shutting herself up in a nunnery was still evil, though enjoined by such laws; so the transmitting her beauty to posterity was still good, though under certain circumstances it had by such laws been forbidden. This she affected utterly to deny, and I proposed that the question should be referred to her papa, without informing him of our debate, and that it should be determined by his opinion; a proposal to which she readily agreed. I immediately adverted to other subjects, as if I had no interest in the issue of our debate; but I could perceive that it sunk deep into her mind, and that she continued more thoughtful than usual.

I did not however fail to introduce a suitable topic of discourse the next time my cousin was present, and having stated the question in general terms, he gave it in my favour, without suspecting that he was judge in his own cause; and the next time I was alone with his daughter, without mentioning his decision, I renewed my familiarity, I found her resistance less resolute, pursued my advantage, and completed her ruin.

Within a few months she perceived that she was with child; a circumstance that she communicated to me with expressions of the most piercing distress: but instead of consenting to marry her, to which she had often urged me with all the little arts of persuasion that she could practise, I made light of the affair, chid her for being so much alarmed at so trivial an accident, and proposed a medicine which I told her would effectually prevent the discovery of our intercourse, by destroying the effect of it before it could appear. At this proposition she fainted, and when she recovered opposed it with terror and regret, with tears, trembling, and entreaty: but I continued inflexible, and at length either removed or over-ruled her scruples, by the same arguments that had first seduced her to guilt.

The long vacation was now commenced, and my clerkship was just expired: I therefore proposed to my cousin

that we should all make a visit to my father, hoping that the fatigue of the journey would favour my purpose, by increasing the effect of the medicine, and accounting for an indisposition which it might be supposed to cause.

The plan being thus concerted, and my cousin's concurrence being obtained, it was immediately put in execution. I applied to my old friend the club surgeon, to whom I made no secret of such affairs, and he immediately furnished me with medicaments, which he assured me would answer my purpose; but either by a mistake in the preparation, or in the quantity, they produced a disorder, which, soon after the dear injured unhappy girl arrived at her journey's end, terminated in her death.

My confusion and remorse at this event are not to be expressed, but confusion and remorse were suddenly turned into astonishment and terror; for she was scarce dead before I was taken into custody, upon suspicion of murder. Her father had deposed, that just before she died, she desired to speak to him in private; and that then, taking his hand, and entreating his forgiveness, she told him that she was with child by me, and that I had poisoned her, under pretence of preserving her reputation.

Whether she made this declaration, or only confessed the truth, and her father to revenge the injury had forged the rest, cannot now be known; but the coroner having been summoned, and the body viewed, and found to have been pregnant, with many marks of a violent and uncommon disorder, a verdict of wilful murder was brought in against me, and I was committed to the county gaol.

As the judges were then upon the circuit, I was within less than a fortnight convicted and condemned by the zeal of the jury, whose passions had been so greatly enflamed by the enormity of the crime with which I had been charged, that they were rather willing that I should suffer being innocent, than that I should escape being guilty; but it appearing to the judge in the course of the trial that murder was not intended, he reprieved me before he left the town.

I might now have redeemed the time, and, awakened to a sense of my folly and my guilt, might have made some reparation to mankind for the injury which I had done to society; and endeavoured to
kindle

kindle some spark of hope in my own breast, by repentance and devotion; but alas! in the first transports of my mind, upon so sudden and unexpected a calamity, the fear of death yielded to the fear of infamy, and I swallowed poison: the excess of my desperation hindered it's immediate effect; for, as I took too much, great part of it was thrown up, and only such a quantity remained behind, as was sufficient to ensure my destruction, and yet leave me time to contemplate the horrors of the gulph into which I am sinking.

In this deplorable situation I have been visited by the surgeon who was the immediate instrument of my misfortune, and the philosopher who directed my studies: but these are friends who only rouse me to keener sensibility, and inflict upon me more exquisite torment. They reproach me with folly, and upbraid me with cowardice; they tell me too, that the fear of death has made me regret the errors of superstition; but what would I now give for those erro-

neous hopes, and that credulous simplicity, which, though I have been taught to despise them, would sustain me in the tremendous hour that approaches, and avert from my last agony the horrors of despair!

I have indeed a visitor of another kind, the good old man who first taught me to frame a prayer, and first animated me with the hope of Heaven; but he can only lament with me, that this hope will not return, and that I can pray with confidence no more: he cannot by a sudden miracle re-establish the principles which I have subverted. My mind is all doubt, and terror, and confusion; I know nothing but that I have rendered ineffectual the clemency of my JUDGE, that the approach of death is swift and inevitable, and that either the shades of everlasting night, or the gleams of unquenchable fire, are at hand. My soul in vain shrinks backward; I grow giddy with the thought: the next moment is distraction! Farewell.

OPRINOUS.

Nº XV. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1752.

INVENTUM MEDICINA MEVM EST—

OVID.

MEDICINE IS MINE.

DRYDEN.

AS no man more abhors the maxim, which affirms the lawfulness of doing evil to produce good, than myself, I shall spare no falsehood, because it has been rendered subservient to political purposes, nor concur in the deception of mankind, though for the service of the state.

When the public liberty has been thought in so much danger, as to make it necessary to expose life in it's defence, we have been told that life is the inferior blessing; that death is more eligible than slavery; and that to hold the contrary opinion, is not only absurd but infamous.

This, however, whether it is the rant of enthusiasm or the insinuation of cunning, contradicts the voice of reason and the general consent of mankind. The far greater part of the human species are confessed to live in a state of slavish subjection; and there is scarce any part of the globe where that which an Englishman calls liberty is to be found: and yet it does not appear, that there is any

place in which the attachment to life is dissolved, or that despotism and tyranny ever provoked suicide to depopulate their dominions. It may be said, that wretches who have never been free, suffer patiently because they are strangers to enjoyment; but it must be remembered, that our heroes of liberty, whether Bucks or Bloods, or of whatever other denomination, when by some creditor of slavish principles they have been locked up in a prison, never yet petitioned to be hanged.

But though to every individual life is of greater value than liberty, yet health and ease are of greater value than life: though jollity may sometimes be found in the cell of a prisoner, it never enters the chambers of the sick; over pain and sickness, the sweetness of music, the sprightliness of humour, and the delicacies of luxury, have no power. Without health life is misery; and death, as it removes positive evil, is at least a negative good. Among the many advantages, therefore, which are confessed to be

be peculiar to Great Britain, the highest surely is the number of medicines that are dispensed in this metropolis; medicines which infallibly remove every disease by which the value of life is annihilated, and death rendered a blessing.

It has been observed by naturalists, that every climate produces plants peculiarly adapted to remove it's peculiar diseases; and by moralists, that good and evil are universally distributed with an equal hand. My subject affords a remarkable instance of the truth of these observations: for without this extraordinary interposition of medical power, we should not only be the most loathsome, debilitated, and diseased of all mortals; but our country would soon become desolate, or, what is yet worse, a province to France.

Of this no doubt will remain, if it be considered, that the medicines, from which we are told almost every noble family in the kingdom has received benefit, are such as INVIGORATE, CLEANSE, and BEAUTIFY; for if our nobility are impotent, loathsome, and hideous, in what condition are those who are exposed to the vicissitudes of wet and dry, and cold and heat, which in this climate are sudden and frequent? In what condition are those who sweat at the furnace, or delve in the mine, who draw in pestilential fumes at every breath, and admit an enemy to life at every pore? If a being whose perspicacity could discover effects yet slumbering in their causes, would perceive the future peers of this realm corked close in a vial, or rolled up in a pill; or if, while yet more distant, they would appear rising in the vapour of an alembic, or agitated in the vortex of a mortar; from whence must we expect those who should hereafter supply the fleet, the manufactory, or the field?

But the good that would flow in a thousand streams to the community from these fountains of health, and vigour, and beauty, is in some degree intercepted by the envy or folly of persons who have at a great expence crowded the city with buildings called hospitals; in which those who have been long taught to mangle the dead, practise the same horrid arts upon the living; and where a cancer or a gangrene produce the amputation of a limb, though a cure for the cancer might have been purchased in Fleet Street for a shilling, and a powder

that instantly stops the progress of a gangrene, upon Tower Hill for sixpence. In hospitals diseases are not cured, but rendered incurable; and though of this the public has been often advertised by Mr. Robert Ratsey, who gives advice to the poor in Billiter Lane; yet hospitals are still filled, and new donations are made. Mr. Ratsey has indeed himself contributed to this evil; for he promises to cure even those who have been thus rendered incurable: a resource, therefore, is still left, and the vulgar will be encouraged to throw themselves into an hospital, in compliance with their prejudices, by reflecting that, after all, they can make the experiment which ought to have been their first choice.

I would not be thought to dictate to the legislature; but I think that all persons, especially this gentleman, should be prohibited from curing these incurable patients by act of parliament: though I hope that he will, after this notice, restrain the first ardour of his benevolence, by reflecting that a conduct which may be mercy to one, will be cruelty to many; and that in his future advertisements this dangerous promise will not be repeated.

This island has been long famous for diseases which are not known in any other part of the world; and my predecessor, the SPECTATOR, has taken notice of a person, who in his time, among other strange maladies, undertook to cure 'long sea-voyages and campaigns.' If I cannot acquaint my readers with any new disease that is equally astonishing, I can record a method of cure, which, though it was not successful, yet deserves to be remembered for farther experiments.

The minister, the overseer, and the church-warden of a parish in Kent, after setting forth the misery of a young man who was afflicted with a rupture, proceeded to address the public in the following terms:

'His friends applied to several gentlemen for a cure, but all proved ineffectual, and wore a truss, till we sent him to Mr. Woodward at the King's Arms, near Half-moon-street, Piccadilly.'

It appears, therefore, that several gentlemen, in the zeal of their compassion, not only applied for advice, but actually wore

swore a truss for this unfortunate youth; who would, notwithstanding, still have continued to languish in great misery, if they had not at last sent him to Mr. Woodward.

After this instance of generous compassion and true publick spirit, it will be just to remark the conduct of persons who have filled a much more elevated station, who have been appointed guardians of the people, and whose obligation to promote their happiness was therefore more complicated and extensive.

I am told that formerly a patent could not be obtained for dispensing these infallible remedies at a less expence than sixty pounds; and yet that, without a patent, counterfeits are imposed upon the public, by which diseases are rendered more malignant, and death precipitated. I am, however, very unwilling to believe, that the legislature ever refused to permit others to snatch sickness and decrepitude from the grave, without receiving so exorbitant a consideration.

At present a patent may be obtained for a much more reasonable sum; and it is not worth while to enquire, whether this tax upon health was ever exorbitant, as it is now too light to be felt: but our enemies, if they cannot intercept the licence to do good, still labour to render it ineffectual.

They insinuate, that though a patent is known to give a sanction to the medicine, and to be regarded by the vulgar as a certificate of its virtue; yet that, for the customary fee, a patent may be obtained to dispense poison: for if the nostrum itself is a secret, its qualities cannot be otherwise known than by its effects; and concerning its effects no enquiry is made.

Thus it appears that the Jesuits, who formerly did us so much mischief, are

still busy in this kingdom: for who else could propagate so invidious a reproach for so destructive a purpose?

But the web of subtilty is sometimes so extremely attenuated, that it is broken by its own weight; and if these implacable enemies of our church and state had attempted less, they would have effected more: for who can believe, that those names, which should always be read with a sense of duty and obligation, were ever prostituted in publick advertisements, for a paltry sum, to the purposes of wretches who defraud the poor of their money, and the sick of their life, by dispensing as remedies, drugs that are either ineffectual or pernicious, and precluding, till it is too late, more effectual assistance? To believe this, would be as ridiculous as to doubt, whether an attempt was made to cure Mr. Woodward's patient, by applying trusses to the abdomen of his friends, after it has been so often and so publicly asserted in an advertisement, signed by persons of unquestionable veracity; persons who were probably among the number of those by whom trusses were worn, and might first think of applying to Mr. Woodward, upon perceiving that a remedy which was so troublesome to them produced no apparent effect upon the patient. For my own part, I never hear the cavils of sophistry with patience; but when they are used to bring calamity upon my country, my indignation knows no bounds. Let us unite against the arts as well as the power of our enemies, and continue to improve all the advantages of our constitution and our climate; and we cannot fail to secure health, vigour and longevity, from which the wreath of glory and the treasures of opulence derive all their value.

Nº XVI. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1752.

GRATIOR ET PULCHRO VENIENS IN CORPORE VIRTUS.

VIRG.

MORE LOVELY VIRTUE, IN A LOVELY FORM.

I Have observed in a former paper, that the relation of events is a species of writing which affords more general entertainment than any other: and to afford entertainment appears to have

been often the principal if not the only design of those by whom events have been related.

It must, indeed, be confessed, that when truths are to be recorded, little is left

left to the choice of the writer; a few pages of the book of Nature or Providence are before him; and if he transcribes with fidelity, he is not to be blamed, if in this fragment good and evil do not appear to be always distributed as reward and punishment.

But it is justly expected of the writer of fiction, who has unbounded liberty to select, to vary and to complicate, that his plan should be complete, that he should principally consider the moral tendency of his work, and that when he relates events he should teach virtue.

The relation of events becomes a moral lecture, when vicious actions produce misery, and vicious characters incur contempt; when the combat of Virtue is rewarded with honour, and her sufferings terminate in felicity: but though this method of instruction has been often recommended, yet I think some of its peculiar advantages have been still overlooked, and for that reason not always secured.

Facts are easily comprehended by every understanding: and their dependence and influence upon each other are discovered by those who would soon be bewildered in a series of logical deductions; they fix that volatility which would break away from ratiocination; and the precept becomes more forcible and striking as it is connected with example. Precept gains only the cold approbation of reason, and compels an assent which judgment frequently yields with reluctance, even when delay is impossible; but by example the passions are roused; we approve, we emulate, and we honour or love; we detest, we despise, and we condemn, as fit objects are successively held up to the mind: the affections are, as it were, drawn out into the field; they learn their exercise in a mock fight, and are trained for the service of virtue.

Facts, as they are most perfectly and easily comprehended, and as they are impressed upon the mind by the passions, are tenaciously remembered, though the terms in which they are delivered are presently forgotten; and for this reason the instruction that results from facts, is more easily propagated. Many can repeat a story, who would not have understood a declamation; and though the expression will be varied as often as it is told, yet the moral which it was intended to teach will remain the same.

But these advantages have not been always secured by those who have professed 'to make a story the vehicle of instruction,' and 'to surprize levity into knowledge by a shew of entertainment;' for instead of including instruction in the events themselves, they have made use of events only to introduce declamation and argument. If the events excite curiosity, all the fine reflections which are said to be interspersed, are passed over; if the events do not excite curiosity, the whole is rejected together, not only with disgust and disappointment, but indignation, as having allured by a false promise, and engaged in a vain pursuit. These pieces, if they are read as a task by those for whose instruction they are intended, can produce none of the effects for which they were written; because the instruction will not be necessarily remembered with the facts; and because the story is so far from recommending the moral, that the moral is detested as interrupting the story. Nor are those who voluntarily read for instruction, less disappointed than those who seek only entertainment; for he that is eager in the pursuit of knowledge, is disgusted when he is stopped by the intervention of a trivial incident or a forced compliment, when a new personage is introduced, or a lover takes occasion to admire the sagacity of a mistress.

But many writers who have avoided this error, and interwoven precept with event, though they intended a moral lecture, have yet defeated their own purpose, by taking from virtue every accidental excellence, and decorating vice with the spoils.

I can think of nothing that could be alledged in defence of this perverse distribution of graces and defects, but a design to shew that virtue alone is sufficient to confer honour upon the lowest character, and that without it nothing can preserve the highest from contempt; and that those excellencies which we can acquire by our own efforts, are of more moment than those which are the gift of nature: but in this design, no writer, of whatever abilities, can succeed.

It has been often remarked, though not without wonder, that almost every man is more jealous of his natural than his moral qualities; and resents with more bitterness a satire upon his abilities than his practice. The fact is unquestionably

true; and perhaps it will no longer appear strange, if it be considered, that natural defects are of necessity, and moral of choice: the imputation of folly, if it is true, must be suffered without hope, but that of immorality may at any time be obviated by removing the cause.

But whatever be the reason, it appears by the common consent of mankind, that the want of virtue does not incur equal contempt with the want of parts; and that many vices are thought to be rather honourable than infamous, merely because they imply some natural excellence, some superiority which cannot be acquired by those who want it, but to which those who have it believe they can add all that others possess; whenever they shall think fit to make the attempt.

Florio, after having learned the Latin and Greek languages at Westminster, and spent three years at the university, made the tour of Europe, and at his return obtained a place at court. Florio's imagination is sprightly, and his judgment strong: he is well acquainted with every branch of polite literature, and travel has polished the sound scholar into the fine gentleman: his person is graceful, and his manner polite; he is remarkable for the elegance of his dress; and he is thought to dance a minuet, and understand the small sword, better than any other man in the kingdom. Among the ladies Florio has made many conquests; and has challenged and killed in a duel an officer, who upbraided him with the breach of a promise of marriage, confirmed by an oath, to a young beauty whom he kept in great splendour as a mistress: his conversation is admired by all who can relish sterling wit and true humour; every private company brightens when he enters, and every publick assembly becomes more splendid by his presence. Florio is also liberal to profusion; and is not, therefore, inquisitive about the merit of those upon whom he lavishes his bounty.

Benevolus has also had a liberal education: he learned the languages at Merchant Taylors, and went from thence to the university, where his application was greater than Florio's, but the knowledge that he acquired was less: as his apprehension is slow, and his industry indefatigable, he remembers more than he understands; he has no taste either

for poetry or musick; mirth never smiled at a fall of his imagination, nor did doubt ever appeal to his judgment. His person, though it is not deformed, is inelegant; his dress is not slovenly, but awkwardly neat; and his manner is rather formal than rude; he is the jest of an assembly, and the aversion of ladies; but he is remarkable for the most uniform virtue and unaffected piety: he is a faithful friend, and a kind master; and so compassionate, that he will not suffer even the snails that eat his fruit to be destroyed; he lays out annually near half his income in gratuities, not to support the idle, but to encourage the industrious; yet there is rather the appearance of parsimony than profusion in his temper; and he is so timorous, that he will turn pale at the report of a musket.

Which of these two characters wouldst thou chuse for thy own? Whom dost thou most honour, and to whom hast thou paid the tribute of involuntary praise? Thy heart has already answered with spontaneous fidelity in favour of Florio. Florio thou hast not considered as a scoundrel, who by perjury and murder has deserved the pillory and the gibbet; as a wretch who has stooped to the lowest fraud for the vilest purpose; who is continually ensnaring the innocent and the weak; who conceals the ruin that he brings by a lye, and the lye by an oath; and who having once already justified a sworn falshood at the expence of life, is ready again to lye and to kill, with the same aggravation and in the same cause.

Neither didst thou view Benevolus, as having merited the divine eulogium bestowed upon him, 'who was faithful over a few things;' as employing life in the diffusion of happiness, with the joy of angels, and in imitation of GOD.

Surely, if it is true, that—

Vice to be hated needs but to be seen,

POPE.

she should not be hidden with the ornaments, and disguised in the apparel, which in the general estimation belong to virtue. On the contrary, it should be the principal labour of moral writers, especially of those who would instruct by fiction, the power of which is not less to do evil than good, to remove the bias which inclines the mind rather to prefer

prefer natural than moral endowments; and to represent vice with such circumstances of contempt and infamy, that the ideas may constantly recur together. And it should be always remembered, that the fear of immediate contempt is frequently stronger than any other motive: how many have, even in their own opinion, incurred the guilt of blasphemy, rather than the sneer of an infidel, or the ridicule of a club? and how many

have rushed, not only to the brink of the grave but of hell, to avoid the scorn, with which the foolish and the profligate regard those who have refused a challenge?

Let it, therefore, be the united efforts of genius and learning, to deter from guilt by the dread of shame; and let the time past suffice to have saved from contempt, those vices which contempt only can suppress.

N^o XVII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1753.

SCOPULIS SURDIOR ICARI
VOCES AUDIT

HE HEARS NO MORE
THAN ROCKS, WHEN WINDS AND WATERS ROAR.

HOR.

CREECH.

PERHAPS few undertakings require attention to a greater variety of circumstances, or include more complicated labour, than that of a writer who addresses the publick in a periodical paper, and invites persons of every station, capacity, disposition, and employment, to spend, in reading his lucubrations, some of those golden moments which they set apart from toil and solitude.

He who writes to assist the student, of whatever class, has a much easier task, and greater probability of success; for the attention of industry is surely more easily fixed than that of idleness: and he who teaches any science or art, by which wealth or honour may be acquired, is more likely to be heard, than he who only solicits a change of amusement, and proposes an experiment which cannot be made without danger of disappointment.

The author who hopes to please the publick, or, to use a more fashionable phrase, the town, without gratifying its vices, should not only be able to exhibit familiar objects in a new light, to display truths that are not generally known, and break up new veins in the mines of literature; he must have skill to select such objects as the town is willing to regard, such truths as excite its curiosity, and such knowledge as it is solicitous to acquire.

But the speculative and recluse are apt to forget that the business and the enter-

tainment of others are not the same with their own; and are often surprized and disappointed to perceive, that what they communicate with eagerness and expectation of applause, is heard with too much indifference to be understood, and wearies those whom it was expected to delight and instruct.

Mr. George Friendly, while he was a student at Oxford, became possessed of a large estate by the death of his elder brother: instead, therefore, of going up to London for preferment, he retired to the family-seat in the country; and as he had acquired the habit of study and a strong relish for literature, he continued to live nearly in the same manner as at college; he kept little company, had no pleasure in the sports of the field, and, being disappointed in his first addresses, would never marry.

His sister, the wife of a gentleman who farmed his own estate, had one son whose name was John. Mr. Friendly directed that John should be put to a reputable school in the country, and promised to take care of his fortune. When the lad was about nineteen, his uncle declared his intention to send him to the university; but first desired to see him, that he might know what proficiency he had made in the languages. John, therefore, set out on a visit to his uncle, and was received with great affection: he was found to have acquired a reasonable knowledge of Latin and Greek; and Mr. Friendly formed a very favourable opinion.

opinion of his abilities, and determined to reward his diligence, and encourage him to perseverance.

One evening, therefore, he took him up into his study, and after directing him to sit down—'Cousin John,' said he, 'I have some sentiments to communicate to you, with which I know you will be pleased; for truth, like virtue, is never perceived but with delight.' John, whose heart did not give a full assent to the truth of this proposition, found himself in circumstances which, by the mere force of habit, caused him to draw in a long breath through his nose, and at the same time with a grin of exquisite sensibility to scratch his head. 'But my observations, cousin,' said his uncle, 'have a necessary connection with a purpose that I have formed, and with which you shall also be acquainted. Draw your chair a little nearer. The passions, cousin John, as they are naturally productive of all pleasure, should by reasonable beings be also rendered subservient to a higher purpose. The love of variety which is found in every breast, as it produces much pleasure, may also produce much knowledge. One of the principal advantages that are derived from wealth, is a power to gratify and improve this passion. The rich are not confined by labour to a particular spot, where the same ideas perpetually recur; they can fill the mind, either by travel or by study, with innumerable images, of which others have no conception. But it must be considered, that the pleasure of travelling does not arise from the sight of a dirty town, or from lodging at an inn; nor from any hedge or cottage that is passed on the road; nor from the confused objects that are half discovered in the distant prospect; nor from the series of well-built houses in a city, or the busy multitudes that swarm in the streets; but from the rapid succession of these objects to each other, and the number of ideas that are thrown in upon the mind.' Mr. Friendly here paused for John's reply; and John suddenly recollecting himself, said—'Very true.'—'But how,' said Mr. Friendly, 'can this love of variety be directed to the acquisition of knowledge?' Here John wriggled in his seat, and again scratched his head: he was indeed something embarrassed by

the question; but the old gentleman quickly put him out of his pain by answering it himself. 'Why, by a judicious choice of the variety that is to produce our entertainment. If the various doublings of a hare only, or the changes of a game at whist, have afforded the variety of the day; whatever has been the pleasure, improvement has been wanting. But if the different customs, the policy, the trade of nations, the variety of soils, the manner of culture, the disposition of individuals, or the rise or fall of a state, have been impressed upon the mind; besides the pleasure of the review, a power of creating new images is acquired. Fancy can combine the ideas which memory has treasured; and when they have been reviewed and regulated by judgment, some scheme will result, by which commerce may be extended, agriculture improved, immorality restrained, and the prosperity of the state secured. Of this, cousin John, you was not wholly ignorant before.' John acquiesced with a bow; for though he had been a little bewildered, yet he understood by the tone of voice with which his uncle concluded the last sentence, that such acquiescence was expected. 'Upon this occasion,' continued Mr. Friendly, 'I must remark, though it is something foreign to my purpose, that variety has by some philosophers been considered as affording not only the pleasure and improvement, but even the measure of life; for of time in the abstract we have no idea, and can conceive it only by the succession of ideas to each other; thus, if we sleep without dreams, the moment in which we awake, appears immediately to succeed that in which we began to slumber.'

A thicker gloom now fell upon John, and his countenance lengthened in proportion to his uncle's lecture, the end of which he perceived was now become more remote; for these remarks, with respect to John, were not impressed with the signature of truth, nor did they reflect any idea of his own; they were not—

Something whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,

That gives us back the image of our mind.

POPE'S ESSAY ON CRIT.

With respect to John, therefore, they had

had no characteristic of wit; and if they contained knowledge, it was knowledge which John had no wish to acquire: the old gentleman, however, proceeded thus with great deliberation:

‘But though curiosity should be principally directed to useful purposes, yet it should not always be repressed or diverted, when the use is not immediate or apparent: for he who first perceived the magnetic attraction, and applied it to various experiments, probably intended nothing more than amusement; and when the polarity of the needle was discovered, it was not in the pursuit of any project to facilitate navigation. I am, therefore, now about to gratify your curiosity, cousin, with a view of London, and all the variety that it contains.’ Here John’s countenance brightened, he roused himself on his seat, and looked eager with attention.

‘As you have,’ continued his uncle, ‘applied with great diligence to your grammar learning, I doubt not but you have also read many of our best English authors, especially our immortal Shakespeare; and I am willing that, before you enter upon a course of academic study, you should see the theatre.’ John was going to express his joy, when his uncle increased it, by putting into his hand a bank-note of fifty pounds. ‘This,’ said he, ‘under the direction of a gentleman, to whom I shall recommend you, will furnish you with proper apparel, bear your expences for a couple of months, and gratify you with all the entertainments of the town.’

John could now bear some part in the conversation: he was much obliged to his uncle, and hoped he should live to make him amends; ‘For,’ says he, ‘one of our ushers, who was just returned from London before I left school, has made me long to see it: he says there is a man there who dances upon a wire no bigger than a pack-thread; and that there is a collection of all the strange creatures in the world.’

John, who had uttered this with a broad grin, and expressed his delight from head to foot, was somewhat disconcerted when his uncle told him coolly, that though he would not have him leave London without seeing every thing in it

that might justly raise curiosity; yet he hoped his notice was not principally attracted by objects which could convey no instruction, inspire no noble sentiment, nor move one tender passion. ‘I mentioned,’ says he, ‘Shakespeare, that mighty genius, whose sentiments can never be exhausted, and in whom new beauties are discovered at every view. That you may derive yet greater delight and advantage from the representation of his pieces, I will read you some historical and critical notes that I have been making during twenty years, after having read the first edition of his works and every commentator that has either illustrated or obscured his meaning.’ The old gentleman then taking out and wiping his spectacles, opened his bureau and produced the manuscripts. ‘I am now,’ said he, ‘about to confer a favour upon you, which I do not yet intend for any other; for as I shall continually enlarge this work, it will not be printed till I am dead.’ He then began to read, and John sat very silent, regaling himself with the anticipation of his own finery, the dexterity of the wire-dancer, and the variety of the savages that he was to visit in London. The old gentleman, who imagined that he was held motionless with attention, wonder, and delight, proceeded long in his lecture without once adverting to John for his explicit eulogium: but at the end of a favourite passage, which closed with a distich of his own poetry, he ventured to steal his eyes from the paper, and glancing them upon John, perceived that he was fast asleep with his mouth open, and the bank-note in his hand.

Friendly, after having gazed upon him a few moments with the utmost astonishment and indignation, snatched away the note; and having roused him with a denunciation of resentment that touched those passions which Shakespeare could not touch, he thrust him out of the room and shut the door upon him: he then locked up his manuscript; and after having walked many times backward and forward with great haste, he looked at his watch, and perceiving it to be near one in the morning, retired to bed with as little propensity to sleep as he had now left to his nephew.

N^o XVIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1753.

DUPLEX LIBELLI DOS EST; QUOD RISUM MOVET,
ET QUOD PRUDENTI VITAM CONSILIO MONET.

PHÆDRUS.

A TWOFOLD GIFT IN THIS MY VOLUME LIES;
IT MAKES YOU MERRY, AND IT MAKES YOU WISE.

AMONG the fictions which have been intended for moral purposes, I think those which are distinguished by the name of **FABLES** deserve a particular consideration.

A story or a tale, in which many different characters are conducted through a great variety of events, may include such a number and diversity of precepts, as, taken together, form almost a complete rule of life: as these events mutually depend upon each other, they will be retained in a series; and, therefore, the remembrance of one precept will almost necessarily produce the remembrance of another, and the whole moral, as it is called, however complicated, will be recollected without labour, and without confusion.

In this particular, therefore, the story seems to have the advantage of the fable, which is confined to some single incident; for though a number of distinct fables may include all the topics of moral instruction, caution, and advice, which are contained in a story, yet each must be remembered by a distinct effort of the mind; and they will not recur in a series, because they have no connection with each other.

The memory of them may, however, be more frequently revived by those incidents in life to which they correspond; and they will, therefore, more readily present themselves, when the lessons which they teach should be practised.

Many, perhaps, the greater number of those fables which have been transmitted to us as some of the most valuable remains of the simplicity and wisdom of antiquity, were spoken upon a particular occasion; and then the occasion itself was an index to the intent of the speaker, and fixed the moral of the fable: so when the Samians were about to put to death a man who had abused a public trust, and plundered the commonwealth, the counsel of **Æsop** could not be overlooked or mistaken, when he told them, that a Fox would not suffer a swarm of

flies, which had almost satiated themselves by sucking his blood, to be driven away; because a new swarm might then come, and their hunger drain him of all the blood that remained.

Those which are intended for general use, and to general use it is perhaps easy to accommodate the rest, are of two kinds: one is addressed to the understanding, and the other to the passions.

Of the preceptive kind is that of the **OLD MAN**, who, to teach his sons the advantages of unanimity, first directed them to break a number of rods that were bound up together; and when they found it impossible, bade them divide the bundle, and break the rods separately, which they easily effected. In this fable no passion is excited; the address is to the understanding, and the understanding is immediately convinced.

That of the **OLD HOUND** belongs to the other class. When the toothless veteran had seized the stag, and was not able to hold him, he deprecates the resentment of his master, who had raised his arm for the blow, by crying out—
‘Ah! do not punish the impotence of age! Strike me not, because my will to please thee has survived my power!’
‘If thou art offended with what I am, remember what I have been, and forgive me.’ Pity is here forcibly excited; and injurious resentment may be repressed, when an instance not equally strong recalls this to the mind.

Fables of the preceptive kind should always include the precept in the event, and the event should be related with such circumstances as render the precept sufficiently evident. As the incident should be simple, the inference should be in the highest degree natural and obvious.

Those that produce their effect upon the passions, should excite them strongly, and always connect them with their proper objects.

I do not remember to have seen any collection, in which these rules have been sufficiently observed; in far the greater number

number there is a deficiency of circumstance, though there is a redundancy of language; there is, therefore, something to be added, and something to be taken away. Besides that, the peculiar advantages of this method of instruction are given up, by referring the precept to a long discourse, of which the fable is no more than the text, and with which it has so little connection, that the incident may be perfectly remembered, and the laboured inference totally forgotten. A boy, who is but six years old, will remember a fable after having once heard it; and relate it in words of his own; but it would be the toil of a day to get the terms in which he heard it by heart; and, indeed, he who attempts to supply any deficiency in a fable, by tacking a dissertation to the end of it, appears to me to act just as wisely, as if, instead of clothing a man whom he found naked, he should place a load upon his shoulders.

When the moral effect of fable had been thus brought to depend, not upon things, but upon words, the arrangement of these words into verse was thought to be a happy expedient to assist the memory; for in verse words must be remembered in a regular series, or the measure and cadence will not be preserved: the measure and cadence, therefore, discover any confusion or defect, not to the understanding, but to the ear; and shew how the confusion may be regulated, and the defect supplied. The addition of rhyme was another advantage of the same kind; and this advantage was greater, as the rhyme was more frequently repeated. But if the fable is perfect in its kind, this expedient is unnecessary; and much less labour is required to include an evident precept in an incident, than to measure the syllables in which it is related, and place two words of a similar sound at the end of every couplet. Besides, in all verse, however familiar and easy, the words are necessarily thrown out of the order in which they are commonly used; and, therefore, though they will be more easily recollected, the sense which they contain will not be equally perspicuous.

I would not, however, be thought to deny, that verse is at least an ornament to this species of writing; nor to extend my censure to those short stories, which, though they are called fables, are written upon a more extensive plan, and are intended for more improved understandings.

But as fables have been told by some in verse, that they might be more easily remembered; they have been related by others in a barbarous jargon of hackneyed phrases, that they might be more easily understood.

It has been observed of children, that they are longer before they can pronounce perfect sounds, because perfect sounds are not pronounced to them; and that they repeat the gibberish of the nurse, because nothing better has been proposed to them for imitation: and how should the school-boy write English in grammatical purity, when all that he reads, except a foreign language and a literal translation, is written with all the licence of extempore expression, without propriety of idiom or regularity of combination, and abounds with absurdities that haste only can excuse in a speaker?

The fables of Æsop, for so they are all called, are often first exhibited to youth, as examples of the manner in which their native language is written; they should, therefore, be pure in the highest degree, though not pompous: and it is surely an affront to understanding to suppose, that any language would become more intelligible by being rendered less perfect.

But the fables that are addressed to the passions, besides the imperfections which they share in common with those that are addressed to the understanding, have others peculiar to themselves; sometimes the passion is not moved with sufficient force, and sometimes it is not connected with a fit object.

When the fox decoys the poor Goat into a well, in order to leap out from his horns, and leaves him to perish with a witty remark, that 'if his wisdom had been proportioned to his beard, he would not have been so easily overwhelmed,' the goat is not so much the object of pity as contempt; but of contempt, guileless simplicity, caught in the snares of cunning, cannot surely be deemed a proper object. In the fox there appears a superiority which not only preserves him from scorn, but even from indignation: and indeed the general character of Reynard is by no means fit for imitation; though he is frequently the hero of the fable, and his conduct affords the precept for which it was written.

But though I have made a general division of fable into two kinds, there is

yet a third, which, as it is addressed both to the understanding and the passions, is consequently more forcible and perfect.

Of this number is that of the Sick Kite, who requested of his mother to petition the gods for his recovery, but was answered—'Alas! to which of the gods can I sacrifice? for which of their altars hast thou not robbed?' The precept that is here inculcated is early piety, and the passion that is excited is terror; the object of which is the despair of him who perceives himself to be dying, and has reason to fear that his very prayer is an abomination.

There are others, which, though they are addressed to the understanding, do yet excite a passion which condemns the precept.

When the melodious complaint of the Nightingale had directed a hungry Hawk to the thorn on which she sung, and he had seized her with his talons, she appealed from his hunger to his mercy—'I am,' said she, 'little else than voice; and if you devour me, there will be no proportion between my loss and your gain; your hunger will be rather irritated than appeased by so small a morsel, but all my powers of enjoyment will cease for ever: attack, therefore, some larger bird.' Here the Hawk interrupted her; he was not disposed, he said, to controvert what she had advanced; but he was too wise to suffer himself to be persuaded, by any argument, to quit a certain for a contingent good.

Who that reads this fable does not pity the Nightingale, and in his heart condemn the Hawk, whose cruel prudence affords the lesson?

Instruction, in the strong language of Eastern metaphors, is called—'a light to our paths.' The fables of pagan mythologists may, therefore, be considered as a cluster of stars of the first magnitude, which, though they shine with a distinct influence, may be taken as one constellation: but, like stars, they only break the obscurity of night; they do not diffuse round us the splendors of day; it is by the Sun of Righteousness alone that we discover completely our

duty and our interest, and behold that pattern of Divine Perfection which the Christian aspires to imitate, by 'forgiving injuries, and returning good for evil.'

By many of the fables which are still retained in our collections, revenge is encouraged as a principle, and inculcated as a practice. 'The Hare triumphs in the destruction of the Sparrow who had insulted him; and the Thunny, in his last agonies, rejoices at the death of the Dolphin, whose pursuit had driven him upon a rock.' These, if they will not admit of another turn, should without question be omitted; for the mischievous effect of the fable will be remembered as an example that justifies the violence of sudden resentment, and cannot be prevented by a laboured comment, which is never read but as a task, and therefore immediately forgotten.

I think many others may be greatly improved; the practice of virtue may be urged from higher motives, the sentiments may be elevated, and the precepts in general rendered more striking and comprehensive.

I shall conclude this paper with the fable of the Dog and Shadow; which, as it is commonly told, censures no quality but greediness, and only illustrates the trite proverb—'All covet, all lose.'

'A dog, who was crossing a rivulet with a piece of flesh in his mouth, perceived his shadow in the water, which he mistook for another dog with another piece of flesh. To this he knew he had no right; and yet he could not forbear catching at it; but instead of getting a new prize, he dropped that which he possessed into the water. He saw the smooth surface break into many waves, and the dog whom he had attempted to injure disappear: he perceived at once his loss, his folly, and his fault; and in the anguish of regret cried out—'How righteous and how wise are the gods, since whatever seduces to evil, though but a shadow, becomes the instrument of punishment!'

NO XIX. TUESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1753.

QUODCUNQUE OSTENDIS MIHI SIC, INCREDULUS OBI.

HOR.

THE MONSTROUS TALE, INCREDULOUS I HATE.

THE repeated encomiums on the performances of the Animal Comedians, exhibited at Mrs. Midnight's Oratory, induced me the other evening to be present at her entertainment. I was astonished at the sagacity of the monkies; and was no less amazed at the activity of the other quadrupeds—I should have rather said, from a view of their extraordinary elevations, bipeds.

It is a peculiar happiness to me, as an Adventurer, that I sally forth in an age which emulates those heroick times of old, when nothing was pleasing but what was unnatural. Thousands have gaped at a wire-dancer daring to do what no one else would attempt; and thousands still gape at greater extravagancies in pantomime entertainments. Every street teems with incredibilities; and if the great mob have their little theatre in the Hay-market, the small vulgar can boast their cheaper diversions in two enormous bears, that jauntily trip it to the light tune of a Caledonian jig.

The amazing docility of these heavy animals made me at first imagine, that they had been placed under the tuition of certain artists, who by their advertisements profess to instruct 'Grown Gentlemen in the modern way of footing'; but I have been since informed, that the method of teaching them this modern way of footing was, by placing red-hot iron plates alternately under each hind leg, and in quicker or slower succession as the variations of the tune required.

That the intellectual faculties of brutes may be exerted beyond the narrow limits which we have hitherto proudly assigned to their capacities, I saw a sufficient proof in Mrs. Midnight's dogs and monkies. Man differs less from beasts in general, than these seem to approach to man in rationality. But while I applaud their exalted genius, I am in pain for the rest of their kindred, both of the Canine and Cercopithecan species. The price of monkies has been considerably raised since the appearance of Signior Ballards Cavaliers: and I hear, that this inimitable preceptor gives lectures to the

monkies of persons of quality at their own houses. Lady Bridget has destroyed three sets of china in teaching her Pug to hand about the cups, and sip tea with the air of Beau Blossom; and Miss Fanny has been labouring incessantly to qualify her dear pretty creature to make one at the brag-table.

But as these animals are of foreign extraction, I must confess my concern is yet greater for my fellow-natives. English liberty should be universal as the sun; and I am jealous even for the prerogative of our dogs. Lady Bright's lap-dog, that used to repose on downy cushions, or the softer bosom of its mistress, is now worried every hour with begging on its diminutive hind-legs, and endeavouring to leap over fan-sticks: Captain Storm's little greyhound is made to ape the fierce fellows of the cockade in a red coat and a sword; whilst Mrs. Fanciful's Chloe is swathed up in a long sack, and sinking beneath the weight of an enormous hoop. Every boarding-house romp and wanton school-boy is employed in perverting the end of the canine creation; and I wish the prevalence of Mrs. Midnight's example may not extend so far, that hounds shall be no longer broke to the field-service, but instructed only to climb up ladders, and troul wheelbarrows.

After what has been said, I shall make no apology for printing the following letter, as it was elegantly done in English at Stockholm, and transmitted to me by the publisher of the *Suède-santé Magazine*, an ingenious gentleman, who has done me the honour of inserting several of my lucubrations in his most comprehensive monthly undertaking.

TO MR. —, THE GRAND ADVENTURER, IN BRITAIN.

MOST LEARNED SIR,

MY worthy good friend Isaac Gilderstein, book-merchant, having engaged to further this to your excellency, I most humbly request that you

G 2 would

would make known to your polite, &c. &c. nation, that I intend shortly to come over, and to entertain you in a new and most inimitable manner.

Seeing that the Chien Savant, and other most amazing learned animals, have met with so gracious a reception in your grand city, I propose to exhibit unto your good nation a concert of vocal and instrumental music, to be performed by animals ONLY; and afterwards to entertain you with several grand feats of activity; as also with the balance and the dance.

My performers of instrumental music, great Sir, will consist of a select number of Italian Cats, for the violin, violincello, and bass-viol; a German ass for the kettle-drum; and a complete set of Spanish hogs of different age and tone of voice for the organ concerto.

But my vast labour was to procure harmonious voices, and to confine them to proper time and measure. I have taught some of your English mastiffs to bark in bass, and some Guinea-pigs to squeak in treble: my cats also join in the vocal parts. I contrived divers means of deaths for swans; but though the ancients are so full of praises on their expiring melody, I could not get a single note from them, better than the squall of a goose. However, I shall have a most charming grand chorus of Frogs from the Fens of Holland; the words, profound Sir, you too well know, Aristophanes has furnished to my hand in Greek—*ἄνθρωποι καὶ καὶ*—which a Leyden professor translated for me, Brekekekex koax koax. Besides these, I shall present you with a duett in recitativo, between a Parrot and a Magpye.

My entertainments of dancing, and the like, will consist of a company of

Norway Rats, who are to move in a coranto, while my Cats fiddle to them. A Fox will dance a minuet with a Goose, and a Greyhound the rigadon with a Hare. I have trained up an Elephant who will perform several tricks in what you call the slight of hand; he will tumble with a castle on his back, and shew several balances upon the slack-rope with his trunk. Many other surprizing feats will my animals perform, too tedious to mention in this address; and, therefore, great Adventurer, I shall trouble your tired patience with the mentioning of one only. I have instructed the tamest of my Cats to open her jaws at the word of command, into which I put a bit of toasted cheese, and the least of my Mice jumps in and nibbles the bait: at that instant my Cat closes her mouth upon him; after which, to the great astonishment of all beholders, my Cat opens her jaws again, and the mouse leaps out alive upon the stage; and then they both present the good company with a jig.

As I am determined my whole theatre shall consist of only Animal performers, I must acquaint you likewise, that I am teaching two Squirrels to sweep the stage with their tails: and, if it be allowed me to call in assistance from fishes, I shall not despair of being able, though it will require much time and practice, to make a Lobster snuff the candles with his claw.

Other particulars, most worthy Sir, I shall beg leave to defer, till I have the extreme honour of kissing your hands in England; and am, most revered and respectable patron, with the profoundest humiliation, your devoted slave and servant,

GUSTAVUS GOOTENRUYSCHL.

A

N^o XX. SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1753.

—QUID VIOLENTIUS AUT TYRANNI.

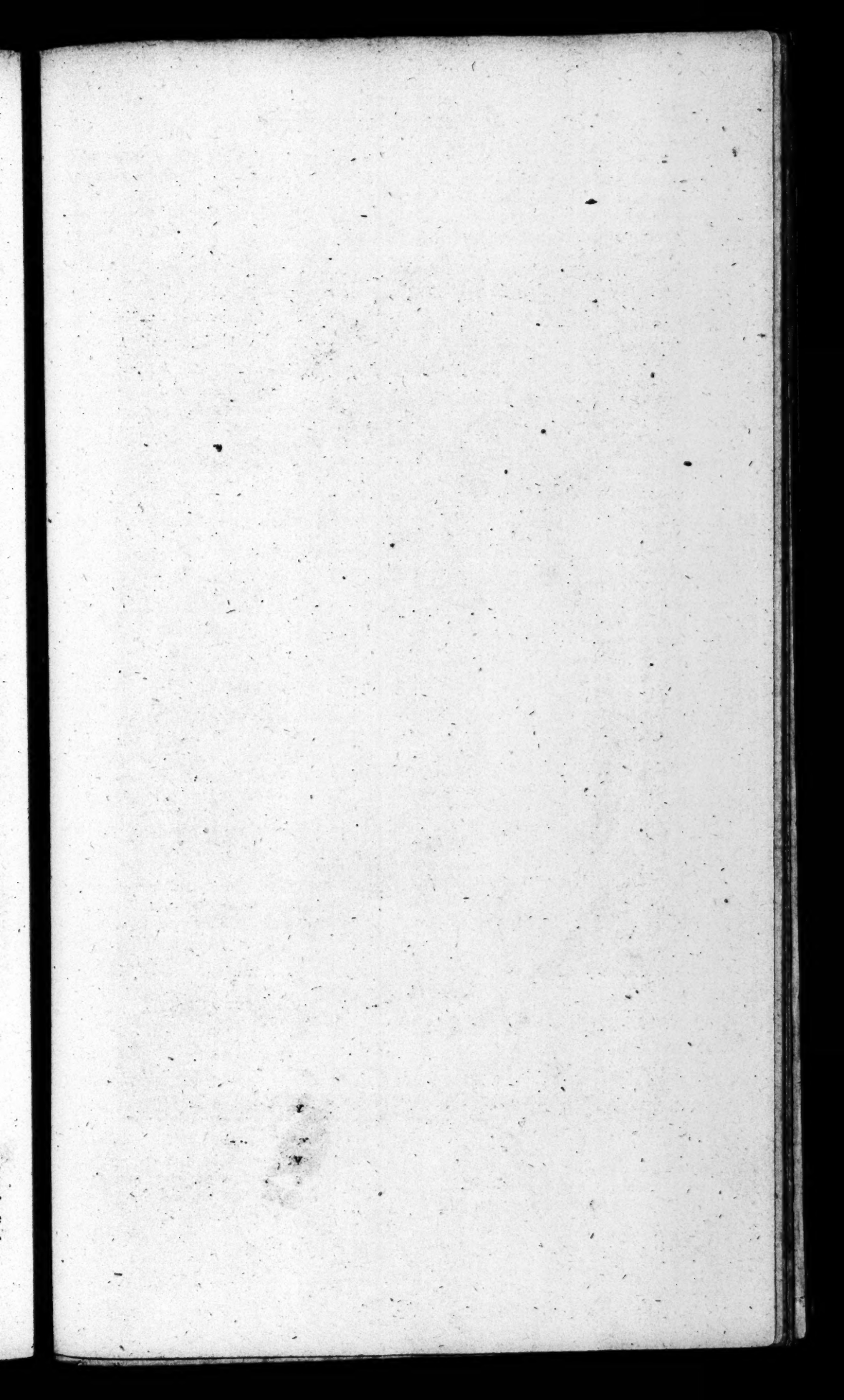
JUV.

ROUGH TRUTH SOON IRRITATES A TYRANT'S EAR.

BY which of the Indian sages of antiquity the following story was written, or whether the people of the East have any remote tradition upon which it is founded, is not known: but

it was probably related in the first person, to give it an air of greater dignity, and render it's influence more powerful: nor would it, perhaps, appear altogether incredible, to people among whom the

Metemp-





Metempsychosis is an article of faith, and the visible agency of Superior Beings admitted without scruple.

Amurath, Sultan of the East, the judge of nations, the disciple of adversity, records the wonders of his life: let those who presumptuously question the ways of Providence, blush in silence and be wise; let the proud be humble, and obtain honour, and let the sensual reform and be happy.

The angel of death closed the eyes of the Sultan Abradin my father, and his empire descended to me in the eighteenth year of my age. At first my mind was awed to humility, and softened with grief; I was insensible to the splendor of dominion, I heard the addresses of flattery with disgust, and received the homage of dependent greatness with indifference. I had always regarded my father not only with love but reverence; and I was now perpetually recollecting instances of his tenderness, and reviewing the solemn scene, in which he recommended me to heaven in imperfect language, and grasped my hand in the agonies of death.

One evening, after having concealed myself all day in his chamber, I visited his grave: I prostrated myself on his tomb; sorrow overflowed my eyes, and devotion kindled in my bosom. I felt myself suddenly smitten on the shoulder as with a rod; and looking up, I perceived a man whose eyes were piercing as light, and his beard whiter than snow. "I am," said he, "the Genius Syndarac, the friend of thy father Abradin, who was the fear of his enemies, and the desire of his people; whose smile diffused gladness like the lustre of the morning, and whose frown was dreadful as the gathering of a tempest: resign thyself to my influence, and thou shalt be like him." I bowed myself to the earth in token of gratitude and obedience; and he put a ring on the middle finger of my left-hand, in which I perceived a ruby of a deep colour and uncommon brightness. "This ring," said he, "shall mark out to thee the boundaries of good and evil; that, without weighing remote consequences, thou mayest know the nature and tendency of every action. Be attentive, therefore, to the silent admonition;

"and when the circle of gold shall by a sudden contraction press thy finger, and the ruby shall grow pale, desist immediately from what thou shalt be doing, and mark down that action in thy memory as a transgression of the rule of right: keep my gift as a pledge of happiness and honour, and take it not off for a moment." I received the ring with a sense of obligation which I strove to express, and an astonishment that compelled me to be silent. The Genius perceived my confusion; and, turning from me with a smile of complacency, immediately disappeared.

During the first moon I was so cautious and circumspect, that the pleasure of reflecting that my ring had not once indicated a fault, was lessened by a doubt of its virtue. I applied myself to publick business; my melancholy decreased as my mind was diverted to other objects; and lest the youth of my court should think that recreation was too long suspended, I appointed to hunt the lion. But though I went out to the sport rather to gratify others than myself, yet my usual ardour returned in the field; I grew warm in the pursuit, I continued the chase, which was unsuccessful, too long, and returned fatigued and disappointed.

As I entered the seraglio, I was met by a little dog that had been my father's, who expressed his joy at my return by jumping round me, and endeavouring to reach my hand: but as I was not disposed to receive his caresses, I struck him in the fretfulness of my displeasure so severe a blow with my foot, that it left him scarce power to crawl away and hide himself under a sofa in a corner of the apartment. At this moment I felt the ring press my finger, and looking upon the ruby, I perceived the glow of its colour abated.

I was at first struck with surprize and regret; but surprize and regret quickly gave way to disdain. "Shall not the Sultan Amurath," said I, "to whom a thousand kings pay tribute, and in whose hand is the life of nations, shall not Amurath strike a dog that offends him, without being reproached for having transgressed the rule of right?" My ring again pressed my finger, and the ruby became more

more pale: immediately the palace shook with a burst of thunder, and the Genius Syndarac again stood before me.

"Amurath," said he, "thou hast offended against thy brother of the dust; a being who, like thee, has received from the ALMIGHTY a capacity of pleasure and pain; pleasure which caprice is not allowed to suspend, and pain which justice only has a right to inflict. If thou art justified by power, in afflicting inferior beings, I should be justified in afflicting thee: but my power yet spares thee, because it is directed by the laws of sovereign goodness, and because thou mayest yet be reclaimed by admonition. But yield not to the impulse of quick resentment, nor indulge in cruelty the forwardness of disgust, lest by the laws of goodness I be compelled to afflict thee; for he that scorns reproof, must be reformed by punishment, or lost for ever."

At the presence of Syndarac I was troubled, and his words covered me with confusion: I fell prostrate at his feet, and heard him pronounce with a milder accent—"Expect not henceforth that I should answer the demands of arrogance, or gratify the security of speculation: confide in my friendship, and trust implicitly to thy ring."

As the chace had produced so much infelicity, I did not repeat it; but invited my nobles to a banquet, and entertained them with dancing and music. I had given leave that all ceremony should be suspended, and that the company should treat me not as a sovereign but an equal, because the conversation would otherwise be encumbered or restrained; and I encouraged others to pleasantry, by indulging the luxuriancy of my own imagination. But though I affected to throw off the trappings of royalty, I had not sufficient magnanimity to despise them. I enjoyed the voluntary deference which was paid me, and was secretly offended at Alibeg my visier, who endeavoured to prevail upon the assembly to enjoy the liberty that had been given them, and was himself an example of the conduct that he recommended. I singled out as the subject of my raillery, the man who alone deserved my approbation:

he believed my condescension to be sincere, and imagined that he was securing my favour by that behaviour which had incurred my displeasure; he was, therefore, grieved and confounded to perceive that I laboured to render him ridiculous and contemptible: I enjoyed his pain, and was elated at my success; but my attention was suddenly called to my ring, and I perceived the ruby change colour. I desisted for a moment: but some of my courtiers having discovered and seconded my intention, I felt my vanity and my resentment gratified; I endeavoured to wash away the remembrance of my ring with wine; my satire became more bitter, and Alibeg discovered yet greater distress. My ring again reproached me; but I still persevered: the visier was at length roused to his defence; probably he had discovered and despised my weakness; his replies were so poignant, that I became outrageous, and descended from raillery to invective. At length, disguising the anguish of his mind with a smile—"Amurath," said he, "if the sultan should know that, after having invited your friends to festivity and merriment, you had assumed his authority, and insulted those who were not aware that you disdained to be treated with the familiarity of friendship, you would certainly fall under his displeasure." The severity of this sarcasm, which was extorted by long provocation from a man warmed with wine, stung me with intolerable rage: I started up; and, spurning him from the table, was about to draw my poniard; when my attention was again called to my ring, and I perceived with some degree of regret, that the ruby had faded almost to a perfect white.

But instead of resolving to be more watchful against whatever might bring me under this silent reproof, I comforted myself that the Genius would no more alarm me with his presence. The irregularities of my conduct increased almost imperceptibly, and the intimations of my ring became proportionably more frequent though less forcible, till at last they were so familiar, that I scarce remarked when they were given and when they were suspended.

It was soon discovered that I was
pleased

pleased with servility; servility, therefore, was practised, and I rewarded it sometimes with a pension, and sometimes with a place. Thus the government of my kingdoms was left to petty tyrants, who oppressed the people to enrich themselves. In the mean time I filled my seraglio with women, among whom I abandoned myself to sensuality, without enjoying the pure delight of that love which arises from esteem. But I had not yet stained my hands with blood, nor dared to ridicule the laws which I neglected to fulfil.

My resentment against Alibeg, however unjust, was inflexible, and terminated in the most perfect hatred: I degraded him from his office; but I still kept him at court, that I might embitter his life by perpetual indignities, and practise against him new schemes of malevolence.

Selima, the daughter of this prince, had been intended by my father for my wife; and the marriage had been delayed only by his death: but the pleasure and the dignity that Alibeg would derive from this alliance, had now changed my purpose. Yet such was the beauty of Selima, that I gazed with desire; and such was her wit, that I listened with delight. I therefore resolved, that I would if possible seduce her to voluntary prostitution; and that when her beauty should yield to the charm of variety, I would dismiss her with marks of disgrace. But in this attempt I could not succeed; my solicitations were rejected, sometimes with tears, and sometimes with reproach. I became every day more wretched, by seeking to bring

calamity upon others: I considered my disappointment as the triumph of a slave, whom I wished, but did not dare, to destroy; and I regarded his daughter as the instrument of my dishonour. Thus the tenderness, which before had often shaken my purpose, was weakened; my desire of beauty became as selfish and as sordid an appetite as my desire of food: and as I had no hope of obtaining the complete gratification of my lust, and my revenge, I determined to enjoy Selima by force, as the only expedient to alleviate my torment.

She resided by my command in an apartment of the seraglio; and I entered her chamber, at midnight, by a private door, of which I had a key; but with inexpressible vexation I found it empty. To be thus disappointed in my last attempt, at the very moment in which I thought I had insured success, distracted me with rage; and instead of returning to my chamber, and concealing my design, I called for her women. They ran in pale and trembling: I demanded the lady; they gazed at me astonished and terrified; and then looking upon each other, stood silent. I repeated my demand with fury and execration, and to enforce it called aloud for the ministers of death: they then fell prostrate at my feet, and declared with one voice that they knew not where she was; that they had left her, when they were dismissed for the night, sitting on a sofa pensive and alone; and that no person had since to their knowledge passed in or out of her apartment.

Nº XXI. TUESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1753.

SI GENUS HUMANUM ET MORTALIA TEMNITIS ARMA;
ET SPERATE DEOS MEMORES FANDI ATQUE NEFANDI.

VIRG.

OF MORTAL JUSTICE IF THOU SCORN THE ROD—
BELIEVE AND TREMBLE, THOU ART JUDG'D OF GOD.

IN this account, however incredible, they persisted without variation; and having filled the palace with alarm and confusion, I was obliged to retire without gaining any intelligence by what means I had been baffled, or on whom to turn my resentment. I reviewed the transactions of the night

with anguish and regret, and bewil-
dered myself among the innumerable possibilities that might have produced my disappointment. I remembered that the windows of Selima's apartment were open, and I imagined that she might that way have escaped into the gardens of the seraglio. But why should

“ should she escape who had never been confined? If she had designed to depart, she might have departed by day. Had she an assignation? and did she intend to return, without being known to have been absent? This supposition increased my torment; because, if it was true, Selima had granted to my slave, that which she had refused to me. But as all these conjectures were uncertain, I determined to make her absence a pretence to destroy her father.

“ In the morning I gave orders that he should be seized, and brought before me: but while I was yet speaking, he entered; and, prostrating himself, thus anticipated my accusation—“ May the Sultan Amurath, in whose wrath the angel of death goes forth, rejoice for ever in the smile of Heaven! Let the wretched Alibeg perish; but let my lord remember Selima with mercy; let him dismiss the slave in whom he ceases to delight.” I heard no more, but cried out—“ Darest thou to mock me with a request, to dismiss the daughter whom thou hast stolen! thou whose life, that has been so often forfeited, I have yet spared! Restore her within one hour, or affronted mercy shall give thee up.”—“ O!” said he, “ let not the mighty sovereign of the East sport with the misery of the weak: if thou hast doomed us to death, let us die together.”

“ Though I was now convinced that Alibeg believed I had confined Selima, and decreed her death, yet I resolved to persist in requiring her at his hands; and therefore dismissed him with a repetition of my command, to produce her within an hour upon pain of death.

“ My ring, which, during this series of events, had given perpetual intimations of guilt, which were always disregarded, now pressed my finger so forcibly, that it gave me great pain, and compelled my notice. I immediately retired, and gave way to the discontent that swelled my bosom—“ How wretched a slave is Amurath to an invisible tyrant! a being, whose malevolence or envy has restrained me in the exercise of my authority as a prince, and whose cunning has contrived perpetually to insult me by intimating that every action of my

“ life is a crime! How long shall I groan under this intolerable oppression! This accursed ring is the badge and the instrument of my subjection and dishonour: he who gave it is now, perhaps, in some remote region of the air; perhaps, he rolls some planet in it's orbit, agitates the southern ocean with a tempest, or shakes some distant region with an earthquake. But, wherever he is, he has surely a more important employ than to watch my conduct. Perhaps he has contrived this talisman, only to restrain me from the enjoyment of some good, which he wishes to withhold. I feel that my desires are troubled; and to gratify these desires is to be happy.” As I pronounced these words, I drew off the ring, and threw it to the ground with disdain and indignation: immediately the air grew dark; a cloud burst in thunder over my head, and the eye of Syndarac was upon me. I stood before him motionless and silent; horror thrilled in my veins, and my hair stood upright. I had neither power to deprecate his anger, nor to confess my faults. In his countenance there was a calm severity; and I heard him pronounce these words—“ Thou hast now, as far as it is in thy own power, thrown off humanity, and degraded thy being: thy form, therefore, shall no longer conceal thy nature, nor thy example render thy vices contagious.” He then touched me with his rod; and while the sound of his voice yet vibrated in my ears, I found myself in the midst of a desert, not in the form of a man but of a monster, with the fore-parts of my body like a wolf, and the hinder parts like a goat. I was still conscious to every event of my life, and my intellectual powers were continued, though my passions were irritated to frenzy. I now rolled in the sand in an agony not to be described; and now hastily traversed the desert, impelled only by the vain desire flying from myself. I now bellow with rage, and now howled in despair; this moment I breathed execration against the Genius, and the next reproached myself for having forfeited his friendship.

“ By this violent agitation of mind and body, the powers of both were soon exhausted: I crawled into a den
“ which

which I perceived near me, and immediately sunk down in a state of insensibility. I slept; but sleep, instead of prolonging, put an end to this interval of quiet. The Genius still terrified me with his presence; I heard his sentence repeated, and felt again all the horrors of my transformation. When I awaked, I was not refreshed: calamity, though it is compelled to admit slumber, can yet exclude rest. But I was now roused by hunger; for hunger, like sleep, is irresistible.

I went out in search of prey; and if I felt any alleviation of misery, beside the hope of satisfying my appetite, it was in the thought of tearing to pieces whatever I should meet, and inflicting some part of the evil which I endured; for though I regretted my punishment, I did not repent of my crimes: and as I imagined Syndarac would now neither mitigate nor increase my sufferings, I was not restrained, either by hope or fear, from indulging my disposition to cruelty and revenge. But while I was thus meditating the destruction of others, I trembled lest by some stronger savage I should be destroyed myself.

In the midst of this variety of torment, I heard the cry of dogs, the trampling of horses, and the shouts of the hunters; and such is the love of life, however wretched, that my heart sunk within me at the sound. To hide myself was impossible, and I was too much enfeebled either to fly or resist. I stood still till they came up. At first they gazed at me with wonder, and doubted whether they should advance: but at length a slave threw a net over me, and I was dragged to the city.

I now entered the metropolis of my empire, amidst the noise and tumult of a rabble, who the day before would have hid themselves at my presence. I heard the sound of music at a distance: the heralds approached, and Alibeg was proclaimed in my stead. I was now deserted by the multitude, whose curiosity was diverted by the pomp of the procession; and was conducted to the place where other savages are kept, which custom has considered as part of the regalia.

My keeper was a black slave whom I did not remember ever to have seen, and in whom it would indeed have

been a fatal presumption to have stood before me. After he had given me food, and the vigour of nature was restored, he discovered in me such tokens of ferocity, that he suffered me to fast many hours before I was again fed. I was so enraged at this delay, that, forgetting my dependence, I roared horribly when he again approached me: so that he found it necessary to add blows to hunger, that he might gain such an ascendancy over me, as was suitable to his office. By this slave, therefore, I was alternately beaten and famished, till the fierceness of my disposition being suppressed by fear and languor, a milder temper insensibly stole upon me; and a demeanour that was begun by constraint was continued by habit.

I was now treated with less severity, and strove to express something like gratitude, that might encourage my keeper to yet greater kindness. His vanity was flattered by my submission; and, to shew as well his courage as the success of his discipline, he ventured sometimes to caress me in the presence of those whose curiosity brought them to see me. A kind of friendship thus imperceptibly grew between us, and I felt some degree of the affection that I had feigned. It happened that a tiger, which had been lately taken, broke one day into my den, while my keeper was giving me my provision; and leaping upon him, would instantly have torn him to pieces, if I had not seized the savage by the throat, and dragged him to the ground: the slave presently dispatched him with his dagger, and turned about to caress his deliverer; but, starting suddenly backward, he stood motionless with astonishment, perceiving that I was no longer a monster but a dog.

I was myself conscious of the change which had again passed upon me; and, leaping out of my den, escaped from my confinement. This transformation I considered as a reward of my fidelity, and was perhaps never more happy than in the first moments of my escape; for I reflected that, as a dog, my liberty was not only restored, but insured; I was no longer suspected of qualities which rendered me unfit for society; I had some faint resemblance of human virtue, which is not found in other animals, and therefore hoped to

“ be more generally caressed. But it was not long before this joy subsided in the remembrance of that dignity from which I had fallen, and from which I was still at an immeasurable distance. Yet I lifted up my heart in gratitude to the Power who had once more brought me within the circle of nature. As a brute, I was more thankful for a mitigation of punishment, than as a king I had been for offers of the highest happiness and honour. And who, that is not taught by affliction, can justly estimate the bounties of Heaven ?

“ As soon as the first tumult of my mind was past, I felt an irresistible inclination once more to visit the apartments of my seraglio. I placed myself behind an emir whom I knew to have been the friend of Alibeg, and was permitted to follow him into the presence. The persons and the place, the retrospection of my life which they produced, and the comparison of what I was with what I had been, almost overwhelmed me. I went unobserved into the garden, and lay down under the shade of an almond-tree, that I might indulge those reflections, which, though they oppressed me with melancholy, I did not wish to lose.

“ I had not been long in this place, before a little dog, which I knew to be the same that I spurned from me when he caressed me at my return from hunting, came and fawned at my feet. My heart now smote me, and I said to myself—“ Dost thou know me under this disguise? Is thy fidelity to thy lord unshaken! Cut off as I am from the converse of mankind, hast thou preserved for me an affection, which I once so lightly esteemed, and requited with evil? This forgetfulness of injury, and this steady friendship, are

“ they less than human, or are they more?” I was not prevented by these reflections from returning the caresses that I received; and Alibeg, who just then entered the garden, took notice of me, and ordered that I should not be turned out.

“ In the seraglio I soon learned, that a body, which was thought to be mine, was found dead in the chamber; and that Alibeg had been chosen to succeed me by the unanimous voice of the people: but I gained no intelligence of Selima, whose apartment I found in the possession of another, and for whom I had searched every part of the palace in vain. I became restless; every place was irksome; a desire to wander prevailed; and one evening I went out at the garden gate, and travelling till midnight, I lay down at the foot of a sycamore-tree, and slept.

“ In the morning I beheld, with surprise, a wall of marble that seemed to reach to Heaven, and gates that were sculptured with every emblem of delight. Over the gate was inscribed in letters of gold—“ Within this wall liberty is unbounded, and felicity complete; Nature is not oppressed by the tyranny of religion, nor is pleasure awed by the frown of virtue. The gate is obedient to thy wish, whoever thou art; enter therefore, and be happy.”

“ When I read this inscription, my bosom throbbled with tumultuous expectation; but my desire to enter was repressed by the reflection, that I had lost the form, in which alone I could gratify the appetites of a man. Desire and curiosity were notwithstanding predominant: the door immediately opened inward; I entered, and it closed after me.

Nº XXII, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1753,

RURSUS ET IN VETEREM FATO REVOLUTA FIGURAM.

VIRG.

HIS NATIVE FORM AT LENGTH BY FATE RESTOR'D.

“ **BUT** my ears were now stunned with the dissonance of riot, and my eye sickened at the contortions of misery; disease was visible in every countenance, however otherwise impressed with the character of rage, of drunkenness, or of lust. Rape and

“ murder, revelling and strife, filled every street and every dwelling.

“ As my retreat was cut off, I went forward with timidity and circumspection; for I imagined, that I could no otherwise escape injury, than by eluding the notice of wretches, whose propensity

penity to ill was restrained by no law; and I perceived too late, that to punish vice is to promote happiness.

It was now evening; and that I might pass the night in greater security, I quitted the public way, and perceiving a house that was incircled by a mote, I swam over to it, and chose an obscure corner of the area for my asylum. I heard from within the sound of dancing and musick: but after a short interval, was alarmed with the menaces of rage, the shrieks of terror, and the wailings of distress. The window of the banqueting room flew open, and some venison was thrown out, which fell just at my feet. As I had eaten nothing since my departure from the seraglio, I regarded this as a fortunate accident; and after the pleasure of an unexpected repast, I again lay down in expectation of the morning, with hope and fear; but in a short time, many persons rushed from the house with lights, and seemed solicitous to gather up the venison which had been thrown out; but not being able to find it, and at the same time perceiving me, they judged that I had devoured it. I was immediately seized and led into the house; but as I could not discover that I was the object either of malignity or kindness, I was in doubt what would be the issue of the event. It was not long before this doubt was resolved; for I soon learned from the discourse of those about me, that I was suspected to have eaten poison, which had been intended for another, and was secured, that the effect might either remove or confirm the suspicion. As it was not expected that the poison would immediately operate, I was locked up in a room by myself, where I reflected upon the cause and the event of my confinement, with inexpressible anguish, anxiety, and terror.

In this gloomy interval, a sudden light shone round me, and I found myself once more in the presence of the Genius. I crawled towards him trembling, and confounded, but not utterly without hope. "Yet a few moments," said he, "and the angel of Death shall teach thee, that the wants of nature cannot be supplied with safety, where the inordinate appetites of vice are not restrained. Thy hunger required food; but the lust and revenge of others have given thee poison."

My blood grew chill as he spake; I discovered and abhorred my folly: but while I wished to express my contrition, I fell down in an agony; my eyes failed me, I shivered, was convulsed, and expired.

That spark of immaterial fire which no violence can quench, rose up from the dust which had been thus restored to the earth, and now animated the form of a Dove. On this new state of existence I entered with inexpressible delight; I imagined that my wings were not only a pledge of safety, but of the favour of Syndarac, whom I was now more than ever solicitous to please. I flew immediately from the window; and turning towards the wall through which I had entered, I endeavoured to rise above it, that I might quit for ever a place in which guilt and wretchedness were complicated in every object, and which I now detested as much as before I had desired. But over this region a sulphureous vapour hovered like a thick cloud, which I had no sooner entered than I fell down panting for breath, and had scarce strength to keep my wings sufficiently extended to break my fall. It was now midnight, and I alighted near the mouth of a cave, in which I thought there appeared some faint glimmerings of light. Into this place I entered without much apprehension; as it seemed rather to be the retreat of penitence, than the recess of luxury: but lest the noise of my wings should discover me to any hateful or mischievous inhabitant of this gloomy solitude, I entered in silence and upon my feet. As I went forward the cave grew wider; and by the light of a lamp which was suspended from the roof, I discovered a hermit listening to a young lady, who seemed to be greatly affected with the events which she was relating. Of the hermit I had no knowledge; but the lady I discerned to be Selima. I was struck with amazement at this discovery; I remembered with the deepest contrition my attempts upon her virtue, and I now secretly rejoiced that she had rendered them ineffectual. I watched her lips with the utmost impatience of curiosity, and she continued her narrative.

"I was sitting on a sofa one evening after I had been caressed by Amurath, and my imagination kindled as I

"mused. "Why," said I aloud, "should
 "I give up the delights of love with the
 "splendor of royalty? Since the pre-
 "sumption of my father has prevented
 "my marriage, why should I not ac-
 "cept the blessings that are still offered?
 "Why is desire restrained by the dread
 "of shame? and why is the pride of
 "virtue offended by the softness of na-
 "ture?" Immediately a thick cloud sur-
 "rounded me; I felt myself lifted up
 "and conveyed through the air with in-
 "credible rapidity. I descended, the
 "cloud dissipated, and I found myself
 "sitting in an alcove, by the side of a
 "canal that encircled a stately edifice
 "and a spacious garden. I saw many
 "persons pass along; but discovered
 "in all something either dissolute or
 "wretched, something that alarmed my
 "fears, or excited my pity. I sudden-
 "ly perceived many men with their
 "swords drawn, contending for a wo-
 "man, who was forced along irresi-
 "stibly by the crowd, which moved di-
 "rectly towards the place in which I
 "was sitting. I was terrified, and look-
 "ed round me with eagerness, to see
 "where I could retreat for safety. A
 "person richly dressed perceived my dis-
 "tress, and invited me into the house
 "which the canal surrounded. Of this
 "invitation I hastily accepted with gra-
 "titude and joy; but I soon remarked
 "several incidents, which filled me with
 "new perplexity and apprehension. I
 "was welcomed to a place, in which
 "infamy and honour were equally un-
 "known; where every wish was indulg-
 "ed without the violation of any law,
 "and where the will was therefore de-
 "termined only by appetite. I was pre-
 "sently surrounded by women, whose
 "behaviour covered me with blushes;
 "and though I rejected the caresses of
 "the person into whose power I was de-
 "livered, yet they became jealous of the
 "distinction with which he treated me:
 "my expostulations were not heard, and
 "my tears were treated with merriment.
 "Preparations were made for revelling
 "and jollity; I was invited to join the
 "dance, and upon my refusal was en-
 "tertained with music. In this dread-
 "ful situation, I sighed thus to myself:
 "How severe is that justice, which
 "transports those who form licentious
 "wishes, to a society in which they are
 "indulged without restraint! Who
 "shall deliver me from the effects of my

"own folly? Who shall defend me
 "against the vices of others?" At this
 "moment I was thus encouraged by
 "the voice of some invisible being—
 "The friends of Virtue are mighty; re-
 "ject not their protection, and thou art
 "safe." As I renounced the presump-
 "tuous wish which had once polluted
 "my mind, I exulted in this intimation
 "with an assurance of relief; and when
 "supper was set before me, I suffered
 "the principal lady to serve me with
 "some venison; but the friendly voice
 "having warned me that it was poison-
 "ed, I fell back in my seat and turned
 "pale. The lady enquired earnestly
 "what had disordered me; but instead of
 "making a reply, I threw the venison
 "from the window, and declared that
 "she had intended my death. The
 "master of the table, who perceived the
 "lady to whom I spoke change coun-
 "tenance, was at once convinced, that
 "she had indeed attempted to poison
 "me, to preserve that interest which as
 "a rival she feared I should subvert.
 "He rose up in a rage, and command-
 "ed the venison to be produced; a dog
 "that was supposed to have eaten it was
 "brought in: but before the event could
 "be known, the tumult was become
 "general; and my rival, after having
 "suddenly stabbed her patron, plunged
 "the same poinard in her own bosom.
 "In the midst of this confusion I
 "found means to escape, and wandered
 "through the city in search of some
 "obscure recess, where, if I received
 "not the assistance which I hoped, death
 "at least might secure my person from
 "violation, and close my eyes on those
 "scenes, which, wherever I turned, fill-
 "ed me not only with disgust but with
 "horror. By that Benevolent Power,
 "who, as a preservative from misery,
 "has placed us in a secret and irre-
 "sistible disapprobation of vice, my feet
 "have been directed to thee, whose vir-
 "tue has participated in my distress,
 "and whose wisdom may effect my de-
 "liverance."

"I gazed upon Selima, while I thus
 "learned the ardour of that affection
 "which I had abused, with sentiments
 "that can never be conceived but when
 "they are felt. I was touched with the
 "most bitter remorse, for having pro-
 "duced one wish that could stain to ami-
 "able a mind; and abhorred myself for
 "having used the power which I derived
 "from

from her tenderness, to effect her destruction. My fondness was not less ardent, but it was more chaste and tender: desire was not extinguished, but it was almost absorbed in esteem. I felt a passion, to which, till now, I had been a stranger: and the moment Love was kindled in my breast, I resumed the form proper to the nature in which alone it can subsist, and Selima beheld Amurath at her feet. At my sudden and unexpected appearance, the colour faded from her cheeks, the powers of life were suspended, and she sunk into my arms. I clasped her to my breast; and, looking towards the hermit for his assistance, I beheld in his stead the friendly Genius, who had taught me happiness by affliction. At the same instant Selima recovered.—"Arise," said Syndarac, "and look round." We looked round; the darkness was suddenly dissipated, and we perceived ourselves in the road to Golconda, and the spires of the city sparkled before us. "Go," said he, "Amurath, henceforth the husband of Selima, and the father of thy people! I have revealed thy story to Alibeg in a vision; he expects thy return, and the chariots are come

out to meet thee. Go, and I will proclaim before thee, Amurath the Sultan of the East, the judge of nations, the taught of Heaven: Amurath, whose ring is equal to the ring of Solomon, returns to reign with wisdom, and diffuse felicity." I now lifted up my eyes, and beheld the chariots coming forward. We were received by Alibeg with sentiments which could not be uttered, and by the people with the loudest acclamations. Syndarac proclaimed our return, in thunder that was heard through all the nations of my empire; and has prolonged my reign in prosperity and peace.

For the world I have written, and by the world let what I write be remembered: for to none who hear of the ring of Amurath, shall it's influence be wanting. Of this, is not thy heart a witness, thou whose eye drinks instruction from my pen? Hast thou not a Monitor who reproaches thee in secret, when thy foot deviates from the paths of virtue? Neglect not the first whispers of this friend to thy soul; it is the voice of a greater than Syndarac, to resist whose influence is to invite destruction.

Nº XXIII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1753.

— QUOTIT, UT OMNIS
VOTIVA PATEAT VELUTI DESCRIPTA TABELLA
VITA —

HOR.

IN BOOKS THE VARIOUS SCENES OF LIFE HE DREW,
AS VOTIVE TABLETS GIVE THE WRECK TO VIEW.

AMONG the many Pocket-Companions, New Memorandum-Books, Gentleman and Tradesman's Daily Assistants, and other productions of the like nature, calculated for the use of those who mix in the bustle of the world, I cannot but applaud those polite and elegant inventions, The Ladies Memorandum-Books, as these seem chiefly adapted to the more important businesses of pleasure and amusement. I shall not take upon me to determine which is the most preferable: each of them being, if you believe the solemn asseverations of their proprietors, the best and most complete of it's kind that has hitherto been published.

The utility of these little books, with respect to the fair-sex, is on the first view

apparent; as they are divided for each day of the week into distinct columns, allotted to the several branches of Engagements, Expences, and Occasional Memorandums. These, indeed, comprehend every thing that can either attract their regard, or take up their time: I shall therefore point out some particular advantages that will arise from a right use and regulation of them.

With regard to Engagements, it is very well known, what embarrassments, jealousies, and quarrels, have arisen from the erroneous management in that most essential part of female transactions, the paying and receiving of visits. It has hitherto been usual to trust entirely in this point to the care of an illiterate footman or heedless porter, who is to take account

account of all the raps at the door, and to enter the names of the several visitors in a regular journal. Hence it frequently happens, that the bond of amity is dissolved, and perpetual variance created between families, by the mistake or forgetfulness of a servant. Lady Formal and Mrs. Prim were once the most intimate females living: they curtsied to one another regularly at church and the play-house, talked together wherever they met, and left their names once a month alternately at each other's house for several years; till it happened that Lady Formal's Swiss forgot to set down Mrs. Prim's last visit to her ladyship; which occasions them now to stare at one another like perfect strangers, while each considers the other as guilty of that most atrocious crime, the owing a visit. A card was sent two months beforehand to invite Mrs. Gadabout to a rout; but by the negligence of the maid it unfortunately miscarried, before the date of it was posted in the day-book, and consequently she was prevented from going. The affront was unpardonable; her absence rendered one whist-table useless: the neglect was told every where; and the innocent Mrs. Gadabout wonders at the reason why she is so seldom invited as a party in card-assemblies. These lamentable mistakes are, therefore, effectually guarded against by the use of the Memorandum-book, which puts it in every lady's power to keep a more exact register of all her Engagements, and to state the balance of visits fairly between debtor and creditor.

And as there is certainly no virtue more amiable, or of greater emolument, than female oeconomy, to which nothing contributes more than a just knowledge of expences, the Memorandum-book has also wisely provided for this; in which, under the article of Expences, the lady may set down the particular sums laid out in masquerade tickets, subscription concerts, wax-lights for routs, drums or hurricanes, birth-day suits, chair-hire, and the like: she may also know the true balance between her winnings and losings, and make a due registry of her debts of honour. For want of this method many widows of distinction have imperceptibly run out the whole income

of their jointures in a few months, and been forced to retire the rest of the year into country lodgings; and many married ladies have been constrained to petition the brutes their husbands for the advance of a quarter's pin-money to satisfy the importunate dunnings of a needy honourable gamester.

The blank allotted for Occasional Memorandums may be filled up from time to time with the lye of the day, topics of scandal, names and abodes of milliners, descriptions of new fashions, and a hundred other circumstances of equal importance. This will greatly relieve the memory, and furnish an inexhaustible store of matter for polite conversation.

There is another very pleasing advantage arising from the use of these books, as we are informed by one of the compilers; who acquaints us, that 'if preserved, they will enable any lady to tell what business she has transacted, and what company [she has] been in, every day, during any period of her life.' How enchanting, how rapturous, must such a review prove to those who make a figure in the polite world! to live over their days again! to recall the transporting idea of masquerades, plays, concerts, cards, and drefs! to revive lost enjoyments, and in imagination to tread over again the delightful round of past pleasures!

I was led to the consideration of this subject by a visit I the other day made a polite lady, whom I found earnestly employed in writing. I would have withdrawn immediately; but she told me she was only entering some particulars in her Memorandum-book, which would soon be finished, and desired me to take a chair. I expressed some curiosity to know her method; upon which she very frankly put the book into my hand, bidding me peruse it.—'For,' says she, 'I do nothing that I need be ashamed of.' As she was soon after called out of the room, I took the opportunity of transcribing her first week's account, which I shall faithfully present to my fair readers, as a farther illustration of the use of these books, and, if they please, as a pattern for their practice.

ENGAGEMENTS. OCCASIONAL MEMORANDUMS.

January.

1. MONDAY. To City politeness in-call at Deard's in tolerable! Crammed the morning. To with mince-pies, dine with my hus- and fatigued with band's uncle, the compliments of the city merchant. season! Play at Pope Joan for pence; O the creatures!

2. TUESDAY. In A beautiful new the morning with French brocade at the Miss Flareits, to Silvertongue's on drive to the silk- Ludgate-hill. Mem. mercers, &c. At To teaze my hus- night to go to the band to buy me a Genii. suit of it. Engaged the stage-box for Woodward's night.

3. WEDNESDAY. Mademoiselle the Expect Mademoi- milliner tells me La- selle la Tour to try dy Z's in the straw, on my French head, and Captain X is In the evening to pay supposed to be the forty-three visits. cause of it—Told it as a great secret at Lady F's, the Countess of I's, Mrs. R's, &c. &c. &c.

4. THURSDAY. Miss Sharp is a My own day at greater cheat than home. To have a her mamma. Com- drum major and fe- pany went before ventene card-tables, five. Stupid creature Mrs. Down- right! never to have read Hoyle!

5. FRIDAY. Togo Lady Nicknack to the auction with finely taken in. The Lady Nicknack. To whole day a blank. dine at home with a Head-ach. Could parcel of my hus- not dress. Went to band's city rela- bed horrid soon- tions, before one. Hus- band drunk. Lay alone, my maid sat by me.

6. SATURDAY. My left temple sing- Monsieur Le Frue ed with the curling-

ENGAGEMENTS. OCCASIONAL MEMORANDUMS.

January.

all the morning to iron. Several fine dress my head. French dresses at At night (being court; but Lady Twelfth-night) at Homebred's paltry court. To dance, English! Sir John if I can, with the Dapperwit whisper- handsome Bob Brill- ed me, that Miss liant.

Bloom was almost as charming as my- self. She must paint I am certain.

7. SUNDAY. If I Not up till two. Fi- rise soon enough, nished my letter at St. James's Church, six, and sent John In the afternoon to express with it. Bad write a defence of luck at night. Ne- Hoyle to Miss Petu- ver could win on lant at Bath, who Sundays. Miss Se- has controverted rious, who hates some of his princi- cards, says it is a ples. Lady Brag's judgment. in the evening.

Among the articles under EXPENCES I found the following.

January.

L. s. d.

1. Bought at Deard's a bau- ble for a new year's gift to my little godchild	-	-	5	5	0
3. To Mrs. La Toure, in part of her bill	-	-	31	10	0
To ditto, for extraordinary trouble	-	-	3	12	0
5. Bought at the auction, a china lap-dog	-	-	4	9	0
6. Monsieur Le Frise, for dressing my head, &c.	-	-	0	10	6
7. Lost at cards, at Lady Brag's	-	-	47	5	0

I intend in a future paper to take notice of some other advantages to be drawn from such a use of these Memo- randum-Books, as above stated; and shall at present conclude with desiring my female readers to supply themselves immediately, and to send me an account of the use they make of them.

A

N^o XXIV. SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1753.LONGA MORA EST, QUANTUM NOXÆ SIT UBIQUE REPERTUM,
ENUMERARE. —

QVID.

THE VARIOUS ILLS ORDAIN'D TO MAN BY FATE,
WHERE'ER HE TURNS, 'TIS TEDIOUS TO RELATE.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

YOU have lately remarked, that the sedentary and idle, those who have not acquired an extensive and experimental knowledge of mankind, are frequently warmed with conceptions, which, when communicated, are received with the most frigid indifference. As I have no pretensions to this knowledge, it is probable, that the subject of my letter, though it pleased me in the fervour of my imagination, may yet appear to others trite and unimportant: to your judgment, therefore, I appeal, as the substitute of the public, and leave you to determine both for them and for me.

I have a small estate in a remote and sequestered part of the kingdom, upon which I have constantly resided. As in this place I was not seduced to entertainments that endangered either my virtue or my fortune, I indulged my inclination to books; and by reading I could always prevent solitude from becoming irksome. My library consisted chiefly of books of entertainment, but they were the best of their kind; and, therefore, though I was most delighted with dramatic writers, I had no plays but Shakespeare's. Shakespeare was, indeed, my favourite author; and after my fancy had been busied in attempting to realize the scenes that he drew, I sometimes regretted the labour, and sometimes repined that it was ineffectual. I longed to see them represented on a theatre; and had formed romantic ideas of the force they would derive from proper action, habits and machinery.

The death of a wealthy relation of my wife's, who has made my little boy his heir, called me this winter to London. I set out alone: and as I had been used to that reciprocation of affection and duty, which constitutes the happiness of a family; as we all met together in the evening, after having been separated by the different employments of the day,

with smiles of complacency and good-humour, and mutually rejoiced in the satisfaction which each derived from the presence of the other; I found myself, after my first day's journey, in a very forlorn and comfortless situation at an inn. My evening was passed among people with whom I had no tender connexion; and when I went to bed, I reflected, that there was not within many miles a single person who cared whether I should be found living or dead in the morning.

The melancholy which this situation, and these reflections, however whimsical, brought upon me, increased as my home became more distant. But the moment I entered London, speculation was at an end; the innumerable objects which rushed upon my senses left me power only to hear and see.

When I turned into the inn-yard, the first thing that caught my attention was a large sheet of paper, printed in characters that differed not only in size but colour, some being red and others black. By the perusal of this pompous page, I learned that a comedy and a pantomime were to be performed at the theatre in the evening. It was now two o'clock; and I resolved to atone for the want of enjoyments which I had left behind me, by securing what I had been used to think the highest intellectual entertainment which art could furnish: the play was not indeed a tragedy, nor Shakespeare's; but if it was not excellent, it was new to me, and therefore equally excited my curiosity. As soon as I had taken possession of a room, and safely deposited my portmanteau, I communicated my purpose to my host, who told me I could not have a better opportunity; for that both the play and entertainment were thought by the best judges to be very fine, and the principal parts were to be performed by the most celebrated actors of the age. My imagination was fired with this account; and being told that the house would be so soon full, that to secure a good place I must be

be there by four o'clock, I hastily swallowed my dinner, and getting into a hackney-coach, was driven to the theatre, and by the coachman conducted to the door that leads to the pit.

At this door I waited near half an hour with the utmost impatience; and the moment it was opened rushed in, driven forward by the crowd that had gathered round me. Following the example of others, I paid my three shillings, and entering the pit among the first that gained admittance, seated myself as near as I could to the center. After having gazed once or twice round me with wonder and curiosity, my mind was wholly taken up in the anticipation of my entertainment, which did not, however, much alleviate the torments of delay. At length, the stage was illuminated, the last music was played, and I beheld the curtain rise with an emotion which, perhaps, was little inferior to that of a lover, when he is first admitted to the presence of his mistress.

But just at this moment a very tall man, by the contrivance of two ladies, who had kept a seat for him by spreading their hoops, placed himself so exactly before me, that his head intercepted great part of the stage, and I could now see the actors no lower than the knee. This incident, after all my care and solicitude to secure an advantageous situation, was extremely vexatious; my attention to the play was for some time suspended, and I suffered much more than I enjoyed: but it was not long before the scenery and the dialogue wholly possessed my mind; I accommodated myself the best I could to the inconvenience of my seat, and thought of it no more. The first act, as it was little more than a prelude to the action, pleased me rather by what it promised, than by what it gave: I expected the sequel with yet more ardour, and suffered the interval with all the fretfulness of suspended curiosity. The second act gratified my imagination with a greater variety of incidents, but they were such as had a direct tendency to render appetite too strong for the curb of reason: I this moment rioted in the luxurious banquet, that was by a kind of enchantment placed before me; and the next reflected with regret and indignation upon those arts, under the influence of which I perceived my virtue to be enervated, and that I became contemptible even to myself. But this struggle did not last long; these images which

could not be seen without danger, were still multiplying before me; my resistance grew proportionably more languid; and at length I indulged every sensation, without enquiring whether I was animated to the imitation of virtue, or seduced by the blandishments of vice.

In the third act I was become acquainted with the characters which the author intended to exhibit; and discerned that, though some of them were sustained with great judgment and address, yet others were mistaken: I had still some person before me, whose manner was that of a player, and who, when I had been introduced into scenes of real life by the skill of another, immediately brought me back to a crowd and a theatre. I found that, upon the whole, I was not so constantly present to the events of the drama, as if I had read them silently in my study, though some circumstances might be more forcibly represented: but these critical remarks, as they lessened my pleasure, I resolved to remit. In the fourth act, therefore, I endeavoured to supply every defect of the performer by the force of my own fancy, and in some degree I succeeded: but my pleasure was now interrupted by another cause; for though my entertainment had not been equal to my expectation, yet I now began to regret that it was almost at an end, and earnestly wished that it was again to begin. In the fifth act, curiosity was no longer excited; I had discovered in what events the action would terminate, and what was to be the fate of the persons: nothing remained but the forms necessary to the conclusion of the play; the marriage of lovers, the reconciliation with offended parents, and the sudden reformation of a rake, who had, through the whole representation, been employed to produce incidents which might render his vices contagious, and to display qualities that might save them from contempt. But though the last act was thus rendered insipid, yet I was sorry when it was over: I reflected with a sigh, that the time was at hand, in which I must return to the comfortable solitude of my inn.

But this thought, however mortifying, was transient; I pleased myself with the expectation of the pantomime, an entertainment of which I had no conception, and of which I had heard the highest encomium from those about me: I therefore once more sat down upon

the rising of the curtain, with an attention to the stage which nothing could divert. I gazed at the prodigies which were every moment produced before me with astonishment; I was bewildered in the intricacies of enchantment; I saw woods, rivers, and mountains, alternately appear and vanish; but I knew not in what cause, or to what end. The entertainment was not adapted to my understanding, but to my senses; and my senses were indeed captivated with every object of delight; in particular, the dress of the women discovered beauties which I could not behold without confusion; the wanton caresses which they received and returned, the desire that languished in their eyes, the kiss snatched with eagerness, and the embrace prolonged with reciprocal delight, filled my breast with tumultuous wishes, which, though I feared to gratify, I did not wish to suppress. Besides all these incentives to dissolute pleasure, there was the dance, which indulged the spectators with a view of almost every charm that apparel was intended to conceal; but of the pleasure of this indulgence I was deprived by the head of the tall man who sat before me, and I suffered again all the vexation which had interrupted my attention to the first act of the play. But before the last scene, my mind had been so violently agitated, and the inconveniences of so long a confinement in a multitude were become so sensible, I was so much oppressed with heat, and offended with the smell of the candles that were either burning in the sockets or expiring in smoke, that I grew weary of my situation; my faculties were suspended as in a dream, and I continued to sit motionless, with my eyes fixed upon the curtain, some moments after it fell. When I was roused from my reverie, I found myself almost alone; my attachment to the place was dissolved, the company that had surrounded me were gone out, and, without reflecting whither I was to go, I wished to follow them.

When I was returned to the inn, and had locked myself into my room, I endeavoured to recover that pleasing tranquillity in which I had been used to resign myself to sleep, and which I now regretted to have once changed for tumult and dissipation: of my theatrical adventure I remembered no incident with pleasure, but that which when it

happened I regarded as a misfortune, the stature of the person who sat before me, which intercepted the more gross indecencies, and defended me from their influence. This reflection immediately opened a new vein of thought; I considered the evening which I had just spent as an epitome of life, and the stage as an emblem of the world.

The youth is all ardour and expectation; he looks around with wonder and curiosity, and he is impatient for the time in which the world is to be thrown open before him. This time arrives; but he finds some unexpected obstacle to enjoyment, and in the first act of life he discovers, that his hopes are rather transferred to more distant objects, than fulfilled by those which are present. As he proceeds, the scene grows more busy, and his attachments to life increase in number and in strength; he is now seduced by temptation; and the moment it's influence is suspended, and the pleasure which it promised is at an end, he abhors it as debasing his nature, disappointing his highest hopes, and betraying him to remorse and regret.

This is the crisis of life, the period upon which immortality depends. Some continue the contest, and become more than conquerors: they reflect, with gratitude to Providence, upon circumstances which intercepted temptations by adversity, and perceive that they owe their safety to incidents which they laboured to prevent. Others abandon themselves to sensuality; and, affecting to believe all things uncertain, eagerly catch at whatever is offered by the present moment, as the whole of their portion: but at length novelty, that mighty charm, that beauty of perpetual influence, novelty is no more! every object that gave delight is become familiar; and is therefore beheld, not with desire, but with disgust.

Thus life at length almost ceases to be a positive good; and men would scarce desire to live, but that they fear to die. Yet the same enjoyments which are despised, are also regretted; in time they are remembered without the circumstances that diminished their value; and the wretch who has survived them, wishes that they would return. Life, from this period, is more wearisome in proportion as it is prolonged; nothing is expected with ardour, because age has been too often cheated to trust to the promise.

promises of time, and because to-day has anticipated the enjoyment of to-morrow. The play is now over, the powers of the mind are exhausted, and intellectual pleasure and pain are almost at an end. The last stage, the stage of dotage remains, and this is the pantomime of life; the images are new only in proportion as they are extravagant, and please only because the imagination is distempered or infirm. But the sensibility of corporal misery remains; infirmities multiply; the hours of pain and imbecillity pass in anguish which none can alleviate, and in fretfulness which none regard: the palsied dotard looks round with impotent solicitude; he perceives himself to be alone, he has survived his friends, and he wishes to follow them; his wish is fulfilled, he drops torpid and insensible into that gulph which is deeper than the grave, and it closes over him for ever. From this dreadful picture I

started with terror and amazement; it vanished; and I was immediately relieved by reflecting that life and the joys of life were still before me; that I should soon return to my paternal inheritance; that my evenings would no more be passed in tumult, and end in satiety; but that they would close upon scenes of domestick felicity, felicity which is pure and rational, and which is still heightened by the hope that it will be repeated to-morrow. And is not the human mind a Stranger and a Sojourner upon earth? Has it not an inheritance in a Better Country that is incorruptible and undefiled; an inheritance to which all may return, who are not so foolish as, after perpetual disappointment in the search of pleasure which they never found, still to continue the pursuit till every hope is precluded, and life terminates either in the stupor of insensibility, or the agonies of despair?

Nº XXV. TUESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1753.

SIC VISUM VENERI, CUI PLACET IMPARES
FORMAS ATQUE ANIMOS SUB JUGA AENEAE
SÆVO MITTERE CUM JOCO.

HOR.

IN BRAZEN YOKES THUS VENUS BINDS
ILL-COUPLED FORMS AND JARRING MINDS;
AND, GAILY CRUEL, JOYS TO SEE
THE RESTLESS LOVERS DISAGREE.

LOGIE.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

THERE are some subjects upon which a man is better qualified to write, by having lived in the world than in a study; and many of these are of the highest importance. Of the infelicities of matrimony I have been often a spectator; and of some of them I think I have discovered the cause, though I have never entered into a philosophical enquiry concerning the nature of the passions, or the power of reason. The facts from which I have derived my knowledge, I shall state with as much perspicuity as I can, and leave others to make what inferences they please.

Flippanta, a young coquet, whose love of the fashionable follies was perpetually disappointed by the severe authority of a father, threw herself into the arms of a lover of sixty-four; be-

lieving that she could with ease impose upon the fondness of dotage, that youth and beauty would render her power absolute and unlimited, and that she would therefore be no longer the slave of formality and caprice. Flippanta was, however, disappointed; and in a very few weeks discovered that the oeconomy of a father^s was now complicated with the jealousy of a husband; that he was fretful, selfish, and diseased, and expected less from her as a wife, than a nurse. Infirmities which she had never felt, she knew not how to pity; he exerted his authority, in proportion as he discovered her want of tenderness; and their misery is alleviated only by the hope of surviving each other; in which, it must be confessed, the lady has greatly the advantage.

Sophron, by his insinuating eloquence, prevailed on the mother of Modesta, to devote her as a sacrifice to learned im-

portance. Love is beneath the dignity of grey-headed wisdom; they have therefore separate beds; while the unhappy victim repines in public, under the pomp of ornaments with which she is decorated, to flatter the pride and proclaim the triumph of her lord and master.

Senilis, to keep up the family name, married a young girl of a ruddy complexion, and a cheerful temper. He is fond of her to distraction; but at the same time so intolerably jealous, that he questions whether the boy, who has fulfilled the hope with which he married, is his own.

Urbana was contracted to Rusticus by the contrivance of their parents, that their family interests, together with their estates, might be united. She had all the passions of a thorough-bred town lady; he the indifference of a downright country squire: they therefore never met without mutual upbraidings, in which she was accused of extravagance, and he of brutality. At length they agreed in this one point, a separate maintenance.

Pervicax and Tetrica have, during twenty years, been continually thwarting each other. As the husband is hatty, positive, and overbearing; the wife is whimsical, vain, and perversive. They can never agree whether their mutton shall be boiled or roasted; and the words ninny-hammer, noodle, and numscull, are frequently banded to and fro betwixt them. Their very servants are encouraged in impertinence, and their children protected in disobedience; because, as one chides, the other is sure always to excuse or defend.

Mercator was desirous of ennobling the blood of his posterity, and therefore married a fine lady from the court end of the town. He had been brought up in the arts of amassing money, the in contriving new methods to squander it; he had been accustomed to a settled uniform practice of business, the to an irregular restless course of pleasure. It was impossible to reconcile their different habits of life; they therefore judged it best for their mutual quiet, that each should pursue their favourite schemes without molestation. Consequently, while the good man is intent upon bargains at Change, she is slumbering in bed; when the family are at dinner, she is drinking her chocolate; and while he is adjusting his account-books, she is discharging her yarning debts. He is often recling

home from the club, when his wife is set down to a whist-table, or dressing for the ridotto; and just as the clerks are entering upon business in the compting-house, she is perhaps retiring to rest. Thus do they live as far asunder as persons in the different antipodes; while my lady is the astonishment of the grave aldermen at their city balls; and Mercator is allowed to be a quiet, inoffensive, good-natured kind of beast, among Madam's acquaintance.

Urania married a man who was deemed a wit and a scholar, because, as she valued herself upon these qualities, she was not willing they should be overlooked. Between Urania and her husband there was a perpetual contest for superiority; they regarded each other with all the malignity of rivals; every conversation terminated in a debate, and every debate in contemptuous insult, sullenness, or rage. But if she had married a person whose chief ambition was not literary excellence, he might have admired her qualities, and she might have approved of his: there would have been a mutual deference paid to each other, and their life would not only have been peaceful but happy.

Theophila, who, for the practice of that virtue which is sublimed by religion, had been called the devotee, obviated the scruple which her own mind suggested against marrying a free-thinker for whom she could not suppress her inclination, by flattering herself that she should be able to convert him. Accordingly, she at first expostulated, then reasoned, and at length upbraided; but without producing any other effects than altercations, coldness, and aversion. As his home became irksome, and he had no steady principles of virtue, he took to drinking; and now, while he is curling the hypocrisy of prudes over his bottle, she is weeping in her closet, regretting the folly of her presumption, and dreading the brutality of drunkenness.

The blind wonder-working boy, who reconciles contradictions, and even breaks down the moulds of party, brought a couple of fond creatures secretly together, at a time when their parents were irreconcilably divided about the names Whig and Tory. The mist of love, which before blinded their understandings, has been long dissipated; and they are perpetually ripping up the dissensions of their grandfathers, and discut-

sing the propriety of the word Abdication. The wife looks upon her husband as a mean-spirited time-server; and he often rails at her, for teaching her children to liſp treason, and bringing them up with a bias to popery and arbitrary power.

Deborah was advanced from the kitchen to the parlour, by the unrestrained passion of her inconsiderate maſter: but ſhe was only exalted to a more ſplendid ſervitude, and condemned to drudge all her life in the double capacity of wife and maid.

Laſtivia, to ſecure herſelf a pretence for indulging a ſcandalous licentiousneſs, ran away with her father's footman. She had been forced, at the expence of a conſiderable annuity, and the reversion of her eſtate after death, to lay him under articles never to come near her while ſhe is living.

Parcus, a city plumb, from a principle of frugality, took unto himſelf a plain neighbour's daughter without a penny; as he thought it would be cheaper than to eſpouſe a fine courtly lady, though with a mint of money. It is true ſhe coſts him but a triſſe in cloaths; ſhe has no taſte for nicknacks, and kickſhaws,

and whimwhams; ſhe hates company, and never touches a card; but then ſhe is always ſending hot plates of meat to one neighbour who is ſick; bottles of wine to another who lies in; and gives away every week ſuch a load of broken victuals, bread, butter, cheeſe, coals, candles, and ſmall beer, that the expences of houſe-keeping would almoſt ruin a lord mayor. She is, beſides, eternally teasing him to bind an uncle's ſon prentice, to ſet up a fiſh couſin, to fit out an old acquaintance's child to ſea, or to buy cloaths for another; and Parcus complains, that he is eat out of houſe and home, by the daily viſits of his wife's poor relations.

Pray, Mr. Adventurer, do not theſe intelicities ariſe principally from an injudicious choice, rather than from the vices and follies of the parties? Will you, who are a philoſopher, give us a proper lecture upon theſe facts, or demonſtrate, *a priori*, how miſery may be avoided in that ſtate, which is generally agreed to be capable of more happineſs than any other? I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

JOHN TOWNLEY.

A

Nº XXVI. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1753.

EST ARDELIONUM QUÆDAM ROMÆ NATIO,
GRATIS ANHELANS

PHÆDRUS.

THROUGH ALL THE TOWN THE BUSY TRIFLERS SWARM,
FIX'D WITHOUT PROOF, AND WITHOUT INT'REST WARM.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

THE character which you have aſſumed, encourages me to hope that you will not be deterred, either by toil or danger, from entering the liſts as the champion of diſtreſſed beauty. That the ſufferers may poſſibly be unknown, and the ſcene of action remote, are circumſtances of no moment; for neither ſeas nor deſerts are intuperable to perſeverance and valour; and the hero's country is circumscribed only by the limits of the world. Nothing more, therefore, is neceſſary, than to acquaint you with the wrong which you are to redreſs, and the offender whom you are to puniſh.

Two virgin Princeſſes, the daughters of a mighty monarch, who in the pompous language of the Eaſt is ſtil'd Lord of the Whole Earth, diſcovered, while they were yet very young, ſomething ſingular in their natural temper and diſpoſition. One of them was remarkable for cheerfulneſs, which was not, however, ſo much excited by external objects, as by ſcenes of pleaſantry with which ſhe was continually entertained by the ſtrength of her own imagination: her countenance was dimpled with perpetual ſmiles; and her eyes, yet more expreſſive, ſeemed to ſparkle with laughter. The deportment of the other was ſolemn, and her walk majeſtick: her eyes looked equally piercing, but leſs alive; they appeared not often to change,

change, but long to contemplate their object: she delighted equally in the pleasures of imagination, but they were of a different kind; her fancy did not form objects of ridicule, but of pity; and she would imagine herself leaning her whole weight on a shrub that projected from the brow of a precipice, till it gave way, and she started with horror at the danger, merely that she might suddenly reflect upon her safety, and enjoy the pleasure of awaking from a terrifying dream.

As these were enjoyments that promiscuous company rather interrupted than improved, both these ladies, however different in other respects, agreed in the love of solitude; and having obtained the consent of their father, they retired to a rural situation, which was healthful, pleasant, and romantick. It was the summit of a high hill, which was watered by a fine spring: from hence they had an unbounded prospect; and the air on this spot is said to have a peculiar quality, that excites pleasing dreams, impresses new ideas upon the mind, and illuminates with intuitive knowledge. The ladies were here visited by their Sisters, and a young Prince of extraordinary beauty, who was celebrated for his skill in all science, but chiefly in music and poetry. The enjoyment of wit, literature, and harmony, excluded from this select society every desire that contaminates the mind by idleness, and degrades reason by brutal sensuality: the Prince was received by the royal virgins, not as a lover but a friend; and he visited them, not as beauties but as wits.

The place of their retreat was soon known, and their presence rendered it illustrious. Here they received the cheerful homage of voluntary subjection; and from hence they diffused an influence, which not only polished but ennobled mankind. Such would long have been their felicity and glory; but the grim tyrant of a northern climate, a region of cold and darkness, at the head of a numerous band of desperate savages, suddenly invaded the country. No force was found sufficient to oppose those who had been driven forward by famine; the fury of hunger and rapine was irresistible; the Princesses fled with the utmost precipitation, and the barbarians, who regarded every thing with malignity by which they were excelled, razed the palace so completely, that scarce a vestige

appeared, and obliterated all traces of the royal influence wherever they were discovered.

The Princesses directed their course westward; and after having long wandered from place to place, and passed through great varieties of fortune, they at last took refuge in a small island, which was governed by a prince whose consort was their half-sister, being the daughter of their father, though by another wife. The prince received them with peculiar marks of distinction, and appointed a great officer, one of the principal lords of his court, to superintend the measures that were immediately taken for their accommodation. Two sumptuous palaces were soon prepared for their residence, and their household was immediately settled: they were frequently visited by the king; the queen often declared that she considered them as being more particularly under her patronage; they quickly became extremely popular, and were scarce less happy there than upon their favourite hill. As they greatly excelled in all the arts of conversation, as their eloquence could always command the passions, and their knowledge improve the understanding, every one was solicitous to be admitted to their presence; and that they might gratify a people, among whom they had received so many favours, they resolved to have a certain number of publick days, on which every one should be admitted without scruple.

But that all their conveniencies and splendor might be procured, though at a great expence, yet without imposing a general tax or burdening the publick, it was contrived that the servants of the Princesses should be paid by their vails; and, that the reward of their labour might not depend wholly upon caprice, it was ordered, that those who attended the Princesses only on publick days, and did not pretend to have a right to visit by their intimacy or station, should receive a ticket, for which they should pay a certain fee to the porter.

There is in this island a certain person, said to be descended from a race of giants that were it's original inhabitants, who has such power and influence, though he has often been suspected to be mad, that the king himself treats him with great deference. In the height of his phrenzy he has boasted, that his voice is the voice of GOD, and that all the

sovereign

sovereign princes in the world are his vicerents. Of this person every one stands in awe: the queen is his principal favourite; and for her sake he is well affected to the king, whom he has often defended, when every other power would have been ineffectual. He has a natural son, who possesses all his ill qualities, but of his virtues is wholly destitute: he assumes the name, the deportment, and the stile of his father, whose fondness has encouraged him to commit many enormities, from which he would have been otherwise deterred.

This person, of whom every body is afraid, not only because his own power is very great, but because to repress his insolence might give offence to his father, comes frequently to the palaces of the Princesses, and makes no scruple to purchase a ticket with the customary fee: but he is subject to fits of sudden and outrageous phrenzy; in which he pretends, that the servants of the Princesses become his own, by receiving his fee for admittance to their presence; and he treats them with the cruel insolence of a capricious tyrant, and introduces the wildest tumult and confusion. The rest of the company are terrified and disappointed; he perceives it, and compels them to depart: nay, he has sometimes offered violence to the ladies themselves; he has, either by menaces or by bribery, gained some of their servants over to his own interest; and, to gratify an unaccountable humour, he has prevailed upon them to admit a kind of Necromancer, with whose feats he is greatly delighted, into the public room, where innumerable effects of his art are exhibited: and it is said that, by the same influence, one of the palaces has been made a receptacle for wild beasts; and that all the gambols of folly have been played in a place that was intended for the asylum of beauty and wit, and for the school not only of wisdom but of virtue.

With the author of this confusion the Adventurer is requested to engage; and if his zeal and his abilities are equal to his boast, he is expected immediately to declare himself the champion of the Princesses, by publishing his defiance to the following effect—

‘THAT the Princesses alone have a right to the palaces, which have been allotted to them by the munificence of the sovereign of the island; that their servants are accountable only to them,

‘to the sovereign, or to the lord whom he has appointed to superintend the household; that every man is at liberty to be absent, who thinks the entertainment not worthy of his attendance, or the fee for his admittance too exorbitant; but that no man has a right to disturb, to terrify, or to disappoint, an assembly, which is supposed to be in the immediate presence of the sovereign, to whom they owe allegiance: and I challenge to single combat whoever shall affirm the contrary.’

I am, Sir, your’s, &c.

Flavilla, a lady who sometimes honours me with a visit, was present when I received this letter. Flavilla, though she has all the sprightliness of a coquet, has been a great reader, and is not behind those who discovered a political satire under the Rape of a Lock, in resolving a riddle or penetrating an allegory. I put the letter into her hand, and threw myself back in my easy-chair with an air of importance.—‘There,’ says I, ‘read that; and see what rank I hold in the estimation even of those by whom my province is mistaken.’

I fixed my eyes upon her, and waited with impatience till she had read it. But how was I disappointed to hear her cry out—‘Good Sir, your province and your importance are mistaken by none but yourself. Could not your sagacity discover this letter to be an allegory?’—‘Pray, Madam,’ said I, ‘will you be pleased to communicate to me, what you imagine to be the hidden meaning which that allegory envelopes?’—‘La,’ says she, ‘you are so dull to-day! Why, are not the Comic and the Tragic Muse the daughters of Jupiter? and did they not, with the rest of the Muses, their sisters, reside on Parnassus, a lofty hill that was watered by the Castalian spring? Were they not there visited by Apollo, the patron of all science, and in particular of poetry and music? Did they not fly westward at the approach of barbarians, who, though they left behind the glooms of the inhospitable north, yet brought with them the “Cimmerian darkness of ignorance,” and scarce left any traces of science in the countries through which they passed? Did not the lovely fugitives find refuge in Britain?’—‘But pray, Madam,’ said I, shaking my right-foot, which hung over my left-knee,

knee, 'will you condescend to tell me, who is the consort of the king who afforded them protection? My letter says, she was half-sister to the ladies whom you suppose to be two of the Males.'—'Who,' replied Flavilla partly, 'but Liberty? Is not Liberty the perpetual consort of the Kings of Britain? And will any dispute, that Liberty is derived from Jove, the Parent of Good?'—'Go on, Madam,' said I. 'The great officer,' said she, 'is the Lord Chamberlain; the palaces are the Theatres, which by royal authority are appropriated to the use of Tragedy and Comedy: their attendants the Players are, indeed, the servants of the King, and are paid by the stated fees for admittance into the house. The Public is the most potent and venerable body upon earth; and the Town, it's illegitimate offspring, is insolent, capricious, and cruel: the Town is perpetually insulting the Players, as it's servants; though, as servants to the Town, the law considers them as enemies to society; and it is as servants to the King only, that they are permitted to exhibit publick entertainments. It is to humour the Town that the Necromancer Harlequin has associated with tumblers and savages, to prophane the place, which, under proper regulation, would indeed be the school of wisdom and virtue. Every one present at a theatrical perform-

ance is supposed to be in the Royal Presence; or at least the Players are under his more immediate protection: as every man has a right, in common with others, to the dramatic entertainment of the evening, when he has purchased an admittance to the house, it follows that no man has a right to monopolize or to destroy it. An empty house is by the Players deemed the most dreadful sign of popular disapprobation; and when the publick are displeased with the entertainment that is offered them, to neglect it will be the most effectual means to procure a better: and as a full or a thin house will indubitably express the sentiments of a majority, the complaints of a faction should be wholly disregarded.'

Flavilla, as she concluded this speech, in which she began to grow very warm, cast her eyes upon me, and expected my reply. But as I continued to gaze with great gravity at the fire, and remained silent, she gave me a smart stroke with her fan, accompanied with this interrogation—'You sullen monster, why don't you speak? Do you hear me? Publish the letter, with my exposition, in your next paper, or—' 'Madam,' says I, bowing, 'it shall be done.' In obedience, therefore, to her command, and in justice to myself, I lay the state of our controversy before the publick, and doubt not but that we shall be both satisfied with their determination.

Nº XXVII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1753.

ΝΥΧΤΟΣ—ΑΠΟΘΓΕ ΚΑΙ ΗΜΕΡΑ ΕΞΥΨΕΤΟ.

HESED.

FROM NIGHT AROSE THE SUN-SHINE AND THE DAY.

THE following letter was the first voluntary contribution I received; and if it had been longer, it would have been sooner communicated to my readers. It is written in the name of a lady to whom I am indeed under many obligations, to whom I owe great part of the knowledge which I have acquired, and under whose influence many of these lucubrations were written: her character is assumed by my correspondent with great art; but I discovered that it was not real, by the conclusion of the letter, in which I am invited to an intimacy that I have long enjoyed.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

DEC. 15, 1752.

WITHOUT detracting from the merits of your correspondent of Tuesday last*, whose pretensions to publick regard are undoubtedly well founded, I beg leave to make your paper my channel to fame; and am persuaded the judicious reader will admit of my claim, when he is acquainted with my history; and, notwithstanding my sister has artfully enough insinuated her superiority, and indeed hinted reflections capable of wounding the most innocent character,

as the first story is generally well told, I shall appeal to the impartial examiner, and expect my share of honour from his decision.

I shall begin then with informing you, that I am the elder, a circumstance my sister's pride made her suppress, and in the opinion of the best judges the hand-somer; this her own vanity will hardly deny, nor does she attempt to shine but in my absence. She is indeed fairer; but dark beauties are not only more agreeable, but more durable: and as she has little to recommend her but her face, the indifference and neglect she complains of is the less to be wondered at. Besides, the glare she affects in publick, the fickleness of her behaviour, the pleasure she takes in discovering the secrets entrusted to her; and, above all, the fraud she practises by continual promises of being always the same, are sufficient reasons, why half who know her pay her so little regard.

For my own part, ostentation is my aversion; and my pride, which makes me fond of admiration, prevents my using a mean condescension to procure it. Though I dress well, I am never gaudy: and when I appear in my blue robe with gold spangles, and a crescent on my forehead, I have the satisfaction of seeing myself ogled even by philosophers. Some of my sex may think this a triumph of small importance, and prefer the unmeaning applauses of a cockcomb to the approbation of a man of understanding; but experience, the mother of true wisdom, has long since convinced me, that real beauty is best discerned by real judges, and the addresses of a sensible lover imply the best compliment to the understanding of his mistress.

The affability of my temper, indeed, exposes me to the visits of all parties; and my easiness of access too frequently engages me in the disagreeable company of fools and sharpers: nay more, sometimes I am the unwilling spectator of riot and intemperance; but when this happens, I generally throw in some reproach, and make the libertine, though he curses me, repent his excess: nor is it the least of my praise, that my approach strikes terror to the soul of the villain.

I might rise in the reputation I so justly demand, by recounting the many important services I have done mankind: I have conducted armies in safety, in-

spired politicians, rescued the distressed, and blessed the brightest eyes in Britain; I have industriously concealed the scandal my sister has propagated; and received, with a condescension scarce found in a rival, the wretch whom her follies had made weary of her service.

By this time you may be desirous of my name, and, I think it no vanity to add, ambitious of my acquaintance. I formerly was a friend to the Rambler, nor will the Adventurer's intimacy with me lessen me in the opinion of his readers. For a proof of this, a great genius of the present age courted my assistance; and in gratitude for the favours he received from me, placed my name in the title-page of the best book in the language. After this explanation, it is almost unnecessary to subscribe myself, at your service,

SIR, YOUR Obedient servant, NIGHT.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT has been long my opinion, that a man's general reputation rather sinks than rises, upon his being first distinguished by a public encomium; for one voice that echoes the praise, there are a hundred, which, to indulge the spleen that it excites, are employed in detraction. But of this perverseness and malignity I have never remarked a stronger instance, than in the effects of your commendation of Mr. Ratsey and Mr. Woodward; two gentlemen, who almost every day, at a considerable expence, generously repeat their offers to save the poor from the miseries of an hospital, by curing them gratis, with much more ease, expedition and safety.

Some persons, rather than admit the uncommon merit of these gentlemen, have invidiously represented your encomium as an irony; and others have even ventured to deny the facts upon which it is founded. But though every paragraph which was intended to reward ingenuity, is thus opposed or perverted; yet that, in which you have inadvertently disgraced it, is, from the same motives, received in it's genuine sense, and readily admitted to be true. It is denied, that Mr. Ratsey ever removed an incurable disease, and that Mr. Woodward is more successful in the cure of ruptures than the hospital surgeons; but

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it is universally believed, that the youth whom you mention received no benefit from the trusses that were worn by his friends; this, however, is a fact in which you are yourself egregiously mistaken, and which you have greatly misrepresented. You tell us, indeed, that this method deserves to be remembered for farther experiments; but you insinuate, that it was among those which had been practised without success, before the patient was put under Mr. Woodward's care: on the contrary, it was directed by that great artist himself; and is one of the most useful improvements that he has made in surgery, though it is not to be depended upon alone. As an incontestible proof of your mistake, and of the mischief which it has produced, I shall recite another address to the public in the behalf of Mr. Woodward, by which it appears, that he now wears trusses for his patients himself. It is entitled, 'The humble thanks of Elizabeth Tipping, for her cure in a rupture, gratis.'

A gentleman,* says Mrs. Tipping, recommended me to Saint Bartholomew's Hospital, and in *their** goodness gave me a truss to wear; and in wearing it, to my grief, I found more pain than ever I felt before; and I must have laboured under this great misfortune all the days of my life, had not Mr. Woodward, through charity, took me under his care: by his tender compassion towards me, in giving me his powders with drops; and wearing his new-invented bandages, my pains left me.

It appears, therefore, that Mr. Woodward, instead of giving Mrs. Tipping a truss to wear, as the gentleman or the hospital had done, gave her only his powders with drops, and wore the truss himself. As the facts, however strange, will be attested at Mr. Russel's toy-shop in the Haymarket, and Mrs. Sotr's, the corner of Spring-Gardens, it must follow as an inevitable consequence, that when, by the old erroneous custom of applying trusses or bandages to the patient, the malady is increased, it may be wholly removed by medicaments, properly administered to them, and a truss judiciously applied to another. In Mrs. Tipping's case, indeed, there ap-

pears to have been something critical, because Mr. Woodward would trust none but himself with the management of the bandage, by which he intended to effect her cure; though the truss for his Kentish patient was worn by the minister and church-wardens of the parish. There is, however, another reason for this conduct, which I am unwilling to suggest: your paper may have discouraged others from concurring in this method of cure, by insinuating that it was troublesome, and had been practised without success. If this should be true, how have you increased the labour of this beneficent Surgeon, and at the same time circumscribed his power of doing good! It is scarce possible that he should be able, by any contrivance, to wear more than ten of his bandages at one time; and how small a number is ten, compared to the multitudes that apply for his assistance?

Upon the whole, whatever was your intention, I am afraid your paper has produced but one good effect. As modesty is always the concomitant of merit, Mr. Ratsey no longer offers health to those who have suffered others to render their diseases incurable; but leaves them to perish, for the preservation of those that survive. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

T. FRIENDLY.

As it is the opinion of Mr. Friendly, that I have conferred no honour by my panegyric, I shall now attempt to effect my purpose by censure. As Physic is, perhaps, the most difficult of all the sciences, no man more honours those who excel in it than myself; if I cannot, therefore, animate them in the race, I may at least clear the way about them, and afford merit a fairer chance, by lessening the number of competitors, who may obstruct others, though they cannot run themselves.

It is frequently admitted, among persons whose judgment is not otherwise contemptible, that a man without parts and without literature may practise physick with success; or, in other words, that an illiterate blockhead may be a good physician. But as this maxim appears to me to be little less formidable than a pestilence, I think I shall do con-

* It cannot certainly be known, whether by *their* is meant the gentleman or the hospital.

siderable service to mankind if I can prevent it from spreading.

That the following argument may be more easily comprehended and remembered, I have laboured to contract it into a small compass, and to express my thoughts with the utmost plainness and perspicuity.

I. Medicines are not specific antidotes for certain diseases, which we hear distinguished by known and general names:—For,

II. Twenty persons may be ill of a fever; and this fever may be so much a different disease in each, that an application which would certainly cure one of them, would certainly kill another: so that the very efficacy of the medicine, if it is unskillfully administered, increases the danger.

III. The investigation of diseases; the discovery of their causes by their symptoms; and the adaption of the remedy, not to the disease only, with all it's accidental complications, but to the habits, age, sex, and constitution of the patient;

require such skill as can result only from extensive knowledge, sound judgment, and critical enquiry.

IV. This skill cannot be exerted, if the patient is not seen.

V. Gross ignorance of the propriety of language, in a man who pretends to have studied physick, is an incontestible proof of insolence and stupidity.

VI. He, therefore, who does not see the absurdity of professing to cure incurable diseases, cannot possibly have acquired sufficient knowledge to cure any.

VII. To detect a man in deliberately writing and publishing gross nonsense, in an advertisement of his medical skill, written in his native language, is to arrest 'the foe of mankind in his walk,' and to intercept the 'arrow that flies in darkness.'

This task is at present left to the Adventurer; and this task he will continue to perform, till the legislature shall take it out of his hands.

Nº XXVIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1753.

CORLO SUPINAS SI TULERIS MANUS
NASCENTE LUNA, RUSTICA PHIDYLE;
NEC PESTILENTEM SENTIET AFRICUM
FOECUNDA VITIS—

HOR.

IF RUSTIC PHIDYLE HER PRAYER RENEWS,
HER ARTLESS PRAYER, WHEN SACRED HOURS RETURN,
HER VINES SHALL DROOP BENEATH NO BLIGHTING DEWS,
NOR SOUTHERN STORMS HER YELLOW HARVEST BURN.

THAT mankind have any natural propensity to ill, or that their minds are subject to the influence of any invisible and malevolent being, are notions that of late have been treated with the utmost contempt and disdain. And yet I have remarked, that men frequently neglect to practise those duties of religion, without which they believe the Divine favour cannot be secured, though by such neglect they do not obtain any immediate advantage.

The miserable wretches who swarm in the streets of this metropolis, covered with filth and rags, pining with cold and hunger, and rotting with diseases, will be found to have a general belief,

that by going to church men please GOD, and obtain the pardon of their sins; and yet those who expect to be relieved by the congregation, will linger at the church door till the service is at an end. In this instance, surely, they become in their own opinion the servants of sin, for no other wages than death. To the rich, irreligion, as well as vice, sometimes offers immediate pleasure; and it is easy to conceive, why they should rather sink in a luxurious slumber on a bed of down, than kneel at the altar; but why does the beggar, in the severity of winter, shiver at the porch, when he might take shelter in the aisle? If he was as near to any other building which he

could as easily enter, he would not hesitate a moment; but rather than become a candidate for the blessing of God, he will forego the advantage of exciting the charity of the devout, by an appearance of devotion.

Of the duties and the privileges of religion, prayer is generally acknowledged to be the chief; and yet I am afraid, that there are a few who will not be able to recollect some seasons, in which their unwillingness to pray has been more than in proportion to the labour and the time that it required; seasons in which they would have been less willing to repeat a prayer than any other composition; and rather than have spent five minutes in an address to God, would have devoted an equal space of time wholly to the convenience of another, without any enjoyment or advantage to themselves.

These facts, I believe, will scarce be controverted by any; and those who cannot shew that they have adequate natural causes, must allow that they have some other. It also must be acknowledged, that if men are tempted to neglect the worship of God by any spiritual enemy, to worship God is by such an enemy known to be their interest; but because I would not rest much upon this argument in favour of religion, I shall only say, that it has more force than any that I have heard against it.

I believe, indeed, there are some who, with whatever reluctance, punctually conform to the rituals of religion, as an atonement for an allowed and perpetual neglect of virtue; who dream, that by going to church on Sunday, they balance the account of the week, and may again lye, defraud, swear, and be drunken with impunity. These wretches, although in spite of indignation they move my pity, I shall not here reprove, because their conduct does not only imply the grossest ignorance, but the most deplorable stupidity; and it is hopeless to write for those of whom it cannot be expected that they should read.

There are others who, believing that neither virtue nor religion alone is sufficient to secure immortality, neglect Religion as useless, because they cannot resolve to practise Virtue: so the purchase of a telescope would be a superfluous expence to a man that is blind, though all the advantages of sight cannot be obtained without it by those who can see.

Upon these slaves of sensuality, it is to be feared little effect can be produced, by an address either to their reason or their passions: for their reason is already convinced, and their passions alarmed; they live in a perpetual violation of the dictates of conscience; purposes of amendment are every moment formed and broken; they look backward with remorse, and forward with terror; and they accumulate guilt, even while they are anticipating judgment. Nor can I press them to put on an appearance of religion for mere temporary purposes; not only because it would be an aggravation of their wickedness, but because it would conceal their true character, and might therefore injure society.

A man who apparently lives without religion, declares to the world, that he is without virtue, however he may otherwise conceal his vices: for when the obstacles to virtue are surmounted, the obstacles to religion are few. What should restrain him who has broken the bonds of appetite, from rising at the call of devotion? Will not he who has accomplished a work of difficulty, secure his reward at all events, when to secure it is easy? Will not he that has panted in the race stretch forth his hand to receive the prize?

It may, perhaps, be expected, that from this general censure I should except those who believe that all religion is the contivance of tyranny and cunning; and that every human action which has Deity for it's object, is enthusiastic and absurd. But of these there are few who do not give other evidence of their want of virtue than their neglect of religion; and even of this few it must be acknowledged, that they have not equal motives to virtue, and therefore to say that they have not equal virtue, is only to affirm that effects are proportionate to their causes; a proposition which, I am confident, no philosopher will deny.

By these motives, I do not mean merely the hope and fear of future reward and punishment; but such as arise from the exercise of religious duties, both in publick and private, and especially of prayer.

I know, that concerning the operation and effects of prayer, there has been much doubtful disputation, in which innumerable metaphysical subtilties have been introduced, and the understanding has

has been bewildered in sophistry, and affronted with jargon: those who have no other proofs of the fitness and advantage of prayer than are to be found among these speculations, are but little acquainted with the practice.

He who has acquired an experimental knowledge of this duty, knows that nothing so forcibly restrains from ill, as the remembrance of a recent address to Heaven for protection and assistance. After having petitioned for power to resist temptation, there is so great an incongruity in not continuing the struggle, that we blush at the thought, and persevere, lest we lose all reverence for ourselves. After fervently devoting our souls to God, we start with horror at immediate apostacy: every act of deliberate wickedness is then complicated with hypocrisy and ingratitude; it is a mockery of the FATHER OF MERCY; the forfeiture of that peace in which we closed our address, and a renunciation of the hope that it inspired.

For a proof of this, let every man ask himself, as in the presence of 'Him who searches the heart,' whether he has never been deterred from prayer, by his fondness for some criminal gratification, which he could not with sincerity profess to give up, and which he knew he could not afterwards repeat without greater compunction. If prayer and immorality appear to be thus incompatible, prayer should not surely be lightly rejected by those who contend that moral virtue is the summit of human perfection; nor should it be incumbered with such circumstances as must inevitably render it

less easy and less frequent: it should be considered as the wings of the soul, and should be always ready, when a sudden impulse prompts her, to spring up to God. We should not think it always necessary to be either in a church or in our closet, to express joy, love, desire, trust, reverence, or complacency, in the fervour of a silent ejaculation. Adoration, hope, and even a petition, may be conceived in a moment; and the desire of the heart may ascend, without words, to 'Him by whom our thoughts are known afar off.' He who considers himself as perpetually in the presence of the Almighty, need not fear that gratitude or homage can ever be ill-timed, or that it is prophane thus to worship in any circumstances that are not criminal.

There is no preservative from vice, equal to this habitual and constant intercourse with God; neither does any thing equally alleviate distress, or heighten prosperity: in distress, it sustains us with hope; and in prosperity, it adds to every other enjoyment the delight of gratitude.

Let those, therefore, who have rejected religion, as they have given up incontestible advantages, try whether they cannot yet be recovered; let them review the arguments by which their judgment has been determined, and see whether they compel the assent of reason; and let those who, upon this recollection, perceive that, though they have professed infidelity, they do indeed believe and tremble, no longer sacrifice happiness to folly, but pursue that Wisdom 'whose ways are pleasantness and peace.'

NO XXIX. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1753.

—DAMNOSA SENEM JUVAT ALEA, LUDIT ET HERES.

JUV.

IF GAMING DOES AN AGED SIRE ENTICE,
THEN MY YOUNG MASTER SWIFTLY LEARNS THE VICE,
AND SHAKES, IN HANGING SLEEVES, THE LITTLE BOX AND DICE.

DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT is a remark of some philosophers, that there is a malignity in human nature, which urges every man to depress him who is already sinking. The Gamester is a character at which the artillery of the legislature has been long

levelled: the practice of his profession has been rendered extremely difficult, and the instruments of it have been destroyed wherever they could be found; he has been persecuted by justices, constables, and watchmen; he has languished in Newgate, and toiled in Bridewell. Under this accumulated distress, he is not the object of pity but contempt; every mouth

mouth is open against him; he is cursed by the mechanic and the trader, derided by wits, and hooted by the mob. In defence of this injured character, which I have long borne, and of which I am not yet ashamed, permit me to appear in your paper.

In the first place, Sir, the Gamester is a gentleman: and though he has been insulted by beggars and cits, the polite world is still in his interest; and he has still friends at Westminster, from the grey-headed general to the beardless senator. With the character of a gentleman, there is but one vice which is now believed to be wholly incompatible; and such is the malice of our enemies, that we have been degraded by the imputation of it, and our ruling passion is said to be Avarice.

But, can he be avaricious who trusts his whole property to chance? who immediately circulates what he wins, with a liberality that has been censured by others as profusion? Can avarice be his motive to play, who, with twenty thousand pounds in the funds, sits down with a man whose whole estate he knows to be in his pocket, and to amount to no more than ten pieces? As the love of money appears incontestibly not to govern one of these persons, it cannot be proved to govern the other: the charge of avarice is, indeed, so ridiculous and absurd, that I am ashamed of an attempt to confute it.

This charge might with great justice be retorted upon trade; which, when put in competition with gaming, must appear to great disadvantage. Trade has besides introduced all the superfluities that have enervated and corrupted mankind: trade has even produced opposite evils; it has pampered luxury, and wearied labour; but gaming has done neither.

Trade, indeed, circulates property; but property might with greater advantage be circulated by gaming. If it be asked, how the persons employed in this delightful circulation of property are to be furnished with the necessaries of life, when trade is at an end; I answer, that the necessaries of life, in the estimation of virtue and the gamester, are few; a sheep-skin, a hovel, and a dice-box, would furnish the gamester with sufficient apparel, shelter, and entertainment; and with these he would be as happy as he is now; for he has no power of ac-

quiring happiness that is not exerted in play, and of other happiness he has indeed no conception.

If play then was universally pursued, as at once comprehending all business and all pleasure, one man might not only grow rich, and another poor; but the same person might alternately pass through all the vicissitudes of fortune; while he sat upon the ground in the sun, without toiling in the manufactory, or sweating at the forge, without the perplexity of accounts, or the perils of a voyage.

If it be again asked, when life is reduced to this state of primitive simplicity, what would be the advantage of wealth? I answer, the same as it is at present to those who possess more than they spend, a consciousness that they are wealthy; and those who are capable of more exalted felicity would enjoy, in the acquisition, the transport of winning, without considering money to have any power, quality, or use, but as a stake.

These, indeed, are Utopian scenes; and I return, with a sigh, to vindicate my profession from other imputations, which are equally false and injurious.

It has been said, that we are strangers to reciprocal felicity; and that the happiness of one gamester is produced by the misery of another, the pain of him who loses being always proportioned to the pleasure of the winner. But this is only the cavil of popular prejudice: if I am happy, what is it to me who else is miserable? Every man, whatever he may pretend, is concerned only for himself; and might, consistent with right reason, cut any other man's throat if he could escape punishment, and secure to himself any advantage by the fact. If any of your readers have still scruples, and desire to see this doctrine farther illustrated, I refer them to the great Dr. Mandeville's Fable of the Bees.

Among other enemies, that have been encouraged to fall upon the Gamester in his distress, is Bigotry or Religion; for I consider both these terms as expressions of the same idea. Bigotry then accuses us with exercising our employment on a Sunday; but this accusation is the effect of such complicated folly, ignorance, and malice, that it could have had no other author. Not to insist that a gentleman is under no moral obligation to regard one day more than another, is he to be insulted for doing that which has a direct tendency to destroy luxury root and branch,

branch, on a Sunday? Shall virtue, in this enlightened age, be given up to ceremony, and patriotism be stigmatized as impiety? I have, on every other article, been able to keep my temper; but I can never bear the cant of bigotry with patience.

There is, however, another charge, which I shall not obviate as an imputation of prophaneness, but of folly. It is said that we utter the most horrid oaths and imprecations; that we invoke beings whom we do not believe to exist, and denounce curses that can never be fulfilled. This has, indeed, been practised in our assemblies, but by those only who are novices in the profession: for among other advantages that arise from gaming, is such a silent acquiescence in the will of Fortune, as would do honour to a stoic; or, at least, a calm philosophical immutability of countenance, by which all that passes in the bosom is concealed.

This acquisition, it must be confessed, requires some parts and long practice; but there have been many illustrious examples of it among us. A gentleman, my particular friend, who had the honour to be many years an eminent gamester, being without money, committed a robbery upon the highway, to procure another stake, that he might return to

his profession: it happened unfortunately that he was taken; and though he had great interest with some persons that shall be nameless, yet he was convicted and hanged. This gentleman's ill-luck continued all the while he was in gaol; so that he was compelled to dispose of his body to the surgeons, and lost the money to a friend who visited him in the cells, the night before execution. He appeared, however, the next morning with great composure; no reflection on the past, no anticipation of the future, caused him once to change countenance during his passage to the gallows; and though he was about to receive death from a greasy scoundrel, whom he knew once to have been a butcher, yet he swore but two oaths in the cart; and was so indifferent as to what should afterwards befall him, that he bravely refused to say Amen to the prayers.

If by your communication of these hints, the clamours of slander shall be silenced, and the true character of a Gamester shall be more generally known—I have secrets which may be communicated *entre nous*—and the next dead set—you understand me—I am a man of honour, and you may command, Sir, your's, &c.

TIM. CODDIE,

Nº XXX. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1753.

FELICES TER ET AMPLIUS
QUOS IRRUPTA TENET COPULA: NEC MALIS
DIVULSUS QUERIMONIIS
SUPREMA CITIUS SOLVET AMOR DIX.

HOR.

THRICE HAPPY THEN, IN PURE DELIGHTS,
WHOM LOVE WITH MUTUAL BONDS UNITES;
UNBROKEN BY COMPLAINTS OR STRIFE,
AND BINDING EACH TO EACH FOR LIFE.

FRANCIS.

THOUGH I devote this lucubration to the Ladies, yet there are some parts of it which I hope will not be wholly useless to the Gentlemen: and, perhaps, both may expect to be addressed upon a subject which to both is of equal importance; especially after I have admitted the public recommendation of it by my correspondent Mr. Townly.

It has been universally allowed, and with great reason, that between persons who marry there should be some degree of equality, with respect to age and condition. Those who violate a known

truth, deserve the infelicity they incur; I shall, therefore, only labour to preserve innocence by detecting error.

With the ladies it is a kind of general maxim, that 'the best husband is a reformed Rake;' a maxim which they have probably derived from comedies and novels, in which such a husband is commonly the reward of female merit. But the belief of this maxim is an incontestible proof, that with the true character of a Rake the ladies are wholly unacquainted. They have, indeed, heard of a wild young gentleman, who would

would rake about the town, and take up his lodging at a bagnio; who had told many a girl a pretty story, that was fool enough to believe him; and had a right to many a child that did not call him father: but that in some of these frolics he thought no harm, and for others he had sufficiently suffered. But let the Adventurer be believed, those are words of dreadful import, and should always be thus understood—

• To rake about town and lodge at a bagnio, is to associate with the vilest and most abandoned of human beings; • it is to become familiar with blasphemy and lewdness, and frequently to sport with the most deplorable misery: • to tell pretty stories to credulous girls, is to deceive the simplicity of innocence by cunning and falsehood. • To be the father of a nameless progeny, is to desert those whose tears only can implore the protection to which, of all others, they have the strongest and the tenderest claim; it is more than to be a man without affection, it is to be a brute without instinct. • To think no harm in some of these frolics, is to have worn out all sensibility of the difference between right and wrong; and to have suffered for others, is to have a body contaminated with diseases, which in some degree are certainly transmitted to posterity.

It is to be hoped, that the mere exhibition of this picture will be sufficient to deter the ladies from precluding happiness by marrying the original; and from discouraging virtue, by making vice necessary to the character which they prefer.

But they frequently act upon another principle, which, though not equally fatal and absurd, may yet produce great infelicity.

When the rake is excluded, it will be generally supposed that superior intellectual abilities ought always to determine the choice. 'A man of fine sense,' is indeed a character of great dignity; and the ladies have always been advised to prefer this to any other, as it includes a capacity to bestow 'that refined, exalted, and permanent felicity, which alone is worthy of a rational being.' But I think it probable, that this advice, however specious, has been often given for no other reason, than because to give

it flattered the vanity of the writer, who fondly believed he was drawing his own character, and exciting the envy and admiration of his readers. This advice, however, the ladies universally affect to approve, and probably for a similar reason; since every one imagines, that to hold intellectual excellence in high estimation, is to demonstrate that the possessor it.

As he that would persuade, should be scrupulously careful not to offend, I will not insinuate that there are any ladies by whom the peculiar beauties of an exalted understanding cannot be discerned, and who have not, therefore, a capacity for half the pleasure which it can bestow. And yet, I think, there is another excellence which is much more essential to conjugal felicity, Good-Nature.

I know that Good-Nature has, like Socrates, been ridiculed in the habit of Folly; and that Folly has been dignified by the name of Good-Nature. But by Good-Nature, I do not mean that flexible imbecillity of mind which complies with every request, and inclines a man at once to accompany an acquaintance to a brothel at the expence of his health, and to keep an equipage for a wife at the expence of his estate. Persons of this disposition have seldom more benevolence than fortitude, and frequently perpetrate deliberate cruelty.

In true Good-Nature there is neither the acrimony of spleen, nor the sullenness of malice; it is neither clamorous nor fretful, neither easy to be offended, nor impatient to revenge; it is a tender sensibility, a participation of the pains and pleasures of others; and is, therefore, a forcible and constant motive to communicate happiness, and alleviate misery.

As human nature is, from whatever cause, in a state of great imperfection, it is surely to be desired, that a person whom it is most our interest to please, should not see more of this imperfection than we do ourselves.

I shall, perhaps, be told, that 'a man of sense can never use a woman ill.' The latter part of this proposition is a phrase of very extensive and various signification: whether a man of sense can 'use a woman ill,' I will not enquire; but I will endeavour to shew that he may make her extremely wretched.

Persons of keen penetration, and great delicacy of sentiment, as they must necessarily

cessarily be more frequently offended than others; so, as a punishment for the offence, they can inflict more exquisite pain, because they can wound with more poignant reproach: and by him whom Good Nature does not restrain from retaliating the pain that he feels, the offence, whether voluntary or not, will always be thus punished.

If this punishment is suffered with silence, confusion and tears, it is possible that the tyrant may relent; but this, like the remorse of a murderer, is too late; the dread of incurring the same anguish by a like fault, will substitute for the smile of cheerfulness, that sunshine of beauty, the glooms of doubt, solicitude, and anxiety. The offence will, notwithstanding, be again repeated; the punishment, the distress, and the remorse, will again return; because error is involuntary, and anger is not restrained. If the reproach is retorted, and whether it was deserved, becomes the subject of debate; the consequences are yet more dreadful; after a vain attempt to shew an incongruity, which can no more be perceived than sounds by the deaf, the husband will be insulted for causeless and capricious displeasure, and the wife for folly, perverseness, and obstinacy. In these circumstances, what will become of the refined, the exalted, and the permanent felicity, which alone is worthy of reasonable beings, and which elevated genius only can be slow?

That this conduct is, by a man of sense, known to be wrong, I am content to allow: but it must also be granted, that the discernment of wrong is not always a propensity to right; and that if pain was never inflicted, but when it was known to produce salutary effects, mankind would be much more happy than they are.

Good Nature, therefore, if intellectual excellence cannot atone for the want of it, must be admitted as the highest personal merit. If, without it, Wisdom is not kind; without it, Folly must be brutal. Let it, therefore, be once more repeated—'The quality most essential to conjugal felicity is Good Nature.' And, surely, whatever accidental difference there may happen to be in the conceptions or judgment of a husband and wife, if neither can give pain or pleasure without feeling it themselves, it is

easy to perceive which sensation they will concur to produce.

It may now be expected, that I should give some general rules, by which the ladies may discover the disposition of those by whom they are addressed: but it is extremely difficult to detect malice amidst the assiduities of courtship, and to distinguish the man under that almost inscrutable disguise, the lover. Good Nature, however, is not indicated by the fulsome fawning of a perpetual grin, the loud laughter which almost anticipates the jest, or the constant echo of every sentiment; neither is it safe to trust the appearance of profuse liberality, or busy officiousness. Let it rather be remarked, how the lover is affected by incidents, in which the lady is not concerned; what is his behaviour to his immediate dependants, and whether they approach him with a slavish timidity, or with the cheerful reverence of voluntary servitude. Is he ever merry at the expense of another; or does he ever attempt thus to excite mirth in his mistress? Does he mention the absent with candour, and behave to those who are present with a manly complacency? By a diligent attendance to these circumstances, perhaps a probable judgment may be formed of his character.

To conclude with a general remark, Good Nature is not of less importance to ourselves than to others. The morose and petulant first feel the anguish that they give: reproach, revilings, and invective, are but the overflowings of their own infelicity, and are constantly again forced back upon their source. Sweetness of temper is not, indeed, an acquired, but a natural excellence; and, therefore, to recommend it to those who have it not, may be deemed rather an insult than advice. But let that which in happier natures is instinct, in these be reason; let them pursue the same conduct, impelled by a nobler motive. As the sourness of the crab enhances the value of the graft, so that which on its parent plant is Good Nature, will, on a less kindly stock, be improved into Virtue. No action by which others receive pleasure or pain, is indifferent: the sacred rule—'Do that to others which ye would that others should do to you,' extends to every deed; and 'every word shall be brought into judgment.'

N^o. XXXI. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1753.INVIDIA SICULI NON INVENIUNT TYRANNI
MAJUS TORMENTUM

HON.

NOR COULD SICILIA'S TYRANTS EVER FIND
A GREATER TORMENT THAN AN ENVIOUS MIND.

FRANCIS.

SOON after the expiration of that golden age, in which perpetual and spontaneous plenty precluded all temptation to violence and fraud, Apollo, the god of wisdom, of eloquence, and music, became enamoured of one of the nymphs who graced the train of Diana. The nymph, whose name time has not preserved with her story, was at first inflexible; but the suit which her chastity refused, her vanity still continued to permit; and thus, though wisdom, eloquence, and music, were ineffectual, yet perseverance prevailed. The pride of virtue was imperceptibly softened; and the sense of guilt had been so often lost in the anticipation of delight, that it did not always return: to this delight there remained no obstacle but the fear of shame; and the fear of shame, as desire perpetually increased, was at last surmounted.

Apollo perceived and pursued his advantage; and the nymph silently consented to an assignation; the place was a grotto far sequestered from the path of the traveller, and the time was midnight.

When Nature no longer lavished her bounty upon idleness, and the fruits of the earth were bestowed only upon labour; when the harvest and the vintage ceased to be common, and the bounds of property were set up; many vices under human forms became inhabitants of the earth, and associated with mankind. Of some the external appearance was pleasing, and their qualities were not immediately discovered. Among these vices was Envy; Envy, indeed, was never lovely; but she was then young, nor was the malignity of her mind yet expressed in her person.

As Apollo was enamoured of the nymph, Envy was enamoured of Apollo: she watched his descent, therefore, with all the impatience of desire; and though she knew her own mission to be hopeless, yet the discovery of his addresses to ano-

ther distracted her with jealousy: she was always busied to procure intelligence which could only increase her torment; and was perpetually contemplating the happiness which she despised to enjoy.

It happened that the assignation of the lovers was overheard by Echo, and by Echo repeated to Envy. This intelligence roused her to a yet keener sensibility of misery; to intercept the happiness of a rival, was the first object of her wish; and the next moment she conceived a design of securing that happiness to herself. To effect both these purposes, a thousand projects had been by turns contrived, examined, and rejected; her mind was more violently agitated, in proportion as the time drew more near; and after all the toil of thinking had ended in despair, an expedient suddenly started into her mind, which she perceived at once to be simple and easy; she wondered how it had been before overlooked, and resolved immediately to put it in execution.

It was within one hour of midnight, when the nymph took her way to the grotto. She was now pale with remorse, and now flushed with shame; she hesitated; her bosom again beat with anticipated delight; she trembled, and went forward. Envy perceived her at a distance; and cast round her a thick cloud, which scarce the beams of Phœbus himself could have dissipated. The nymph looked round for the grotto, but suddenly perceived herself to be involved in impenetrable darkness; she could discover neither the sky above her, nor the ground on which she stood; she stood short, terrified and astonished; desire was chilled in her veins, and she shuddered at the temerity of the purpose.

In this dreadful moment she had no hope of deliverance, but from the power whose laws she had been about to violate; and she, therefore, addressed this prayer to Diana—Chaste queen of irreproachable

'reproachable delight! who, though
'my mind had renounced thy influence,
'halt yet by this omen preserved me
'from corporal dishonour; O! guide
'me in safety through the terrors of
'this guilty night: let me once more
'be permitted to pursue the chase at thy
'side; and to mingle with the happy vir-
'gins, whom Cheerfulness, the daugh-
'ter of Innocence, assembles at thy
'power!' As she uttered this prayer,
she hastily turned about; and the mo-
ment she made an effort to go back, her
prayer was granted; the gloom that sur-
rounded her was dissipated; and she
again perceived the mild radiance of her
queen tremble upon the foliage of the
trees, and chequer the path before her
with a silver light. She now sprang
forward, impelled by that joy which
her deliverance had inspired: her speed
was no longer restrained by the timi-
dity of guilt; the solitary way was re-
passed in a moment; and her desire to
return had been so ardent, that she could
scarce believe it to be accomplished.

In the mean time, Envy had entered
the grotto, and was expecting Apollo:
she heard him approach with a tumult of
passions, in which pain was predomi-
nant; and she received him in silence and
confusion, which otherwise she would
have found it difficult to feign.

When the momentary transport which
she had thus obtained was at an end,
she perceived that it had been too dearly
purchased with safety: she reflected upon
her situation with terror; and wished,
too late, that the nymph, whose plea-
sure she had intercepted, had received it
in her stead, as it would have been more
than counterbalanced by a small propor-
tion of her pain: her pain was not,
however, produced by regretting the
loss of innocence, but by anticipating
the punishment of guilt.

Apollo, who knew not how wretched
and malignant a being he had clasped
to his bosom, whispered a thousand ten-
der sentiments, and urged her to reply.
Envy was still silent; but knowing that
she could not in these circumstances con-
tinue long undetected, she suddenly col-
lected all her forces, and sprung from
him, hoping to have escaped unknown
in the darkness of the night: but just as
she reached the entrance of the grotto,
he again caught her in his arms. Envy
shrieked in the anguish of despair; and

the god himself started back with asto-
nishment: he would not, however, quit
his hold of the fugitive; and Diana, that
she might not lose an opportunity to pu-
nish incontinence, darted her rays di-
rectly upon the place. Apollo disco-
vered the features of Envy; and turned
from her with abhorrence. After a
moment's recollection, looking again
sternly upon her—'Loathed and de-
'tested as thou art,' said he, 'I cannot
'destroy thee, for thou art immortal as
'the felicity of Heaven; and I wish not
'to destroy thee, for immortality is thy
'curse. But may my arms again em-
'brace thee, and may thy bosom be
'again pressed to mine, if thy power
'thus to prophane the delights of love
'end not this moment for ever: hence-
'forth thy face shall be deformed with
'the characteristics of want and age,
'and snakes instead of hair shall be the
'covering of thy head; thy breasts shall
'be lengthened to thy waist, and thy
'skin shall be suffused with gall.' While
he was yet speaking, the freshness of
youth faded from her cheeks; her eyes
sunk inward; her tresses, that flowed in
loose ringlets upon her shoulders, were
suddenly contracted; and writhing them-
selves in various contortions, a brood of
serpents hissed round her head; her flesh
became flaccid, her skin appeared shrivel-
led and yellow, and her whole form ex-
pressed at once malignity and wretched-
ness.

Thus changed, she fled from the pre-
sence of Apollo; but she carried with
her not a memorial of her crime only,
but of that pleasure which her punish-
ment had rendered it impossible to repeat.
A child, which she regarded as at once
her glory and her shame, was at length
born, and afterwards known among
mankind by the name of Cunning.

In Cunning, the qualities both of the
father and the mother, as far as they are
compatible, are united. As the pro-
geny of Envy, he regards whatever is
amiable and good with malignity; the
end that he proposes, therefore, is al-
ways the gratification of vice: but he
inherits so much of his father's wisdom,
that he frequently pursues that end by
the most effectual means.

All, therefore, whom Wisdom would
disdain to counsel, apply to Cunning.
But of the votaries to Cunning, even
those who succeed are disappointed; they

do, indeed, frequently obtain the immediate object of their wish; but they are still restless and unsatisfied; as the

statesman, after he has gratified his ambition, still sighs in vain for felicity.

N^o. XXXIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1753.

MUNDE—PARVO SUB LARE PAUPERUM
COENÆ, SINE AULÆIS ET OSTRO,
SOLLICITAM EXPLICUERE FRONTEM.

Hor.

TO FRUGAL TREATS AND HUMBLE CELLS,
WITH GRATEFUL CHANGE THE WEALTHY FLY,
WHERE HEALTH-PRESERVING PLAINNESS DWELLS;
FAR FROM THE CARPET'S GAUDY DYE.
SUCH SCENES HAVE CHARM'D THE PANGS OF CARE,
AND SMOOTH'D THE CLOUDED FOREHEAD OF DESPAIR.

FRANCIS.

OMAR, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabis, which rises on the east of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man also seemed to gaze stedfastly on Omar; but such was the abstraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of it's object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream, he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground. 'Son of affliction,' said Omar, 'who art thou, and what is thy distress?'—'My name,' replied the stranger, 'is Hassan, and I am a native of this city: the angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me; and the wretch whom thine eye compassionates, thou canst not deliver.'—'To deliver thee,' said Omar, 'belongs to Him only, from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil: yet hide not thy life from me; for the burden which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain.' Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request.

IT is now six years, since our mighty lord the Caliph Almalic, whose memory be blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessings which he petitioned of the Prophet, as the Prophet's vicegerent,

he was diligent to dispense; in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city, relieving distress and restraining oppression: the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was singing at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and that though I was poor I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power; and my cheerfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions; and though by my answers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge of me, and therefore enquired his country and his name. 'Hassan,' said he, 'I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied; he who now talks with thee is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina, and whose commission is from above.' These words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth: but Almalic, throwing back his garment, discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him; but he prevented me.

Hassan.

‘ Hassan,’ said he, ‘ forbear; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom.’ I answered—‘ Mock not thy servant, who is but as a worm before thee: life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will.’—‘ Hassan,’ he replied, ‘ I can no otherwise give life or happiness than by not taking them away: thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or punish. By the bow-string, I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another: but with respect to virtue, I am impotent; if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to exalt thee, would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to increase or to continue.’ He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accused that cheerfulness of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, which my former insensibility had perpetuated: I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantick projects to recover the advantages which I had lost; and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I dreamt of splendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I sold all my moveables for subsistence: and reserved only a mattress, upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

In the first moon of the following

year, the Caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once more to see the man, whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me, not singing at my work, ruddy with health, and vivid with cheerfulness; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance; which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wished for another opportunity to address the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his presence, and throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was speechless. ‘ Hassan,’ said he, ‘ what canst thou have lost, whose wealth was the labour of thy own hand? and what can have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy was in thy own bosom? What evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy.’ I was now encouraged to look up; and I replied—‘ Let my lord forgive the presumption of his servant, who rather than utter a falsehood would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the loss of that which I never possessed: thou hast raised wishes which indeed I am not worthy thou shouldst satisfy; but why should it be thought, that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?’

When I had finished this speech, Almalic stood some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him. ‘ Hassan,’ said he, ‘ I perceive, not with indignation but regret, that I mistook thy character; I now discover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only because their objects were too remote to rouse them. I cannot, therefore, invest thee with authority, because I would not subject my people to oppression; and because I would not be compelled to punish thee for crimes which I first enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify the wishes that I excited, lest thy heart accuse me of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me.’ I sprung from the ground

as it were with the wings of an eagle: I kissed the hem of his garment in an excess of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the caravanfera in which he lodged; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the seraglio: I was attended by his own servants; my provisions were sent from his own table; and I received every week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantick of my expectations. But I soon discovered, that no dainty was so tasteful, as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no slumbers so sweet, as those which weariness invited; and no time so well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting it's reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret; and while I was sighing in the midst of superfluities, which though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away.

Almalic, in the midst of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired suddenly in the bath: such, thou knowest, was the destiny which the **ALMIGHTY** had written upon his head.

His son Aububeker, who succeeded to the throne, was incensed against me, by some who regarded me at once with contempt and envy: he suddenly withdrew my pension, and commanded that I should be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with so much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of Medina; indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and all the sensibility of pride. O! let not thy heart despise me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is misery to lose that which it is not happiness to possess. O! that for me, this lesson had not been written on the tablets of Providence! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter; for the pleasure of neither can return.

Hassan, having thus ended his story, smote his hands together; and, looking upward, burst into tears.

Omar, having waited till this agony was past, went to him; and, taking him by the hand—'My son,' said he, 'more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Aububeker take away. The lesson of thy life the Prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

'Thou wast once content with poverty, and labour, only because they were become habitual, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; for when ease and affluence approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object was also the bound of thy hope; and he whose utmost hope is disappointed must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of Paradise, and thou hadst believed that by the tenor of thy life these delights had been secured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldst not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed was but the lethargy of the soul; and the distress which is now suffered will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things: put thy trust in Him, who alone can gratify the wish of reason, and satisfy the soul with good: fix thy hope upon that pardon, in comparison of which the world is as the drop of the bucket, and the dust of the balance. Return, my son, to thy labour; thy food shall be again tasteful, and thy rest shall be sweet: to thy content also will be added stability, when it depends not upon that which is possessed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in Heaven.'

Hassan, upon whose mind the Angel of instruction impressed the counsel of Omar, hastened to prostrate himself in the temple of the Prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning: he returned to his labour with cheerfulness; his devotion became fervent and habitual; and the latter days of Hassan were happier than the first.

N^o XXXIII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1753.

LATET ANGUIS IN HERBA.

VIRG.

WITHIN IN THE GRASS CONCEAL'D A SERPENT LIES.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

AS the view of publick undertakings should be the publick good, no foible that is prejudicial to society can be too trifling to be animadverted upon. I shall, therefore, without any farther apology, lay before you one of the greatest impediments to the pleasure of conversation; an artful manner of conveying keen reproaches and harsh satires, under the disguise of discoursing on general subjects, which seem quite foreign to any thing that may concern the company. Thus, instead of endeavouring to entertain each other with cheerful good-humour, most conversations are carried on, as Hudibras says—

'With words, far bitterer than wormwood,
'That would in Job or Grizzel stir mood.'

It is an old and a just observation, that no situation can well be less entertaining, than that of a third person to lovers; yet while decency is preserved, which is generally the case before marriage, and by sensible and well-bred people afterwards; even in this situation, the mind that is stored with any images of it's own, may amuse itself; and the heart that is fraught with any good-nature, may find some satisfaction in considering the pleasure which the fond lovers enjoy in the company of each other. But from the uneasiness of being a third person to Quarrellers, there is no relief; your own thoughts are broke in upon by the jarring discord of your companions; and they will neither contribute to your entertainment, nor even suffer you to retain the tranquillity of your own bosom.

Amongst the vulgar, where the men vent their passions by swearing, and the women by scolding or crying, their quarrels are generally soon made up; nor does any danger remain after reconciliation. But in higher life, where such efforts

are restrained by good-breeding, and where people have learned to disguise, not to subdue their passions, an inveterate rancour often lies corroding in the breast, and generally produces all the effects of inexorable malice.

People consider not, that by family repartees and oblique reflections on each side, the very inmost secrets of their lives are disclosed to their common acquaintance; and that they oftentimes inconsiderately lay open to their worst enemies, faults and imperfections in themselves and their relations, which they would take pains to conceal from their dearest friends.

To give you a full idea of what I mean, I send you a history of my life and adventures for one day; and I wish I could say it was the only one, in which I have been witness to such disagreeable scenes as are here represented.

In the morning I breakfasted with two young ladies. Miss Harriet the elder sister was about the age of nineteen, and Miss Fanny the youngest not quite seventeen. Their parents are able amply to provide for them; and have spared no cost in masters of every kind, in order to give them all fashionable female accomplishments. Ever since they have quitted the nursery, they have been indulged in seeing their own company in Miss Harriet's dressing-room, which is finished and adorned with great elegance of taste and profusion of expence. They are both possessed of no small share of beauty, with so much quickness of apprehension and ready wit, as might, if rightly applied, render them extremely entertaining. Not one real misfortune can they yet have met with, to sour their tempers or suppress their vivacity; yet I could plainly see, that they were very far from being happy, and that their unhappiness arose from their continual bickerings with each other. After breakfast, Miss Fanny took up a volume of Shakespeare's plays that lay in the window; and out of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, read the following part of a

speech

speech which Helena makes to her friend Hermia, in the third act—

- Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid!
- Have you contrived, have you with these
• contrived
- To bait me with this foul derision?
- Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
- The sisters' vows, the hours that we have
• spent,
- When we have chid the hasty-footed time
• For parting us; O! and is all forgot!

Then laying down the book, with the tears half starting from her eyes, she looked earnestly at her sister, and in a tone more theatrical than I wish to hear off the stage, cried out—'Oh! wretched Helena, unhappy maid! I wonder not that in your circumstances you imagined that every word was intended as an insult; since no doubt you had often experienced such inhuman treatment.' Miss Harriet with some warmth answered—'You should remember, Sister, that Helena was a foolish weak girl, fond of a man that despised her; and it was kind of any body to endeavour to cure her of such a mean-spirited passion.'

FANNY. 'Tis always cruel, Sister, to insult the wretched.'

HARRIET. 'Those that are miserable by their own folly, Miss Fanny, will call every thing insult and reproach, that tends not to soothe and encourage them in a silly passion.'

FANNY. 'If love is a silly passion, Miss Harriet, I know some mighty wise people that have felt it's power.'

HARRIET. 'I do not say that love is a silly passion, where it is properly placed; but I know, Madam, that a headstrong young girl will always be angry with every one that advises her for her own good.'

FANNY. 'And I know also, Madam—'

As soon as the affectionate name of Sister was dropped, and the ceremony of Miss supplied it's place, I even then began to fear, lest ceremony would also undergo the same fate, and that passion at last would introduce open rudeness: but the word Madam doubly retorted, no sooner reached my ears, than, trembling for the event, I interrupted the dialogue by taking my leave; and I doubt not but any one from this sketch may easily be able to paint in what manner these young ladies pass most of their hours together.

From hence I went to visit three

cousins, who, although they had moderate independent fortunes, yet had for some years lived together as one family. They were women of an obscure and low education, but commonly reputed good-natured. I took it for granted, therefore, that I should meet with some harmony amongst them; but by their conversation I soon found, that they continued under the same roof, for no other reason, but because each fancied herself obliged to it she knew not why, and could not tell how to extricate herself from imaginary chains.

Whatever conversation I began with a design of amusing them, was interrupted by their all talking at once upon the subject which seemed uppermost in their minds; and proving to a demonstration, that one person could live by herself much cheaper than with a companion; and each separately declared, that she could live for a mere trifle, was it not for expensive connexions. Then running through every branch of house-keeping, each inveighed strongly against some article, which either she did not like, or from ill health could not enjoy, and which she knew also to be agreeable to her companions. This discourse was too vulgar as well as disagreeable to be long endured; I therefore hastened off as fast as possible and went to dinner, where the family consisted of an old gentleman and lady, their two daughters, and two young gentlemen; who, I soon found, were the intended lovers of the young ladies. By intended lovers, I mean, they were young gentlemen, whose fortunes and characters were agreeable to the parents, and the design of this interview was for the young people to see whether they were agreeable to each other. I now expected the highest scene of cheerfulness and good-humour; for on such occasions both gentlemen and ladies generally dress themselves in their best looks and their best humour, as certainly as in their best and most becoming cloaths. The two gentlemen I soon perceived had made a separate choice; but, unfortunately, the two ladies were both bent on the conquest of the same man; to compass which, their features and persons, through affectation, were thrown into a thousand distortions. From an envious fear of each other's success, lowring suspicion sat upon their brows; and their eyes, which were naturally piercing,

piercing, darted forth such malignant glances at each other, that they lost all their beauty, and, from being turned so many ways at once, looked as if they squinted. Their whole discourse consisted of sharp reflections against coquetry; each insinuating, in pretty intelligible terms, that the other was a finished coquet: and indeed they spared not, in an indirect manner, to accuse each other of every ill quality in human nature. How this recommended them to their lovers, I know not; but it made their company, partly through compassion, and partly through indignation, so unpleasant to me, that as soon as I could, consistent with civility, I took my leave; and closed this agreeable day with a married couple, the motive of whose coming together was said to be love, for no other could well be assigned for it. They had been married some years, but had no children; which I soon found was no small grief to the husband, by his talking in raptures of every prattling child he had met with abroad; to which the wife always answered, that she was sick of hearing of nothing but the monkey tricks of a parcel of senseless brats. As they were both people of tolerable understanding, and were said to be very fond of reading, I endeavoured to turn the discourse into another channel, which was pretty easily done, and they with great readiness entered into a conversation on plays and books of amusement. But here again not a single character could be mentioned, without causing a warm dispute between the husband and wife: she most outrageously inveighed against every example of a kind and obliging wife, whose behaviour, she said, was the effect

of a paltry meanness of spirit; while he burst out in raptures on the happiness of every libertine, who was not bound by the uneasy fetters of matrimony. Both had some poetical passage ready to repeat in support of their decisions; and their eyes were alternately cast towards me, as claiming my approbation.

Could I possibly want to be farther informed of their private history? Or can I claim to myself any peculiar penetration, for saying that Mr. B—— is grown sick of his wife, and is a man of pleasure and intrigue; and that she leads him a weary life from suspicion of his amours, being resolved not to incur that censure of mean-spiritedness, which she cast on every character that exemplified any degree of patience and acquiescence towards a husband? Nay, without the least spark of divination, I will venture to foretel, that Mr. B——, driven from his own house by the petulance and clamours of his wife, will spend most of his time with some favourite courtesan, whose interest it is to engage him by cheerfulness and good-humour: and that Mrs. B——, piqued at the neglect of her charms, may possibly revenge the inconstancy of her husband, by sacrificing her own virtue and honour.

If, Sir, you can prevail with people not to expose themselves in this manner, and can persuade them, that Good-Humour would be a more agreeable entertainment to their guests than the most costly provisions; you will certainly do an essential piece of service to society, and you may command all the assistance in the power of

Your most obedient, &c.

MYRTILLA.

Nº XXXIV. SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1753.

HAS TOTIES OPTATA EXECIT GLORIA POENAS.

JUV.

SUCH FATE PURSUES THE VOTARIES OF PRAISE.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

FLEET-PRISON, FEB. 24.

TO a benevolent disposition, every state of life will afford some opportunities of contributing to the welfare of mankind. Opulence and splendor are enabled to dispel the cloud of adversity, to dry up the tears of the widow and the orphan, and to increase the felicity of

all around them: their example will animate virtue, and retard the progress of vice. And even indigence and obscurity, though without power to confer happiness, may at least prevent misery, and apprise those who are blinded by their passions that they are on the brink of irremediable calamity.

Pleased, therefore, with the thought of recovering others from that folly which

M

has

has embittered my own days, I have presumed to address the Adventurer from the dreary mansions of wretchedness and despair, of which the gates are so wonderfully constructed, as to fly open for the reception of strangers, though they are impervious as a rock of adamant to such as are within them.

*Facilis descensus Avernus ;
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Diis ;
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad
auras,
Hoc opus hic labor est.* VIRG.

The gates of hell are open night and day ;
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way :
But to return and view the cheerful skies,
In this the task and mighty labour lies.

DRYDEN.

Suffer me to acquaint you, Sir, that I have glittered at the ball, and sparkled in the circle; that I have had the happiness to be the unknown favourite of an unknown lady at the masquerade; have been the delight of tables of the first fashion, and the envy of my brother beaux; and, to descend a little lower, it is, I believe, still remembered, that Messrs. Vellours and d'Espagne stand indebted for a great part of their present influence at Guildhall, to the elegance of my shape, and the graceful freedom of my carriage.

*—Sed quæ præclara et prospera tanti,
Ut rebus lætis par sit mensura malorum !*

JUV.

See the wild purchase of the bold and vain,
Where every bliss is bought with equal pain !

As I entered into the world very young, with an elegant person, and a large estate, it was not long before I disentangled myself from the shackles of religion; for I was determined to the pursuit of pleasure, which according to my notions consisted in the unrestrained and unlimited gratifications of every passion and every appetite; and as this could not be obtained under the frowns of a perpetual dictator, I considered religion as my enemy; and proceeding to treat her with contempt and derision, was not a little delighted, that the unfashionableness of her appearance, and the unanimated uniformity of her motions, afforded frequent opportunities for the sallies of my imagination.

Conceiving now that I was sufficiently qualified to laugh away scruples, I imparted my remarks to those among my female favourites, whose virtue I intended to attack; for I was well assured, that pride would be able to make but a weak defence when religion was subverted: nor was my success below my expectation; the love of pleasure is too strongly implanted in the female breast, to suffer them scrupulously to examine the validity of arguments designed to weaken restraint; all are easily led to believe, that whatever thwarts their inclination must be wrong. Little more, therefore, was required, than by the addition of some circumstances, and the exaggeration of others, to make merriment supply the place of demonstration: nor was I so senseless as to offer arguments to such as could not attend to them, and with whom a repartee or catch would more effectually answer the same purpose. This being effected, there remained only 'the dread of the world.' But Roxana soared too high, to think the opinion of others worthy her notice; Lætitia seemed to think of it only to declare, that 'if all her hairs were worlds,' she should reckon them 'well lost for love;' and Pastorella fondly conceived, that she could dwell for ever by the side of a bubbling fountain, content with her swain and fleecy care; without considering that stillness and solitude can afford satisfaction only to innocence.

It is not the desire of new acquisitions, but the glory of conquests, that fires the soldier's breast; as indeed the town is seldom worth much when it has suffered the devastations of a siege; so that though I did not openly declare the effects of my own prowess, which is forbidden by the laws of honour, it cannot be supposed that I was very solicitous to bury my reputation, or to hinder accidental discoveries. To have gained one victory, is an inducement to hazard a second engagement: and though the success of the general should be a reason for increasing the strength of the fortification, it becomes, with many, a pretence for an immediate surrender, under the notion that no power is able to withstand so formidable an adversary; while others brave the danger, and think it mean to surrender, and dastardly to fly. Melissa, indeed, knew better; and though she could not boast the apathy, steadiness, and inflexibility of a Cato, wanted not the

more

more prudent virtue of Scipio, and gained the victory by declining the contest.

You must not, however, imagine that I was, during this state of abandoned libertinism, so fully convinced of the fitness of my own conduct, as to be free from uneasiness. I knew very well that I might justly be deemed the pest of society, and that such proceedings must terminate in the destruction of my health and fortune: but to admit thoughts of this kind was to live upon the rack; I fled, therefore, to the regions of mirth and jollity, as they are called, and endeavoured with Burgundy, and a continual rotation of company, to free myself from the pangs of reflection. From these orgies we frequently sallied forth in quest of adventures, to the no small terror and consternation of all the sober stragglers that came in our way: and though we never injured, like our illustrious progenitors the Mohocks, either life or limbs; yet we have in the midst of Covent Garden buried a taylor, who had been troublesome to some of our fine gentlemen, beneath a heap of cabbage-leaves and stalks, with this conceit—

Satiare caule quem semper cupisti.

Glut yourself with cabbage, of which you have always been greedy.

There can be no reason for mentioning the common exploits of breaking windows and bruising the watch; unless it be to tell you of the device of producing before the justice broken lanterns, which have been paid for a hundred times; or their appearances with patches on their heads, under pretence of being cut by the sword that was never drawn: nor need I say any thing of the more formidable attack of sturdy chairmen, armed with poles; by a slight stroke of which, the pride of Ned Revel's face was at once laid flat, and that effected in an instant, which it's most mortal foe had for years assayed in vain. I shall pass over the accidents that attend attempts to scale windows, and endeavours to dislodge signs from their hooks; there are many 'hair-breadth 'scapes,' besides those in the 'imminent deadly breach:' but the rake's life, though it be equally hazardous with that of the soldier, is neither accompanied with present honour nor with pleasing retrospect. Such is, and

such ought to be, the difference between the enemy and the preserver of his country.

Amidst such giddy and thoughtless extravagance, it will not seem strange, that I was often the dupe of coarse flattery. When Mons. l'Allonge assured me, that I thrust quart over arm better than any man in England, what could I less than present him with a sword that cost me thirty pieces? I was bound for a hundred pounds for Tom Tripper, because he had declared that he would dance a minuet with any man in the three kingdoms except myself. But I often parted with money against my inclination, either because I wanted the resolution to refuse, or dreaded the appellation of a niggardly fellow; and I may be truly said to have squandered my estate, without honour, without friends, and without pleasure. The last may, perhaps, appear strange to men unacquainted with the masquerade of life: I deceived others, and I endeavoured to deceive myself; and have worn the face of pleasantry and gaiety, while my heart suffered the most exquisite torture.

By the instigation and encouragement of my friends, I became at length ambitious of a seat in parliament; and accordingly set out for the town of Wallop in the west, where my arrival was welcomed by a thousand throats; and I was in three days sure of a majority: but after drinking out one hundred and fifty hogshheads of wine, and bribing two-thirds of the corporation twice over, I had the mortification to find, that the borough had been before sold to Mr. Courty.

In a life of this kind, my fortune, though considerable, was presently dissipated; and as the attraction grows more strong the nearer any body approaches the earth, when once a man begins to sink into poverty, he falls with velocity always increasing; every supply is purchased at a higher and higher price, and every office of kindness obtained with greater and greater difficulty. Having now acquainted you with my state of elevation, I shall, if you encourage the continuance of my correspondence, shew you by what steps I descended from a first floor in Pall Mall, to my present habitation.

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T

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I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

T MISARGYRUS.

N^o XXXV. TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1753.

CELEBRATE DOMESTICA FACTA.

HOR.

WE FIND FIT SUBJECTS FOR OUR VERSE AT HOME.

ROSCOM.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

ONE of the improvements of life, in which the present age have excelled all that have gone before, is the quick circulation of intelligence, the faithful and easy communication of events past and future, by the multitude of news-papers which have been contrived to amuse or inform us. But as these performances, whether daily or weekly, are commonly the productions of industrious indigence, unacquainted with the higher classes of mankind, my contemporaries have left to me the province of relating what immediately passes in the fashionable world. I shall, therefore, give up to my brother journalists the dreams of politicians, the disputes of empires, and the fluctuations of commerce; and apply myself entirely to that more important business which claims every one's attention: that has the happiness of living within the circle of politeness. I have accordingly formed the plan of a new paper calculated solely for high life, in which will be contained a periodical account of the rise, progress, and declension of fashions; and a faithful recital of every remarkable occurrence among persons of figure and distinction. The usefulness and entertainment of such a paper are too evident to need any observation; and, to give you a comprehensive view of my design, and make it universally known, I have sent you the following specimen.

THE BEAU-MONDE:

OR, THE GENTLEMAN AND LADY'S
POLITE INTELLIGENCER.

Yesterday arrived a mail from Bath.

We hear that a certain great lady, having complained to a certain great lord, that the world was so ill-natured as to say her retreat into the country was

in order to lie-in, and that she had even been delivered of twins—'Madam,' said my lord, 'I make it a rule never to believe above HALF of what the world says.'

Advices from Hyde Park bring accounts of a bloody battle fought the 3d instant, N. S. between Captain Dreadnought and Lieutenant Fury, in which both were honourably run through the body.

Letters from New-Market assure us, that the horse are actually in motion, and exercise every day; whence it is conjectured, that they will take the field, and enter upon action, some time in April. A list of the forces is already drawn up by the first aid-de-camp, the Honourable Reginald Heber, Esq.

An express arrived yesterday from France, when the privy-council met in Tavistock Street for the dispatch of fashions. The British manufacturers had leave to withdraw their petitions, and the fan-makers address was ordered to lie upon the table.

Orders were issued from Lady Chamberlain's office, for all Peeresses, &c. not to wear any caps in full dress, and to make use of grey powder. The men to wear wire wigs, or their own hair frizzled up to the top, without hats. The muffs to expire the first of May next.

On Tuesday last a pair of white-heeled shoes made it's appearance in the Park, and the next day was accompanied by a pair of silver-clocked stockings.

According to the latest observations, the hoops are found to have increased two-tenths of an inch in diameter, and the hats to have decreased two-fifths in the brim.

At the last masquerade it was computed that there were near eighteen hundred people,

people, men, women, and children. The most remarkable were three naked ladies representing the Graces, two dancing bears, and a bombazeen devil. Lady Bubble-Bet lost seven hundred guineas, and my Lord Stake is said to have won fifteen hundred. The company departed in good order at break of day.

Both playhouses perform, as usual, every night to crowded audiences. Lady Frolick, chusing to mob it in the gallery the first night of the new play, lost her pink shade, half her petenlair, and one shoe in getting in. Mrs. Vale and Lady Stickfort may be heard and seen every night at one or the other house.

A petition signed by seventy-two routs, thirty-five drums, fifteen drum-majors, and eleven hurricanes, is prepared against the bill for laying an additional duty on the Ace of Spades. And we hear that in consequence of the New Stile, a bill is to be brought in for altering the diurnal calculation of time. It is proposed, that the morning be put back twelve hours, and is not to commence till twelve at noon; noon and night to be annihilated, and the evening not to end till day-break. This is agreeable to the practice of all the fashionable world; and the company of Stationers will have orders to prepare a new almanack upon the occasion, in order to bind up with future court-kalendars.

By private letters from Bath we are informed, that a vast concourse of people are coming in daily, but they have little or no company. Miss Susan Sly, who lately went thither for the recovery of her health, is safely brought to bed of a son and no heir, to the great grief of that noble family.

We hear that a treaty of marriage is on foot, and will speedily be consummated, between Patrick MacLackland, Esq. and Miss Polly Pert, a lady of great merit and beauty—in her pocket.

Last Monday died at her ladyship's house in Grosvenor Square, Miss Cloe, only lap-dog of the Countess of Fiddle Faddle.

On Sunday last a terrible fire broke

out at Lady Brag's, occasioned by the following accident: Mrs. Overall the housekeeper, having lost three rubbers at whist running, without holding a swabber, (notwithstanding she had changed chairs, furzed the cards, and ordered Jemmy the foot-boy to sit cross-legged for good luck) grew out of all patience; and taking up the devil's books, as she called them, flung them into the fire, and the flames spread to the steward's room; but by the timely assistance of Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Chambermaid, and Mrs. Lady's own Woman, they were prevented from doing any considerable damage,

A BILL OF MARRIAGES, BURIALS, DISEASES, AND CASUALTIES, FOR THE LAST WEEK.

Married (in church) - - - 2
(at May Fair) - - - 11
(at the Fleet) - - - 27

Buried (in the country) - - - 142

DISEASES.

Abortion - - - - - 2
Aged - - - - - 0
Broken heart (by husbands) - - 34
Child-bed (in private) - - - 5
Consumption (of the pocket) - - 73
Colds (caught at places of diversion) - - - - - 500
Excessive gaming - - - - - 92
Bad livers - - - - - 1000
Mortification - - - - - 8
Overflowing of the gall - - - 52
Rash - - - - - 7
Small-pox (loss of beauty by it) 23
Spleen - - - - - 13
Surfeit - - - - - 18
Still-born - - - - - 3
Stifled (after birth) - - - - 19
Tympnies (alias drums) - - - 7
Vapours - - - - - 18

CASUALTIES.

Teeth (loss of) - - - - - 34
Stabbed (in the reputation) - - 12
Horn-mad - - - - - 95
Bit by a mad lap-dog - - - - 1
Turned off a ladder - - - - 2
Killed (in duels) - - - - 7
Found dead (drunk) - - - - 31
Kicked and pulled by the ears - 1
High

High Mall at St. James's Park, 25 minutes after Two.

Faro bank Stock 36ol. 1 half. Hazard ditto 27ol. 3-8ths. Ditto Tallies 5ol. to 4ool. 1-4th. Sinking Fund, no price. Brag circulation, uncertain. Opera Subscription, no price. Assembly ditto, 52l. 10s. Concert ditto, 1st Sub. no price. Ditto 2d Sub. ditto. Ditto New, 1st Sub. 2l. 12s. 6d. to 3l. 3s. Ditto 2d Sub. 10s. 6d. to 4l. 4s. Irish lottery, Books shut. Benefit Tickets, 2s. to 3s. to 5s. to 5ol. Debts of Honour transferrable at White's, no price.

Thus, Sir, I have explained the method that I intend to follow, and imparted some of the materials of which my paper will consist: and as I doubt not of it's universal circulation among persons of quality, I shall, in imitation of other papers, give admittance to all those advertisements which are more immediately connected with my scheme;

such as, of plays and pantomimes, masquerades, ridottos, assemblies, oratorios, concerts, the animal comedians, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Ruckholt-house, Kendal-house, &c. &c. &c. Auctions of china, knickknacks, and cockle-shells; Pinchbeck's repository; parrots, puppies, and monkees, lost, stolen, or strayed.—Also for wives, husbands, and mistresses; masquerade habits, and masks—tooth-powders, lip-salves, and beautifying lotions—Mrs. Giles's fine compound at a Guinea an ounce—the ladies court sticking plaister—and the new-invented powder for shaving. Then among the articles of books, Duke's Art of Dancing, for the instruction of Grown Gentlemen—The Ladies Memorandum Book—Historical List of Horse Races—Calculation for laying the odds at any Game—Hoyle on the Sciences—New Novels, and other fashionable Books of Entertainment.

I am, Sir, your very humble Servant,

J. TATTLE.

A

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE A D V E N T U R E R.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

Nº XXXVI. SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1753.

— ASPERA
NIGRIS ÆQUORA VENTIS
EMIRABITUR INSOLENS,
QUINUNC TE FRUITUR CREDULUS AUREA,
QUI SEMPER VACUAM, SEMPER AMABILEM
SPERAT, NESCIUS AURÆ
FALLACIS!

HOR.

HOW OFTEN SHALL TH' UNPRACTIS'D YOUTH
OF ALTER'D GODS AND INJUR'D TRUTH,
WITH TEARS, ALAS! COMPLAIN?
HOW SOON BEHOLD WITH WONDERING EYES
THE BLACKENING WINDS TEMPESTUOUS RISE,
AND SCOWL ALONG THE MAIN?
WHILE BY HIS EASY FAITH BETRAY'D,
HE NOW ENJOYS THEE, GOLDEN MAID,
THUS AMIALE AND KIND;
HE FONDLY HOPES THAT YOU SHALL PROVE
THUS EVER VACANT TO HIS LOVE,
NOR NEEDS THE FAITHLESS WIND,

FRANCIS.

THE Ladies, to whom I lately addressed some thoughts upon the choice of a husband, I shall to-day consider as married: and as I am very far from thinking, that they may now sit down in negligent security, and remit at once their assiduity and circumspection, I shall warn them of some opinions of which this conduct is the consequence, detect some errors by which the general intention of good-nature may be disappointed, and endeavour to put them upon their guard against some propensities by which it may be overborne.

It is now necessary to remind them, that the passion which is supposed to animate the lover, the passion which is represented by flames and darts, which swells the bosom with perpetual rapture, and neither changes it's object nor loses it's ardour, exists only in poetry and romance. The real passion which wit and folly have thus concurred to dis-

guise, is subject to disgust and satiety, is excited by novelty, and frequently extinguished by possession.

It is also equally true, that a refined and abstracted friendship between persons of different sexes, a union of souls to which the corporal passion is merely accidental, is only to be found in the writings of those enthusiasts who have addressed the world from a cave or a college, and perhaps denied the force of desires which they could not subdue; or in the professions of insidious hypocrites, who have endeavoured thus to gain a confidence, which they intend only to abuse. But there is an esteem which is meliorated by love, and a love that is elevated by esteem; a kind of mixed affection, peculiar to mankind as beings compounded of instinct and reason, or, in other words, of body and mind. This is that species of affection upon which the supreme or peculiar happiness

of marriage depends, and which can scarce be preserved without a constant attention and perpetual efforts.

As love without esteem is volatile and capricious; esteem without love is languid and cold. I am afraid that many men, whose wives have possessed their esteem, have yet lavished their fortune and their fondness upon a mistress; and that the love of others, however ardent, has been quickly alienated, because it was not dignified and supported by esteem.

Though good-nature does indeed participate the pains and the pleasures of others, and may, therefore, be considered as a constant and forcible motive to communicate happiness and alleviate misery; yet it is at best but the imperfect excellence of imperfect beings, whose immediate gratifications are often selfish, and such as folly or vice render incompatible with the true happiness of the individual, and of each other.

As there is not, perhaps, upon earth any couple, whose natural dispositions and relish of life are so perfectly similar, as that their wills constantly coincide; so it must sometimes happen, that the immediate pleasure of indulging opposite inclinations will be greater than a participation of that pleasure, which would arise to the other if this indulgence should be forborne: but as to forbear this indulgence can never fail to conciliate esteem, it should always be considered as a means of happiness, and rather as an advantage than a loss; especially if it be true, that the indulgence itself, in these circumstances, never gives the pleasure that it promises.

Lady Charlotte Sprightly, the wife of a young baronet, was dressing for an assembly a few nights ago, when Sir Harry came in. 'My dear Charlotte,' says he, 'I am sorry that you are going out to-night; for my cousin George is just arrived from the East Indies: I have invited him to sup; and as he has never seen you, I promised him your company.' — 'Nay, dear Sir Harry,' replied the lady, 'do not ask me to stay at home to-night; you know I am fond of dancing, and now my fancy is set upon going, I am sure you will not disappoint me.' Sir Harry, who was truly good-natured, would not urge her to stay; for to stay with apparent reluctance would not have gratified his wish. She perceived that he was secretly displeased; however, away she went. But as she had not less good-nature than

Sir Harry, she suffered so much pain by reflecting on the pain she had given him, that she often wished herself at home. Thus she offended the delicacy of his affection; by preferring a dance to the quiet of his mind; and forfeited part of the esteem which was due to that very good-nature by which she lost the enjoyment of the night.

In this instance, the pain inflicted upon the husband was accidental to the private gratification proposed by the wife. But there is a passion very different both from malice and rage, to the gratification of which the pain of another is sometimes essentially necessary. This passion, which though its effects are often directly opposite to good-nature, is yet perhaps predominant in every breast, and indulged at whatever risque, is Vanity.

To a gratification of vanity, at the expence of reciprocal esteem, the wife is certainly under much stronger temptation than the husband; and I warn the ladies against it, not only with more zeal, but with greater hope of success; because those only who have superior natural abilities, or have received uncommon advantages from education, have it in their power.

Successfully to rally a wife, confers no honour upon a husband; the attempt is regarded rather as an insult than a contest; it is exulting in a masculine strength, to which she makes no pretensions, and brandishing weapons which she is not supposed to have skill to wield.

For the same reasons, to confute or to ridicule a husband with an apparent superiority of knowledge or of wit, affords all the parade of triumph to a wife; it is to be strong where weakness is no reproach, and to conquer when it would not have been dishonourable to fly. But these circumstances which increase the force of the temptation, will be found to afford proportionate motives to resist it: whatever adds to the glory of the victor, adds equally to the dishonour of the vanquished; and that which can exalt a wife, only by degrading a husband, will appear upon the whole not to be worth the acquisition, even though it could be made without changing fondness to resentment, or provoking to jealousy by an implication of contempt. If the ladies do not perceive the force of this argument, I earnestly request that they would for once trust implicitly

to my judgment; a request which, however extraordinary, is not unreasonable; because in this instance, the very vanity which hides truth from them, must necessarily discover it to me.

But if good-nature is sufficiently vigorous to secure the esteem of reason, it may yet be too negligent to gratify the delicacy of love: it must therefore not only be steady, but watchful and assiduous; beauty must suffer no diminution by inelegance, but every charm must contribute to keep the heart which it contributed to win; whatever would have been concealed as a defect from the lover, must with yet greater diligence be concealed from the husband. The most intimate and tender familiarity cannot surely be supposed to exclude decorum; and there is a delicacy in every mind which is disgusted at the breach of it, though every mind is not sufficiently attentive to avoid giving an offence which it has often received.

I shall conclude this paper, as I did my last on the same subject, with a general remark. As they who possess less than they expected cannot be happy, to expatiate in chimerical prospects of felicity is to insure the anguish of disappointment, and to lose the power of enjoyment, whatever may be possessed. Yet not youth, therefore, imagine, that with all the advantages of nature and education, marriage will be a constant reciprocation of delight, over which externals will have little influence, and which time will rather change than destroy. There is no perpetual source of delight but Hope: so imperfect is the utmost temporal happiness, that to possess it all is to lose it. We enjoy that which is before us; but when nothing more is possible, all that is attained is insipid. Such is the condition of this life: but let us not, therefore, think it of no value; for to be placed in this life, is to be a candidate for a better.

Nº XXXVII. TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1753.

CALUMNIARI SI QUIS AUTEM VOLUERIT,
QUOD ARBORES LOQUANTUR, NON TANTUM PERE;
FICTIS JOCAKI NOS MEMINERIT FABULIS.

PHED.

LET THOSE WHOM FOLLY PROMPTS TO SNEER,
BE TOLD WE SPORT WITH FABLE HERE;
BE TOLD THAT BRUTES CAN MORALS TEACH,
AND TREES LIKE SOUNDEST CASUISTS PREACH.

THOUGH it be generally allowed, that to communicate happiness is the characteristic of virtue, yet this happiness is seldom considered as extending beyond our own species; and no man is thought to become vicious, by sacrificing the life of an animal to the pleasure of hitting a mark. It is, however, certain, that by this act more happiness is destroyed than produced; except it be supposed, that happiness should be estimated, not in proportion to it's degree only, but to the rank of the being by whom it is enjoyed: but this is a supposition which perhaps cannot easily be supported. Reason, from which alone man derives his superiority, should, in the present question, be considered only as Sensibility: a blow produces more pain to a man than to a brute; because to a man it is aggravated by a sense of indignity, and is felt as often as it is remembered; in the brute it produces

only corporal pain, which in a short time ceases for ever. But it may be justly asserted, that the same degree of pain in both subjects, is in the same degree an evil; and that it cannot be wantonly inflicted without equal violation of right. Neither does it follow from the contrary positions, that man should abstain from animal food; for by him that kills merely to eat, life is sacrificed only to life; and if man had lived upon fruits and herbs, the greater part of those animals which die to furnish his table would never have lived; instead of increasing the breed as a pledge of plenty, he would have been compelled to destroy them to prevent a famine.

There is great difference between killing for food, and for sport. To take pleasure in that by which pain is inflicted, if it is not vicious, is dangerous; and every practice which, if not criminal in itself, yet wears out the sympathizing

N

sens.

sensibility of a tender mind, must render human nature proportionably less fit for society. In my pursuit of this train of thought, I considered the inequality with which happiness appears to be distributed among the brute creation, as different animals are in a different degree exposed to the capricious cruelty of mankind; and in the fervor of my imagination, I began to think it possible that they might participate in a future retribution; especially as mere matter and motion approach no nearer to sensibility than to thought: and he who will not venture to deny that brutes have sensibility, should not hastily pronounce, that they have only a material existence. While my mind was thus busied, the evening stole imperceptibly away; and at length morning succeeded to midnight: my attention was remitted by degrees, and I fell asleep in my chair.

Though the labours of memory and judgment were now at an end, yet fancy was still busy: by this roving wanton I was conducted through a dark avenue, which, after many windings, terminated in a place which she told me was the elysium of birds and beasts. Here I beheld a great variety of animals, whom I perceived to be endowed with reason and speech: this prodigy, however, did not raise astonishment, but curiosity. I was impatient to learn what were the topics of discourse in such an assembly; and hoped to gain a valuable addition to my remarks upon human life. For this purpose I approached a Horse and an Ass, who seemed to be engaged in serious conversation: but I approached with great caution and humility; for I now considered them as in a state superior to mortality; and I feared to incur the contempt and indignation which naturally rise at the sight of a tyrant who is divested of his power. My caution was, however, unnecessary, for they seemed wholly to disregard me; and by degrees I came near enough to overhear them.

'If I had perished,' said the Ass, 'when I was dismissed from the earth, I think I should have been a loser by my existence; for, during my whole life, there was scarce an interval of an hour, in which I did not suffer the accumulated misery of blows, hunger, and fatigue. When I was a colt, I was stolen by a gypsy, who placed two children upon my back in

a pair of panniers, before I had perfectly acquired the habit of carrying my own weight with steadiness and dexterity. By hard fare and ill treatment, I quickly became blind; and when the family to which I belonged, went into their winter quarters in Norwood, I was staked as a bet against a couple of geese, which had been found by a fellow who came by, driving before him two of my brethren, whom he had overloaded with bags of sand: a halfpenny was thrown up; and to the inexpressible increase of my calamity, the dealer in sand was the winner.

When I came to town, I was harnessed with my two wretched associates to a cart, in which my new master had piled up his commodity till it would hold no more. The load was so disproportionate to our strength, that it was with the utmost difficulty and labour dragged very slowly over the rugged pavement of the streets, in which every stone was an almost insuperable obstacle to our progress. One morning very early, as we were toiling up Snow Hill, with repeated efforts of strength, that was stimulated, even to agony, by the incessant strokes of a whip, which had already laid our loins bare even to the bone; it happened that, being placed in the shafts, and the weight pressing hard upon me, I fell down. Our driver regarded my misfortune, not with pity but rage; and the moment he turned about, he threw a stick with such violence at my head, that it forced out my eye, and passing through the socket into the brain, I was instantly dismissed from that misery, the comparison of which with my present state constitutes great part of it's felicity. But you, surely, if I may judge by your stature, and the elegance of your make, was among the favourites of mankind; you was placed in a higher and a happier station; you was not the slave of indigence, but the pride of greatness; your labour was sport, and your reward was triumph, ease, plenty and attendance.

It is true, replied the Steed, 'I was a favourite: but what avails it to be the favourite of caprice, avarice, and barbarity? My tyrant was a wretch, who had gained a considerable fortune by play, particularly by racing. I had

‘ had won him many large sums ; but
 ‘ being at length excepted out of every
 ‘ match, as having no equal, he regard-
 ‘ ed even my excellence with malignity,
 ‘ when it was no longer subservient to
 ‘ his interest. Yet I still lived in ease
 ‘ and plenty ; and as he was able to sell
 ‘ even my pleasures, though my labour
 ‘ was become useless, I had a seraglio in
 ‘ which there was a perpetual succession
 ‘ of new beauties. At last, however,
 ‘ another competitor appeared : I enjoy-
 ‘ ed a new triumph by anticipation ; I
 ‘ rushed into the field, panting for the
 ‘ conquest ; and the first heat I put my
 ‘ master in possession of the stakes, which
 ‘ amounted to ten thousand pounds.
 ‘ The proprietor of the mare that I had
 ‘ distanced, notwithstanding this dis-
 ‘ grace, declared with great zeal, that
 ‘ she should run the next day against
 ‘ any gelding in the world for double
 ‘ the sum : my master immediately ac-
 ‘ cepted the challenge, and told him,
 ‘ that he would the next day produce a
 ‘ gelding that should beat her : but what
 ‘ was my astonishment and indignation,
 ‘ when I discovered that he most cru-
 ‘ elly and fraudulently intended to qua-
 ‘ lify me for this match upon the spot ;
 ‘ and to sacrifice my life at the very
 ‘ moment in which every nerve should
 ‘ be strained in his service.

‘ As I knew it would be in vain to
 ‘ resist, I suffered myself to be bound :
 ‘ the operation was performed, and I was
 ‘ instantly mounted and spurred on to
 ‘ the goal. Injured as I was, the love
 ‘ of glory was still superior to the desire
 ‘ of revenge : I determined to die as I
 ‘ had lived, without an equal ; and hav-
 ‘ ing again won the race, I sunk down
 ‘ at the post in an agony, which soon
 ‘ after put an end to my life.

When I had heard this horrid narra-
 tive, which indeed I remembered to be
 true, I turned about in honest confusion,
 and blushed that I was a man. But
 my reflections were interrupted by the
 notes of a Blackbird, who was singing
 the story of his own fate with a melody
 that irresistibly compelled my attention.
 By this gentle and harmonious being, I
 was not treated with equal contempt ; he
 perceived that I listened with curiosity ;
 and, interrupting his song—‘ Stranger,’
 says he, ‘ though I am, as thou seest, in
 ‘ the fields of Elysium, yet my happi-
 ‘ ness is not complete ; my mate is still
 ‘ exposed to the miseries of mortality,

‘ and I am still vulnerable in her. O !
 ‘ stranger, to bribe thy friendship, if
 ‘ peradventure it may reach my love, I
 ‘ will gratify the curiosity with which
 ‘ thy looks enquire after me. I fell by
 ‘ the unprovoked enmity of man, in that
 ‘ season when the dictates of nature are
 ‘ love. But let not my censure be uni-
 ‘ versal ; for as the elegy which I sing
 ‘ was written by a human being, every
 ‘ human being is not destitute of com-
 ‘ passion, nor deaf to the language in
 ‘ which our joys and fears are express-
 ‘ ed.’ He then, after a sweet though
 short prelude, made the grove again
 echo with his song.

The sun had chac’d the winter’s snow,
 And kindly loos’d the frost-bound soil ;
 The melting streams began to flow,
 And plow-men urg’d their annual toil.
 ’Twas then, amid the vernal throng,
 Whom nature wakes to mirth and love,
 A Blackbird rais’d his amorous song,
 And thus it echo’d through the grove :
 ‘ O ! fairest of the feather’d train,
 ‘ For whom I sing, for whom I burn ;
 ‘ Attend with pity to my strain,
 ‘ And grant my love a kind return.
 ‘ See, see, the winter’s storms are flown,
 ‘ And zephyrs gently fan the air !
 ‘ Let us the genial influence own,
 ‘ Let us the vernal pastime share.
 ‘ The raven plumes his jetty wing,
 ‘ To please his croaking paramour ;
 ‘ The larks responsive love-tales sing,
 ‘ And tell their passions as they soar.
 ‘ But trust me, love, the raven’s wing
 ‘ Is not to be compar’d with mine ;
 ‘ Nor can the lark so sweetly sing.
 ‘ As I, who strength with sweetness join.
 ‘ With thee I’ll prove the sweets of love,
 ‘ With thee divide the cares of life ;
 ‘ No fonder husband in the grove,
 ‘ Nor none than thee a happier wife.
 ‘ I’ll lead thee to the clearest rill,
 ‘ Whose streams among the pebbles stray ;
 ‘ There will we sit and sip our fill,
 ‘ Or on the flow’ry border play.
 ‘ I’ll guide thee to the thickest brake,
 ‘ Impervious to the school-boy’s eye ;
 ‘ For thee the plaster’d nest I’ll make,
 ‘ And on thy downy pinions lie.
 ‘ To get thee food I’ll range the fields,
 ‘ And call the best of ev’ry kind ;
 ‘ Whatever nature’s bounty yields,
 ‘ Or love’s assiduous care can find.
 ‘ And when my lovely mate would stray,
 ‘ To taste the summer’s sweet at large,
 ‘ At home I’ll wait the live-long day,
 ‘ And tend at home our infant charge.

' When, prompted by a mother's care,
 ' Thy warmth shall form th' imprison'd
 young,
 ' With thee the task I'll fondly share,
 ' Or cheer thy labours with my song.
 He ceas'd his song. The melting dame
 With tender pity heard his strain;
 She felt, she own'd, a mutual flame,
 And hast'ned to relieve his pain.
 He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
 And nestled closely to her side;
 The happiest bridegroom in that hour,
 And she the most enamour'd bride.
 Next morn he wak'd her with a song—
 ' Arise! behold the new-born day!
 ' The lark his morn'g peal has rung;
 ' Arise, my love, and come away!
 Together through the fields they stray'd,
 And at the verdant riv'let's side,
 Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
 With honest joy and decent pride.
 But O! my muse with pain relates
 The mournful sequel of my tale;
 Sent by an order of the Fates,
 A gunner met them in the vale.
 Alarm'd, the lover cry'd—' My dear,
 ' Haste, haste away; from danger fly!—

' Here, gunner, turn thy vengeance, here!
 ' O! spare my love, and let me die.'

At him the gunner took his aim;
 The aim he took was much too true;
 O! had he chose some other game,
 Or shot as he had us'd to do!
 Divided pair! forgive the wrong,
 While I with tears your fate rehearse:
 I'll join the widow's plaintive song,
 And save the lover in my verse.

The emotions which this song produced
 in my bosom, awaked me; and I imme-
 diately recollected, that, while I slept,
 my imagination had repeated 'an elegy
 ' occasioned by shooting a Blackbird on
 ' Valentine's day,' which had a few
 days before been communicated to me
 by a gentleman, who is not only eminent
 for taste, literature and virtue, but for
 his zeal in defence of that religion, which
 most strongly inculcates compassion to
 inferior natures, by the example of it's
 Divine Author, who gave the most stu-
 pendous proof of his compassion for
 ours.

Nº XXXVIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1753.

Εὖ γὰρ δὴ ὁ ἀποφθάνων, τὴ θεοῦ ὁμιλίᾳ
 ἔχειται, ' ευεργεσίαν, εἴη καὶ ἀλήθειαν.'

PYTHAG. AP. LONGIN.

PYTHAGORAS BEING ASKED IN WHAT MAN COULD RESEMBLE THE DI-
 VINITY, JUSTLY ANSWERED, ' IN BENEFICENCE AND TRUTH.'

IN THE PERSIAN CHRONICLE OF THE FIVE HUNDRED AND THIRTEENTH
 YEAR OF THE HEIGYRA, IT IS THUS WRITTEN:

OF THE LETTER OF COSROU THE IMAN.

IT pleased our mighty sovereign
 Abbas Carascan, from whom the
 kings of the earth derive honour and
 dominion, to set Mirza his servant over
 the province of Tauris. In the hand
 of Mirza, the balance of distribution was
 suspended with impartiality; and under
 his administration the weak were pro-
 tected, the learned received honour, and
 the diligent became rich: Mirza, there-
 fore, was beheld by every eye with
 complacency, and every tongue pro-
 nounced blessings upon his head. But
 it was observed that he derived no joy
 from the benefits which he diffused; he
 became pensive and melancholy; he spent
 his leisure in solitude; in his palace he sat
 motionless upon a sofa; and when he
 went out, his walk was slow, and his

eyes were fixed upon the ground: he ap-
 plied to the business of state with reluc-
 tance; and resolved to relinquish the toil
 of government, of which he could no
 longer enjoy the reward.

He therefore obtained permission to
 approach the throne of our sovereign;
 and being asked what was his request, he
 made this reply: ' May the Lord of the
 ' world forgive the slave whom he has
 ' honoured, if Mirza presume again to
 ' lay the bounty of Abbas at his feet.
 ' Thou hast given me the dominion of a
 ' country, fruitful as the gardens of Da-
 ' mascus; and a city, glorious above all
 ' others, except that only which reflects
 ' the splendor of thy presence. But the
 ' longest life is a period scarce sufficient
 ' to prepare for death; all other business

* Never having killed any thing before or since.

is vain and trivial, as the toil of em-
 ' ments in the path of the traveller, under
 ' whose foot they perish for ever; and all
 ' enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanes-
 ' cent, as the colours of the bow that
 ' appears in the interval of a storm.
 ' Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for
 ' the approach of eternity; let me give
 ' up my soul to meditation: let solitude
 ' and silence acquaint me with the mys-
 ' teries of devotion; let me forget the
 ' world, and by the world be forgotten,
 ' till the moment arrives in which the
 ' veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall
 ' be found at the bar of the ALMIGH-
 ' TY.' Mirza then bowed himself to
 the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of Abbas it is re-
 corded, that at these words he trembled
 upon that throne, at the footstool of
 which the world pays homage; he look-
 ed round upon his nobles; but every
 countenance was pale, and every eye was
 upon the earth. No man opened his
 mouth; and the king first broke silence,
 after it had continued near an hour.

' Mirza, terror and doubt are come
 ' upon me. I am alarmed, as a man
 ' who suddenly perceives that he is near
 ' the brink of a precipice, and is urged
 ' forward by an irresistible force: but
 ' yet I know not, whether in danger
 ' is a reality or a dream. I am as thou
 ' art, a reptile of the earth; my life is a
 ' moment; and eternity, in which days
 ' and years and ages are nothing, eter-
 ' nity is before me, for which I also
 ' should prepare: but by whom then
 ' must the faithful be governed? by those
 ' only who have no fear of judgment?
 ' by those only whose life is brutal, be-
 ' cause like brutes they do not consider
 ' that they shall die? Or who, indeed,
 ' are the faithful? Are the busy multi-
 ' tudes that croud the city, in a state of
 ' perdition? and is the cell of the dervise
 ' alone the gate of paradise? To all, the
 ' life of a dervise is not possible: to all,
 ' therefore, it cannot be a duty. Depart
 ' to the house which has in this city been
 ' prepared for thy residence: I will me-
 ' ditate the reason of thy request; and
 ' may he who illuminates the mind of
 ' the humble, enable me to determine
 ' with wisdom.'

Mirza departed; and on the third day
 having received no command, he again
 requested an audience, and it was grant-
 ed. When he entered the royal presence,
 his countenance appeared more cheerful;

he drew a letter from his bosom, and hav-
 ing kissed it, he presented it with his right
 hand. ' My lord,' said he, ' I have
 ' learned by this letter, which I receiv-
 ' ed from Cosrou the Iman who now
 ' stands before thee, in what manner
 ' life may be best improved. I am en-
 ' abled to look back with pleasure, and
 ' forward with hope; and I shall now
 ' rejoice still to be the shadow of thy
 ' power at Tauris, and to keep those
 ' honours which I so lately wished to
 ' resign.' The king, who had listened
 to Mirza with a mixture of surprize and
 curiosity, immediately gave the letter to
 Cosrou, and commanded that it should
 be read. The eyes of the court were at
 once turned upon the hoary sage, whose
 countenance was suffused with an honest
 blush; and it was not without some he-
 sitation that he read these words.

' To Mirza, whom the wisdom of
 ' Abbas our mighty lord has honour-
 ' ed with dominion, be everlasting health!
 ' When I heard thy purpose to withdraw
 ' the blessings of thy government from
 ' the thousands of Tauris, my heart was
 ' wounded with the arrow of affliction,
 ' and my eyes became dim with sorrow.
 ' But who shall speak before the king,
 ' when he is troubled? and who shall
 ' boast of knowledge, when he is distres-
 ' sed by doubt? To thee I will relate
 ' the events of my youth, which thou
 ' hast renewed before me; and those
 ' truths which they taught me, may the
 ' Prophet multiply to thee.

' Under the instruction of the physi-
 ' cian Aluzar, I obtained an early know-
 ' ledge of his art. To those who were
 ' smitten with disease, I could admini-
 ' ster plants, which the sun has impreg-
 ' nated with the spirit of health. But the
 ' scenes of pain, languor, and mortality,
 ' which were perpetually rising before
 ' me, made me often tremble for myself.
 ' I saw the grave open at my feet: I de-
 ' termined, therefore, to contemplate
 ' only the regions beyond it, and to de-
 ' spise every acquisition which I could
 ' not keep. I conceived an opinion, that
 ' as there was no merit but in voluntary
 ' poverty, and silent meditation, those
 ' who desired money were not proper
 ' objects of bounty; and that by all who
 ' were proper objects of bounty, money
 ' was despised. I, therefore, buried
 ' mine in the earth; and renouncing so-
 ' ciety, I wandered into a wild and se-
 ' questered part of the country: my
 ' dwelling

dwelling was a cave by the side of a hill; I drank the running water from the spring, and eat such fruits and herbs as I could find. To increase the austerity of my life, I frequently watched all night, sitting at the entrance of the cave with my face to the east, resigning myself to the secret influences of the Prophet, and expecting illuminations from above. One morning after my nocturnal vigil, just as I perceived the horizon glow at the approach of the sun, the power of sleep became irresistible, and I sunk under it. I imagined myself still sitting at the entrance of my cell; that the dawn increased; and that as I looked earnestly for the first beam of day, a dark spot appeared to intercept it. I perceived that it was in motion; it increased in size as it drew near, and at length I discovered it to be an eagle. I still kept my eye fixed steadfastly upon it, and saw it alight at a small distance, where I now descried a fox whose two fore legs appeared to be broken. Before this fox the eagle laid part of a kid, which she had brought in her talons, and then disappeared. When I awaked I laid my forehead upon the ground, and blessed the Prophet for the instruction of the morning. I reviewed my dream, and said thus to myself: "Cosiron, thou hast done well to renounce the tumult, the business, and the vanities of life: but thou hast as yet only done it in part; thou art still every day busied in the search of food, thy mind is not wholly at rest, neither is this trust in Providence complete. What art thou taught by this vision? If thou hast seen an eagle commissioned by Heaven to feed a fox that is lame, shall not the hand of Heaven also supply thee with food, when that which prevents thee from procuring it for thyself is not necessity but devotion?" I was now so confident of a miraculous supply, that I neglected to walk out for my repast, which, after the first day, I expected with an impatience that left me little power of attending to any other object: this impatience, however, I laboured to suppress, and persisted in my resolution; but my eyes at length began to fail me, and my knees smote each other; I threw myself backward, and hoped my weakness would soon increase to insensibility. But I was suddenly roused by the voice of

an invisible being, who pronounced these words: "Cosiron, I am the angel who, by the command of the ALMIGHTY, have registered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. While thou wast attempting to become wise above that which is revealed, thy folly has perverted the instruction which was vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled as the fox? hast thou not rather the powers of the eagle? Arise, let the eagle be the object of thy emulation. To pain and sickness be thou again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not rest, but action. If thou dost good to man, as an evidence of thy love to GOD, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that happiness which is the pledge of paradise, will be thy reward upon earth."

At these words I was not less astonished than if a mountain had been overturned at my feet; I humbled myself in the dust; I returned to the city; I dug up my treasure; I was liberal, yet I became rich. My skill in restoring health to the body, gave me frequent opportunities of curing the diseases of the soul. I put on the sacred vestments; I grew eminent beyond my merit; and it was the pleasure of the king that I should stand before him. Now, therefore, be not offended; I boast of no knowledge that I have not received; as the sands of the desert drink up the drops of rain, or the dew of the morning; so do I also, who am but dust, imbibe the instructions of the Prophet. Believe then that it is he who tells thee, all knowledge is prophane which terminates in thyself; and by a life wasted in speculation, little even of this can be gained. When the gates of paradise are thrown open before thee, thy mind shall be irradiated in a moment: here thou canst little more than pile error upon error; there thou shalt build truth upon truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious vision; and in the mean time emulate the eagle. Much is in thy power; and, therefore, much is expected of thee. Though the ALMIGHTY only can give virtue, yet, as a prince, thou mayest stimulate those to beneficence who act from no higher motive than immediate interest: thou canst not produce the principle, but mayest enforce the practice.

rice. The relief of the poor is equal, whether they receive it from ostentation or charity; and the effect of example is the same, whether it be intended to obtain the favour of GOD or man. Let thy virtue be thus diffused; and if thou believest with reverence, thou shalt be accepted above. Farewell. May the smile of Him who resides in the Heaven of Heavens, be upon thee! and against thy name in the

volume of His will, may happiness be written!

The king, whose doubts, like those of Mirza were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the prince to his government; and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know—‘That no life is pleasing to GOD, but that which is useful to MANKIND!’

N^o XXXIX. TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1753.

—Οδυσσεύς φύλλοισι καλύψατο, τῷ δ' ἄρ' Ἀθήνη
Υπνόν ἐν ὀμμασι χεῖν, ἵνα μιν παύσῃσι τάχιστα
Δυσκονίῃ καμάρτοις.

HOM.

—PALLAS POUR'D SWEET SLUMBERS ON HIS SOUL;
AND BALMY DREAMS, THE GIFT OF SOFT REPOSE,
CALM'D ALL HIS PAINS, AND BANISH'D ALL HIS WOES.

POPE.

IF every day did not produce fresh instances of the ingratitude of mankind, we might, perhaps, be at a loss, why so liberal and impartial a benefactor as Sleep should meet with so few historians or panegyrists. Writers are so totally absorbed by the business of the day, as never to turn their attention to that power, whose officious hand so seasonably suspends the burthen of life; and without whose interposition, man would not be able to endure the fatigue of labour however rewarded, or the struggle with opposition however successful.

Night, though she divides to many the longest part of life, and to almost all the most innocent and happy, is yet unthankfully neglected, except by those who pervert her gifts.

The astronomers, indeed, expect her with impatience, and felicitate themselves upon her arrival: Fontenelle has not failed to celebrate her praises; and to chide the sun for hiding from his view the worlds which he imagines to appear in every constellation. Nor have the poets been always deficient in her praises: Milton has observed of the night, that it is the pleasant time, the cool, the silent.

These men may, indeed, well be expected to pay particular homage to night; since they are indebted to her, not only for cessation of pain, but increase of pleasure; not only for slumber, but for knowledge. But the greater part of her avowed votaries are the sons of luxury; who

appropriate to festivity the hours designed for rest; who consider the reign of pleasure as commencing when day begins to withdraw her busy multitudes, and ceases to dissipate attention by intrusive and unwelcome variety; who begin to awake to joy when the rest of the world sinks into insensibility; and revel in the soft effluence of flattering and artificial lights, which more shadowy set off the face of things.

Without touching upon the fatal consequences of a custom, which, as Ranzini observes, will be for ever condemned, and for ever retained; it may be observed, that however sleep may be put off from time to time, yet the demand is of so importunate a nature, as not to remain long unsatisfied; and if, as some have done, we consider it as the tax of life, we cannot but observe it is a tax that must be paid, unless we could cease to be men; for Alexander declared, that nothing convinced him that he was not a divinity, but his not being able to live without sleep.

To live without sleep in our present fluctuating state, however desirable it might seem to the lady in Clelia, can surely be the wish only of the young or the ignorant; to every one else, a perpetual vigil will appear to be a state of wretchedness, second only to that of the miserable beings, whom Swift has in his travels so elegantly described, as ‘prematurely curst with immortality.’

Sleep is necessary to the happy; to prevent

vent satiety, and to endear life by a short absence; and to the miserable, to relieve them by intervals of quiet. Life is to most, such as could not be endured without frequent intermissions of existence: Homer, therefore, has thought it an office worthy of the goddess of wisdom, to lay Ulysses asleep when landed on Phæacia.

It is related of Barretier, whose early advances in literature scarce any human mind has equalled, that he spent twelve hours of the four and twenty in sleep; yet this appears, from the bad state of his health, and the shortness of his life, to have been too small a respite for a mind so vigorously and intensely employed: it is to be regretted, therefore, that he did not exercise his mind less, and his body more; since by this means it is highly probable, that though he would not then have astonished with the blaze of a comet, he would yet have shone with the permanent radiance of a fixed star.

Nor should it be objected, that there have been many men who daily spent fifteen or sixteen hours in study: for by some of whom this is reported, it has never been done; others have done it for a short time only; and of the rest it appears, that they employed their minds in such operations as required neither celerity nor strength, in the low drudgery of collating copies, comparing authorities, digesting dictionaries, or accumulating compilations.

Men of study and imagination are frequently upbraided by the industrious and plodding sons of care, with passing too great a part of their life in a state of inaction. But these desiers of sleep seem not to remember, that though it must be granted them that they are crawling about before the break of day; it can seldom be said that they are perfectly awake; they exhaust no spirits, and require no repairs; but lie torpid as a toad in marble, or at least are known to live only by an inert and sluggish locomotive faculty; and may be said, like a wounded snake, to "drag their slow length along."

Man has been long known among philosophers by the appellation of the microcosm, or epitome of the world: the resemblance between the great and little world might, by a rational observer, be detailed to many particulars; and to many more by a fanciful speculatist. I know not in which of these two classes I

shall be ranged for observing, that as the total quantity of light and darkness allotted in the course of the year to every region of the earth, is the same, though distributed at various times and in different portions; so, perhaps, to each individual of the human species, nature has ordained the same quantity of wakefulness and sleep; though divided by some into a total quiescence and vigorous exertion of their faculties, and blended by others in a kind of twilight of existence, in a state between dreaming and reasoning, in which they either think without action, or act without thought.

The poets are generally well affected to sleep: as men who think with vigour, they require respite from thought; and gladly resign themselves to that gentle power, who not only bestows rest, but frequently leads them to happier regions, where patrons are always kind, and audiences are always candid; where they are seated in the bowers of imagination, and crowned with flowers divested of their prickles, and laurels of unfading verdure.

The more refined and penetrating part of mankind, who take wide surveys of the wilds of life, who see the innumerable terrors and distresses that are perpetually preying on the heart of man, and discern with unhappy perspicuity calamities yet latent in their causes, are glad to close their eyes upon the gloomy prospect, and lose in a short insensibility the remembrance of others' miseries and their own. The hero has no higher hope, than that, after having routed legions after legions, and added kingdom to kingdom, he shall retire to milder happiness, and close his days in social festivity. The wit or the sage can expect no greater happiness, than that, after having harrassed his reason in deep researches, and fatigued his fancy in boundless excursions, he shall sink at night in the tranquillity of sleep.

The poets, among all those that enjoy the blessings of sleep, have been least ashamed to acknowledge their benefactor. How much Statius considered the evils of life as assuaged and softened by the balm of slumber, we may discover by that pathetic invocation, which he poured out in his waking nights: and that Cowley, among the other felicities of his darling solitude, did not forget to number the privilege of sleeping without disturbance, we may learn from the rank that he assigns

assigns among the gifts of nature to the poppy; 'Which is scattered,' says he, 'over the fields of corn, that all the needs of man may be easily satisfied, and that bread and sleep may be found together.'

*Si quis invisum Cereri benignæ
Me putat germen, vehementer errat;
Illa me in partem recipit libenter
Fertilis agri.*

*Meque frumentumque simul per omnes
Consulens mundo dea spargit oras;
Crescite, O! dixit, duo magna susten—
tacula vitæ.*

*Carpe, mortalis, mea dona lætus,
Carpe, nec plantas alias require,
Sed satar panis, satur et soporis,
Cætera sperne.*

He wildly errs who thinks I yield
Precedence in the well-cloth'd field,
Tho' mix'd with wheat I grow:
Indulgent Ceres knew my worth;
And, to adorn the teeming earth,
She bade the Poppy blow.

Nor vainly gay the fight to please,
But blest with power mankind to ease,
The goddess saw me rise:

'Thrive with the life-supporting grain,'
She cry'd, 'the solace of the swain,
'The cordial of his eyes.
'Seize, happy mortal, seize the good;
'My hand supplies thy sleep and food,
'And makes thee truly blest:
'With plenteous meals enjoy the day,
'In slumbers pass the night away,
'And leave to fate the rest.'

C. B.

Sleep, therefore, as the chief of all earthly blessings, is justly appropriated to industry and temperance; the refreshing rest, and the peaceful night, are the portion only of him who lies down weary with honest labour, and free from the fumes of indigested luxury; it is the just doom of laziness and gluttony, to be inactive without ease, and drowsy without tranquillity.

Sleep has been often mentioned as the image of death; 'So like it,' says Sir Thomas Brown, 'that I dare not trust it without my prayers:' their resemblance is, indeed, apparent and striking; they both, when they seize the body, leave the soul at liberty; and wise is he that remembers of both, that they can be safe and happy only by Virtue.

T

N^o XL. SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1753.

SOLVITE TANTIS ANIMUM MONSTRIS,
SOLVITE, SUPERI; RECTAM IN MELIUS
VERTITE MENTEM.

SEN.

O! SAVE, YE GODS OMNIPOTENT AND KIND,
FROM SUCH ABHORR'D CHIMERAS SAVE THE MIND!
IN TRUTH'S STRAIT PATH NO HIDEOUS MONSTERS ROAR;
TO TRUTH'S STRAIT PATH THE WAND'RING MIND RESTORE.

I Went a few days ago to visit a friend, whose understanding is so much disordered by an injudicious application to study, that he has been some time confined in a mad-house. His imagination was always remarkably vigorous, and his judgment far from contemptible: but having resolved to admit no proposition which he could not demonstrate to be true, and to proceed in no inquiry till he had perfectly levelled the path before him; his progress was presently stopped, and his mind continued fixed upon problems which no human abilities can solve, till it's object became confused, and he mistook for realities the illusions of fancy.

The unequal distribution of good and evil, the sufferings of virtue, and the enjoyments of vice, had long busied and perplexed his understanding: he could not discover, why a Being to whom all things are possible, should leave moral agents exposed to accidental happiness and misery; why a child often languishes under diseases which are derived from a parent, and a parent suffers yet keener anguish by the rebellious ingratitude of a child; why the tenderest affection is often abused by the neglect of indifference, or the insults of brutality; and why vice has external advantages put into her power, which virtue is compelled to renounce.

O

He

He considered these phenomena as blemishes in the moral system, and could not suppress romantic wishes to see them removed. These wishes he now believes to be in some degree accomplished; for he conceives himself transported to another planet, peopled with beings like himself, and governed by such laws as human pride has often dictated to Divine Wisdom for the government of the earth; he fancies too, that he is attended by a being of a superior order, who has been commanded to take charge of him during his excursion; and he says the name of this being is Azail. But notwithstanding these extravagancies, he will sometimes reason with great subtilty; and perfectly comprehends the force of any argument that is brought against him, though the next moment he will be wandering in the mazes of phrenzy, or busied to accomplish some trifling or ridiculous purpose.

When I entered his room, he was sitting in a contemplative posture, with his eyes fixed upon the ground: he just glanced them upon me; but as I perceived that his imagination was busy, I was not willing to interrupt it by the intrusion of foreign ideas: I therefore seated myself near him, without speaking a word; and after he had continued in his reverie near a quarter of an hour, he rose up, and seemed by his gestures to take leave of some invisible guest, whom with great ceremony he attended to the door. When he returned, he addressed me with his usual formality; and without expressing any curiosity to know how I had followed him into a region so remote and difficult of access, he began to acquaint me with all that had passed in his imagination.

'Azail,' said he, 'has just promised, that he will to-morrow remove me from this solitary retirement, to the metropolis; where the advantages that arise from a perfect coincidence of the natural and the moral world, will be more apparent and striking: he tells me that you have been abroad with him this morning, and have made some discoveries, which you are to communicate to me. Come, I know that you find this world very different from that which you left: there, all is confusion and deformity; good and evil seem to be distributed not by design, but by chance; and religion is not

'founded on reason, but faith. Here, all is order, harmony, and beauty: vice itself is only a deep shadow that gives strength and elegance to other figures in the moral picture. Happiness does, indeed, in some degree depend upon externals; but even external advantages are the appendages of virtue: every man spontaneously believes the rectitude which he sees, and rejoices that a blind assent to propositions which contradict his experience is not exacted.'

To this address I was at a loss how to reply; but some time was happily allowed me for recollection by my friend, who having now exhausted his ideas, lighted a pipe of tobacco, and resigned himself again to meditation. In this interval I determined to accommodate myself to his conceptions, and try what could be effected by decorating some arguments with the machinery of his fancy.

'If Azail,' said I, 'has referred you to me, I will readily gratify your curiosity: but, for my own part, I am more and more disgusted with this place, and I shall rejoice when I return to our own world. We have, I confess, been abroad this morning; but though the weather as you see is fine, and the country pleasant, yet I have great reason to be dissatisfied with my walk. This, as you have remarked, is a retired part of the country: my discoveries, therefore, with respect to the people, have been few; and, till to-day, I have seen no object that has much excited my curiosity, or could much contribute to my information; but just as we had crossed the third field from the house, I discovered a man lying near the path, who seemed to be perishing with disease and want: as we approached, he looked up at us with an aspect that expressed the utmost distress, but no expectation of relief; the silent complaint, which yet scarce implied a petition, melted my heart with pity; I ran to him; and, gently raising him from the ground, inquired how I could be employed to assist him: the man gazed at me with astonishment; and while he was making an effort to speak, Azail suddenly forced me from him. "Suppress thy pity," said he, "for it is impious; and forbear at-

"tempts

“ tempts of relief, for they are vain. Hast thou forgot, that happiness and misery are here exactly proportioned to virtue and vice; and, therefore, that to alleviate the misery, or increase the happiness, is to destroy the equipoise of the balance, and to counterwork the designs of Heaven?”

“ I felt the force of this reproof; and turning my eyes from an object which I could not behold without anguish, I soon discovered another person standing at some distance, and looking towards us: his features were fixed in the dead calm of indifference, and expressed neither pleasure nor pain. I, therefore, enquired of Azail, to what moral class he belonged; what were his virtues, passions, enjoyments, and expectations.”

“ The man,” said Azail, “ who is the subject of thy enquiry, has not suffered; and therefore does not suffer, positive pain, either of body or mind: he possesses ease and health, and enjoys the temperate gratification of his natural appetites; this temperance is his virtue, and this enjoyment it’s reward. He is destitute of whatever is distinguished upon earth by the name of Kind Affections or Social Virtue: the kind affections would render his happiness dependent upon others; and the exercise of social virtue presupposes the happiness of others to be dependent upon him. Every individual is here a kind of separate system: among these there can be neither pity nor relief, neither bounty nor gratitude. To cloathe the naked, to feed the hungry, and to comfort the afflicted, can be duties to those only who are placed where the account of Providence with vice and virtue is kept open, and the mite of human benevolence may be accepted for either; as the balance is deferred till hereafter, and will at last be stated with the utmost precision and impartiality. If these beings are intended for a future state, it is not requisite they should know it; the DEITY would be justified, if they should lose existence and life together. Hope and fear are not necessary to adjust the scale of distributive justice, or to deter them from obtaining private gratifications at the expence of others; for over the happiness of others they have no power: their expectations, therefore, are bounded by the grave; and any calamity

that would afford a probable proof of their existence beyond it, would be regarded as the most fortunate event that could befall them. In that of which others complain, they would rejoice; and adore as bounty that which upon earth has been censured as injustice.”

“ When Azail had vouchsafed me this information, I earnestly requested that I might no longer continue where my virtues had no object, where there was no happiness worthy my complacency, nor any misery that I was permitted to relieve.”

All this while my friend seemed to listen with great attention, and I was encouraged to proceed. “ I could not forbear observing to Azail,” said I, “ as we returned, that he had exhibited, in a very strong light, the great advantages which are derived from that very constitution of the natural and moral world, which being generally considered as defective, some have concealed with a view to justify Providence, and others have displayed, as an argument, that all things were produced by chance.”

“ But, Sir,” said my friend, hastily interrupting me, “ it is not merely the unequal distribution, but the existence of evil, that the Stoics denied and the Epicureans admitted, for the purposes which you suppose; and I can discover, without the assistance of Azail, that if moral evil had been excluded, the social affections would have been exercised only in the participation of happiness; pity would have been well exchanged for complacency, and the alleviation of evil for the mutual communication of good.”

I now conceived hopes that I had engaged him in a train of thought, which would by degrees lead him out of all his difficulties; I applauded myself upon the success of my project, and believed I had nothing to do but to obviate the objection he had started, and to recapitulate my other arguments of which he had tacitly acknowledged the force.

“ My dear friend,” said I, “ you talk of the exclusion of moral evil; but does not the exclusion of moral evil from a society of human beings placed in a state of probation, appear to be as impossible as to give a circle the properties of a square? And could man, supposing him to have continued impeccable, have lived upon earth in perpetual security from pain?”

‘ Would he not have been still liable to
 ‘ be crushed by a fall, or wounded by
 ‘ a blow? And is it not easy to shew,
 ‘ that these evils, which unavoidably
 ‘ become probable the moment our
 ‘ world and it’s first inhabitants were
 ‘ produced, are apparently over-ruled
 ‘ by the WISE CREATOR, and that
 ‘ from these he is perpetually educing
 ‘ good?

‘ The same act by which man forfeited his original immortality, produced eventually a proof, that it should be restored in a future state; with such circumstances as more forcibly restrained vice by fear, and encouraged virtue by hope. Man, therefore, was urged by stronger motives to rectitude of life, and a further deviation to ill became more difficult than the first; a new field was opened for the exercise of that virtue, which exercise only can improve. When distress came among us, the relief of distress was exalted into piety: “What ye did to the sick, and the prisoner,” says the AUTHOR of our religion, “ye did to me.” But the sufferings of virtue do not only exercise virtue in others; they are an earnest of everlasting felicity: and hope, without any temporary enjoyment, is of more worth than all temporary enjoyments without hope. The present system is, indeed, evidently in a state of progression: in this view, it will appear to be a work worthy of Infinite Wisdom and Goodness; for no one can

‘ complain, that an ear of corn rots in
 ‘ the ground, who knows that it cannot
 ‘ otherwise spring up, and produce first
 ‘ the blade, then the ear, and afterwards
 ‘ an increase, by which alone it becomes useful.”

I now paused, in expectation of his reply, with the utmost confidence of success: but while I was in fancy congratulating him on the recovery of his understanding, and receiving the thanks of his friends, to the utter confusion of my hope, he burst into a violent fit of laughter. At first I was not less astonished than disappointed: but I soon discovered, that while I was labouring at my argument, which wholly engrossed my attention, he had found means mischievously to shake the lighted tobacco from his pipe into my coat pocket, which having set fire to my handkerchief, was now finding it’s way through the lining.

This was so learned, rational, and ingenious a confutation of all I had said, that I could not but retract my error: and as a friend to truth and free inquiry, I recommend the same method of reply to those ingenious gentlemen who have discovered, that ridicule is the test of truth; and I am confident, that if they manage it with dexterity, it will always enable them perfectly to disconcert an antagonist who triumphs in the strength of his argument, and would otherwise bring contempt upon those who teach Providence to govern the world.

Nº XLI. TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1753.

— SI MUTABILE PECTUS

EST TIBI, CONSILIIIS, NON CURRIBUS, UTERE NOSTRIS,
 DUM POTES, ET SOLIDIS ETIAMNUM SEDIBUS ADSTAS;
 DUMQUE MALE OPTATOS NONDUM PREMIS INSCIUS AXES.

OVID.

— TH’ ATTEMPT FORSAKE,

AND NOT MY CHARIOT BUT MY COUNCIL TAKE;
 WHILE YET SECURELY ON THE EARTH YOU STAND;
 NOR TOUCH THE HORSES WITH TOO RASH A HAND.

ADDISON.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

FLEET, MARCH 24.

I Now send you the sequel of my story; which had not been so long delayed, if I could have brought myself to imagine, that any real impatience was felt for the fate of MISARGYRUS; who has travelled no unbeaten track to mi-

serery, and consequently can present the reader only with such incidents as occur in daily life.

You have seen me, Sir, in the zenith of my glory; not dispensing the kindly warmth of an all-chearing sun; but, like another Phaeton, scorching and blasting every thing round me. I shall proceed, therefore, to finish my career, and pass

as rapidly as possible through the remaining vicissitudes of my life.

When I first began to be in want of money, I made no doubt of an immediate supply. The news-papers were perpetually offering directions to men, who seemed to have no other business than to gather heaps of gold for those who place their supreme felicity in scattering it. I posted away, therefore, to one of these advertisers, who by his proposals seemed to deal in thousands; and was not a little chagrined to find, that this general benefactor would have nothing to do with any larger sum than thirty pounds, nor would venture that without a joint note from myself and a reputable house-keeper, or for a longer time than three months.

It was not yet so bad with me, as that I needed to solicit surety for thirty pounds: yet, partly from the greediness that extravagance always produces, and partly from a desire of seeing the humour of a petty usurer, a character of which I had hitherto lived in ignorance, I condescended to listen to his terms. He proceeded to inform me of my great felicity in not falling into the hands of an extortioner; and assured me that I should find him extremely moderate in his demands: he was not, indeed, certain that he could furnish me with the whole sum, for people were at this particular time extremely pressing and importunate for money; yet as I had the appearance of a gentleman, he would try what he could do, and give me his answer in three days.

At the expiration of the time, I called upon him again; and was again informed of the great demand for money, and that 'money was money now:' he then advised me to be punctual in my payment, as that might induce him to befriend me hereafter; and delivered me the money, deducting at the rate of five and thirty per cent. with another panegyric upon his own moderation.

I will not tire you with the various practices of usurious oppression; but cannot omit my transaction with Squeeze on Tower Hill, who finding me a young man of considerable expectations, employed an agent to persuade me to borrow five hundred pounds, to be refunded by an annual payment of twenty per cent. during the joint lives of his daughter Nancy Squeeze and myself. The negociator came prepared to enforce his

proposal with all his art; but finding that I caught his offer with the eagerness of necessity, he grew cold and languid: he had mentioned it out of kindness; he would try to serve me; Mr. Squeeze was an honest man, but extremely cautious. In three days he came to tell me that his endeavours had been ineffectual, Mr. Squeeze having no good opinion of my life: but that there was one expedient remaining; Mrs. Squeeze could influence her husband, and her good will might be gained by a compliment. I waited that afternoon on Mrs. Squeeze, and poured out before her the flatteries which usually gain access to rank and beauty: I did not then know, that there are places in which the only compliment is a bribe. Having yet credit with a jeweller, I afterwards procured a ring of thirty guineas, which I humbly presented, and was soon admitted to a treaty with Mr. Squeeze. He appeared peevish and backward, and my old friend whispered me, that he would never make a dry bargain: I, therefore, invited him to a tavern. Nine times we met on the affair; nine times I paid four pounds for the supper and claret; and nine guineas I gave the agent for good offices. I then obtained the money, paying ten per cent. advance; and at the tenth meeting gave another supper, and disbursed fifteen pounds for the writings.

Others, who stiled themselves brokers, would only trust their money upon goods: that I might, therefore, try every art of expensive folly, I took a house and furnished it. I amused myself with despoiling my moveables of their glossy appearance, for fear of alarming the lender with suspicions; and in this I succeeded so well, that he favoured me with one hundred and sixty pounds upon that which was rated at seven hundred. I then found that I was to maintain a guardian about me, to prevent the goods from being broken or removed. This was, indeed, an unexpected tax; but it was too late to recede; and I comforted myself, that I might prevent a creditor, of whom I had some apprehensions, from seizing, by having a prior execution always in the house.

By such means I had so embarrassed myself, that my whole attention was engaged in contriving excuses, and raising small sums to quiet such as words would no longer mollify. It cost me eighty pounds in presents to Mr. Leech the attorney,

torney, for his forbearance of one hundred, which he solicited me to take when I had no need. I was perpetually harassed with importunate demands, and insulted by wretches who a few months before would not have dared to raise their eyes from the dust before me. I lived in continual terror, frightened by every noise at the door, and terrified at the approach of every step quicker than common. I never retired to rest without feeling the justness of the Spanish proverb—'Let him who sleeps too much, borrow the pillow of a debtor;' my solicitude and vexation kept me long waking; and when I had closed my eyes, I was pursued or insulted by visionary bailiffs.

When I reflected upon the meanness of the shifts I had reduced myself to, I could not but curse the folly and extravagance that had overwhelmed me in a sea of troubles, from which it was highly improbable that I should ever emerge. I had some time lived in hopes of an estate at the death of my uncle; but he disappointed me by marrying his housekeeper; and catching an opportunity soon after of quarrelling with me, for settling twenty pounds a year upon a girl whom I had seduced, told me that he would take care to prevent his fortune from being squandered upon prostitutes.

Nothing now remained but the chance of extricating myself by marriage; a scheme which, I flattered myself, nothing but my present distress would have made me think on with patience. I determined, therefore, to look out for a tender novice, with a large fortune at her own disposal; and accordingly fixed my eyes upon Miss Biddy Simper. I had now paid her six or seven visits; and so fully convinced her of my being a gentleman and a rake, that I made no doubt that both her person and fortune would be soon mine.

At this critical time, Miss Gripe called upon me, in a chariot bought with my money, and loaded with tinkets

that I had in my days of affluence lavished upon her. Those days were now over, and there was little hope that they would ever return. She was not able to withstand the temptation of ten pounds that Talon the bailiff offered her, but brought him into my apartment disguised in a livery; and taking my sword to the window, under pretence of admiring the workmanship, beckoned him to seize me.

Delay would have been expensive without use, as the debt was too considerable for payment or bail: I, therefore, suffered myself to be immediately conducted to gaol.

Vestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus orci,

Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia curæ:

Pallentesque habitant morbi, tristisque senectus,

Et metus, et maleuada fames, et turpis egestas.

VIRG.

Just in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful cares, and fullen sorrows dwell;
And pale diseases, and repining age;
Want, fear, and famine's unresisted rage.

DRYDEN.

Confinement of any kind is dreadful; a prison is sometimes able to shock those who endure it in a good cause: let your imagination, therefore, acquaint you with what I have not words to express; and conceive, if possible, the horrors of imprisonment attended with reproach and ignominy, of involuntary association with the refuse of mankind, with wretches who were before too abandoned for society, but being now freed from shame or fear, are hourly improving their vices by consorting with each other.

There are, however, a few whom, like myself, imprisonment has rather mortified than hardened: with these only I converse; and of these you may perhaps hereafter receive some account from

Your humble Servant,

T MYSARGYRUS.

N^o XLII. SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1753.

—SUA CUIQUE DEUS FIT DIRA CUPIDO.

VIRG.

OUR LUSTS ARE GODS, AND WHAT THEY WILL IS FATE.

I Had the misfortune, some time ago, to be in company where a gentleman, who has the honour to be a principal speaker at a disputing society of the first class, was expected. Till this person came in, the conversation was carried on with the cheerful easy negligence of sensible good-humour: but we soon discovered, that his discourse was a perpetual effort to betray the company into attempts to prove self-evident propositions; a practice in which he seems to have followed the example of that deep philosopher, who denied motion, 'because,' as he said, 'a body must move either where it is, or where it is not; and both suppositions are equally absurd.'

His attempt, however, was totally unsuccessful; till at last he affirmed, that a man had no more power over his own actions than a clock; and that the motions of the human machine were determined by irresistible propensities, as a clock is kept going by a weight. This proposition was answered with a loud laugh; every one treated it as an absurdity which it was impossible to believe; and to expose him to the ridicule of the company, he was desirous to prove what he had advanced, as a fit punishment of his design to engage others to prove the contrary, which, though for a different reason, was yet equally ridiculous. After a long harangue, in which he retailed all the sophistry that he remembered, and much more than he understood, he had the mortification to find, that he had made no proselyte, nor was yet become of sufficient consequence to provoke an antagonist.

I sat silent; and as I was indulging my speculations on the scene which chance had exhibited before me, I recollected several incidents which convinced me, that most of the persons who were present had lately professed the opinion which they now opposed; and acted upon that very principle which they derided as absurd, and appeared to detest as impious.

The company consisted of Mr. Traffic, a wealthy merchant; Mr. Courtly, a commissioner of a public office; Mr. Gay, a gentleman in whose conversation there is a higher strain of pleasantry and humour, than in any other person of my acquaintance; and Myrilla, the wife of our friend at whose house we were assembled to dine, and who during this interval was engaged by some unexpected business in another room.

Those incidents which I then recollected, I will now relate: nor can any of the persons whom I have thus ventured to name, be justly offended; because that which is declared not to be the effect of choice, cannot be considered as the object of censure.

With Mr. Traffic I had contracted an intimacy in our younger days, which, notwithstanding the disparity of our fortune, has continued till now. We had both been long acquainted with a gentleman, who, though his extensive trade had contributed to enrich his country, was himself by sudden and inevitable losses become poor: his credit, however, was still good; and by the risk of a certain sum, it was still possible to retrieve his fortune. With this gentleman we had spent many a social hour; we had habitually drank his health when he was absent, and always expressed our sentiments of his merit in the highest terms. In this exigency, therefore, he applied to me, and communicated the secret of his distress; a secret, which is always concealed by a generous mind till it is extorted by torture that can no longer be borne: he knew my circumstances too well, to expect the sum that he wanted from my purse; but he requested that I would, to save him from the pain and confusion of such a conversation, communicate his request, and a true state of his affairs, to Mr. Traffic: 'For,' says he, 'though I could raise double the sum upon my own personal security, yet I would no more borrow of a man without acquainting him at what risk he lends, than I would solicit the insurance

‘surance of a ship at a common premium, when I knew, by private intelligence, that she could swim no longer than every pump was at work.’

I undertook this business with the utmost confidence of success. Mr. Traffic heard the account of our friend’s misfortunes with great appearance of concern; he warmly commended his integrity, and lamented the precarious situation of a trader, whom economy and diligence cannot secure from calamities, which are brought upon others only by profusion and riot: but as to the money, he said, that I **COULD NOT** expect him to venture it without security; that my friend himself **COULD NOT** wonder that his request was refused; ‘A request with which indeed,’ said he, ‘I **CANNOT POSSIBLY** comply.’ Whatever may be thought of the free agency of myself and my friend which Mr. Traffic had made no scruple to deny in a very interesting particular; I believe every one will readily admit, that Mr. Traffic was neither free in speculation nor fact: for he can be little better than a machine actuated by avarice, who had not power to spare one thousand pounds from two hundred times the sum, to prevent the immediate ruin of a man, in whose behalf he had been so often liberal of praise, with whom his social enjoyments had been so long connected, and for whose misfortunes he was sensibly touched.

Soon after this disappointment, my unhappy friend became a bankrupt, and applied to me once more, to solicit Mr. Courtly for a place in his office. By Mr. Courtly I was received with great friendship; he was much affected with the distresses of my friend; he generously gave me a bank-note, which he requested me to apply to his immediate relief in such a manner as would least wound his delicacy; and promised that the first vacancy he should be provided for: but when the vacancy happened, of which I had the earliest intelligence, he told me, with evident compunction and distress, that he **COULD NOT POSSIBLY** fulfil his promise, for that a very great man had recommended one of his domestics, whose solicitation for that reason it was **NOT IN HIS POWER** to refuse. This gentleman, therefore, had also professed himself a machine; and, indeed, he appears to have been no less the instrument of ambition, than Mr. Traffic of avarice.

Mr. Gay, the wit, besides that he has very much the air of a free agent, is a man of deep penetration, great delicacy, and strong compassion: but in direct opposition to all these great and good qualities, he is continually entangled in difficulties, and precipitated not only into indecency and unkindness, but impiety, by his love of ridicule. I remembered, that I had lately expostulated with him about this strange perversion of his abilities in these terms: ‘Dear Charles, it amazes me that you should rather affect the character of a merry fellow, than a wise man; that you should mortify a friend, whom you not only love but esteem; wantonly mangle a character which you reverence; betray a secret, violate truth, and sport with the doctrines and the practice of a religion which you believe, merely for the pleasure of being laughed at.’ I remember too, that when he had heard me out, he shrugged up his shoulders, and greatly extending the longitudinal dimensions of his countenance—‘All this,’ said he, ‘is very true; but if I was to be hanged I **COULD NOT HELP IT.**’ Here was another declaration in favour of fatality. Poor Gay professes himself a slave rather to vanity than to vice, and patiently submits to the most ridiculous drudgery without one struggle for freedom.

Of the lady I am unwilling to speak with equal plainness; but I hope Myrtilla will allow me to plead an **IRRESISTIBLE IMPULSE**, when she reflects that I have heard her lament that she is herself urged by an **IRRESISTIBLE IMPULSE TO PLAY**. I remembered, that I had, at the request of my friend, taken an opportunity when we were alone, indirectly to represent the pernicious consequences of indulging so preposterous an inclination. She perceived my design; and immediately accused herself with an honest sensibility that burst into tears: but at the same time told me, that she was **NO MORE ABLE** to refrain from **CARDS** than to **FLY**: and a few nights afterwards I observed her chairmen waiting at the door of a great lady, who seldom sees company but on a Sunday, and then has always the happiness of engaging a brilliant assembly at cards.

After I had recollected these incidents, I looked with less contempt upon our Necessitarian; and, to confess a truth, with less esteem upon his present opponents.

nents. I took for granted, that this gentleman's opinion proceeded from a consciousness, that he was himself the slave of some or all of these vices and follies; and that he was prompted by something like benevolence, to communicate to others a discovery by which alone he had been able to quiet his own mind, and to regard himself, rather as an object of pity than contempt. And indeed no man, without great incongruity, can affirm that he has powers which he does not exert, when to exert them is evidently his highest interest; nor should he be permitted to arrogate the dignity of a free agent, who has once professed himself to be the mere instrument of necessity.

While I was making these reflections, the husband of Myrtila came in; and to atone for any dishonour which custom or prejudice may suppose to be reflected

upon him by the unhappy FATALITY of his wife, I shall refer to him as an incontestible proof, that though there are some who have sold themselves to do evil, and become the bondmen of iniquity, yet there are others who preserve the birth-right of beings that are placed but a little lower than the angels; and who may without reproach, deny the doctrine of necessity, by which they are degraded to an equality with brutes that perish. I acknowledge, indeed, that my friend has motives from which he acts; but his motives receive their force from reason illuminated by Revelation, and conscience invigorated by hope. I acknowledge too, that he is under subjection to a master; but let it be remembered, that it is to Him only, whose service is perfect freedom.

N^o. XLIII. TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1753.

MOBILITATE VIGET

VIRG.

IT'S LIFE IS MOTION.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

MARCH 12, 1753.

THE adulteration of the copper-coin, as it is highly pernicious to trade in general, so it more immediately affects the itinerate branches of it. Among these, at present, are to be found the only circulators of base metal; and, perhaps, the only dealers who are obliged to take in payment such counterfeits as will find a currency no where else; and yet they are not allowed to raise the price of their commodities, though they are abridged of so considerable a portion of their profits.

A Tyburn execution, a duel, a most terrible fire, or a horrid, barbarous, bloody, cruel and inhuman murder, was wont to bring in vast revenues to the lower class of pamphleteers, who get their livelihood by vending these diurnal records publicly in the streets; but since half-pence have been valued at no more than five-pence the pound weight, these occasional pieces will hardly answer the expences of printing and paper; and the servant maid, who used to indulge her taste for polite literature, by purchasing fifty new play-house songs, or a whole poetical sheet of the Yorkshire garland or Gloucestershire tragedy, for a half-

penny, can now scarcely procure more than one single slip of 'I Love Sue, or the Lover's Complaint.'

It is also observable, that the Park no longer echoes with the shrill cry of 'Toothpicks! Take you six, your honour, for a half-penny,' as it did when half-pence were half-pence worth. The vender contents herself with silently presenting her little portable shop; and guards against the rapacity of the buyer, by exhibiting a very small parcel of her wares.

But the greatest sufferers are undoubtedly the numerous fraternity of beggars; for, as things are circumstanced, it would be almost as profitable to work as to beg, were it not that many more are now induced to deal out their charity in what is of no other use to themselves, in the hope of receiving seven-fold in return. Indeed, since the usual donation has been so much lessened in it's value, the beggars have been observed to be more vociferous and importunate. One of these orators, who takes his stand at Spring Gardens, now enforces his piteous complaint, with—'Good Christians, one good half-penny to the stone blind;' and another, who tells you he has lost the use of his precious limbs, addresses your compassion by shewing a bad half-penny,

P

ny,

ny, and declaring that he is ready to perish with hunger, having tried it in vain at twenty-three places to buy a bit of bread. Farthings, we are told, were formerly called in by the beggars, as they threatened the ruin of their community. I should not wonder, therefore, if this public-spirited people were also to put a stop to the circulation of bad half-pence, by melting them down from time to time as they come into their hands. The experiment is worth making; and I am assured, that, for some end or other, orders will be issued out from the king of the beggars, to bring all their adulterated copper to their mint in the Borough, or their foundry in Moorfields.

I was led to the consideration of this subject by some half-pence I had just received in change; among which one in particular attracted my regard, that seemed once to have borne the profile of King William, now scarcely visible, as it was very much battered, and besides other marks of ill usage had a hole through the middle. As it happened to be the evening of a day of some fatigue, my reflections did not much interrupt my propensity to sleep, and I insensibly fell into a kind of half-slumber; when to imagination the half-penny which then lay before me upon the table, erected itself upon it's rim, and from the royal lips it stamped on it's surface articulately uttered the following narration.

'Sir! I shall not pretend to conceal from you the illegitimacy of my birth, or the baseness of my extraction: and though I seem to bear the venerable marks of old age, I received my being at Birmingham not six months ago. From thence I was transported, with many of my brethren of different dates, characters, and configurations, to a Jew-peddler in Duke's Place, who paid for us in specie scarce a fifth part of our nominal and extrinsic value. We were soon after separately disposed of, at a more moderate profit, to coffee-houses, chop-houses, chandlers-shops, and gin-shops.

'I had not been long in the world, before an ingenious transmutter of metals laid violent hands on me; and observing my thin shape and flat surface, by the help of a little quicksilver, exalted me into a shilling. Use, however, soon degraded me again to my native low station; and I unfortu-

nately fell into the possession of an un-
chin just breeched, who received me as a Christmas-box of his godmother.

'A love of money is ridiculously instilled into children so early, that before they can possibly comprehend the use of it, they consider it as of great value: I lost, therefore, the very essence of my being in the custody of this hopeful disciple of avarice and folly, and was kept only to be looked at and admired; but a bigger boy after a while snatched me from him, and released me from my confinement.

'I now underwent various hardships among his play-fellows, and was kicked about, hustled, tossed up, and chucked into holes; which very much battered and impaired me: but I suffered most by the pegging of tops, the marks of which I have borne about me to this day. I was in this state the unwitting cause of rapacity, strife, envy, rancour, malice, and revenge, among the little apes of mankind; and became the object and the nurse of those passions which disgrace human nature, while I appeared only to engage children in innocent pastimes. At length I was dismissed from their service, by a throw with a barrow-woman for an orange.

'From her it is natural to conclude, I posted to the gin-shop; where, indeed, it is probable I should have immediately gone, if her husband, a foot-soldier, had not wrested me from her, at the expence of a bloody nose, black eye, scratched face, and torn regimentals. By him I was carried to the Mall in St. James's Park; where—I am ashamed to tell how I parted from him—Let it suffice, that I was soon after safely deposited in a night-cellar.

'From thence I got into the coat-pocket of a Blood, and remained there with several of my brethren for some days unnoticed. But one evening, as he was reeling home from the tavern, he jerked a whole handful of us through a sash window into the dining-room of a tradesman, who he remembered had been so unmannerly to him the day before, as to desire payment of his bill. We reposed in soft ease on a fine Turkey carpet till the next morning, when the maid swept us up; and some of us were allotted

lotted to purchase tea, some to buy snuff, and I myself was immediately trucked away at the door for The Sweetheart's Delight.

It is not my design to enumerate every little accident that has befallen me, or to dwell upon trivial and indifferent circumstances, as is the practice of those important egotists, who write narratives, memoirs, and travels. As useless to the community as my single self may appear to be, I have been the instrument of much good and evil in the intercourse of mankind: I have contributed no small sum to the revenues of the crown, by my share in each news-paper; and in the consumption of tobacco, spirituous liquors, and other taxable commodities. If I have encouraged debauchery or supported extravagance; I have also rewarded the labours of industry, and relieved the necessities of indigence. The poor acknowledge me as their constant friend; and the rich, though they affect to slight me, and treat me with contempt, are often reduced by their follies to distresses which it is even in my power to relieve.

The present exact scrutiny into our constitution has, indeed, very much obstructed and embarrassed my travels; though I could not but rejoice in my condition last Tuesday, as I was debarred having any share in maiming, bruising, and destroying, the innocent victims of vulgar barbarity: I was happy in being confined to the mock-encounters with feathers and stuffed

leather; a childish sport, rightly calculated to initiate tender minds in arts of cruelty, and prepare them for the exercise of inhumanity on helpless animals!

I shall conclude, Sir, with informing you by what means I came to you in the condition you see. A Choice Spirit, a member of the Kill-Care Club, broke a link-boy's pate with me last night, as a reward for lighting him across the kennel. The lad wasted half his tar-flambeau in looking for me; but I escaped his search, being lodged snugly against a post. This morning a parish girl picked me up, and carried me with raptures to the next baker's shop to purchase a roll. The master, who was churchwarden, examined me with great attention, and then grossly threatening her with Bridewell for putting off bad money, knocked a nail through my middle, and fastened me to the counter: but the moment the poor hungry child was gone, he whipped me up again, and sending me away with others in charge to the next customer, gave me this opportunity of relating my adventures to you.

When I awaked, I found myself so much invigorated by my nap, that I immediately wrote down the strange story which I had just heard, and as it is not totally destitute of use and entertainment, I have sent it to you, that by means of your paper it may be communicated to the public.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,
A TIM. TURNFENNY.

Nº XLIV. SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1753.

ARCANUM NEQUE TU SCRUTABERIS ULLIUS UNQUAM;
COMMISSUMQUE TEGES, ET VINO TORTUS, ET IRA.

HOR.

SERVE NOT

YOUR PATRON'S MOSM TO EXPLORE;
AND LET NOT WINE NOR ANGER WREST
TH' INTRUSTED SECRET FROM YOUR BREAST.

FRANCIS.

I Owe the following paper to an unknown correspondent, who sent it to Mr. Payne a few days ago, directed to the Adventurer. As I have no objection to the general principles upon which it is written, I have taken the

first opportunity to communicate it to the public: the subject is unquestionably of great importance: and as I think it is far from being exhausted, it may possibly produce another lucubration.

AMONGST all the beauties and excellencies of the ancient writers, of which I profess myself an admirer, there are none which strike me with more veneration, than the precepts they have delivered to us for our conduct in society. The fables of the poets, and the narrations of the historians, amaze and delight us with their respective qualifications; but we feel ourselves particularly concerned, when a moral virtue, or a social obligation, is set before us, the practice of which is our indispensable duty: and, perhaps, we are more ready to observe these instructions, or at least acquiesce sooner in the propriety of them, as the authority of the teacher is unquestionable, the address not particularly confined or levelled, and the censure consequently less dogmatical.

Of all the virtues which the ancients possessed, the zeal and fidelity of their friendships appear to me as the highest distinctions of their characters. Private persons, and particular affinities amongst them, have been long celebrated and admired: and if we examine their conduct as companions, we shall find, that the rites of their religion were not more sacred, more strongly ratified, or more severely preserved, than their laws of society.

The table of friendship, and the altar of sacrifice, were equally uncontaminated: the mysteries of Bacchus were enveloped with as many leaves as those of Ceres; and the profanation of either deity excluded the offenders from the assemblies of men: the revealer was judged accursed, and impiety was thought to accompany his steps.

Without inveighing against the practice of the present times, or comparing it with that of the past, I shall only remark, that if we cannot meet together upon the honest principles of social beings, there is reason to fear that we are placed in the most unfortunate and lamentable æra since the creation of mankind. It is not the increase of vices inseparable from humanity that alarms us, the riots of the licentious, or the outrages of the profligate; but it is the absence of that integrity, the neglect of that virtue, the contempt of that honour, which by connecting individuals formed society, and without which society can no longer subsist.

Few men are calculated for that close connection, which we distinguish by the

appellation of friendship; and we well know the difference between a friend and an acquaintance: the acquaintance is in a post of progression; and after having passed through a course of proper experience, and given sufficient evidence of his merit, takes a new title, and ranks himself higher. He must now be considered as in a place of consequence; in which all the ornaments of our nature are necessary to support him. But the great requisites, those without which all others are useless, are fidelity and taciturnity. He must not only be superior to loquacious imbecility, he must be well able to repress the attacks of curiosity, and to resist those powerful engines that will be employed against him, wine and resentment. Such are the powers that he must constantly exert, after a trust is reposed in him; and that he may not overload himself, let him not add to his charge, by his own enquiries; let it be a devolved, not an required, commission. Thus accounted—

—Sub isdem

Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum

Solvat Phælon.

—They who mysteries reveal,
Beneath my roof shall never live,
Shall never hoist with me the doubtful sail.

FRANCIS.

There are as few instigations in this country to a breach of confidence, as sincerity can rejoice under. The betrayer is for ever shut out from the ways of men, and his discoveries are deemed the effects of malice. We wisely imagine he must be actuated by other motives than the promulgation of truth; and we receive his evidence, however we may use it, with contempt. Political exigencies may require a ready reception of such private advices: but though the necessities of government admit the intelligence, the wisdom of it but barely encourages the intelligencer. There is no name so odious to us, as that of an informer. The very alarm in our streets at the approach of one, is a sufficient proof of the general abhorrence of this character.

Since these are the consequential conditions upon which men acquire this denomination, it may be asked what are the inducements to the treachery. I do not suppose it always proceeds from the badness of the mind; and indeed I think it is impossible that it should: weakness discovers what malignity propagates, till at last,

last, confirmation is required, with all the solemnity of proof, from the first author of the report; who only designed to gratify his own loquacity; or the impetuosity of his companion. An idle vanity inclines us to enumerate our parties of mirth and friendship; and we believe our importance is increased, by a recapitulation of the discourse, of which we were such distinguished sharers: and to shew that we were esteemed fit to be entrusted with affairs of great concern and privacy, we notably give in our detail of them.

There is, besides, a very general inclination amongst us to hear a secret, to whomsoever it relates, known or unknown to us, of whatever import, serious or trifling, so it be but a secret: the delight of telling it, and of hearing it, are nearly proportionate and equal. The possessor of the valuable treasure appears indeed rather to have the advantage; and he seems to claim his superiority. I have discovered at once in a large company, by an air and deportment that is assumed upon such occasions, who it is that is conscious of this happy charge;

he appears restless and full of doubt for a considerable time; has frequent consultations with himself; like a bee undetermined where to settle in a variety of sweets; till at last, one happy ear attracts him more forcibly than the rest, and there he fixes, stealing and giving odours.

In a little time it becomes a matter of great amazement, that the whole town is as well acquainted with the story as the two who were so busily engaged; and the consternation is greater, as each reporter is confident that he only communicated it to one person. 'A report,' says Strada, 'thus transmitted from one to one, is like a drop of water at the top of a house; it descends but from tile to tile, yet at last makes it's way to the gutter, and then is involved in the general stream.' And if I may add to the comparison, the drop of water, after it's progress through all the channels of the streets, is not more contaminated with filth and dirt, than a simple story, after it has passed through the mouths of a few modern tale-bearers.

Nº XLV. TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1753.

NULLA FIDES REGNI SOCIIS, OMNISQUE POTESTAS
IMPATIENS CONSORTIS ERIT.

LUCAN.

NO FAITH OF PARTNERSHIP ROMINION OWNS;
STILL DISCORD HOVERS O'ER DIVIDED THRONES.

IT is well known, that many things appear plausible in speculation, which can never be reduced to practice; and that of the numberless projects that have flattered mankind with theoretical speciousness, few have served any other purpose than to shew the ingenuity of their contrivers. A voyage to the moon, however romantic and absurd the scheme may now appear, since the properties of air have been better understood, seemed highly probable to many of the aspiring wits in the last century, who began to doat upon their glossy plumes, and fluttered with impatience for the hour of their departure.

*Per am visigia mille
Ante fugam, absenteque ferit gravis ungula
campum.*

Hills, vales, and floods, appear already crost;
And, ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.

POPE,

Among the fallacies which only experience can detect, there are some of which scarcely experience itself can destroy the influence; some which, by a captivating shew of indubitable certainty, are perpetually gaining upon the human mind; and which, though every trial ends in disappointment, obtain new credit as the sense of miscarriage wears gradually away, persuade us to try again what we have tried already, and expose us by the same failure to double vexation.

Of this tempting, this delusive kind, is the expectation of great performances by confederated strength. The speculatist, when he has carefully observed how much may be performed by a single hand, calculates by a very easy operation the force of thousands, and goes on accumulating power till resistance vanishes before it; then rejoices in the success of his new scheme, and wonders at the folly or idleness of former ages, who have

have lived in want of what might so readily be procured, and suffered themselves to be debarred from happiness by obstacles which one united effort would have so easily surmounted.

But this gigantic phantom of collective power vanishes at once into air and emptiness, at the first attempt to put it into action. The different apprehensions, the discordant passions, the jarring interests of men, will scarcely permit that many should unite in one undertaking.

Of a great and complicated design, some will never be brought to discern the end; and of the several means by which it may be accomplished, the choice will be a perpetual subject of debate, as every man is swayed in his determination by his own knowledge or convenience. In a long series of action, some will languish with fatigue, and some be drawn off by present gratifications; some will loiter because others labour, and some will cease to labour because others loiter: and if once they come within prospect of success and profit, some will be greedy and others envious; some will undertake more than they can perform, to enlarge their claims of advantage; some will perform less than they undertake, lest their labours should chiefly turn to the benefit of others.

The history of mankind informs us that a single power is very seldom broken by a confederacy. States of different interests, and aspects malevolent to each other, may be united for a time by common distress; and in the ardour of self-preservation fall unanimously upon an enemy, by whom they are all equally endangered. But if their first attack can be withstood, time will never fail to dissolve their union; success and miscarriage will be equally destructive: after the conquest of a province, they will quarrel in the division; after the loss of a battle, all will be endeavouring to secure themselves by abandoning the rest.

From the impossibility of confining numbers to the constant and uniform prosecution of a common interest, arises the difficulty of securing subjects against the encroachment of governors. Power is always gradually stealing away from the many to the few, because the few are more vigilant and consistent; it still contracts to a smaller number, till in time it centers in a single person.

Thus all the forms of government instituted among mankind, perpetually tend

towards monarchy; and power, however diffused through the whole community, is by negligence or corruption, commotion or distress, reposed at last in the chief magistrate.

'There never appear,' says Swift, 'more than five or six men of genius in an age; but if they were united, the world could not stand before them.' It is happy, therefore, for mankind, that of this union there is no probability. As men take in a wider compass of intellectual survey, they are more likely to chuse different objects of pursuit; as they see more ways to the same end, they will be less easily persuaded to travel together, as each is better qualified to form an independent scheme of private greatness, he will reject with great obstinacy the project of another; as each is more able to distinguish himself as the head of a party, he will less readily be made a follower or an associate.

The reigning philosophy informs us, that the vast bodies which constitute the universe, are regulated in their progress through the etherial spaces by the perpetual agency of contrary forces; by one of which they are restrained from deserting their orbits, and losing themselves in the immensity of heaven; and held off by the other from rushing together, and clustering round their centre with everlasting cohesion.

The same contrariety of impulse may be perhaps discovered in the motions of men: we are formed for society, not for combination; we are equally unqualified to live in a close connection with our fellow beings, and in total separation from them; we are attracted towards each other by general sympathy, but kept back from contact by private interests.

Some philosophers have been foolish enough to imagine, that improvements might be made in the system of the universe, by a different arrangement of the orbs of heaven; and politicians, equally ignorant and equally presumptuous, may easily be led to suppose, that the happiness of our world would be promoted by a different tendency of the human mind. It appears, indeed, to a slight and superficial observer, that many things impracticable in our present state might be easily effected, if mankind were better disposed to union and co-operation: but a little reflection will discover, that if confederacies were easily formed, they would lose their efficacy, since numbers would

would be opposed to numbers, and unanimity to unanimity; and instead of the present petty competitors of individuals or single families, multitudes would be supplanting multitudes, and thousands plotting against thousands.

There is no class of the human species, of which the union seems to have been more expected, than of the learned: the rest of the world have almost always agreed to shut scholars up together in colleges and cloisters: surely not without hope, that they would look for that happiness in concord, which they were debarred from finding in variety; and that such conjunctions of intellect would recompense the munificence of founders and patrons, by performances above the reach of any single mind.

But Discord, who found means to roll her apple into the banquetting chamber of the goddesses, has had the address to scatter her laurels in the seminaries of learning. The friendship of students and of beauties is for the most part equally sincere, and equally durable: as both depend for happiness on the regard of

others, on that of which the value arises merely from comparison, they are both exposed to perpetual jealousies, and both incessantly employed in schemes to intercept the praises of each other.

I am, however, far from intending to inculcate, that this confinement of the studious to studious companions, has been wholly without advantages to the public: neighbourhood, where it does not conciliate friendship, incites competition; and he that would contentedly rest in a lower degree of excellence, where he had no rival to dread, will be urged by his impatience of inferiority to incessant endeavours after great attainments.

These stimulations of honest rivalry are, perhaps, the chief effects of academies and societies; for whatever be the bulk of their joint labours, every single piece is always the production of an individual, that owes nothing to his colleagues but the contagion of diligence, a resolution to write, because the rest are writing, and the scorn of obscurity while the rest are illustrious.

T

N^o XLVI. SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1753.

Μικρὸν μαθηματικὸν ζυμωτόν.

Præf. Gr.

FAR FROM MY TABLE BE THE TELL-TALE GUEST.

IT has been remarked, that men are generally kind in proportion as they are happy; and it is said even of the devil, that he is good-humoured when he is pleased. Every act, therefore, by which another is injured, from whatever motive, contracts more guilt, and expresses greater malignity, if it is committed in those seasons which are set apart to pleasantries and good humour, and brightened with enjoyments peculiar to rational and social beings.

Detraction is among those vices which the most languid virtue has sufficient force to prevent; because, by detraction, that is not gained which is taken away: 'He who filches from me my good name,' says Shakespeare, 'enriches not himself, but makes me poor indeed.' As nothing, therefore, degrades human nature more than detraction, nothing more disgraces conversation. The detractor, as he is the lowest moral character, reflects greater dishonour upon his company than the hang-

man; and he whose disposition is a scandal to his species, should be more diligently avoided than he who is scandalous only by his office.

But for this practice, however vile, some have dared to apologize, by contending, that the report, by which they injured an absent character, was true: this, however, amounts to no more than that they have not complicated malice with falsehood, and that there is some difference between detraction and slander. To relate all the ill that is true of the best man in the world, would probably render him the object of suspicion and distrust; and if this practice was universal, mutual confidence and esteem, the comforts of society, and the endearments of friendship, would be at an end.

There is something unspeakably more hateful in those species of villainy by which the law is evaded, than in those by which it is violated and defied. Courage has sometimes preserved rapacity

city from abhorrence, as beauty has been thought to apologize for prostitution; but the injustice of cowardice is universally abhorred, and, like the lewdness of deformity, has no advocate. Thus hateful are the wretches who detract with caution; and while they perpetrate the wrong, are solicitous to avoid the reproach: they do not say, that Chloe forfeited her honour to Lysander; but they say that such a report has been spread, they know not how true. Those who propagate these reports frequently invent them; and 'tis no breach of charity to suppose this to be always the case, because no man who spreads detraction would have scrupled to produce it; and he who should diffuse poison in a brook would scarce be acquitted of a malicious design, though he should alledge that he received it of another who is doing the same elsewhere.

Whatever is incompatible with the highest dignity of our nature, should indeed be excluded from our conversation: as companions, not only that which we owe to ourselves but to others, is required of us; and they who can indulge any vice in the presence of each other, are become obdurate in guilt and insensible to infamy.

REVERENCE TO **THE SELF**, is one of the sublime precepts of that amiable philosopher, whose humanity alone was an incontestible proof of the dignity of his mind: Pythagoras, in his idea of virtue, comprehended intellectual purity; and he supposed, that by him who revered himself, those thoughts would be suppressed by which a being capable of virtue is degraded: this divine precept evidently presupposes a reverence of others, by which men are restrained from more gross immoralities; and with which he hoped a reverence of self would also co-operate as an auxiliary motive.

The great Duke of Marlborough, who was perhaps the most accomplished gentleman of his age, would never suffer any approaches to obscenity in his presence; and it was said by the late Lord Cobham, that he did not reprove it as an immorality in the speaker, but resented it as an indignity to himself; and it is evident, that to speak evil of the absent, to utter lewdness, blasphemy or treason, must degrade not only him who speaks, but those who hear; for surely that dignity of character which a man ought always to sustain, is in danger when he

is made the confident of treachery, detraction, impiety, or lust: for he who in conversation displays his own vices, imputes them; as he who boasts to another of a robbery, presupposes that he is a thief.

It should be a general rule, never to utter any thing in conversation which would justly dishonour us if it should be reported to the world: if this rule could be always kept, we should be secure in our own innocence against the craft of knaves and parasites, the stratagems of cunning, and the vigilance of envy.

But after all the bounty of nature, and all the labour of virtue, many imperfections will be still discerned in human beings, even by those who do not see with all the perspicacity of human wisdom: and he is guilty of the most aggravated detraction who reports the weakness of a good mind discovered in an unguarded hour; something which is rather the effect of negligence, than design; rather a folly, than a fault; a fallacy of vanity, rather than an eruption of malevolence. It has, therefore, been a maxim inviolably sacred among good men, never to disclose the secrets of private conversation; a maxim which, though it seems to arise from the breach of some other, does yet imply that general rectitude, which is produced by a consciousness of virtuous dignity, and a regard to that reverence which is due to ourselves and others: for to conceal any immoral purpose, which to disclose is to disappoint; any crime, which to hide is to countenance; or any character, which to avoid is to be safe; as it is incompatible with virtue, and injurious to society, can be a law only among those who are enemies to both.

Among such, indeed, it is a law which there is some degree of obligation to fulfil; and the secrets even of their conversation are perhaps seldom disclosed, without an aggravation of their guilt: it is the interest of society, that the veil of taciturnity should be drawn over the mysteries of drunkenness and lewdness; and to hide even the machinations of envy, ambition, or revenge, if they happen to mingle in these orgies among the rites of Bacchus, seems to be the duty of the initiated, though not of the prophane.

Is he who has associated with robbery, who has reposed and accepted a trust, and whose guilt is a pledge of his fidelity,

sity, should betray his associates for hire; if he is urged to secure himself, by the anxiety of suspicion, or the terrors of cowardice, or to punish others by the importunity of resentment and revenge; though the public receives benefit from his conduct, and may think it expedient to reward him, yet he has only added to every other species of guilt, that of treachery to his friends: he has demonstrated, that he is so destitute of virtue, as not to possess even those vices which resemble it; and that he ought to be cut off as totally unfit for human society, but that, as poison is an antidote to poison, his crimes are a security against the crimes of others.

It is, however, true, that if such an offender is stung with remorse, if he feels the force of higher obligations than those of an iniquitous compact, and if urged by a desire to atone for the injury which he has done to society, he gives in his information, and delivers up his associates, with whatever reluctance, to the laws; by this sacrifice he ratifies his repentance, he becomes again the friend of his country, and deserves not only protection but esteem: for the same action may be either virtuous or vicious, and may deserve either honour or infamy, as it may be performed upon different principles; and indeed no action can be morally classed or estimated, without some knowledge of the motive by which it is produced.

But as there is seldom any other clue to the motives of particular actions, than

the general tenor of his life by whom they are performed; and as the lives of those who serve their country by bringing it's enemies to punishment are commonly flagitious in the highest degree; the ideas of this service and the most sordid villainy are so connected, that they always recur together: if only this part of a character is known, we immediately infer that the whole is infamous; and it is therefore no wonder that the name by which it is expressed, especially when it is used to denominate a profession, should be odious; or that a good man should not always have sufficient fortitude to strike away the mask of dissimulation, and direct the sword of justice.

But whatever might be thought of those who discharge their obligations to the public by treachery to their companions, it cannot be pretended that he to whom an immoral design is communicated by inadvertence or mistake, is under any private obligation to conceal it; the charge which devolves upon him he must instantly renounce; for while he hesitates, his virtue is suspended: and he who communicates such design to another, not by inadvertence or mistake, but upon presumption of concurrence, commits an outrage upon his honour, and defies his resentment.

Let none, therefore, be encouraged to prophane the rites of conversation, much less of friendship, by supposing there is any law which ought to restrain the indignation of virtue, or deter repentance from reparation.

N^o XLVII. TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1753.

—MULTI
COMMITTUNT EADEM DIVERSO CRIMINA FATO;
ILLE CRUCEM PRETIUM SCELERIS TULIT, HIC DIADEMA.

JUV.

—EVERY AGE RELATES,
THAT EQUAL CRIMES UNEQUAL FATES HAVE FOUND;
AND WHILST ONE VILLAIN SWINGS, ANOTHER'S CROWN'D.

CRÆCH.

MAN, though as a rational being he has thought fit to stile himself the lord of the creation, is yet frequently the voluntary slave of prejudice and custom; the most general opinions are often absurd, and the prevailing principles of action ridiculous.

It may, however, be allowed, that if in these instances reason always appear-

ed to be overborne by the importunity of appetite; if the future was sacrificed to the present, and hope renounced only for possession; there would not be much cause for wonder: but that man should draw absurd conclusions, contrary to his immediate interest; that he should even at the risque of life gratify those vices in some, which in others he punishes

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with

with a gibbet or a wheel, is in the highest degree astonishing; and is such an instance of the weakness of our reason, and the fallibility of our judgment, as should incline us to accept with gratitude of that guidance which is from above.

But if it is strange, that one man has been immortalized as a god, and another put to death as a felon, for actions which have the same motive and the same tendency, merely because they were circumstantially different; it is yet more strange, that this difference has always been such as increases the absurdity; and that the action which exposes a man to infamy and death, wants only greater aggravation of guilt, and more extensive and pernicious effects, to render him the object of veneration and applause.

Bagshot the robber, having lost the booty of a week among his associates at hazard, loaded his pistols, mounted his horse, and took the Kentish road, with a resolution not to return till he had recruited his purse. Within a few miles of London, just as he heard a village clock strike nine, he met two gentlemen in a post-chaise, which he stopped. One of the gentlemen immediately presented a pistol, and at the same time a servant rode up armed with a blunderbuss. The robber, perceiving that he should be vigorously opposed, turned off from the chaise, and discharged a pistol at the servant, who instantly fell dead from his horse. The gentlemen had now leaped from the chaise; but the foremost receiving a blow on his head with the stock of the pistol that had been just fired, reeled back a few paces; the other having fired at the murderer without success, attempted to dismount him, and succeeded: but while they were grappling with each other, the villain drew a knife, and stabbed his antagonist to the heart. He then, with the calm intrepidity of a hero who is familiar with danger, proceeded to rifle the pockets of the dead; and the survivor having recovered from the blow, and being imperiously commanded to deliver, was now obliged to comply. When the victor had thus obtained the pecuniary reward of his prowess, he determined to lose no part of the glory which as conqueror was now in his power: turning, therefore, to the unhappy gentleman whom he had plundered, he conde-

scended to insult him with the applause of conscious superiority; he told him, that he had never robbed any persons who behaved better; and as a tribute due to the merit of the dead, and as a token of his esteem for the living, he generously threw him back a shilling, to prevent his being stopped at the turnpike.

He now remounted his horse, and set off towards London: but at the turnpike, a coach that was paying the toll obstructed his way; and by the light of the flambeau that was behind it, he discovered that his coat was much stained with blood: this discovery threw him into such confusion, that he attempted to rush by; he was however prevented; and his appearance giving great reason to suspect his motive, he was seized and detained.

In the coach were two ladies, and a little boy about five years old. The ladies were greatly alarmed when they heard that a person was taken who was supposed to have just committed a robbery and a murder: they asked many questions with great eagerness; but their enquiries were little regarded, till a gentleman rode up, who seeing their distress, offered his assistance. The elder of the two ladies acquainted him, that her husband, Sir Harry Freeman, was upon the road in his return from Gravesend, where he had been to receive an only son upon his arrival from India, after an absence of near six years; that herself and her daughter-in-law were come out to meet them, but were terrified with the apprehension that they might have been stopped by the man who had just been taken into custody. Their attention was now suddenly called to the other side of the coach by the child, who cried out in a transport of joy—"There is my grand-papa!" This was indeed the survivor of the three who had been attacked by Bagshot: he was mounted on his servant's horse, and rode slowly by the side of the chaise in which he had just placed the body of his son, whose countenance was disfigured with blood, and whose features were still impressed with the agonies of death. Who can express the grief, horror, and despair, with which a father exhibited this spectacle to a mother and a wife, who expected a son and a husband, with all the tenderness and ardour of conjugal and parental affection; who had long regretted his absence, who had anticipated the joy of his return,

return, and were impatient to put into his arms a pledge of his love which he had never seen!

I will not attempt to describe that distress, which tears would not have suffered me to behold: let it suffice, that such was its effect upon those who were present, that the murderer was not without difficulty conducted alive to the prison; and I am confident, that few who read this story would have heard with regret that he was torn to pieces by the way.

But before they congratulate themselves upon a sense, which always distinguishes right and wrong by spontaneous approbation and censure; let them tell me, with what sentiments they read of a youthful monarch, who at the head of an army in which every man became a hero by his example, passed over mountains and deserts, in search of new territories to invade, and new potentates to conquer; who routed armies which could scarce be numbered, and took cities which were deemed impregnable. Do they not follow him in the path of slaughter with horrid complacency? and when they see him deluge the peaceful fields of industrious simplicity with blood, and leave them desolate to the widow and the orphan of the possessor, do they not grow frantic in his praise, and concur to deify the mortal who could conquer only for glory, and to return the kingdoms that he won?

To these questions, I am confident the greater part of mankind must answer in the affirmative; and yet nothing can be more absurd than their different apprehensions of the Hero and the Thief.

The conduct of Bagshot and Alexander had in general the same motives, and the same tendency; they both sought a private gratification at the expence of others; and every circumstance in which they differ is greatly in favour of Bagshot.

Bagshot, when he had lost his last shilling, had lost the power of gratifying every appetite whether criminal or innocent; and the recovery of this power was the object of this expedition.

Alexander, when he set out to conquer the world, possessed all that Bagshot hoped to acquire, and more; all his appetites and passions were gratified, as far as the gratification of them was possible; and as the force of temptation is always supposed proportionably to extenuate guilt, Alexander's guilt was

evidently greater than Bagshot's, because it cannot be pretended that his temptation was equal.

But though Alexander could not equally increase the means of his own happiness, yet he produced much more dreadful and extensive evil to society in the attempt. Bagshot killed two men; and I have related the murder and its consequences, with such particulars as usually rouse that sensibility, which often lies torpid during narratives of general calamity. Alexander, perhaps, destroyed a million: and whoever reflects, that each individual of this number had some tender attachments which were broken by his death; some parent or wife, with whom he mingled tears in the parting embrace, and who longed with fond solicitude for his return; or, perhaps, some infant whom his labour was to feed, and his vigilance protect; will see that Alexander was more the pest of society than Bagshot, and more deserved a gibbet in the proportion of a million to one.

It may, perhaps, be thought absurd, to enquire into the virtues of Bagshot's character; and yet virtue has never been thought incompatible with that of Alexander. Alexander, we are told, gave proof of his greatness of mind by his contempt of danger; but as Bagshot's danger was equally voluntary and imminent, there ought to be no doubt but that his mind was equally great. Alexander, indeed, gave back the kingdoms that he won: but after the conquest of a kingdom, what remained for Alexander to give? To a prince, whose country he had invaded with unprovoked hostility, and from whom he had violently wrested the blessings of peace, he gave a dominion over the widows and orphans of those he had slain, the tinsel of dependent greatness, and the badge of royal subjection. And does not Bagshot deserve equal honour, for throwing back a shilling to the man, whose person he had insulted, and whose son he had stabbed to the heart? Alexander did not ravish or massacre the women whom he found in the tents of Darius; neither did honest Bagshot kill the gentleman whom he had plundered, when he was no longer able to resist.

If Bagshot, then, is justly dragged to prison, amidst the tumult of rage, menaces, and execrations; let Alexander, whom the lords of reason have extolled

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for ages, be no longer thought worthy of a triumph.

As the acquisition of honour is frequently a motive to the risque of life, it is of great importance to confer it only upon virtue; and as honour is conferred by the public voice, it is of equal moment to strip those vices of their disguise which have been mistaken for virtue. The wretches who compose the army of a tyrant, are associated by folly in the service of rapine and murder; and that men should imagine they were deserving honour by the massacre of each other, merely to flatter ambition with a new title, is perhaps as inscrutable a mystery as any that has perplexed reason, and as gross an absurdity as any that has disgraced it. It is not, indeed, so much to punish vice, as to prevent misery, that I wish to see it always branded with infamy: for even the successes of vice terminate in the anguish of disappointment. To Alexander, the fruit of all his conquests was tears; and whoever goes about to gratify intemperate wishes, will labour to as little purpose, as he who should attempt to fill a sieve with water.

I was accidentally led to pursue my subject in this train, by the sight of an historical chart, in which the rise, the progress, the declension, and duration of empire, are represented by the arrangement of different colours; and in which, not only extent, but duration is rendered a sensible object. The Grecian empire, which is distinguished by a deep red, is a long but narrow line; because, though Alexander marked the world with his colour from Macedonia to Egypt, yet the colours peculiar to the hereditary potentates whom he dispossessed, again took place upon his death: and indeed, the question whose name shall be connected with a particular country as it's king, is to those who hazard life in the decision as trifling as whether a small spot in a chart shall be stained with red or yellow. That man should be permitted to decide such questions by means so dreadful, is a reflection under which he only can rejoice, who believes that GOD ONLY REIGNS; and can appropriate the promise, that ALL THINGS SHALL WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD.

Nº XLVIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1753.

ISAT TRIUMPHANS VIRGO——
SUNT QUI ROGATAM RETTULERINT PRECES
TULISSE CHRISTO, REDDERET UT REO
LUMEN JACENTI, TUM INVENIT HALITUM
VITE INNOVATUM, VISIBUS INTEGRIS.

PRUDENT.

AS RESCU'D FROM INTENDED WRONG,
THE MODEST VIRGIN PAC'D ALONG,
WE BLASTING HEAV'N DEPRIV'D OF DAY
BENEATH HER FEET TH' ACCUSER LAYS:
SHE MARK'D, AND SOON THE PRAY'R AROSE
TO HIM WHO MADE US LOVE OUR FOES;
BY FAITH ENFORC'D THE PIOUS CALL
AGAIN RELUM'D THE SIGHTLESS BALL.

TO LOVE AN ENEMY, is the distinguishing characteristic of a religion, which is not of man but of GOD. It could be delivered as a precept only by HIM who lived and died to establish it by his example.

At the close of that season in which human frailty has commemorated sufferings which it could not sustain, a season in which the most zealous devotion can only substitute a change of food for a total abstinence of forty days; it cannot, surely, be incongruous to consider, what approaches we can make to that divine love which these sufferings ex-

pressed, and how far man, in imitation of his SAVIOUR, can bless those who curse him, and return good for evil.

We cannot, indeed, behold the example but at a distance; nor consider it without being struck with a sense of our own debility: every man who compares his life with this divine rule, instead of exulting in his own excellence, will smite his breast like the publican, and cry out—'God be merciful to me a sinner!' Thus to acquaint us with ourselves may, perhaps, be one use of the precept; but the precept cannot, surely, be considered as having no other.

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I know it will be said, that our passions are not in our power; and that therefore a precept to love or to hate is impossible; for if the gratification of all our wishes was offered us, to love a stranger as we love a child, we could not fulfil the condition, however we might desire the reward.

But admitting this to be true, and that we cannot love an enemy as we love a friend; it is yet equally certain, that we may perform those actions which are produced by love from a higher principle: we may, perhaps, derive moral excellence from natural defects, and exert our reason instead of indulging a passion. If our enemy hungers, we may feed him; and if he thirsts, we may give him drink: this, if we could love him, would be our conduct; and this may still be our conduct, though to love him is impossible. The Christian will be prompted to relieve the necessities of his enemy, by his love to God: he will rejoice in an opportunity to express the zeal of his gratitude and the alacrity of his obedience, at the same time that he appropriates the promises, and anticipates his reward.

But though he who is beneficent upon these principles, may in the Scripture sense be said to love his enemy; yet something more may still be effected: the passion itself in some degree is in our power; we may rise to a yet nearer emulation of divine forgiveness; we may think as well as act with kindness, and be sanctified as well in heart as in life.

Though love and hatred are necessarily produced in the human breast, when the proper objects of these passions occur, as the colour of material substances is necessarily perceived by an eye before which they are exhibited; yet it is in our power to change the passion, and to cause either love or hatred to be excited, by placing the same object in different circumstances; as a changeable silk of blue and yellow may be held so as to excite the idea either of yellow or blue.

No act is deemed more injurious, or resented with greater acrimony, than the marriage of a child, especially of a daughter, without the consent of a parent: it is frequently considered as a breach of the strongest and tenderest obligations; as folly and ingratitude, treachery, and rebellion. By the imputation of these vices, a child becomes the object of indignation and resentment; indignation and resentment in the breast, therefore, of the parent, are necessarily

excited; and there can be no doubt but that these are species of hatred. But if the child is considered as still retaining the endearing softness of filial affection, as still longing for reconciliation, and profaning the rites of marriage with tears; as having been driven from the path of duty, only by the violence of passions which none have always resisted, and which many have indulged with much greater turpitude; the same object that before excited indignation and resentment, will now be regarded with pity, and pity is a species of love.

Those, indeed, who resent this breach of filial duty with implacability, though perhaps it is the only one of which the offender has been guilty, demonstrate that they are without natural affection; and that they would have prostituted their offspring, if not to lust, yet to affections which are equally vile and sordid, the thirst of gold, or the cravings of ambition: for he can never be thought to be sincerely interested in the felicity of his child, who when some of the means of happiness are lost by indiscretion, suffers his resentment to take away the rest.

Among friends, fallies of quick resentment are extremely frequent. Friendship is a constant reciprocation of benefits, to which the sacrifice of private interest is sometimes necessary: it is common for each to set too much value upon those which he bestows, and too little upon those which he receives; this mutual mistake in so important an estimation, produces mutual charges of unkindness and ingratitude; each perhaps professes himself ready to forgive, but neither will condescend to be forgiven. Pride, therefore, still increases the enmity which it began; the friend is considered as selfish, assuming, injurious and revengeful; he consequently becomes an object of hatred: and while he is thus considered, to love him is impossible. But thus to consider him, is at once a folly and a fault: each ought to reflect, that he is, at least in the opinion of the other, incurring the crimes that he imputes; that the foundation of their enmity is no more than a mistake; and that this mistake is the effect of weakness or vanity, which is common to all mankind: the character of both would then assume a very different aspect, love would again be excited by the return of its object, and each would be impatient to exchange acknowledgments, and recover the felicity which was so near being lost.

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But, if after we have admitted an acquaintance to our bosom as a friend, it should appear that we had mistaken his character; if he should betray our confidence, and use the knowledge of our affairs, which perhaps he obtained by offers of service, to effect our ruin; if he defames us to the world, and adds perjury to falsehood; if he violates the chastity of a wife, or seduces a daughter to prostitution; we may still consider him in such circumstances as will incline us to fulfil the precept, and to regard him without the rancour of hatred or the fury of revenge.

Every character, however it may deserve punishment, excites hatred only in proportion as it appears to be malicious; and pure malice has never been imputed to human beings. The wretch, who has thus deceived and injured us, should be considered as having ultimately intended; not evil to us, but good to himself. It should also be remembered, that he has mistaken the means; that he has forfeited the friendship of Him whose favour is better than life, by the same conduct which forfeited ours; and that to whatever view he sacrificed our temporal interest, to that also he sacrificed his own hope of immortality; that he is now seeking felicity which he can never find, and incurring punishment that will last for ever. And how much better than this

wretch is he, in whom the contemplation of his condition can excite no pity! Surely, if such an enemy hungers, we may, without suppressing any passion, give him food; for who that sees a criminal dragged to execution, for whatever crime, would refuse him a cup of cold water?

On the contrary, he, whom GOD has forgiven, must necessarily become amiable to man: to consider his character without prejudice or partiality, after it has been changed by repentance, is to love him; and impartially to consider it, is not only our duty but our interest.

Thus may we love our enemies, and add a dignity to our nature of which pagan virtue had no conception. But if to love our enemies is the glory of a Christian, to treat others with coldness, neglect, and malignity, is rather the reproach of a fiend than a man. Unprovoked enmity, the frown of unkindness, and the menaces of oppression, should be far from those who profess themselves to be followers of HIM who in his life went about doing good; who instantly healed a wound that was given in his defence; and who, when he was fainting in his last agony, and treated with mockery and derision, conceived at once a prayer and an apology for his murderers; 'FATHER, FORGIVE THEM; THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO.'

N° XLIX. TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1753.

FLUMINA LIBANT
SUMMA LEVES

VIRG.

THEY LIGHTLY SKIM,
AND GENTLY SIP THE DIMPLY RIVER'S BRIM.

THE character of the scholars of the present age will not be much injured or misrepresented by saying, that they seem to be superficially acquainted with a multitude of subjects, but to go to the bottom of very few. This appears in criticism and polite learning, as well as in the abstruser sciences: by the diffusion of knowledge it's depth is abated.

Eutyches harangues with wonderful plausibility on the distinct merits of all the Greek and Roman classics, without having thoroughly and attentively perused, or entered into the spirit and scope of one of them. But Eutyches has diligently digested the dissertations of Ra-

pin, Bouhours, Felton, Blackwall, and Röllin; treatises that administer great consolation to the indolent and incurious, to those who can tamely rest satisfied with second-hand knowledge, as they give concise accounts of all the great heroes of ancient literature, and enable them to speak of their several characters without the tedious drudgery of perusing the originals. But the characters of writers, as of men, are of a very mixed and complicated nature, and are not to be comprehended in so small a compass; such objects do not admit of being drawn in miniature, with accuracy and distinctness.

To the present prevailing passion for French

French moralists and French critics, may be imputed the superficial shew of learning and abilities of which I am complaining. And since these alluring authors are become not only so fashionable an amusement of those who call themselves the polite world, but also engross the attention of academical students, I am tempted to enquire into the merits of the most celebrated among them of both kinds.

That Montagne abounds in native wit, in quick penetration, in a perfect knowledge of the human heart, and the various vanities and vices that lurk in it, cannot be justly denied. But a man who undertakes to transmit his thoughts on life and manners to posterity, with the hopes of entertaining and amending future ages, must be either exceedingly vain or exceedingly careless, if he expects either of these effects can be produced by wanton fallies of the imagination, by useless and impertinent digressions, by never forming or following any regular plan, never classing or confining his thoughts, never changing or rejecting any sentiment that occurs to him. Yet this appears to have been the conduct of our celebrated essayist: and it has produced many awkward imitators, who under the notion of writing with the fire and freedom of this lively old Gascon, have fallen into confused rhapsodies and uninteresting egotisms.

But these blemishes of Montagne are trifling and unimportant, compared with his vanity, his indecency, and his scepticism. That man must totally have suppressed the natural love of honest reputation, which is so powerfully felt by the truly wise and good, who can calmly sit down to give a catalogue of his private vices, and publish his most secret infirmities, with a pretence of exhibiting a faithful picture of himself, and of exactly portraying the minutest features of his mind. Surely he deserves the censure Quintilian bestows on Demetrius, a celebrated Grecian statuary, that he was *'nimius in veritate, et similitudinis quam pulchritudinis amantior—more studious of likeness than of beauty.'*

Though the maxims of the Duke de la Rochefoucault, another fashionable philosopher, are written with expressive elegance, and with nervous brevity; yet I must be pardoned for affirming, that he who labours to lessen the dignity of human nature, destroys many

efficacious motives for practising worthy actions, and deserves ill of his fellow creatures, whom he paints in dark and disagreeable colours. As the opinions of men usually contract a tincture from the circumstances and conditions of their lives, it is easy to discern the chagrined courtier, in the satire which this polite misanthrope has composed on his own species. According to his gloomy and uncomfortable system, virtue is merely the result of temper and constitution, of chance or of vanity, of fashion or the fear of losing reputation. Thus humanity is brutalized; and every high and generous principle is represented as imaginary, romantic, and chimerical; reason, which by some is too much aggrandized and almost deified, is here degraded into an abject slave of appetite and passion, and deprived even of her just and indisputable authority. As a Christian, and as a man, I despise, I detest, such debasing principles.

Rochefoucault, to give a smartness and shortness to his sentences, frequently makes use of the antithesis, a mode of speaking the most tiresome and disgusting of any, by the sameness and similarity of the periods; and sometimes, in order to keep up the point, he neglects the propriety and justness of the sentiment, and grossly contradicts himself. 'Happiness,' says he, 'consists in the taste, and not in the things: and it is by enjoying what a man loves, that he becomes happy; not by having what others think desirable.' The obvious doctrine contained in this reflection, is the great power of imagination with regard to felicity: but, adds the reflector, in a following maxim—'We are never so happy or so miserable, as we imagine ourselves to be:' which is certainly a plain and palpable contradiction of the foregoing opinion. And of such contradictions many instances might be alledged in this admired writer, which evidently shew that he had not digested his thoughts with philosophical exactness and precision.

But the characters of La Bruyere deserve to be spoken of in far different terms. They are drawn with spirit and propriety, without a total departure from nature and resemblance, as sometimes is the case in pretended pictures of life. In a few instances only he has failed, by overcharging his portraits with many ridiculous features that cannot

not exist together in one subject; as in the character of Menalcas the absent man, which though applauded by one of my predecessors, is surely absurd, and false to nature. This author appears to be a warm admirer of virtue, and a steady promoter of her interest: he was neither ashamed of Christianity, nor afraid to defend it: accordingly, few have exposed the folly and absurdity of modish infidels, of infidels made by vanity and not by want of conviction, with so much solidity and pleasantry united: he disdained to sacrifice truth to levity and licentiousness. Many of his characters are personal, and contain allusions which cannot now be understood. It is, indeed, the fate of personal satire to perish with the generation in which it is written: many artful strokes in Theophrastus himself, perhaps, appear coarse or insipid, which the Athenians looked upon with admiration. A different age and different nation render us incapable of relishing several beauties in the Alchymist of Johnson, and in the Don Quixote of Cervantes.

Saint Evremond is a florid and verbose trifler, without novelty or solidity in his reflections. What more can be expected from one who proposed the dissolute and affected Petronius for his model in writing and living?

As the corruption of our taste is not of equal consequence with the depravation of our virtue, I shall not spend so much time on the critics, as I have done on the moralists of France.

How admirably Rapin, the most popular among them, was qualified to sit in judgment upon Homer and Thucydides, Demosthenes and Plato, may be gathered from an anecdote preserved by Menage, who affirms upon his own knowledge, that Le Fevre of Saumur furnished this assuming critic with the Greek passages he had occasion to cite, Rapin himself being totally ignorant of that language. The censures and the commendations this writer bestows, are general and indiscriminate; without specifying the reasons of his approbation or dislike, and without alledging the passages that may support his opinion: whereas just criticism demands, not only that every beauty or blemish be minutely pointed out in it's different degree and kind, but also that the reason and foundation of excellencies and faults be accurately ascertained.

Bossu is usually and justly placed at

the head of the commentators on Aristotle's poetics, which certainly he understood and explained in a more masterly manner than either Beni or Castelvetro: but in one or two instances he has indulged a love of subtilty and groundless refinement. That I may not be accused of affecting a kind of hatred against all the French critics, I would observe, that this learned writer merits the attention and diligent perusal of the true scholar. What I principally admire in Bossu, is the regularity of his plan, and the exactness of his method; which add utility as well as beauty to his work.

Brumoy has displayed the excellencies of the Greek tragedy in a judicious and comprehensive manner. His translations are faithful and elegant; and the analysis of those plays which, on account of some circumstances in ancient manners, would shock the readers of this age, and would not therefore bear an entire version, is perspicuous and full. Of all the French critics, he and the judicious Fenelon have had the justice to confess, or perhaps the penetration to perceive, in what instances Corneille and Racine have falsified and modernized the characters, and over-loaded with unnecessary intrigues the simple plots of the ancients.

Let no one, however, deceive himself in thinking, that he can gain a competent knowledge either of Aristotle or Sophocles from Bossu or Brumoy, how excellent soever these two commentators may be. To contemplate these exalted geniuses through such mediums, is like beholding the orb of the sun, during an eclipse, in a vessel of water. But let him eagerly press forward to the great originals: 'Juvet integros accedere fontes—His be the joy t' approach th' untasted springs.' Let him remember that the Grecian writers alone, both critics and poets, are the best masters to teach, in Milton's emphatical style, 'What the laws are of a true epic poem, what of a dramatic, what of a lyric; what decorum is; which is the grand masterpiece to observe. This would make them soon perceive, what despicable creatures our common rhymers and play-wrights be; and shew them, what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things.'

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N^o L. SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1753.QUICUNQUE TURPI FRAUDE SEMEL INNOTUIT,
ETIAMSI VERA DICI, AMITTIT FIDEM.

PHERD.

THE WRETCH THAT OFTEN HAS DECEIV'D,
THOUGH TRUTH HE SPEAKS, IS NE'ER BELIEV'D.

WHEN Aristotle was once asked, what a man could gain by uttering falsehoods, he replied—'Not to be credited when he shall tell the truth.'

The character of a liar is at once so hateful and contemptible, that even of those who have lost their virtue it might be expected, that from the violation of truth they should be restrained by their pride. Almost every other vice that disgraces human nature may be kept in countenance by applause and association: the corrupter of virgin innocence sees himself envied by the men, and at least not detested by the women: the drunkard may easily unite with beings devoted like himself to noisy merriments or silent insensibility, who will celebrate his victories over the novices of intemperance, boast themselves the companions of his prowess, and tell with rapture of the multitudes whom unsuccessful emulation has hurried to the grave: even the robber and the cut-throat have their followers, who admire their address and intrepidity, their stratagems of rapine, and their fidelity to the gang.

The liar, and only the liar, is invariably and universally despised, abandoned, and disowned: he has no domestic consolations which he can oppose to the censure of mankind; he can retire to no fraternity where his crimes may stand in the place of virtues; but is given up to the hisses of the multitude, without friend and without apologist. It is the peculiar condition of falsehood, to be equally detested by the good and bad: 'The devils,' says Sir Thomas Brown, 'do not tell lyes to one another; for truth is necessary to all societies, nor can the society of hell subsist without it.'

It is natural to expect, that a crime thus generally detested should be generally avoided; at least, that none should expose himself to unabated and unpitied infamy, without an adequate temptation; and that to guilt so easily detected,

and so severely punished, an adequate temptation would not readily be found.

Yet so it is, that in defiance of censure and contempt, truth is frequently violated; and scarcely the most vigilant and unremitted circumspection will secure him that mixes with mankind, from being hourly deceived by men of whom it can scarcely be imagined that they mean any injury to him or profit to themselves; even where the subject of conversation could not have been expected to put the passions in motion, or to have excited either hope or fear, or zeal or malignity, sufficient to induce any man to put his reputation in hazard, however little he might value it, or to overpower the love of truth, however weak might be its influence.

The caluists have very diligently distinguished lyes into their several classes, according to their various degrees of malignity: but they have, I think, generally omitted that which is most common, and, perhaps, not least mischievous; which, since the moralists have not given it a name, I shall distinguish as the LYE of VANITY.

To vanity may justly be imputed most of the falsehoods which every man perceives hourly playing upon his ear, and perhaps most of those that are propagated with success. To the lye of commerce, and the lye of malice, the motive is so apparent, that they are seldom negligently or implicitly received: suspicion is always watchful over the practices of interest; and whatever the hope of gain, or desire of mischief, can prompt one man to assert, another is by reasons equally cogent incited to refute. But vanity pleases herself with such slight gratifications, and looks forward to pleasure so remotely consequential, that her practices raise no alarm, and her stratagems are not easily discovered.

Vanity is, indeed, often suffered to pass unpursued by suspicion; because he that would watch her motions, can never

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be at rest: fraud and malice are bounded in their influence; some opportunity of time and place is necessary to their agency; but scarce any man abstracts one moment from his vanity; and to whom truth affords no gratification, is generally inclined to seek them in falsehoods.

It is remarked by Sir Kenelm Digby, that every man has a desire to appear superior to others, though it were only in having seen what they have not seen. Such an accidental advantage, since it neither implies merit, nor confers dignity, one would think should not be desired so much as to be counterfeited; yet even this vanity, trifling as it is, produces innumerable narratives, all equally false; but more or less credible in proportion to the skill or confidence of the relater. How many may a man of diffusive conversation count among his acquaintances, whose lives have been signalized by numberless escapes; who never cross the river but in a storm, or take a journey into the country without more adventures than beset the knight-errants of antient times in pathless forests or enchanted castles! How many must he know, to whom portents and prodigies are of daily occurrence; and for whom nature is hourly working wonders invisible to every other eye, only to supply them with subjects of conversation!

Others there are that amuse themselves with the dissemination of falsehood; at greater hazard of detection and disgrace; men marked out by some lucky planet for universal confidence and friendship, who have been consulted in every difficulty, entrusted with every secret, and summoned to every transaction: it is the supreme felicity of these men to stun all companies with noisy information; to still doubt, and overbear opposition, with certain knowledge or authentic intelligence. A liar of this kind, with a strong memory or brisk imagination, is often the oracle of an obscure club, and, till time discovers his impostures, dictates to his hearers with uncontrouled authority; for if a public question be started, he was present at the debate; if a new fashion be mentioned, he was at court the first day of its appearance; if a new performance of literature draws the attention of the public, he has patronized the author, and seen his work in manuscript; if a criminal of

eminence be condemned to die, he often predicted his fate, and endeavoured his reformation; and who that lives at a distance from the scene of action, will dare to contradict a man who reports from his own eyes and ears, and to whom all persons and affairs are thus intimately known?

This kind of falsehood is generally successful for a time, because it is practised at first with timidity and caution. But the prosperity of the liar is of short duration; the reception of one story is always an incitement to the forgery of another less probable; and he goes on to triumph over tacit credulity, till pride or reason rises up against him, and his companions will no longer endure to see him wiser than themselves.

It is apparent, that the inventors of all these fictions intend some exaltation of themselves, and are led off by the pursuit of honour from their attendance upon truth: their narratives always imply some consequence in favour of their courage, their sagacity, or their activity, their familiarity with the learned, or their reception among the great; they are always bribed by the present pleasure of seeing themselves superior to those that surround them, and receiving the homage of silent attention and envious admiration.

But vanity is sometimes excited to fiction by less visible gratifications: the present age abounds with a race of liars who are content with the consciousness of falsehood, and whose pride is to deceive others without any gain or glory to themselves. Of this tribe it is the supreme pleasure to remark a lady in the playhouse or the park, and to publish, under the character of a man suddenly enamoured, an advertisement in the news of the next day, containing a minute description of her person and her dress. From this artifice, however, no other effect can be expected, than perturbations which the writer can never see, and conjectures of which he can never be informed: some mischief, however, he hopes he has done; and to have done mischief is of some importance. He sets his invention to work again, and produces a narrative of a robbery or a murder, with all the circumstances of time and place accurately adjusted. This is a jest of greater effect and longer duration: if he fixes his scene at a proper distance, he may for several days

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keep a wife in terror for her husband, or a mother for her son; and please himself with reflecting, that by his abilities and address some addition is made to the miseries of life.

There is, I think, an ancient law in Scotland, by which DEASING-MAKING was capitally punished. I am, indeed, far from desiring to increase in this kingdom the number of executions; yet I cannot but think, that they who destroy the confidence of society, weaken

the credit of intelligence, and interrupt the security of life, harraßs the delicate with shame, perplex the timorous with alarms; might very properly be awakened to a sense of their crimes, by denunciations of a whipping-post or pillory: since many are so insensible of right and wrong, that they have no standard of action but the law; and feel guilt, but as they dread punishment.

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Nº LI. TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1753.

SI QUID EX PINDARI, FLACCICE DICTIS FUERIT INTERJECTUM, SPLENDET ORATIO; ET SORDESCIT, SI QUID E SACRIS PSALMIS APTE FUERIT ATTEXTUM? AN LIBRI SPIRITUS COELESTIS AFFLATU PROBITI SORDENT NOBIS PRÆ SCRIPTIS HOMERI, EURIPIDIS, AUT ENNII.

ERASMUS.

IS A DISCOURSE BEAUTIFIED BY A QUOTATION FROM PINDAR AND HORACE? AND SHALL WE THINK IT BLEMISHED BY A PASSAGE FROM THE SACRED PSALMS APTLY INTERWOVEN? DO WE DESPISE THE BOOKS WHICH WERE DICTATED BY THE SPIRIT OF GOD, IN COMPARISON OF HOMER, EURIPIDES, AND ENNIUS?

TO THE ADVENTURER,

SIR,

IN the library of the Benedictine Monks at Lyons, has lately been discovered a most curious manuscript of the celebrated Longinus. As I know you will eagerly embrace every opportunity of contributing to promote, or rather revive, a reverence and love for the Sacred Writings, I send you the following extract translated from this extraordinary work.

MY DEAR TERENTIUS,

YOU may remember that in my treatise on the Sublime, I quoted a striking example of it from Moses the Jewish law-giver; 'Let there be light, and there was light.' I have since met with a large volume translated into Greek by the order of Ptolemy, containing all the religious opinions, the civil laws and customs, of that singular and unaccountable people. And to confess the truth, I am greatly astonished at the incomparable elevation of it's style; and the supreme grandeur of it's images, many of which excel the utmost efforts of the most exalted genius of Greece.

At the appearance of GOD, the mountains and the forests do not only tremble, as in Homer, but are melted

'down like wax at his presence.' He rides not on a swift chariot over the level waves like Neptune, but 'comes flying upon the wings of the wind; while the floods clap their hands, and the hills and forests, and earth and heaven, all exult together before their Lord.' And how dost thou conceive, my friend, the exalted idea of the universal presence of the Infinite Mind can be expressed, adequately to the dignity of the subject, but in the following manner? 'Whither shall I go from thy presence? If I climb up into heaven, thou art there! If I go down to hell, lo, thou art there also! If I take wings and fly toward the morning, or remain in the uttermost parts of the western ocean, even there also—' the poet does not say 'I shall find thee,' but far more forcibly and emphatically—'thy right-hand shall hold me.' With what majesty and magnificence is the CREATOR of the world, before whom the whole universe is represented as nothing, nay, less than nothing, and vanity, introduced making the following sublime inquiry? 'Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand? and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?'

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‘lance?’ Produce me, Terentianus, any image or description in Plato himself, so truly elevated and divine! Where did these barbarians learn to speak of things in terms that alone appear worthy of him? How contemptible and vile are the stories of Homer and Hesiod, in comparison with this JEHOVAH of the illiterate, before whom, to use this poet’s own words, all other gods are ‘as a drop of a bucket, and are counted ‘as the small dust of the balance!’

Had I been acquainted with this wonderful volume, while I was writing my treatise on the Pathetic, I could have enriched my work with many strokes of eloquence, more irresistibly moving than any I have borrowed from our three great tragedians, or even from the tender Simonides himself. The same Moses I formerly mentioned, relates the history of a youth sold into captivity by his brethren, in a manner so deeply interesting, with so many little strokes of nature and passion, with such penetrating knowledge of the human heart, with such various and unexpected changes of fortune, and with such a striking and important discovery, as cannot be read without astonishment and tears; and which, I am almost confident, Aristotle would have preferred to the story of his admired Oedipus, for the artificial manner in which the recognition, *anagnorisis*, is effected, emerging gradually from the incidents and circumstances of the story itself, and not from things extrinsic and unessential to the fable.

In another part we are presented with the picture of a man most virtuous and upright, who, for the trial and exercise of his fortitude and patience, is hurled down from the summits of felicity into the lowest depths of distress and despair. Were ever sorrow and misery and compassion expressed more forcibly and feelingly, than by the behaviour of his friends, who when they first discovered him in this altered condition, destitute, afflicted, tormented, ‘sat down with him upon the ground seven days; and seven nights; and none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great!’ Let us candidly confess, that this noble passage is equal, if not superior, to that celebrated description of parental sorrow in Æschylus; where that venerable father of tragedy, whose fire and enthusiasm sometimes force him

forward to the very borders of improbability, has in this instance justly represented Niobe sitting disconsolately three days together upon the tomb of her children, covered with a veil, and observing a profound silence. Such silences are something more affecting, and more strongly expressive of passion, than the most artful speeches. In Sophocles, when the unfortunate Deianira discovers her mistake in having sent a poisoned vestment to her husband Hercules, her surprize and sorrow are unspeakable, and she answers not her son, who acquaints her with the disaster, but goes off the stage without uttering a syllable. A writer unacquainted with nature and the heart, would have put into her mouth twenty florid iambics, in which she would bitterly have bewailed her misfortunes, and informed the spectators that she was going to die.

In representing likewise the desolation and destruction of the cities of Babylon and Tyre, these Jewish writers have afforded many instances of true pathos. One of them expresses the extreme distress occasioned by a famine, by this moving circumstance: ‘The tongue of the sucking child cleaveth to the roof of his mouth for thirst; the young children ask bread, and no man breaketh it unto them; the hands of the pitiful women have sodden their own children.’ Which tender and affecting stroke reminds me of the picture of a sacked city by Aristides the Theban, on which we have so often gazed with inexpressible delight: that great artist has expressed the concern of a bleeding and dying mother, left her infant, who is creeping to her side, should lick the blood that flows from her breast, and mistake it for her milk.

In the ninth book of the Iliad, Homer represents the horrors of a conquered city, by saying, that her heroes should be slain, her palaces overthrown, her matrons ravished, and her whole race enslaved. But one of these Jewish poets, by a single circumstance, has far more emphatically pointed out the utter desolation of Babylon: ‘I will make a man more precious than fine gold; even a single person than the golden wedge of Ophir.’

What seems to be particularly excellent in these writers, is their selection of such

such adjuncts and circumstances upon each subject, as are best calculated to strike the imagination and embellish their descriptions. Thus, they think it not enough to say, 'that Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, shall never be more inhabited;' but they add a picturesque stroke, 'neither shall the Arabians pitch his tent there; the wild beasts of the island shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant places.'

You have heard me frequently observe, how much visions, or images by which a writer seems to behold objects that are absent, or even non-existent, contribute to the true sublime. For this reason I have ever admired Minerva's speech in the fifth book of the Iliad, where she tells her favourite Diomedes, 'that she will purge his eyes from the mists of mortality, and give him power clearly to discern the gods that were at that time assisting the Trojans, that he might not be guilty of the impiety of wounding any of the celestial beings, Venus excepted.' Observe the superior strength and liveliness of the following image: 'JEHOVAH, (the tutelar God of the Jews) opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses, and chariots of fire round about him!'

Do we start, and tremble, and turn pale, when Orestes exclaims that the furies are rushing forward to seize him; and shall we be less affected with the writer who breaks out into the following question: 'Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozra, this that is glorious in his

apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?'—It is the avenging God of the oppressed Jews, whom the poet imagines he beholds, and whose answer follows—'I that am mighty to save.'—'Wherefore,' resumes the poet, 'art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-fat?'—'I have trodden the wine-press alone,' answers the God, 'and of the people there was none with me: for I will tread them in mine anger and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment.' Another writer, full of the idea of that destruction with which his country was threatened, cries out—'How long shall I see the standard, and hear the sound of the trumpet!' And to represent total desolation, he imagines he sees the universe reduced to it's primitive chaos: 'I beheld the earth, and lo! it was without form and void; and the heavens, and they had no light.'

Above all, I am marvellously struck with the beauty and boldness of the Protopopæus, and the rich variety of comparisons with which every page of these extraordinary writings abound. When I shall have pointed out a few of these to your view, I shall think your curiosity will be sufficiently excited to peruse the book itself from which they are drawn. And do not suffer yourself to be prejudiced against it, by the reproaches, raillery and satire, which I know my friend and disciple Porphyry is perpetually pouring upon the Jews. Farewell.

Z.

N^o LII. SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1753.

— HE NUGÆ SERIA DUCENT
IN MALA DERISUM.

HOR.

TRIPLES SUCH AS THESE
TO SERIOUS MISCHIEFS LEAD.

FRANCIS.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

STR.

THOUGH there are many calamities to which all men are equally exposed, yet some species of intellectual distress are thought to be peculiar

to the vicious. The various evils of disease and poverty, pain and sorrow, are frequently derived from others; but shame and confusion are supposed to proceed from ourselves, and to be incurred only by the misconduct which they punish. This supposition is indeed specious;

cious; but I am convinced by the strongest evidence that it is not true: I can oppose experience to theory; and as it will appear that I suffer considerable loss by my testimony, it must be allowed to have the most distinguishing characteristic of sincerity.

That every man is happy in proportion as he is virtuous, was once my favourite principle: I advanced and defended it in all companies; and as the last effort of my genius in it's behalf, I contrived a series of events by which it was illustrated and established: and that I might substitute action for narrative, and decorate sentiment with the beauties of poetry, I regulated my story by the rules of the drama, and with great application and labour wrought it into a tragedy.

When it was finished, I sat down, like Hercules after his labours, exulting in the past, and enjoying the future by anticipation. I read it to every friend who favoured me with a visit, and when I went abroad I always put it into my pocket. Thus it became known to a circle that was always increasing; and was at length mentioned with such commendation to a very great lady, that she was pleased to favour me with a message, by which I was invited to breakfast at nine the next morning, and acquainted that a select company would then expect the pleasure of hearing me read my play.

The delight that I received from the contemplation of my performance, the encomium of my friends, and especially this message, was in my opinion an experimental proof of my principles, and a reward of my merit. I reflected, with great self complacency, upon the general complaint that genius was without patronage; and concluded, that all who had been neglected were unworthy of notice. I believed that my own elevation was not only certain but near; and that the representation of my play would be secured by a message to the manager, which would render the mortifying drudgery of solicitation and attendance unnecessary.

Elated with these expectations, I rose early in the morning, and being dressed long before it was time to set out, I amused myself by repeating the favourite passages of my tragedy aloud, forming polite answers to the compliments

that should be made me, and adjusting the ceremony of my visit.

I observed the time appointed with such punctuality, that I knocked at the door while the clock was striking. Orders had been given for my admittance; and the porter being otherwise engaged, it happened that the servant whose place it was to introduce me, opened the door in his stead, and upon hearing my name advanced directly before me into the room; so that no discovery was made of an enormous queue of brown paper, which some mischievous brat had with a crooked pin hung between the two locks of my major perriwig. I followed the valet into a magnificent apartment; where after I had got within a very large Indian screen, I found five ladies and a gentleman.

I was a little disconcerted in my first address, by the respect that was shewn me, and the curiosity with which I was regarded: however, I made my general obeisance; and addressing myself in particular to the elder of the ladies, whom I considered as my patroness, I expressed my sense of the honour she had done me in a short speech which I had preconceived for the purpose; but I was immediately informed, that the lady whose favour I had acknowledged was not yet come down: this mistake increased my confusion; for as I could not again repeat the same words, I reflected, that I should be at last unprepared for the occasion on which they were to have been used. The company all this while continued standing: I therefore hastily turned about, to reconnoitre my chair; but the moment I was seated, I perceived every one labouring to stifle a laugh. I instantly suspected that I had committed some ridiculous indecorum, and I attempted to apologize for I knew not what offence; but after some hesitation, my extreme sensibility struck me speechless. The gentleman, however, kindly discovered the cause of their merriment, by exclaiming against the rude licentiousness of the vulgar; and at the same time taking from behind me the pendulous reproach to the honours of my head. This discovery afforded me inexpressible relief, my paper ramellie was thrown into the fire, and I joined in the laugh which it produced: but I was still embarrassed by the consequences of my



my mistake, and expected the lady by whom I had been invited, with solicitude and apprehension.

When she came in, the deference with which she was treated by persons who were so much my superiors, struck me with awe; my powers of recollection were suspended, and I resolved to express my sentiments only by the lowness of my bow and the distance of my behaviour: I therefore hastily retreated backward; and at the same time bowing with the most profound reverence, unhappily overturned the screen, which in its fall threw down the breakfast table, broke all the china, and crippled the lap-dog. In the midst of this ruin I stood torpid in silence and amazement, stunned with the shrieks of the ladies, the yelling of the dog, and the clattering of the china; and while I considered myself as the author of such complicated mischief, I believe I felt as keen anguish as he who, with a halter about his neck, looks up while the other end of it is fastening to a gibbet.

The screen, however, was soon replaced, and the broken china removed; and though the dog was the principal object of attention, yet the lady sometimes adverted to me: she politely desired that I would consider the accident as of no consequence; the china, she said, was a trifle, and she hoped Pompey was more frightened than hurt. I made some apology, but with great confusion and incoherence: at length, however, we were again seated, and breakfast was brought in.

I was extremely mortified to perceive, that the discourse turned wholly upon the virtues of Pompey, and the consequences of his hurt: it was examined with great attention and solicitude, and found to be a rasure of the skin the whole length of one of his fore legs. After some topical application, his cushion was placed in the corner by his lady, upon which he lay down, and indeed whined piteously.

I was beginning to recover from my perplexity, and had just made an attempt to introduce a new subject of conversation, when casting my eye downward I was again thrown into extreme confusion, by seeing something hang from the fore part of my chair, which I imagined to be a portion of my shirt; though indeed it was no other than the corner of a napkin on which I sat, and which dur-

ing the confusion produced by the fall of the screen had been left in the chair.

My embarrassment was soon discovered, though the cause was mistaken; and the lady hoping to remove it, by giving me an opportunity to display my abilities without the restraint of ceremony, requested that I would now give her the pleasure which she had impatiently expected, and read my play.

My play, therefore, I was obliged to produce; and having found an opportunity hastily to button up the corner of the napkin while the manuscript lay open in my lap, I began to read: and though my voice was at first languid, tremulous, and irresolute, yet my attention was at length drawn from my situation to my subject; I pronounced with greater emphasis and propriety, and I began to watch for the effects which I expected to produce upon my auditors: but I was extremely mortified to find, that whenever I paused to give room for a remark or an encomium, the interval was filled with an ejaculation of pity for the dog, who still continued to whine upon his cushion, and was lamented in these affectionate and pathetic terms—
'Ah! poor, dear, pretty, little creature.'

It happened, however, that by some incidents in the fourth act the passions were apparently interested; and I was just exulting in my success, when the lady who sat next me unhappily opening her snuff-box, which was not effected without some difficulty, the dust that flew up threw me into a fit of sneezing, which instantly caused my upper lip to put me again out of countenance: I therefore hastily felt for my handkerchief, and it was not with less emotion than if I had seen a ghost, that I discovered it had been picked out of my pocket. In the mean time the opprobrious effusion descended like an icicle to my chin; and the eyes of the company, which this accident had drawn upon me, were now turned away with looks which shewed that their pity was not proof against the ridicule of my distress. What I suffered at this moment, can neither be expressed nor conceived: I turned my head this way and that in the anguish of my mind, without knowing what I sought; and at last holding up my manuscript before my face, I was compelled to make use of the end of my neckcloth, which

which I again buttoned into my bosom. After many painful efforts I proceeded in my lecture, and again fixed the attention of my hearers. The fourth act was finished, and they expressed great impatience to hear the catastrophe: I therefore began the fifth with fresh confidence and vigour; but before I had read a page, I was interrupted by two gentlemen of great quality, professors of Buckism, who came with a design to wait upon the ladies to an auction.

I rose up with the rest of the company when they came in; but what was my astonishment, to perceive the napkin, which I had unfortunately secured by one corner, hang down from my waist to the ground! From this dilemma, however, I was delivered by the noble Buck who stood nearest me; who swearing an oath of astonishment, twitched the napkin from me, and throwing it to the servant, told him that he had redeemed it from the rats, who were dragging it by degrees into a place where he would never have looked for it. The young ladies were scarce less confounded at this accident than I; and the noble matron herself was somewhat disconcerted; she saw my extreme confusion, and thought fit to apologize for her cousin's behaviour: 'He is a wild boy, Sir,' says she; 'he plays these tricks with every body; but it is his way, and nobody minds it.' When we were once more seated, the Bucks, upon the peremptory refusal of the ladies to go out, declared they would stay and hear the last act of my tragedy; I was therefore requested to go on. But my spirits were quite exhausted by the violent agitation of my mind; and I was intimidated by the presence of two persons, who appeared to consider me and my performance as objects only of merriment and sport. I would gladly have renounced all that in the morning had been the object of my hope, to recover the dignity which I had already lost in my own estimation; and had scarce any wish but to return without further disgrace into the quiet shade of obscurity. The ladies, however, would take no denial, and I was at length obliged to comply.

I was much pleased and surprized at the attention with which my new auditors seemed to listen as I went on: the dog was now silent; I increased the pathos of my voice in proportion as I ascended the climax of distress, and flattered my-

self that poetry and truth would be still victorious; but just at this crisis, the gentleman who had disengaged me from the napkin, desired me to stop half a moment; something, he said, had just started into his mind, which if he did not communicate he might forget: then turning to his companion—'Jack,' says he, 'there was sold in Smithfield no longer ago than last Saturday, the largest ox that ever I beheld in my life.' The ridicule of this malicious apostrophe was so striking, that pity and decorum gave way, and my patroness herself burst into laughter: upon me, indeed, it produced a very different effect; for if I had been detected in an unsuccessful attempt to pick a pocket, I could not have felt more shame, confusion and anguish. The laughter into which the company had been surprized, was, however, immediately suppressed, and a severe censure passed upon the person who produced it. To atone for the mortification which I had suffered, the ladies expressed the utmost impatience to hear the conclusion, and I was encouraged by repeated encomiums to proceed: but though I once more attempted to recollect myself, and again began the speech in which I had been interrupted, yet my thoughts were still distracted, my voice faltered, and I had scarce breath to finish the first period.

This was remarked by my tormentor the Buck, who suddenly snatched the manuscript out of my hands, declared that I did not do my play justice, and that he would finish it himself. He then began to read; but the affected gravity of his countenance, the unnatural tone of his voice, and the remembrance of his late anecdote of the ox, excited sensations that were incompatible both with pity and terror, and rendered me extremely wretched by keeping the company perpetually on the brink of laughter.

In the action of my play, virtue had been sustained by her own dignity, and exulted in the enjoyment of intellectual and independent happiness, during a series of external calamities that terminated in death; and vice, by the success of her own projects, had been betrayed into shame, perplexity, and confusion. These events were indeed natural; and therefore I poetically inferred, with all the confidence of demonstration, that 'the torments of Tartarus, and the felicity

felicity of Elysium, were not necessary to the justification of the gods; since whatever inequality might be pretended in the distribution of externals, peace is still the prerogative of virtue, and intellectual misery can be inflicted only by guilt.

But the intellectual misery which I suffered at the very moment when this favourite sentiment was read, produced an irresistible conviction that it was false; because, except the dread of that punishment which I had indirectly deserved, I felt all the torment that could be inflicted by guilt. In the prosecution of an undertaking which I believed to be virtuous, peace was never given from my heart, but I incurred the risk of accident with the vices of others; and the misery that I suffered suddenly propagated itself: for not only enjoyment but hope was now at an end; my play, upon which both had depended, was overturned from its foundation; and I was so much affected, that I took my leave with the abrupt haste of distress and perplexity. I had no concern about what should befall me when I was departed; and, perhaps, at the moment when I went out

of the house, there was not in the world any human being more wretched than myself. The next morning, when I reflected coolly upon those events, I would willingly have reconciled my experience with my principles, even at the expence of my morals. I would have supposed that my desire of approbation was inordinate, and that a virtuous indifference about the opinion of others would have prevented all my distress; but I was compelled to acknowledge, that to acquire this indifference was not possible, and that no man becomes vicious by not effecting impossibilities: there may be heights of virtue beyond our reach; but to be vicious, we must either do something from which we have power to abstain, or neglect something which we have power to do. This remained, therefore, no expedient to recover any part of the credit I had lost, but setting a truth, which I had newly discovered by means so extraordinary, in a new light; and with this view I am a candidate for a place in the *Adventurer*.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

DRAMATICUS.

Nº LIII. TUESDAY, MAY 8.

QUISQUE SUOS PATIMUR MANES.

VIRG.

EACH HAS HIS LOSS, AND RECEIVES THE FATE HE DEW.

SIR,

TUESDAY, MAY 6.

IN consequence of my engagements, I address you once more from the habitation of misery. In this place, from which human life and pleasure are equally excluded, and in which our only employment and diversion is to hear the narratives of each other, I might much sooner have gathered materials for a letter, had I not hoped to have been reminded of my promise; but since I find myself placed in the regions of oblivion, where I am no less neglected by you than by the rest of mankind, I resolved no longer to defer solicitation, but stole early this evening from between gloomy sullenness and riotous merriment, to give you an account of some of my companions.

One of the most eminent members of our club is Mr. Edward Scamper, a man of whose name the Olympic heroes

would not have been ashamed. Ned was born to a small estate, which he determined to improve, and, therefore, as soon as he became of age, mortgaged part of his land to buy a mare and stallion, and bred horses for the course. He was at first very successful, and gained several of the king's plates, as he is now every day boasting, at the expence of very little more than ten times their value. At last, however, he discovered that victory brought him more honour than profit, resolving, therefore, to be rich as well as illustrious, he replenished his pockets by another mortgage, became on a sudden a daring better, and resolving not to trust a jockey with his fortune, rode his horse himself, distanced two of his competitors the first heat, and at last won the race, by forcing his horse on a descent to full speed at the hazard of his neck. His estate was thus re-

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paired;

paired; and some friends that had no souls advised him to give over; but Ned now knew the way to riches; and therefore without caution increased his expences. From this hour he talked and dreamed of nothing but a horse race; and rising soon to the summit of equestrian reputation, he was constantly expected on every course, divided all his time between lords and jockies, and as the unexperienced regulated their bets by his example, gained a great deal of money by laying openly on one horse and secretly on the other. Ned was now so sure of growing rich, that he involved his estate in a third mortgage, borrowed money of all his friends, and risked his whole fortune upon Bay-Lincoln. He mounted with beating heart, started fair, and won the first heat; but in the second, as he was pushing against the foremost of his rivals, his girth broke, his shoulder was dislocated, and before he was dismissed by the surgeon two bailiffs fastened upon him, and he saw Newmarket no more. His daily amusement for four years has been to blow the signal for starting, to make imaginary matches, to repeat the pedigree of Bay-Lincoln, and to form resolutions against trusting another groom with the choice of his girth.

The next in seniority is Mr. Timothy Snugg, a man of deep contrivance and impenetrable secrecy. His father died with the reputation of more wealth than he possessed. Tim, therefore, entered the world with a reputed fortune of ten thousand pounds. Of this he very well knew that eight thousand was imaginary; but being a man of refined policy, and knowing how much honour is annexed to riches, he resolved never to detect his own poverty; but furnished his house with elegance, scattered his money with profusion, encouraged every scheme of costly pleasure, spoke of petty losses with negligence, and on the day before an execution entered his doors, had proclaimed at a public table his resolution to be jolted no longer in a hackney coach.

Another of my companions is the magnanimous Jack Scatter, the son of a country gentleman, who having no other care than to leave him rich, considered that literature could not be had without expence; masters would not teach for nothing; and when a book was bought and read, it would sell for little. Jack

was, therefore, taught to read and write by the butler, and when this acquisition was made, was left to pass his days in the kitchen and the stable, where he heard no crime censured but covetousness and distrust of poor honest servants, and where all the praise was bestowed on good house-keeping and a free heart. At the death of his father, Jack set himself to retrieve the honour of his family; he abandoned his cellar to the butler, ordered his groom to provide hay and corn at discretion, took his house-keeper's word for the expences of the kitchen, allowed all his servants to do their work by deputies, permitted his domestics to keep his house open to their relations and acquaintances, and in ten years was conveyed hither, without having purchased, by the loss of his patrimony either honour or pleasure, or obtained any other gratification than that of having corrupted the neighbouring villagers by luxury and idleness.

Dick Serge was a draper in Cornhill, and passed eight years in prosperous diligence, without any care but to keep his books, or any ambition but to be in time an alderman; but then, by some unaccountable revolution in his understanding, he became enamoured of wit and humour, despised the conversation of pedlars and stockjobbers, and rambled every night to the regions of gaiety in quest of company suited to his taste. The wits at first flocked about him for sport, and afterwards for interest; some found their way into his books, and some into his pockets; the man of adventure was equipped from his shop for the pursuit of a fortune; and he had sometimes the honour to have his security accepted when his friends were in distress. Elated with these associations, he soon learned to neglect his shop; and having drawn his money out of the funds to avoid the necessity of teasing men of honour for trifling debts, he has been forced at last to retire hither till his friends can procure him a post at court.

Another that joins in the same mess is Bob Cornice, whose life has been spent in fitting up a house. About ten years ago Bob purchased the country habitation of a bankrupt; the mere shell of a building Bob holds no great matter, the inside is the test of elegance. Of this house he was no sooner master than he summoned twenty workmen to his assistance, tore up the floors and laid them

them anew, stripped off the wainscot, drew the windows from their frames, altered the disposition of doors and fire-places, and cast the whole fabric into a new form. His next care was to have his ceilings painted, his pannels gilt, and his chimney-pieces carved. Every thing was executed by the ablest hands. Bob's business was to follow the workmen with a microscope, and call upon them to retouch their performances, and heighten excellences to perfection. The reputation of his house now brings round him a daily confluence of visitants; and every one tells him of some elegance which he has hitherto overlooked, some convenience not yet procured, or some new mode in ornament or furniture. Bob, who had no wish but to be admired, nor any guide but the fashion, thought every thing beautiful in proportion as it was new, and considered his work as unfinished, while any observer could suggest an addition; some alteration was therefore every day made, without any other motive than the charms of novelty. A traveller at last suggested to him the convenience of a grotto. Bob immediately ordered the mount of his garden to be excavated; and having

laid out a large sum in shells and minerals, was busy in regulating the disposition of the colours and lustres, when two gentlemen, who had asked permission to see his gardens, presented him a writ, and led him to less elegant apartments.

I know not, Sir, whether among this fraternity of sorrow you will think any much to be pitied; nor indeed do many of them appear to solicit compassion, for they generally applaud their own conduct, and despise those whom want of taste or spirits suffers to grow rich. It were happy, if the prisons of the kingdom were filled only with characters like these, men whom prosperity could not make useful, and whom ruin cannot make wise: but there are among us many who raise different sensations, many that owe their present misery to the seductions of treachery, the strokes of casualty, or the tenderness of pity; many whose sufferings disgrace society, and whose virtues would adorn it: of these, when familiarity shall have enabled me to recount their stories without horror, you may expect another narrative from, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

T

MISARGYRUS.

Nº LIV. SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1753.

RELIGIO

CLAUDIUS.

HIS CONFIDENCE IN HEAV'N

SUNK BY DECEITS

IF a recluse moralist who speculates in a cloyster, should suppose every practice to be infamous in proportion as it is allowed to be criminal, no man would wonder; but every man who is acquainted with life, and is able to substitute the discoveries of experience for the deductions of reason, knows that he would be mistaken.

Lying is generally allowed to be less criminal than adultery; and yet it is known to render a man much more infamous and contemptible; for he who would modestly acquiesce in an imputation of adultery as a compliment, would resent that of a lye as an insult for which life only could atone. Thus are men tamely led hood-winked by custom the creature of their own folly, and while imaginary light flashes under the ban-

dage which excludes the reality, they fondly believe that they behold the sun.

Lying, however, does not incur more infamy than it deserves, though other vices incur less. I have before remarked, that there are some practices, which, though they degrade a man to the lowest class of moral characters, do yet imply some natural superiority; but lying is, on the contrary, always an implication of weakness and defect. Slander is the revenge of a coward, and dissimulation his defence: lying boasts are the stigma of impotent ambition, of obscurity without merit; and pride totally destitute of intellectual dignity: and even lyes of apology imply indiseretion or rusticity, ignorance, folly, or indecorum.

But there is equal turpitude, and yet greater meanness, in those forms of

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speech

speech which deceive without direct falsehood. The crime is committed with greater deliberation, as it requires more contrivance; and by the offenders the use of language is totally perverted: they conceal a meaning opposite to that which they express; their speech is a kind of riddle propounded for an evil purpose; and as they may, therefore, be properly distinguished by the name of Sphinxes, there would not perhaps be much cause for regret, if, like the first monster of the name, they should break their necks upon the solution of their enigmas.

Indirect lyes, more effectually than others, destroy that mutual confidence which is said to be the band of society: they are more frequently repeated, because they are not prevented by the dread of detection; and he who has obtained a virtuous character is not always believed, because we know not but that he may have been persuaded by the sophistry of folly, that to deceive is not to lye, and that there is a certain manner in which truth may be violated without incurring either guilt or shame.

But lying, however practised, does, like every other vice, ultimately disappoint it's own purpose.—'A lying tongue is but for a moment.' Detraction, when it is discovered to be false, confers honours, and dissimulation provokes resentment; the false boast incurs contempt, and the false apology aggravates the offence.

Is it not, therefore, astonishing that a practice, for whatever reason, so universally infamous and unsuccessful, should not be more generally and scrupulously avoided? To think, is to renounce it: and that I may fix the attention of my readers a little longer upon the subject, I shall relate a story, which, perhaps, by those who have much sensibility, will not soon be forgotten.

Charlotte and Maria were educated together at an eminent boarding-school near London. There was little difference in their age, and their personal accomplishments were equal: but though their families were of the same rank, yet as Charlotte was an only child, she was considerably superior in fortune.

Soon after they were taken home, Charlotte was addressed by Captain Freeman, who besides his commission in the guards had a small paternal estate: but as her friends hoped for a more advantageous match, the Captain was de-

fired to forbear his visits, and the lady to think of him no more. After some fruitless struggles they acquiesced; but the discontent of both was so apparent, that it was thought expedient to remove Miss into the country. She was sent to her aunt, the Lady Meadows, who with her daughter lived retired at the family-seat, more than one hundred miles distant from the metropolis. After she had reposed in this dreary solitude from April to August, she was surprized with a visit from her father, who brought with him Sir James Forrest, a young gentleman who had just succeeded to a baronet's title, and a very large estate in the same county. Sir James had good nature and good sense, an agreeable person and an easy address: Miss was intently pleased with his company; her vanity, if not her love, had a new object; a desire to be delivered from a state of dependance and obscurity had almost absorbed all the rest; and it is no wonder that this desire was gratified, when scarce any other was felt; or that in compliance with the united solicitations of her friends and her lover, she suffered herself within a few weeks to become a lady and a wife. They continued in the country till the beginning of October, and then came up to London, having prevailed upon her aunt to accompany them; that Miss Meadows, with whom the bride had contracted an intimate friendship, might be gratified with the diversions of the town during the winter.

Captain Freeman, when he heard that Miss Charlotte was married, immediately made proposals of marriage to Maria, with whom he became acquainted during his visits to her friend, and soon after married her.

The friendship of the two young ladies seemed to be rather increased than diminished by their marriage; they were always of the same party both in the private and public diversions of the season, and visited each other without the formalities of messages and dress.

But neither Sir James nor Mrs. Freeman could reflect without uneasiness upon the frequent interviews which this familiarity and confidence produced between a lover and his mistress, whom force only had divided; and though of these interviews they were themselves witnesses, yet Sir James insensibly became jealous of his lady, and Mrs. Freeman of her husband.

It happened in the May following, that Sir James went about ten miles out of town to be present at the election of a member of parliament for the county, and was not expected to return till the next day. In the evening his lady took a chair, and visited Mrs. Freeman: the rest of the company went away early, the Captain was upon guard, Sir James was out of town, and the two ladies after supper sat down to piquet, and continued the game without once reflecting upon the hour till three in the morning. Lady Forrest would then have gone home; but Mrs. Freeman, perhaps chiefly to conceal a contrary desire, importuned her to stay till the Captain came in, and at length with some reluctance she consented.

About five the Captain came home, and Lady Forrest immediately sent out for a chair: a chair, as it happened, could not be procured; but a hackney-coach being brought in it's stead, the Captain insisted upon waiting on her ladyship home. This she refused with some emotion; it is probable, that she still regarded the Captain with less indifference than she wished, and was therefore more sensible of the impropriety of his offer: but her reasons for rejecting it, however forcible, being such as she could not alledge, he persisted, and her resolution was overborne. By this importunate complaisance the Captain had not only thrown Lady Forrest into confusion, but displeased his wife: she could not, however, without unpoliteness oppose it; and lest her unreason should be discovered, she affected a negligence which in some degree revenged it: she desired that when he came back, he would not disturb her, for that she should go directly to bed;

and added with a kind of drowsy insensibility—'I am more than half asleep already.'

Lady Forrest and the Captain were to go from the Haymarket to Grosvenor Square. It was about half an hour after five when they got into the coach; the morning was remarkably fine, the late contest had shaken off all disposition to sleep, and Lady Forrest could not help saying, that she had much rather take a walk in the Park than go home to bed. The captain zealously expressed the same sentiment, and proposed that the coach should let them down at St. James's Gate. The lady, however, had nearly the same objections against being seen in the Mall without my other company than the captain, that she had against it's being known that they were alone together in a hackney coach: she therefore, to extricate herself from this second difficulty, proposed that they should call at her father's in Bond Street, and take her cousin Meadows, whom she knew to be an early riser, with them. This project was immediately put in execution; but Lady Forrest found her cousin indisposed with a cold. When she had communicated the design of this early visit, Miss Meadows intreated her to give up her walk in the Park, to stay till the family rose, and go home after breakfast—'No,' replied Lady Forrest, 'I am determined upon a walk; but as I must first get rid of Captain Freeman, I will send down word that I will take your advice.' A servant was accordingly dispatched to acquaint the captain, who was waiting below, that Miss Meadows was indisposed, and had engaged Lady Forrest to breakfast.

N^o LV. TUESDAY, MAY 15, 1753.

QUID QUISQUE VITET, NUNQUAM HOMINI SATIS
CAUTUM EST IN HORAS.

HOR.

WHILE DANGERS HOURLY ROUND US RISE,
NO CAUTION GUARDS US FROM SURPRIZE.

FRANCIS.

THE Captain discharged the coach; but being piqued at the behaviour of his wife, and feeling that flow of spirits which usually returns with the morning even to those who have not slept in the night, he had no desire to go home, and therefore resolved to enjoy the fine morning in the Park alone.

Lady Forrest, not doubting but that the Captain would immediately return home, congratulated herself upon her deliverance; but at the same time, to indulge her desire of a walk, followed him into the Park.

The captain had reached the top of the Mall; and, turning back, met her before she had advanced two hundred yards beyond the palace. The moment she perceived him, the remembrance of her message, the motives that produced it, the detection of its falshood, and discovery of its design, her disappointment and consciousness of that very situation which she had so much reason to avoid, all concurred to cover her with confusion which it was impossible to hide; pride and good-breeding were, however, still predominant over truth and prudence; she was still zealous to remove from the captain's mind any suspicion of a design to shun him, and therefore with an effort perhaps equal to that of a hero who smiles upon the rack, she affected an air of gaiety, said she was glad to see him, and as an excuse for her message and her conduct, prattled something about the fickleness of a woman's mind, and concluded with observing that she changed hers too often ever to be mad. By this conduct a retreat was rendered impossible, and they walked together till between eight and nine: but the clouds having insensibly gathered, and a sudden shower falling just as they reached Spring Gardens, they went out instead of going back; and the Captain having put the lady into a chair, took his leave.

It happened that Sir James, contrary

to his first purpose, had returned from his journey at night. He learnt from the servants, that his lady was gone to Captain Freeman's, and was secretly displeased that she had made this visit when he was absent; an incident which, however trifling in itself, was by the magic of jealousy swelled into importance: yet upon recollection he reproved himself for this displeasure, since the presence of the Captain's lady would sufficiently secure the honour of his own. While he was struggling with these suspicions, they increased both in number and strength in proportion as the night wore away. At one he went to bed; but he passed the night in agonies of terror and resentment, doubting whether the absence of his lady was the effect of accident or design, listening to every noise, and bewildering himself in a multitude of extravagant suppositions. He rose again at break of day; and after several hours of suspense and irresolution, whether to wait the issue, or go out for intelligence, the restlessness of curiosity prevailed, and about eight he set out for Captain Freeman's; but left word with his servants that he was gone to a neighbouring coffee-house.

Mrs. Freeman, whose affected indifference and dissimulation of a design to go immediately to bed, contributed to prevent the Captain's return, had during his absence suffered inexpressible disquiet: she had, indeed, neither intention to go to bed, nor inclination to sleep; she walked backward and forward in her chamber, distracted with jealousy and suspense, till she was informed that Sir James was below, and desired to see her. When she came down, he discovered that she had been in tears; his fear was now more alarmed than his jealousy, and he concluded that some fatal accident had befallen his wife; but he soon learnt that she and the Captain had gone from thence at five in the morning, and

and that he was not yet returned. Mrs. Freeman, by Sir James's enquiry, knew that his lady had not been at home: her suspicions, therefore, were confirmed; and in her jealousy, which to prevent a duel she laboured to conceal, Sir James found new cause for his own. He determined, however, to wait with as much decency as possible, till the Captain came in; and perhaps two persons were never more embarrassed by the presence of each other. While breakfast was getting ready, Dr. Tattle came to pay Mrs. Freeman a morning visit; and, to the unspeakable grief both of the lady and her guest, was immediately admitted. Dr. Tattle is one of those male gossips who, in the common opinion, are the most diverting company in the world. The Doctor saw that Mrs. Freeman was low-spirited, and made several efforts to divert her, but without success. At last he declared, with an air of ironical importance, that he could tell her such news as would make her look grave for something—'The Captain,' says he, 'has just huddled a lady into a chair at the door of a bagnio near Spring Gardens.' He soon perceived, that this speech was received with emotions very different from those he intended to produce; and therefore added—that she need not, however, be jealous; for notwithstanding the manner in which he had related the incident, the lady was certainly a woman of character, as he instantly discovered by her mien and appearance. This particular confirmed the suspicion it was intended to remove; and the Doctor finding that he was not so good company as usual, took his leave; but was met at the door by the Captain, who brought him back. His presence, however insignificant, imposed some restraint upon the rest of the company; and Sir James, with as good an appearance of jocularity as he could assume, asked the Captain what he had done with his wife. The Captain with some irresolution replied, that he had left her early in the morning at her father's; and that having made a point of waiting on her home, she sent word down that her cousin Meadows was indisposed, and had engaged her to breakfast. The Captain, who knew nothing of the anecdote that had been communicated by the Doctor, judged by appearances that it was prudent thus

indirectly to lye, by concealing the truth both from Sir James and his wife: he supposed, indeed, that Sir James would immediately enquire after his wife at her father's, and learn that she did not stay there to breakfast; but as it would not follow that they had been together, he left her to account for her absence as she thought fit, taking for granted that what he had concealed she also would conceal for the same reasons; or if she did not, as he had affirmed nothing contrary to truth, he might pretend to have concealed it in jest. Sir James, as soon as he had received this intelligence, took his leave with some appearance of satisfaction, and was followed by the doctor.

As soon as Mrs. Freeman and the Captain were alone, she questioned him with great earnestness about the lady whom he had been seen to put into a chair. When he had heard that this incident had been related in the presence of Sir James, he was greatly alarmed lest Lady Forrest should increase his suspicions, by attempting to conceal that which, by a series of enquiry to which he was now stimulated, he would probably discover; he condemned this conduct in himself; and as the most effectual means at once to quiet the mind of his wife, and obtain her assistance, he told her all that had happened, and his apprehension of the consequences: he also urged her to go directly to Miss Meadows, by whom his account would be confirmed, and of whom she might learn farther intelligence of Sir James; and to find some way to acquaint Lady Forrest with her danger, and admonish her to conceal nothing.

Mrs. Freeman was convinced of the Captain's sincerity, not only by the advice which he urged her to give to Lady Forrest, but by the consistency of the story and the manner in which he was affected. Her jealousy was changed into pity for her friend, and apprehension for her husband. She hastened to Miss Meadows, and learnt that Sir James had enquired of the servant for his lady, and was told that she had been there early with Captain Freeman, but went away soon after him: she related to Miss Meadows all that had happened; and thinking it at least possible that Sir James might not go directly home, she wrote the following letter to his lady.

MY DEAR LADY FORREST,

I Am in the utmost distress for you. Sir James has suspicions which truth only can remove, and of which my indiscretion is the cause. If I had not concealed my desire of the Captain's return, your design to disengage yourself from him, which I learn from Miss Meadows, would have been effected. Sir James breakfasted with me in the Haymarket; and has since called at your father's, from whence I write: he knows that your stay here was short, and has reason to believe the Captain put you into a chair some hours afterwards at Spring Gardens. I hope therefore, my dear lady, that this will reach your hands time enough to prevent your concealing any thing. It would have been better if Sir James had

known nothing, for then you would not have been suspected; but now he must know all, or you cannot be justified. Forgive the freedom with which I write, and believe me most affectionately yours,
MARIA FREEMAN.

P. S. I have ordered the bearer to say he came from Mrs. Fashion, the milliner.

This letter was given to a chairman, and he was ordered to say he brought it from the milliner's; because if it should be known to come from Mrs. Freeman, and should fall by accident into Sir James's hands, his curiosity might prompt him to read it, and his jealousy to question the lady without communicating the contents.

NO LVI. SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1753.

MULTOS IN SUMMA PERICULA MISIT
VENTURI TIMOR IPSE MALI.

LUCANUS.

NOW OFT THE FEAR OF ILL TO ILL BETRAYS!

SIR James being convinced that his lady and the Captain had passed the morning at a bagnio, by the answer which he received at her father's, went directly home. His lady was just arrived before him, and had not recovered from the confusion and dread which seized her when she heard that Sir James came to town the night before, and at the same instant anticipated the consequences of her own indiscretion. She was told he was then at the coffee-house, and in a few minutes was thrown into an universal tremor upon hearing him knock at the door. He perceived her distress not with compassion but rage, because he believed it to proceed from the consciousness of guilt: he turned pale, and his lips quivered; but he so far restrained his passion as to ask her without invective, where, and how she had passed the night. She replied, at Captain Freeman's; that the Captain was upon guard, that she sat up with his lady till he came in, and that then insisting to see her home, she would suffer the coach to go no farther than her father's, where he left her early in the morning: she had not fortitude to relate the sequel, but stopped with some appearance of irresolution and terror. Sir James then asked,

if she came directly from her father's home. This question, and the manner in which it was asked, increased her confusion: to appear to have stopped short in her narrative, she thought would be an implication of guilt, as it would betray a desire of concealment: but the past could not be recalled, and she was impelled by equivocation to falsehood; from which, however, she would have been kept back by fear, if Sir James had not deceived her into a belief that he had been no farther than the neighbourhood. After these tumultuous reflections, which passed in a moment, she ventured to affirm, that she staid with Miss Meadows till eight, and then came home: but she uttered this falsehood with such marks of guilt and shame, which she had indeed no otherwise than by this falsehood incurred or deserved, that Sir James no more doubted her infidelity than her existence. As her story was the same with that of the Captain's, and as one had concealed the truth and the other denied it, he concluded there was a confederacy between them; and determining first to bring the Captain to account, he turned from her abruptly, and immediately left the house.

At the door he met the chairman who had

had been dispatched by Mrs. Freeman to his lady; and fiercely interrogating him what was his business, the man produced the letter; and saying, as he had been ordered, that he brought it from Mrs. Fashion, Sir James snatched it from him, and muttering some expressions of contempt and resentment, thrust it into his pocket.

It happened that Sir James did not find the Captain at home; he therefore left a billet, in which he requested to see him at a neighbouring tavern, and added that he had put on his sword.

In the mean time, his lady, dreading a discovery of the falsehood which she had asserted, dispatched a billet to Captain Freeman, in which she conjured him, as a man of honour, for particular reasons, not to own to Sir James, or any other person, that he had seen her after he had left her at her father's: she also wrote to her cousin Meadows, intreating, that if she was questioned by Sir James, he might be told that she staid with her till eight o'clock, an hour at which only herself and the servants were up.

The billet to Miss Meadows came soon after the chairman had returned with an account of what had happened to the letter; and Mrs. Freeman was just gone in great haste to relate the accident to the Captain, as it was of importance that he should know it before his next interview with Sir James: but the Captain had been at home before her, and had received both Sir James's billet and that of his lady. He went immediately to the tavern; and, inquiring for Sir James Forrest, was shewn into a back room one pair of stairs: Sir James received his salutation without reply, and instantly bolted the door. His jealousy was complicated with that indignation and contempt, which a sense of injury from a person of inferior rank never fails to produce; he therefore demanded of the Captain, in a haughty tone, whether he had not that morning been in company with his wife, after he had left her at her father's. The Captain, who was incensed at Sir James's manner, and deemed himself engaged in honour to keep the lady's secret, answered, that, after what he had said in the morning, no man had a right to suppose he had seen the lady afterwards; that to insinuate the contrary, was obliquely to charge him with

a falsehood; that he was bound to answer no such questions, till they were properly explained; and that, as a gentleman, he was prepared to vindicate his honour. Sir James justly deemed this reply an equivocation and an insult; and being no longer able to restrain his rage, he cursed the Captain as a liar and a scoundrel, and at the same time striking him a violent blow with his fist, drew his sword, and put himself in a posture of defence. Whatever design the Captain might have had to bring his friend to temper, and reconcile him to his wife, when he first entered the room, he was now equally enraged, and indeed had suffered equal indignity; he therefore drew at the same instant, and after a few desperate passes on both sides, he received a wound in his breast, and reeling backward a few paces, fell down.

The noise had brought many people to the door of the room, and it was forced open just as the Captain received his wound: Sir James was secured, and a messenger was dispatched for a surgeon. In the mean time the Captain perceived himself to be dying; and whatever might before have been his opinion of right and wrong, and honour and shame, he now thought all dissimulation criminal, and that his murderer had a right to that truth which he thought it meritorious to deny him when he was his friend: he therefore earnestly desired to speak a few words to him in private. This request was immediately granted; the persons who had rushed in withdrew, contenting themselves to keep guard at the door; and the Captain, beckoning Sir James to kneel down by him, then told him, that however his lady might have been surprized or betrayed by pride or fear into dissimulation or falsehood, she was innocent of the crime which he supposed her solicitous to conceal: he then briefly related all the events as they had happened; and at last, grasping his hand, urged him to escape from the window, that he might be a friend to his widow and to his child, if it's birth should not be prevented by the death of it's father. Sir James yielded to the force of this motive, and escaped as the Captain had directed. In his way to Dover he read the letter which he had taken from the chairman, and the next post inclosed it in the following to his lady.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

I Am the most wretched of all men; but I do not upbraid you as the cause: would to God that I were not more guilty than you! We are the martyrs of dissimulation. By dissimulation dear Captain Freeman was induced to waste those hours with you, which he would otherwise have enjoyed with the poor unhappy dissembler his wife. Trusting in the success of dissimulation, you was tempted to venture into the Park, where you met him whom you wished to shun. By detecting dissimulation in the Captain, my suspicions were increased; and by dissimulation and falsehood you confirmed them. But your dissimulation and falsehood were the effects of mine; your's were ineffectual, mine succeeded: for I left word that I was gone no farther than the coffee-house, that you might not suspect I had learned too much to be deceived. By the success of a lye put into the mouth of a chairman, I was prevented from reading a letter which at last would have undeceived me; and by per-

sisting in dissimulation, the Captain has made his friend a fugitive, and his wife a widow. Thus does insincerity terminate in misery and confusion, whether in it's immediate purpose it succeeds or is disappointed. O my dear Charlotte! if ever we meet again—to meet again in peace is impossible—but if ever we meet again, let us resolve to be sincere: to be sincere is to be wise, innocent, and safe. We venture to commit faults which shame or fear would prevent; if we did not hope to conceal them by a lye. But in the labyrinth of falsehood, men meet those evils which they seek to avoid; and as in the strait path of truth alone they can see before them, in the strait path of truth alone they can pursue felicity with success. Adieu! I am—dreadful!—I can subscribe nothing that does not reproach and torment me—Adieu!

Within a few weeks after the receipt of this letter, the unhappy lady heard that her husband was cast away in his passage to France.

N^o. LVII. TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1753.

— NEC VOX HOMINEM DONAT — VIRG.

— O MORE THAN HUMAN VOICE!

TO THE ADVENTURER.

AIR,
LONGINUS proceeds to address his friend Terentianus in the following manner.

It is the peculiar privilege of poetry, not only to place material objects in the most amiable attitudes, and to clothe them in the most graceful dress, but also to give life and motion to immaterial beings; and form, and colour, and action, even to abstract ideas; to embody the Virtues, the Vices, and the Passions; and to bring before our eyes, as on a stage, every faculty of the human mind.

Prosopopœia, therefore, or personification, conducted with dignity and propriety, may be justly esteemed one of the greatest efforts of the creative power of a warm and lively imagination. Of this figure many illustrious examples may be produced from the Jewish writers I have been so earnestly recommending to your perusal; among whom every part and object of nature is animated, and en-

dowed with sense, with passion, and with language.

To say that the lightning obeyed the commands of GOD, would of itself be sufficiently sublime; but a Hebrew bard expresses this idea with far greater energy and life: "Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, 'Here we are!'—And again, 'God sendeth forth light, and it goeth; he calleth it again, and it obeyeth him with fear.' How animated; how emphatical, is this unexpected answer—'Here we are!'"

Plato, with a divine boldness, introduces in his Crito, the Laws of Athens pleading with Socrates, and dissuading him from an attempt to escape from the prison in which he was confined; and the Roman rival of Demosthenes has made his country tenderly expostulate with Catiline, on the dreadful miseries which his rebellion would devolve on her head. But will a candid critic prefer either of these admired personifications to those passages in the Jewish poets where Babylon, or Jerusalem,

Jerusalem, or Tyre, are represented as sitting in the dust, covered with sackcloth, stretching out their hands in vain, and loudly lamenting their desolation? Nay, farther, will he reckon them even equal to the following fictions? Wisdom is introduced, saying of herself—“When God prepared the heavens, I was there; when he set a circle upon the face of the deep, when he gave to the sea his decree that the waters should not pass his commandments, when he appointed the foundations of the earth, then was I by him as one brought up with him; and I was daily his delight, playing all ways before him.” Where, Terentianus, shall we find our Minerva speaking with such dignity and elevation? The goddess of the Hebrew bard is not only the patroness and inventress of arts and learning, the parent of felicity and fame, the guardian and conductress of human life; but she is painted as immortal and eternal, the constant companion of the great CREATOR himself, and the partaker of his counsels and designs. Still bolder is the other *Prosopopœia*: “Desolation and Death say (of Wisdom)—‘we have heard the fame thereof with our ears.’ If pretenders to taste and judgment censure such a fiction as extravagant and wild, I despise their frigidity and gross insensibility.

When JEHOVAH is represented as descending to punish the earth in his just anger, it is added—“Before him went the Pestilence.” When the Babylonian tyrant is destroyed, “the fir-trees rejoice at his fall, and the cedars of Lebanon,” saying—“Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us.” And at the captivity of Jerusalem the very ramparts and the walls lament, “they languish together.” Read likewise the following address, and tell me what emotion you feel at the time of perusal—“O thou sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou be quiet? Put up thyself into thy scabbard, rest and be silent.” Art thou not amazed and delighted, my friend, to behold joy and anguish, and revenge, ascribed to the trees of the forest, to walls, and warlike instruments?

Before I conclude these observations, I cannot forbear taking notice of two remarkable passages in the Hebrew writers, because they bear a close resemblance with two in our own tragedians.

Sophocles, by a noble *prosopopœia*, thus aggravates the misery of the Thebans, visited by a dreadful plague—“Hell is enriched with groans and lamentations.” This image is heightened by a Jewish author, who describes Hell, or Hades, as “an enormous monster, who hath extended and enlarged himself, and opened his insatiable mouth without measure.”

Cassandra, in *Æschylus*, struck with the treachery and barbarity of Clytemnestra, who is murdering her husband Agamemnon, suddenly exclaims in a prophetic fury—“Shall I call her the direful mother of hell!” To represent the most terrible species of destruction, the Jewish poet says—“The first-born of death shall devour his strength.”

Besides the attribution of person and action to objects immaterial or inanimate, there is still another species of the *prosopopœia* no less lively and beautiful than the former, when a real person is introduced speaking with propriety and decorum. The speeches which the Jewish poets have put into the mouth of their JEHOVAH, are worthy the greatness and incomprehensible majesty of the All-perfect Being. Hear him asking one of his creatures, with a lofty kind of irony—“Where wast thou, when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it? Whereon are the foundations thereof fastened, or who laid the corner stone? When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth as if it had issued out of the womb? When I brake up for it my decreed place, and set bars and doors, and said—“Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall the pride of thy waves be stayed.” How can we reply to these sublime enquiries, but in the words that follow? “Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth.”

I have in a former treatise observed to you, that Homer has degraded his gods into men: these writers alone have not violated the DIVINE MAJESTY by inadequate and indecent representations, but have made the great CREATOR act and

speaking in a manner suitable to the supreme dignity of his nature, as far as the grossness of mortal conceptions will permit. From the sublimity and spirituality of their notions, so different in degree and kind from those of the most exalted philosophers, one may, perhaps, be inclined to think their claim to a divine inspiration reasonable and just, since GOD alone can describe himself to man.

I had written thus far, when I received dispatches from the Empress Zenobia, with orders to attend her instantly at Palmyra; but am resolved, before I set out, to add to this letter a few remarks on the beautiful comparisons of the Hebrew poets.

The use of similes in general consists in the illustration or amplification of any subject, or in presenting pleasing pictures to the mind by the suggestion of new images. Homer and the Hebrew bards disdain minute resemblances, and seek not an exact correspondence with every feature of the object they introduce. Provided a general likeness appear, they think it sufficient. Not solicitous for exactness, which in every work is the sure criterion of a cold and creeping genius, they introduce many circumstances that perhaps have no direct affinity to the subject, but taken all together, contribute to the variety and beauty of the piece.

The pleasures of friendship and benevolence are compared to the perfumes that flow from the ointments usually poured on the priest's head, which run down to his beard, and even to the skirts of his cloathing. The sun rising and breaking in upon the shades of night, is compared to a bridegroom issuing out of his chamber; in allusion to the Jewish custom of ushering the bridegroom from his chamber at midnight with great solemnity and splendor, preceded by the light of innumerable lamps and torches. How amiably is the tenderness and solicitude of GOD for his favourites expressed? 'As the eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead them!' On the other hand, how dreadfully is his indignation described! 'I will be unto them as a lion, as a leopard by the way will I observe them. I will meet them as a bear that is bereaved of her whelps,

and I will rent the caul of their heart.' A little afterwards the scene suddenly changes, and divine favour is painted by the following similitudes—'I will be as the dew unto Judaea; he shall grow as the lily; his branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell like Mount Libanus.' Menander himself, that just characterizer of human life, has not given us a more apt and lively comparison than the following—'As the climbing a sandy way is to the feet of the aged, so is a wife full of words to a quiet man.' Nor has one of our Grecian poets spoken so feelingly, so eloquently, or so elegantly of beauty, as the Emperor Solomon of his mistress or bride, in images perfectly original and new—'Thy hair, says he, is as a flock of goats that appear from Mount Gilead; thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which come up from the washing;' by which similitude their exact equality, evenness, and whiteness, are justly represented. 'Thy neck is like the tower of David, builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men;' that is, strait and tall, adorned with golden chains, and the richest jewels of the east. 'Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies;' the exquisite elegance and propriety of which similitude need not be pointed out, and cannot be excelled.

I have purposely reserved one comparison for a conclusion, not only for the sake of its beauty and justness, but because it describes a friendship so different from the constancy which I hope will ever be the character of yours and mine. 'My brethren,' says the writer, 'have dealt deceitfully with me. They are like torrents, which, when swollen and increased with winter showers and the meltings of ice, promise great and unfailing plenty of waters; but in the times of violent heats, suddenly are parched up and disappear. The traveller in the deserts of Arabia seeks for them in vain; the troops of Sheba looked, the caravans of Tema waited for them: they came to the accustomed springs for relief; they were confounded, they perished with thirst.'

In giving you these short specimens of Jewish poetry, I think I may compare myself to those spies which the above-mentioned

tioned Moses dispatched to discover the country he intended to conquer; and who brought from thence, as evidences of it's fruitfulness, the most delicious figs and pomegranates, and a branch with one

cluster of grapes, 'so large and weighty,' says the historian, 'that they bare it between two upon a staff.' Farewel.

Z

N^o LVIII. SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1753.

DAMNANT QUID NON INTELLIGUNT. CIC.

THEY CONDEMN WHAT THEY DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

EURIPIDES, having presented Socrates with the writings of Heraclitus, a philosopher famed for involution and obscurity, enquired afterwards his opinion of their merit. 'What I understand,' said Socrates, 'I find to be excellent; and, therefore, believe that to be of equal value which I cannot understand.'

The reflection of every man who reads this passage will suggest to him the difference between the practice of Socrates and that of modern critics: Socrates, who had by long observation upon himself and others, discovered the weakness of the strongest, and the dimness of the most enlightened intellect, was afraid to decide hastily in his own favour, or to conclude that an author had written without meaning, because he could not immediately catch his ideas: he knew that the faults of books are often more justly imputable to the reader, who sometimes wants attention, and sometimes penetration; whose understanding is often obstructed by prejudice, and often dissipated by remissness; who comes sometimes to a new study, unfurnished with knowledge previously necessary; and finds difficulties insuperable, for want of ardour sufficient to encounter them.

Obscurity and clearness are relative terms: to some readers scarce any book is easy, to others not many are difficult: and surely they whom neither any exuberant praise bestowed by others, nor any eminent conquests over stubborn problems, have entitled to exalt themselves above the common orders of mankind, might condescend to imitate the candour of Socrates; and where they find incontestible proofs of superior genius, be content to think that there is justness in the connection which they

cannot trace, and cogency in the reasoning which they cannot comprehend.

This diffidence is never more reasonable, than in the perusal of the authors of antiquity; of those whose works have been the delight of ages, and transmitted as the great inheritance of mankind from one generation to another: surely, no man can, without the utmost arrogance, imagine, that he brings any superiority of understanding to the perusal of these books which have been preserved in the devastation of cities, and snatched up from the wreck of nations; which those who fled before barbarians have been careful to carry off in the hurry of migration, and of which barbarians have repented the destruction. If in books thus made venerable by the uniform attestation of successive ages, any passages shall appear unworthy of that praise which they have formerly received; let us not immediately determine, that they owed their reputation to dulness or bigotry; but suspect at least that our ancestors had some reasons for their opinions, and that our ignorance of those reasons make us differ from them.

It often happens, that an author's reputation is endangered in succeeding times, by that which raised the loudest applause among his cotemporaries: nothing is read with greater pleasure than allusions to recent facts, reigning opinions, or present controversies; but when facts are forgotten, and controversies extinguished, these favourite touches lose all their graces; and the author in his descent to posterity must be left to the mercy of chance, without any power of ascertaining the memory of those things to which he owed his luckiest thoughts and his kindest reception.

On such occasions, every reader should remember

remember the diffidence of Socrates, and repair by his candour the injuries of time; he should impute the seeming defects of his author to some chasm of intelligence, and suppose, that the sense which is now weak was once forcible, and the expression which is now dubious formerly determinate.

How much the mutilation of ancient history has taken away from the beauty of poetical performances, may be conjectured from the light which a lucky commentator sometimes effuses, by the recovery of an incident that had been long forgotten: thus in the third book of Horace, Juno's denunciations against those that should presume to raise again the walls of Troy, could for many ages please only by splendid images and swelling language, of which no man discovered the use or propriety; till Le Fevre, by shewing on what occasion the Ode was written, changed wonder to rational delight. Many passages yet undoubtedly remain in the same author which an exacter knowledge of the incidents of his time would clear from objections. Among these I have always numbered the following lines:

*Aurum per medios ire satellites,
Et verrumpere amat saxa, potentius
Ictu fulmineo. Concidit Auguris
Argivi domus ob lucrum
Demersa excidio. Diffidit urbium
Portas vir Macedo, et subruit amulos
Reges muneribus. Munera navium
Sævos illaqueant duces.*

Stronger than thunder's winged force,
All powerful gold can spread it's course,
Through watchful guards it's passage make,
And loves through solid walls to break:
From gold the overwhelming woes,
That crush'd the Grecian augur rose:
Philip with gold through cities broke,
And rival monarchs felt his yoke;
Captains of ships to gold are slaves;
Though fierce as their own winds and waves.

FRANCIS.

The close of this passage, by which every reader is now disappointed and offended, was probably the delight of the Roman court: it cannot be imagined, that Horace, after having given to gold the force of thunder, and told of it's power to storm cities and to conquer kings, would have concluded his account of it's efficacy with it's influence over naval commanders, had he not alluded to some fact then current in the mouths of men,

and therefore more interesting for a time than the conquests of Philip. Of the like kind may be reckoned another stanza in the same book:

*—Jussa coram non sine conscio
Surgit marito, seu vocat infitor
Seu naxis Hispanæ magister
Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.*

The conscious husband bids her rise,
When some rich factor courts her charms,
Who calls the wanton to his arms,
And, prodigal of wealth and fame,
Profusely buys the costly shame.

FRANCIS.

He has little knowledge of Horace who imagines that the Factor, or the Spanish Merchant, are mentioned by chance: there was undoubtedly some popular story of an intrigue, which those names recalled to the memory of his reader.

The flame of his genius in other parts, though somewhat dimmed by time, is not totally eclipsed: his address and judgment yet appear, though much of the spirit and vigour of his sentiment is lost. This has happened to his twentieth Ode of the first book:

*Vile potabis medicis Sabinum
Cantbaris Græcâ quod ego ipse testâ
Conditum levi, datus in theatro
Cum tibi plausus,
Chære Mæcenas eques. Ut paterni
Fluminis ripæ, simul et jocosa
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticanæ
Montis imago.*

A poet's beverage humbly cheap,
(Should great Mæcenas be my guest)
The vintage of the Sabine grape,
But yet in sober cups shall crown the feast:
'Twas rack'd into a Græcian cask,
It's rougher juice to melt away;
I seal'd it too—a pleasing task!
With annual joy to mark the glorious day,
When in applausive shouts thy name
Spread from the theatre around,
Floating on thy own Tiber's stream,
And Echo, playful nymph, return'd the sound.

FRANCIS.

We here easily remark the intertexture of a happy compliment with an humble invitation; but certainly are less delighted than those to whom the mention of the applause bestowed upon Mæcenas gave occasion to recount the actions or words that produced it.

Two lines which have exercised the ingenuity of modern critics, may, I think,

think, be reconciled to the judgment, by an easy supposition: Horace thus addresses Agrippa—

*Scriberis Vario fortis, et hostium
Victor, Mæonii carminis alite.*

Varius, a swan of Homer's wing,
Shall brave Agrippa's conquests sing.

FRANCIS.

That Varius should be called 'A bird of Homeric song,' appears so harsh to modern ears, that an emendation of the text has been proposed: but surely the learning of the ancients had been long ago obliterated, had every man thought himself at liberty to corrupt the lines which he did not understand. If we imagine that Varius had been by any of his contemporaries celebrated under the appellation of Musarum Ales, the swan of the Muses, the language of Horace becomes graceful and familiar; and that such a compliment was at least possible, we know from the transformation feigned by Horace of himself.

The most elegant compliment that was paid to Addison, is of this obscure and perishable kind.

When panting Virtue her last efforts made,
You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid.

These lines must please as long as they are understood; but can be understood

only by those that have observed Addison's signatures in the Spectator.

The nicety of these minute allusions I shall exemplify by another instance, which I take this occasion to mention, because, as I am told, the commentators have omitted it. Tibullus addresses Cynthia in this manner:

*Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.*

Before my closing eyes, dear Cynthia, stand,
Held weakly by my fainting trembling hand.

To these lines Ovid thus refers in his elegy on the death of Tibullus:

*Cynthia decedens, felicius, inquit amata
Sum tibi; vixisti dum tuus ignis eram,
Cui Nemesis, quid, ait, tibi sunt mea damna
dolori?*

Me tenuit moriens deficiente manu.

Blest was my reign, retiring Cynthia cry'd:
Not till he left my breast, Tibullus dy'd.
Forbear, said Nemesis, my loss to moan,
The fainting trembling hand was mine alone.

The beauty of this passage, which consists in the appropriation made by Nemesis of the line, originally directed to Cynthia, had been wholly imperceptible to succeeding ages, had chance, which has destroyed so many greater volumes, deprived us likewise of the poems of Tibullus.

T

Nº LIX. TUESDAY, MAY 29, 1753.

—SI PIPRIA QUADRANS TIBI NULLUS IN ARCA
OSTENDATUR, AMES NOMEN VICTUMQUE MACHERE
ET VENDAS POTIUS, COMMISSA QUON AUCTIO VENDIT
STANTIBUS OENOPHORUM, TRIPODES, ARMARIA, CISTAS,
HALCYONEM BACCHI, THERAS, ET TEREA FAUSTI.

Juv.

IF NOT A SOUSE IN THY LANK PURSE APPEAR,
GO MOUNT THE ROSTRUM AND TURN AUCTIONEER;
WITH CHINA CRACK'D THE GREEDY CROWD TREPAN,
WITH SPURIOUS PICTURES AND WITH FALSE JAPAN;
SELL THE COLLECTED STORES OF MISERS DEAD,
FOR ENGLISH TEARS FOR DEBTS TO GALLIA PAID.

THE indigence of authors, and particularly of poets, has long been the object of lamentation and ridicule, of compassion and contempt.

It has been observed, that not one favourite of the Muses has ever been able to build a house since the days of Amphion, whose art it would be fortunate

for them if they possessed; and that the greatest punishment that can possibly be inflicted on them, is to oblige them to sup in their own lodgings.

—*Molles ubi reddunt ova columbae.*

Where pigeons lay their eggs.

Boileau

Boileau introduces Damon, whose writings entertained and instructed the city and the court; as having past the summer without a shirt, and the winter without a cloak; and resolving at last to forsake Paris—

—*ou la vertu n'a plus ni Feu ni Lieu;*

Where shiv'ring worth no longer finds a home,

and to find out a retreat in some distant grotto,

D'où jamais ni l' Huissier, ni le Serjent n'approche;

Safe, where no critics damn, nor duns molest.

POPE.

‘The rich comedian,’ says Bruyere, ‘lolling in his gilt chariot, bespatters the face of Corneille walking afoot:’ and Juvenal remarks, that his cotemporary bards generally qualified themselves by their diet, to make excellent bustos; that they were compelled sometimes to hire lodgings at a baker’s, in order to warm themselves for nothing; and that it was the common fate of the fraternity—

Pallere, et vinum toto nescire Decembri.

—To pine,
Look pale, and all December taste no wine.

DAYDEN.

Virgil himself is strongly suspected to have lain in the streets, or on some Roman bulk, when he speaks so feelingly of a rainy and tempestuous night in his well known epigram.

‘There ought to be an hospital founded for decayed wits,’ said a lively Frenchman, ‘and it might be called an hospital of Incurables.’

Few, perhaps, wander among the laurels of Parnassus, but who have reason ardently to wish and to exclaim with Æneas, but without the hero’s good fortune—

*Si nunc se nobis ille aureus arbore ramus
Offendat nemore in tanto!*

O! in this ample grove could I behold
The tree that grows with vegetable gold.

PITT.

The patronage of Lelius and Scipio did not enable Terence to rent a house. Tasso, in a humorous sonnet addressed

to his favourite cat, earnestly entreats her to lend him the light of her eyes during his midnight studies, not being himself able to purchase a candle to write by. Dante the Homier of Italy, and Camoens of Portugal, were both banished and imprisoned. Cervantes, perhaps the most original genius the world ever beheld, perished by want in the streets of Madrid, as did our own Spencer at Dublin. And a writer little inferior to the Spaniard in the exquisiteness of his humour and railery, I mean Erasmus, after the tedious wanderings of many years, from city to city, and from patron to patron, praised and promised, and deceived by all, obtained no settlement but with his printer. ‘At last,’ says he, in one of his epistles, ‘I should have been advanced to a cardinalship, if there had not been a decree in my way, by which those are secluded from this honour, whose income amounts not to three thousand ducats.’

I remember to have read a satire in Latin prose, intitled—‘A Poet hath bought a house.’ The poet having purchased a house, the matter was immediately laid before the parliament of poets, assembled on that important occasion, as a thing unheard of, as a very bad precedent, and of most pernicious consequence; and accordingly a very severe sentence was pronounced against the buyer. When the members came to give their votes, it appeared there was not a single person in the assembly who, through the favour of powerful patrons, or their own happy genius, was worth so much as to be proprietor of a house, either by inheritance or purchase: all of them neglecting their private fortunes, confessed and boasted, that they lived in lodgings. The poet was therefore ordered to sell his house immediately, to buy wine with the money for their entertainment, in order to make some expiation for his enormous crime, and to teach him to live unsettled and without care like a true poet.

Such are the ridiculous, and such the pitiable stories related, to expose the poverty of poets in different ages and nations; but which, I am inclined to think, are rather the boundless exaggerations of satire and fancy, than the sober result of experience, and the determination of truth and judgment: for the general position may be contradicted by numerous examples; and it may, perhaps, appear on

on reflection and examination, that the art is not chargeable with the faults and failings of its peculiar professors, that it has no peculiar tendency to make men either rakes or spendthrifts, and that those who are indigent poets would have been indigent merchants and mechanics.

The neglect of oeconomy, in which great geniuses are supposed to have indulged themselves, has unfortunately given so much authority and justification to carelessness and extravagance, that many a minute rhymers has fallen into dissipation and drunkenness, because Butler and Otway lived and died in an alehouse. As a certain blockhead wore his gown on one shoulder to mimic the negligence of Sir Thomas More, so these servile imitators follow their masters in all that disgraced them; contract immoderate debts, because Dryden died insolvent; and neglect to change their linen, because Smith was a slob. 'If I should happen to look pale,' says Horace, 'all the hackney writers in Rome would immediately drink cummin to gain the same complexion.' And I myself am acquainted with a witling who uses a glass, only because Pope was near-sighted.

I can easily conceive, that a mind occupied and overwhelmed with the weight and immensity of its own conceptions, glancing with astonishing rapidity from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, cannot willingly submit to the dull drudgery of examining the justness and accuracy of a butcher's bill. To descend from the widest and most comprehensive views of nature, and weigh out hops for a brewing, must be invincibly disgusting to a true genius; to be able to build imaginary palaces of the most exquisite architecture, but yet not to pay a carpenter's bill, is a cutting mortification and disgrace; to be ruined by pursuing the precepts of Virgilian agriculture, and by plowing classically, without attending to the wholesome monitions of low British farmers, is a circumstance that aggravates the failure of a crop, to a man who wishes to have lived in the Augustan age, and despises the system of modern husbandry.

Many poets, however, may be found, who have condescended to the cares of oeconomy, and who have conducted their families with all the parsimony and regularity of an alderman of the last cen-

tury; who have not superciliously disdained to enter into the concerns of common life, and to subscribe to and study certain necessary dogmas of the vulgar, convinced of their utility and expediency, and well knowing that because they are vulgar, they are therefore both important and true.

If we look backwards on antiquity, or survey ages nearer our own, we shall find several of the greatest geniuses so far from being sunk in indigence, that many of them enjoyed splendor and honours, or at least were secured against the anxieties of poverty, by a decent competence and plenty of the conveniences of life.

Indeed, to pursue riches farther than to attain a decent competence, is too low and illiberal an occupation for a real genius to descend to: and Horace wisely ascribes the manifest inferiority of the Roman literature to the Grecian, to an immoderate love of money, which necessarily contracts and rusts the mind, and disqualifies it for noble and generous undertakings.

Æschylus was an officer of no small rank in the Athenian army at the celebrated battle of Marathon; and Sophocles was an accomplished general, who commanded his countrymen in several most important expeditions: Theocritus was caressed and enriched by Ptolemy; and the gaiety of Anacreon was the result of ease and plenty: Pindar was better rewarded for many of his odes, than any other bard ancient or modern, except perhaps Boileau for his celebrated piece of flattery on the taking of Namur: Virgil at last possessed a fine house at Rome, and a villa at Naples: 'Horace,' says Swift in one of his lectures on oeconomy to Gay, 'I am sure kept his coach.' Lucan and Silius Italicus dwelt in marble palaces, and had their gardens adorned with the most exquisite capital statues of Greece: Milton was fond of a domestic life, and lived with exemplary frugality and order: Corneille and Racine were both admirable masters of their families, faithful husbands, and prudent oeconomists: Boileau, by the liberalities of Lewis, was enabled to purchase a delightful privacy at Auteuil, was eminently skilled in the management of his finances, and despised that affectation which arrogantly aims to place itself above the necessary decorums and rules

of civil life: in all which particulars they were equalled by Addison, Swift, and Pope.

It ought not, therefore, to be concluded from a few examples to the contrary, that poetry and prudence are incompatible; a conclusion that seems to have arisen in this kingdom, from the dissolute behaviour of the despicable debauchees, that disgraced the Muses and the court of Charles the Second, by their

lives and by their writings. Let those who are blest with genius recollect, that OECONOMY is the parent of INTEGRITY, of LIBERTY, and of EASE; and the beautiful sister of TEMPERANCE, of CHEARFULNESS, and HEALTH: and that PROFUSENESS is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependance and debts; that is, fetters them with 'irons that enter into their souls.'

Z.

N^o LX. SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1753.

JUS EST ET AB HOSTE DOCERI.

OUR FOES MAY TEACH, THE WISE BY FOES ARE TAUGHT.

TO have delayed the publication of the following letter would have been surely inexcusable, as it is subscribed by the name of a very great personage, who has been long celebrated for his superiority of genius and knowledge; and whose abilities will not appear to have been exaggerated by servility or faction, when his genuine productions shall be better known. He has, indeed, been suspected of some attempts against Revealed Religion; but the letter which I have the honour to publish will do justice to his character, and set his principles in a new light.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

AS your principal design is to revive the practice of virtue, by establishing the Christian Religion; you will naturally conclude, that your views and mine are directly opposite: and my attempt to shew, that it is your interest to admit my correspondence, will, therefore, be considered as a proof of the contrary. You will, however, soon discover, that by promoting your interest I seek my own; and when you have read my letter, you will be far from suspecting, that under a specious show of concurrence in your undertaking, I have concealed an attempt to render it ineffectual.

'Never to give up the present for the future,' is a maxim which I have always taught both by precept and example: I consider the NOW as the whole of my existence; and therefore to improve it is the whole of my study. And, in-

deed, happiness, like virtue, consists not in rest, but in action; it is found rather in the pursuit than the attainment of an end: for though the death of the stag is the purpose of the chase, yet the moment this purpose is accomplished, the sport is at an end. Virtue and Religion alone can afford me employment: without them, I must inevitably be idle; and to be idle is to be wretched. I should therefore, instead of attempting to destroy the principles upon which I was reared, have been content to surmount them: for he who should hamstring the game left any of them should escape, would be justly disappointed of the pleasure of running them down. Such, indeed, is my present condition: and as it will at once answer your purpose and mine, I shall exhibit an account of my conduct, and shew how my disappointment was produced.

My principal business has always been, to counterwork the effects of Revealed Religion: I have, therefore, had little to do, except among Jews and Christians. In the early ages of the world, when Revelation was frequently repeated with sensible and miraculous circumstances, I was far from being idle; and still think it an incontestible proof of my abilities, that even then my labour was not always unsuccessful. I applied not so much to the understanding as to the senses, till after the promulgation of Christianity; but I soon discovered, that Christianity afforded motives to Virtue and Piety, which were scarce to be overpowered by temptation: I was therefore obliged now to exert my power, not upon the senses

senses but the understanding. As I could not suspend the force of these motives, I laboured to direct them towards other objects; and in the eighth century I had so far succeeded, as to produce a prevailing opinion, that 'the worship of images was of more moment than moral rectitude.' It was decreed by a pope and council, that to speak of them with irreverence was a forfeit of salvation, and that the offender should, therefore, be excommunicated; those who opposed this decree were persecuted with fire and sword; and I had the satisfaction not only of supplanting virtue, but of propagating misery by a zeal for religion. I must not, however, arrogate all the honour of an event which so much exceeded my hopes; for many arguments in favour of images were drawn from a book entitled *Pratum Spirituale*, in which it is affirmed, that having long tempted a hermit to incontinence, I offered to desist if he would cease to worship an image of the Virgin; and that the hermit having consulted an abbot, whether to accept or refuse the condition, was told, that it was more eligible to commit incontinence, than to neglect the worship of images: and I declare, upon my honour, that the facts, as far as they relate to me, did never happen, but are wholly invented by the ingenious author. That salvation had very little connection with virtue, was indeed an opinion which I propagated with great diligence; and with such success, that Boniface, the apostle of Germany, declared the benefit of sacraments to depend upon the qualifications of those by whom they were administered; and that a Bavarian monk having, ignorantly baptized in these words—'Baptizo te in nomine patris filia et spiritus sancta,' all such baptisms were invalid. Against knowledge, however, I never failed to oppose zeal: and when Vigilius asserted, that the earth being a sphere, there were people upon it the soles of whose feet were directly opposite to each other; the same father Boniface represented him to the pope as a corruptor of the Christian Faith; and the pope concurring with Boniface, soon after excommunicated a bishop for adopting so dangerous an opinion, declaring him a heretic, and a blasphemer against GOD and his own son. In these instances success was the more remarkable, as I verily believe Bo-

niface himself intended well, because he died a martyr with great constancy.

I found, however, that while the Gospels were publicly read, the superstructure which I had built upon them was in perpetual danger: I therefore exerted all my influence to discontinue the practice, and at length succeeded, though Aristotle's Ethics were substituted for them in some northern churches; but against Aristotle's Ethics I had not equal objections.

During this period, therefore, my powers were neither dissipated by unsuccessful labour, nor rendered useless by necessary idleness: I had perplexed and confounded the most simple and salutary doctrines, with absurd subtilties and extravagant conceits; and I had armed with the weapons of superstition, and disguised with the tinsel of ceremony, that Religion which comprehended every precept in LOVE to GOD, AND TO MAN; which gave no direction about divine worship, but that it should be performed in SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH; or about SOCIAL VIRTUE, but that love of SELF should be the measure of bounty to others. But there was still personal sanctity, though the doctrine and the discipline of the church were become corrupt and ridiculous: zeal was still animated by integrity, though it was no longer directed by knowledge; the service and the honour of GOD were still intended, though the means were mistaken. Many, indeed, gladly substituted gain for godliness; and committed every species of wickedness, because they hoped to appropriate works of supererogation that were performed by others: but there were some who practised all the severities of erroneous piety, and suffered the mortification which they recommended; so that I had still something to do, and was still encouraged to diligence by success.

But all these advantages depended upon ignorance; for the security of ignorance, therefore, I affirmed, that she was the mother of devotion: a lye so successful, that it passed into a proverb.

The period, however, arrived, when knowledge could be no longer suppressed; and I was under the most dreadful apprehensions that all the absurdities, by which I had diminished the influence and the beauty of Christianity, would now be removed: I could not conceive that

those motives which had produced abstinence and solitude, vigils, scourgings, and the mortification of every appetite and every passion, would fail to produce a more reasonable service; or become ineffectual, when the paths of duty appeared to be not only peaceful but pleasant. I did not, however, sit down in despair; but the knowledge which I could not repress, I laboured to pervert. As the human intellect is finite, and can comprehend only finite objects, I knew that if all was rejected as incredible which was not comprehended, I should have little to fear from a religion founded in Infinite Perfection, and connected with revelations which an Infinite Being had vouchsafed of himself. I, therefore, immediately opposed reason to faith: I threw out subjects of debate which I knew could never be discussed; the assent of many was suspended, in expectation that impossibilities would be effected; and at last refused in the fretfulness of disappointment. Thus infidelity gradually succeeded to superstition: the hope and fear, the love, reverence, and gratitude, which had been excited by Christianity, and produced such astonishing effects, were now felt no more; and as the most forcible motives to piety and virtue were again wanting, piety was wholly neglected, and virtue rendered more easy and commodious: the bounds

of moral obligation included every day less and less; and crimes were committed without compunction, because they were not supposed to incur punishment.

These evils, Mr. Adventurer, evils both in your estimation and mine, I am afraid will continue if they cannot increase. Disputation and scepticism flourish without my influence, and have left no principle for me to counteract: the number of my vassals is indeed greatly increased by the unsolicited wickedness of the present time; but this increase is not equivalent to the pleasure of seduction.

If the importance, therefore, of Christianity to mankind, shall appear from it's having busied me to subvert it, and from the misery which I suffer in idleness, now my purpose is unhappily effected; I hope they are not yet so obdurate in ill, as to persist in rejecting it merely in spite to me; and destroy themselves, only that I may not be amused by attempting their destruction. You see, that I have sufficient benevolence to request, that they would regard their own interest, at least as far as it is consistent with mine; and if they refuse me, I am confident you will think they treat me with more severity than I deserve.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient and very humble Servant,

SATAN.

Nº LXI. TUESDAY, JUNE 5, 1753.

FLORERE SUI NON RESPONDERE FAVOREM
QUÆSITUM MERITIS—

HOR.

EACH INLY MURM'RING AT TH' UNEQUAL NEED,
REFINES THAT MERIT SHOULD REWARD SUCCEED.

PERHAPS there is not any word in the language less understood than Honour; and but few that might not have been equally mistaken, without producing equal mischief.

Honour is both a motive and an end: as a principle of action it differs from virtue only in degree, and therefore necessarily includes it, as generosity includes justice: and as a reward, it can be deserved only by those actions which no other principle can produce. To say of another that he is a Man of Honour, is at once to attribute the principle and to confer the reward. But in the common acceptance of the word, Honour, as a

principle, does not include virtue; and, therefore, as a reward, is frequently bestowed upon vice. Such, indeed, is the blindness and vassalage of human reason, that men are discouraged from virtue by the fear of shame, and incited to vice by the hope of honour.

Honour, indeed, is always claimed in specious terms; but the facts upon which the claim is founded, are often flagitiously wicked. Lothario arrogates the character of a man of honour, for having defended a lady who had put herself under his protection from insult at the risque of life; and Aleator for fulfilling an engagement, to which the law

law would not have obliged him, at the expence of liberty. But the champion of the lady had first seduced her to adultery; and to preserve her from the resentment of her husband, had killed him in a duel: and the martyr to his promise had paid a sum, which should have discharged the bill of a necessitous tradesman, to a gamester of quality who had given him credit at cards.

Such, in the common opinion, are men of honour; and he who in certain circumstances should abstain from murder, perfidy, or ingratitude, would be avoided as reflecting infamy upon his company.

In these speculations I exhausted my waking powers a few nights ago; and at length sinking into slumber, I was immediately transported into the regions of fancy.

As I was sitting pensive and alone at the foot of a hill, a man, whose appearance was extremely venerable, advanced towards me with great speed; and, beckoning me to follow him, began hastily to climb the hill. My mind suddenly suggested that this was the Genius of Instruction; I, therefore, instantly rose up, and obeyed the silent intimation of his will; but not being able to ascend with equal rapidity, he caught hold of my hand—'Linger not,' said he, 'lest the hour of illumination be at an end.' We now ascended together, and when we had gained the summit he stood still. 'Survey the prospect,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.'—'To the right,' replied I, 'is a long valley, and on the left a boundless plain: at the end of the valley is a mountain that reaches to the clouds; and on the summit a brightness which I cannot steadfastly behold.'—'In that valley,' yet said he, 'the disciples of virtue press forward; and the votaries of vice wander on the plain. In the path of virtue are many asperities: the foot is sometimes wounded by thorns, and sometimes bruised against a stone; but the sky over it is always serene; the traveller is refreshed by the breezes of health, and invigorated by the ray of cheerfulness.' The plain is adorned with flowers, which gratify the sense with fragrance and beauty; but the beauty is transient, and the fragrance hurtful: the ground is soft and level; and the paths are so various, that the turf is no where worn away; but

above is perpetual gloom; the sun is not seen, nor the breeze felt; the air stagnates, and pestilential vapours diffuse drowziness, lassitude, and anxiety. At the foot of the mountain are the bowers of Peace, and on the summit is the temple of Honour.

But all the disciples of Virtue do not ascend the mountain; her path, indeed, is continued beyond the bowers; and the last stage is the ascent of the precipice: to climb, is the voluntary labour of the vigorous and the bold; to desist, is the irreproachable repose of the timid and the weary. To those, however, who have surmounted the difficulties of the way, the gates of the temple have not always been opened; nor against those by whom it has never been trodden, have they always been shut: the declivity of the mountain on the other side is gradual and easy; and by the appointment of Fate, the entrance of the temple of Honour has been always kept by Opinion. Opinion, indeed, ought to have acted under the influence of Truth, but was soon perverted by Prejudice and Custom; she admitted many who ascended the mountain without labour from the plain, and rejected some who had toiled up the precipice in the path of Virtue. These, however, were not clamorous for admittance; but either repined in silence, or, exulting with honest pride in the consciousness of their own dignity, turned from Opinion with contempt and disdain; and smiled upon the world which they had left beneath them, the witness of that labour of which they had been refused the reward.

But the crowd within the temple became discontented and tumultuous: the disciples of Virtue, jealous of an eminence which they had obtained by the utmost efforts of human power, made some attempts to expel those who had strolled negligently up the slope, and been admitted by Opinion to pollute the temple and disgrace the assembly; those whose right was disputed were, however, all ready to decide the controversy by the sword; and as they dreaded scarce any imputation but cowardice, they treated those with great insolence who declined this decision, and yet would not admit their claim.

This confusion and uproar was behold

held by the Goddess with indignation and regret: she flew to the throne of Jupiter; and, casting herself at his feet — "Great ruler of the world," said she, "if I have erected a temple to fulfil the purposes of thy wisdom and thy love, to allure mortals up the steep of Virtue, and animate them to communicate happiness at the expence of life; let it not be perverted to render vice presumptuous, not possessed by those who dare to perish in the violation of thy laws, and the diffusion of calamity." Jupiter graciously touched the Goddess with his sceptre, and replied, that the appointment of fate he could not reverse; that admission to her temple must still depend upon Opinion; but that he would depute Reason to examine her conduct, and, if possible, put her again under the influence of Truth.

Reason, therefore, in obedience to the command of Jupiter, descended upon the mountain of Honour, and entered the temple. At the first appearance of Reason contention was suspended, and the whole assembly became silent with expectation: but the moment she revealed her commission, the tumult was renewed with yet greater violence. All were equally confident, that Reason would establish the determination of Opinion in their favour; and he that spoke loudest hoped to be first heard. Reason knew, that those only had a right to enter the temple who ascended by the path of Virtue; to determine, therefore, who should be expelled or received, nothing more seemed necessary than to discover by which avenue they had access: but Reason herself found this discovery, however easy in speculation, very difficult in effect.

The most flagitious affirmed, that if they had not walked the whole length of the valley, they came into it at the foot of the mountain; and that at least the path by which they had ascended it, was the path of Virtue. This was eagerly contradicted by others; and to prevent the tedious labour of deducing truth from a great variety of circumstances, Opinion was called to decide the question.

But it soon appeared, that Opinion scarce knew one path from the other; and that she neither determined to admit or refuse upon certain principles,

or with discriminating knowledge. Reason, however, still continued to examine her; and that she might judge of the credibility of her evidence by the account she would give of a known character, asked her, which side of the mountain was ascended by the Macedonian who deluged the world with blood: she answered without hesitation, the side of Virtue; that she knew she was not mistaken, because she saw him in the path at a great distance, and remarked that no man had ever ascended with such impetuous speed. As Reason knew this account to be false, she ordered Opinion to be dismissed, and proceeded to a more particular examination of the parties themselves.

Reason found the accounts of many to be in the highest degree extravagant and absurd; some, as a proof of their having climbed the path of Virtue, described prospects that appeared from the opposite side of the mountain; and others affirmed, that the path was smooth and level, and that many had walked it without stumbling when they were scarce awake, and others when they were intoxicated with wine.

Upon the foreheads of all these Reason impressed a mark of reprobation; and as she could not expel them without the concurrence of Opinion, she delivered them over to Time, to whom she knew Opinion had always paid great deference, and who had generally been a friend to Truth.

Time was commanded to use his influence to procure their expulsion, and to persuade Opinion to regulate her determination by the judgment of Truth. Justice also decreed, that if she persisted to execute her office with negligence and caprice, under the influence of Prejudice, and in concurrence with the absurdities of Custom, she should be given up to Ridicule, a remorseless being who rejoices in the anguish which he inflicts: by him alone Opinion can be punished; at the sound of his scourge she trembles with apprehension; and whenever it has been applied by the direction of Justice, Opinion has always become obedient to Truth.

Time, continued my instructor, still labours to fulfil the command of Reason: but though he has procured many to be expelled who had been admitted,

mitted, yet he has gained admission for but few who had been rejected; and Opinion still continues negligent and perverse; for as she has often felt the scourge of Ridicule when it has not been deserved, the dread of it has no otherwise influenced her conduct, than by throwing her into such confusion, that the purposes of Reason are sometimes involuntarily defeated.

'How then,' said I, 'shall Honour distinguish those whom she wishes to reward?'—'They shall be distinguish-

ed,' replied the visionary sage, 'in the regions of Immortality; to which they will at length be conducted by Time, who will not suffer them to be finally disappointed.'

While I was listening to this reply, with my eyes fixed stedfastly upon the temple, it suddenly disappeared: the black clouds that hovered over the plain of Vice burst in thunder; the hill on which I stood began to sink under me, and the start of sudden terror as I descended awaked me.

Nº LXII. SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1753.

O FORTUNA VIRIS INVIDA FORTIBUS
QUAM NON ÆQUA BONIS PRÆMIA DIVIDIS.

SENECA.

CAPRICIOUS FORTUNE EVER JOYS,
WITH PARTIAL HAND TO DEAL THE PRIZE,
TO CRUSH THE BRAVE AND CHEAT THE WISE.

}

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

FLEET, JUNE 6.

To the account of such of my companions as are imprisoned without being miserable, or are miserable without any claim to compassion; I promised to add the histories of those whose virtue has made them unhappy, or whose misfortunes are at least without a crime. That this catalogue should be very numerous, neither you nor your readers ought to expect; 'rari quippe boni—' The good are few.' Virtue is uncommon in all the classes of humanity; and I suppose it will scarcely be imagined more frequent in a prison than in other places.

Yet in these gloomy regions is to be found the tenderness, the generosity, the philanthropy, of Serenus, who might have lived in competence and ease, if he could have looked without emotion on the miseries of another. Serenus was one of those exalted minds, whom knowledge and sagacity could not make suspicious; who poured out his soul in boundless intimacy, and thought community of possessions the law of friendship. The friend of Serenus was arrested for debt; and after many endeavours to soften his creditor, sent his wife to solicit that assistance which never was refused. The tears and importunity of female distress were more than was necessary to move the heart of Serenus; he

hasted immediately away, and conferring a long time with his friend, found him confident that if the pressure was taken off, he should soon be able to re-establish his affairs. Serenus, accustomed to believe, and afraid to aggravate distress, did not attempt to detect the fallacies of hope, nor reflect that every man overwhelmed with calamity believes, that if that was removed he shall immediately be happy: he, therefore, with little hesitation, offered himself as surety.

In the first raptures of escape all was joy, gratitude and confidence; the friend of Serenus displayed his prospects, and counted over the sums of which he should infallibly be master before the day of payment. Serenus in a short time began to find his danger, but could not prevail with himself to repent of beneficence; and therefore suffered himself still to be amused with projects which he durst not consider, for fear of finding them impracticable. The debtor, after he had tried every method of raising money which art or indigence could prompt, wanted either fidelity or resolution to surrender himself to prison, and left Serenus to take his place.

Serenus has often proposed to the creditor, to pay him whatever he shall appear to have lost by the flight of his friend; but however reasonable this proposal may be thought, avarice and brutality have been hitherto inexorable, and

Serenus

Serenus still continues to languish in prison.

In this place, however, where want makes almost every man selfish, or desperation gloomy, it is the good fortune of Serenus not to live without a friend: he passes most of his hours in the conversation of Candidus, a man whom the same virtuous ductility has with some difference of circumstances made equally unhappy. Candidus, when he was young, helpless, and ignorant, found a patron that educated, protected, and supported him: his patron being more vigilant for others than himself, left at his death an only son, destitute and friendless. Candidus was eager to repay the benefits he had received; and having maintained the youth for a few years at his own house, afterwards placed him with a merchant of eminence, and gave bonds to a great value as a security for his conduct.

The young man, removed too early from the only eye of which he dreaded the observation, and deprived of the only instruction which he heard with reverence, soon learned to consider virtue as restraint, and restraint as oppression; and to look with a longing eye at every expense to which he could not reach, and every pleasure which he could not partake: by degrees he deviated from his first regularity, and unhappily mingling among young men busy in dissipating the gains of their father's industry, he forgot the precepts of Candidus, spent the evening in parties of pleasure, and the morning in expedients to support his riots. He was, however, dextrous and active in business; and his master, being secured against any consequences of dishonesty, was very little solicitous to inspect his manners, or to enquire how he passed those hours which were not immediately devoted to the business of his profession: when he was informed of the young man's extravagance or debauchery—'Let his bondsman look to that,' said he, 'I have taken care of myself.'

Thus the unhappy spendthrift proceeded from folly to folly, and from vice to vice, with the connivance if not the encouragement of his master; till in the heat of a nocturnal revel he committed such violences in the street as drew upon him a criminal prosecution. Guilty and unexperienced, he knew not what course to take; to confess his crime to Candidus, and solicit his interposition, was

little less dreadful than to stand before the frown of a court of justice. Having, therefore, passed the day with anguish in his heart and distraction in his looks, he seized at night a very large sum of money in the counting-house, and setting out he knew not whither, was heard of no more.

The consequence of his flight was the ruin of Candidus; ruin surely undeserved and irreproachable, and such as the laws of a just government ought either to prevent or repair: nothing is more inequitable than that one man should suffer for the crimes of another, for crimes which he neither prompted nor permitted, which he could neither foresee nor prevent. When we consider the weakness of human resolution and the inconsistency of human conduct, it must appear absurd that one man shall engage for another, that he will not change his opinions or alter his conduct.

It is, I think, worthy of consideration, whether, since no wager is binding without a possibility of loss on each side, it is not equally reasonable, that no contract should be valid without reciprocal stipulations: but in this case, and others of the same kind, what is stipulated on his side to whom the bond is given? he takes advantage of the security, neglects his affairs, omits his duty, suffers timorous wickedness to grow daring by degrees, permits appetite to call for new gratifications, and, perhaps, secretly longs for the time in which he shall have power to seize the forfeiture: and if virtue or gratitude should prove too strong for temptation, and a young man persist in honesty, however instigated by his passions, what can secure him at last against a false accusation? I for my part always shall suspect, that he who can by such methods secure his property, will go one step farther to increase it: nor can I think that man safely trusted with the means of mischief, who by his desire to have them in his hands, gives an evident proof how much less he values his neighbour's happiness than his own.

Another of our companions is Lentulus, a man whose dignity of birth was very ill supported by his fortune. As some of the first offices in the kingdom were filled by his relations, he was early invited to court, and encouraged by caresses and promises to attendance and solicitation: a constant appearance in splendid company necessarily required

magnificence of dress; and a frequent participation of fashionable amusements forced him into expence: but these measures were requisite to his success; since every body knows, that to be lost to sight is to be lost to remembrance, and that he who desires to fill a vacancy must be always at hand, lest some man of greater vigilance should step in before him.

By this course of life his little fortune was every day made less: but he received so many distinctions in publick, and was known to resort so familiarly to the houses of the great, that every man looked on his preferment as certain, and believed that it's value would compensate for it's slowness: he therefore found no difficulty in obtaining credit for all that his rank or his vanity made necessary; and as ready payment was not expected, the bills were proportionably enlarged, and the value of the hazard or delay were adjusted solely by the equity of the creditor. At length death deprived Lentulus of one of his patrons, and a revolution in the ministry of another; so that all his prospects vanished at once, and those that had before encouraged his expences began to perceive that their money was in danger: there was now no other contention but who should first seize upon his person, and, by forcing immediate payment, deliver him up naked to the vengeance of the rest. In pursuance of this scheme, one of them invited him to a tavern, and procured him to be arrested at the door; but Lentulus, instead of endeavouring secretly to pacify him by payment, gave notice to the rest, and offered to divide amongst them the remnant of his fortune: they feasted six hours at his expence, to deliberate on his proposal; and at last determined, that, as he could not offer more than five shillings in the pound, it would

be more prudent to keep him in prison, till he could procure from his relations the payment of his debts.

Lentulus is not the only man confined within these walls, on the same account: the like procedure, upon the like motives, is common among men whom yet the law allows to partake the use of fire and water with the compassionate and the just; who frequent the assemblies of commerce in open day, and talk with detestation and contempt of highwaymen or housebreakers: but, surely, that man must be confessedly robbed who is compelled, by whatever means, to pay the debts which he does not owe; nor can I look with equal hatred upon him who, at the hazard of his life, holds out his pistol and demands my purse, as on him who plunders under shelter of the law, and, by detaining my son or my friend in prison, extorts from me the price of their liberty. No man can be more an enemy to society than he by whose machinations our virtues are turned to our disadvantage; he is less destructive to mankind that plunders cowardice, than he that preys upon compassion.

I believe, Mr. Adventurer, you will readily confess, that though not one of these, if tried before a commercial judicature, can be wholly acquitted from imprudence or temerity; yet that, in the eye of all who can consider virtue as distinct from wealth, the fault of two of them, at least, is out-weighted by the merit; and that of the third is so much extenuated by the circumstances of his life, as not to deserve a perpetual prison: yet must these, with multitudes equally blameless, languish in confinement, till malevolence shall relent, or the law be changed. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

MISARGYRUS.

N^o LXIII. TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1753.

PEREANT, QUI ANTE NOS NOSTRA DIXERUNT!

DONATUS APUD JEROM.

PERISH THOSE WHO HAVE SAID OUR GOOD THINGS BEFORE US!

THE number of original writers, of writers who discover any traces of native thought, or veins of new expression, is found to be extremely small in every branch of literature. Few possess ability or courage to think for themselves, to trust to their own powers, to rely on their own stock; and therefore the generality creep tamely and cautiously in the track of their predecessors. The quintessence of the largest libraries might be reduced to the compass of a few volumes, if all useless repetitions and acknowledged truths were to be omitted in this process of critical chemistry. A learned Frenchman informs us, that he intended to compile a treatise, *des choses qui ont été dites une fois*—concerning things that had been said but once, which certainly would have been contained in a very small pamphlet.

It happens unfortunately in poetry, which principally claims the merit of novelty and invention, that this want of originality arises frequently, not from a barrenness and timidity of genius, but from invincible necessity, and the nature of things. The works of those who profess an art whose essence is imitation, must needs be stamped with a close resemblance to each other; since the objects material or animate, extraneous or internal, which they all imitate, lie equally open to the observation of all, and are perfectly similar. Descriptions, therefore, that are faithful and just, must be uniform and alike: the first copier must be, perhaps, entitled to the praise of priority; but a succeeding one ought not certainly to be condemned for plagiarism.

I am inclined to think, that notwithstanding the manifold alterations diffused in modern times over the face of nature, by the invention of arts and manufactures, by the extent of commerce, by the improvements of philosophy and mathematics, by the manner of fortifying and fighting, by the important discovery of both the Indies, and, above all, by the total change of religion; yet an epic or dramatic writer, though sur-

rounded with such a multitude of novelties, would find it difficult or impossible to be totally original, and essentially different from Homer and Sophocles. The causes that excite, and the operations that exemplify, the greater passions, will always have an exact coincidence, though perhaps a little diversified by climate or custom: every exasperated hero must rage like Achilles, and every afflicted widow mourn like Andromache: an abandoned Armida will make use of Dido's execrations; and a Jew will nearly resemble a Grecian, when almost placed in the same situation; that is, the Iôas of Racine, in his incomparable *Athalie*, will be very like the Iôn of Euripides.

Boileau observes, that a new and extraordinary thought is by no means a thought which no person ever conceived before, or could possibly conceive; on the contrary, it is such a thought as must have occurred to every man in the like case, and have been one of the first in any person's mind upon the same occasion: and it is a maxim of Pope, that whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense at all times.

But if, from the foregoing reflections, it may appear difficult to distinguish imitation and plagiarism from necessary resemblance and unavoidable analogy, yet the following passages of Pope, which, because they have never been taken notice of, may possibly entertain curious and critical readers, seem evidently to be borrowed, though they are improved.

The dying Christian addresses his soul with a fine spirit of poetical enthusiasm:

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O! the pain, the bliss of dying!
Hark, they whisper! Angels say—
"Sister spirit, come away!"

I was surprized to find this animated passage closely copied from one of the vile Pindaric writers in the time of Charles the Second;

When

When on my sick bed I languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying!
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say—
'Be not fearful, come away!'

FLATMAN.

Palingenius and Charron furnished him with the two following thoughts in the Essay on Man:

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law;
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape.

POPE.

*Utque movet nobis imitatrix simia risum,
Sic nos cœlicolis, quoties cervicè superbâ
Ventosi gradimur ———*

And again,

*Simia cœlicolum, risusque jocusque deorum est
Tunc homo, quum temerè ingenio confidit, et
audet*

Abdita naturæ scrutari, arcanaque divum.

PALINGENIUS.

While man exclaims—'See all things for my
'use!'

'See man for mine!' replies a pamper'd goose.

POPE.

Man scruples not to say, that he enjoyeth
the heavens and the elements; as if all
had been made, and still move, only for
him. In this sense a gossling may say as
much, and perhaps with more truth and
justness.

CHARRON.

That he hath borrowed not only sentiments,
but even expressions, from Wollaston
and Pascal, cannot be doubted, if
we consider two more passages:

When the loose mountain trembles from on
high,

Shall gravitation cease if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?

POPE.

If a good man be passing by an infirm building,
just in the article of falling, can it
be expected that God should suspend the
force of gravitation till he is gone by, in
order to his deliverance?

WOLLASTON.

Chaos of thought and passion all confus'd,
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd,
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

POPE.

What a chimera then is man! what a confused
chaos! what a subject of contradiction!
a professed judge of all things, and
yet a feeble worm of the earth! the great
depository and guardian of truth, and yet
a mere huddle of uncertainty! the glory
and the scandal of the universe!

PASCAL.

The witty allusion to the punishment
of avarice, in the Epistle on Riches—

Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides;

is plainly taken from 'The Causes of
the Decay of Christian Piety,' where that
excellent and neglected writer says—'It
'has always been held the severest treat-
'ment of slaves and malefactors, "dama-
'nare ad metalla—to force them to dig
'"in the mines." Now this is the covetous
'man's lot, from which he is never to
'expect a release.' Cowley has also
used the same allusion. The celebrated
reflection with which Chartres's epitaph,
in the same epistle, concludes, is the prop-
erty of Bruyere.

To rock the cradle of reposing age,
is a tender and elegant image of filial
piety, for which Pope is indebted to
Montagne, who wishes, in one of his
essays, to find a son-in-law that may
'kindly cherish his old age, and rock it
'asleep.' And the character of Helluo
the glutton, introduced to exemplify the
force and continuance of the ruling pas-
sion, who in the agonies of death ex-
claimed—

——Then bring the Jowl!

is taken from that tale in Fontaine, which
ends—

——*Puis qu'il faut que je meure*

Sans faire tant de façon,

Qu'on m'apporte tout à l'heure

Le reste de mon poisson.

The conclusion of the epitaph on Gay,
where he observes that his honour con-
sists not in being entomb'd among kings
and heroes—

But that the worthy and the good may say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—'Here lies
'Gay,'

is adopted from an old Latin elegy on
the death of Prince Henry.

In several parts of his writings, Pope
seems to have formed himself on the mo-
del of Boileau; as might appear from a
large deduction of particular passages,
almost

almost literally translated from that nervous and sensible satyrist.

— Happily to flee
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

POPE.

— *D'une voix légère*
Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au sévère!

BOILEAU.

Pride, madness, folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux.

POPE.

L'ignorance, et l'erreur à ses naissantes pièces,
En habits de marquis, en robes de comtesses,
Venoient pour diffamer son chef-d'œuvre nouveau.

BOILEAU.

While I am transcribing these similarities, I feel great uneasiness, lest I should be accused of vainly and impotently endeavouring to cast clouds over the reputation of this exalted and truly original genius, 'whose memory,' to use an expression of Ben Johnson, 'I do honour on this side idolatry, as much as

'any;' and lest the reader should be cloyed and disgusted with a cluster of quotations: it happens, however, fortunately, that each passage I have produced, contains some important moral truth, or conveys some pleasing image to the mind.

Critics seem agreed in giving greater latitude to the imitation of the ancients, than of later writers. To enrich a composition with the sentiments and images of Greece and Rome, is ever esteemed not only lawful, but meritorious. We adorn our writings with their ideas, with as little scruple as our houses with their statues. And Poussin is not accused of plagiarism, for having painted Agrippina covering her face with both her hands at the death of Germanicus; though Timanthes had represented Agamemnon closely veiled at the sacrifice of his daughter, judiciously leaving the spectator to guess at a sorrow inexpressible, and that mocked the power of the pencil.

Z.

N^o LXIV. SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1753.

NOTITIAM PRIMOSQUE GRADUS VICINIA FECIT;
TEMPORE CŒVIT AMOR.

OVID.

ACQUAINTANCE GREW, TH' ACQUAINTANCE THEY IMPROVE.
TO FRIENDSHIP, FRIENDSHIP RIPEN'D INTO LOVE.

EUSDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

YOUR paper of last Tuesday evening, which I did not read till to-day, determined me to send you an account of my friend Eugenio, by whose distress my mind has been long kept in perpetual agitation; and, perhaps, my narrative may not only illustrate your allegory, but contribute to recover opinion from her defection.

As Orgilio, the father of Eugenio, had no principles but those of a man of honour, he avoided alike both the virtues and the vices which are incompatible with that character: religion he supposed to be a contrivance of priests and politicians, to keep the vulgar in awe; and used by those in the rank of gentlemen who pretend to acknowledge it's obligations, only as an expedient to conceal their want of spirit. By a conduct regulated upon these principles he gradually reduced a paternal estate of two thou-

sand pounds per annum to five hundred. Besides Eugenio, he had only one child, a daughter: his wife died while they were infants. His younger brother, who had acquired a very considerable fortune in trade, retired unmarried into the country: he knew that the paternal estate was greatly reduced; and therefore took the expence of his nephew's education upon himself. After some years had been spent at Westminster school, he sent him to the university, and supported him by a very genteel annuity.

Eugenio, though his temper was remarkably warm and sprightly, had yet a high relish of literature, and insensibly acquired a strong attachment to a college life. His apartment adjoined to mine, and our acquaintance was soon improved into friendship. I found in him great ardour of benevolence, and a sense of generosity and honour which I had conceived to consist only in romance. With respect to Christianity, indeed, he was as yet a sceptic: but I found it easy to obviate

obliterate general objections; and, as he had great penetration and sagacity, was superior to prejudice, and habituated to no vice which he wished to countenance by infidelity, he began to believe as soon as he began to enquire: the evidence for Revelation at length appeared incontestible; and without busying himself with the cavils of subtilty against particular doctrines, he determined to adhere invariably to the precepts as a rule of life, and to trust in the promises as the foundation of hope. The same ardour and firmness, the same generosity and honour, were now exercised with more exalted views, and upon a more perfect plan. He considered me as his preceptor, and I considered him as my example: our friendship increased every day; and I believe he had conceived a design to follow me into orders. But when he had continued at college about two years, he received a command from his father to come immediately to town; for that his earnest desire to place him in the army was now accomplished, and he had procured him a captain's commission. By the same post he received a letter from his uncle, in which he was strongly urged to continue at college, with promises of succeeding to his whole estate; his father's project was zealously condemned, and his neglect of a brother's concurrence resented. Eugenio, though it was greatly his desire to continue at college, and his interest to oblige his uncle, yet obeyed his father without the least hesitation.

When he came to town, he discovered that a warm altercation had been carried on between his uncle and his father upon this subject: his uncle, not being able to produce any effect upon the father, as a last effort had written to the son; and being equally offended with both, when his application to both had been equally ineffectual, he reproached him with folly and ingratitude; and dying soon after by a fall from his horse, it appeared that in the height of his resentment he had left his whole fortune to a distant relation in Ireland, whom he had never seen.

Under this misfortune Eugenio comforted himself by reflecting, that he had incurred it by obedience to his father; and though it precluded hopes that were dearer than life, yet he never expressed his displeasure either by invective or complaint.

Orgilio had very early in life contracted an intimacy with Agrestis, a gentleman whose character and principles were very different from his own. Agrestis had very just notions of right and wrong, by which he regulated his conduct without any regard to the opinion of others: his integrity was universal and inflexible, and his temper ardent and open; he abhorred whatever had the appearance of dissimulation, he was extremely jealous of his authority, and there was a rough simplicity in his manner which many circumstances of his life had contributed to produce. His father left him a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds; but as the parsimony which enabled him to amass it, extended to the education of his son, by whom it was to be possessed, he had been taught neither politeness nor literature. He married a lady, whose influence would have polished the rough diamond by degrees; but she died within the first year of her marriage, leaving him a daughter to whom he gave her name Amelia, and transferred all his affection: he, therefore, continued to live in great privacy; and being used to have only servants and dependents about him, he indulged the peculiarities of his humour without that complaisance which becomes insensibly habitual to those who mix in the company of persons whom it is their apparent interest to please, and whose presence is a perpetual restraint upon such irregular starts of temper as would incur contempt, by arrogating a superiority which none would acknowledge. To this disposition his daughter accommodated herself as she grew up, from motives both of affection and duty: as he knew and regretted the defect of his own education, he spared no cost to complete her's; and she is indeed the most accomplished character I ever knew: her obedience is cheerful and implicit, her affection tender and without parade; her looks express the utmost sweetness and sensibility, and yet there is a dignity in her manner which commands respect.

The intimacy between the father of Eugenio and Agrestis produced a tender friendship between his sister and Amelia, which began in their infancy, and increased with their years.

Such characters as Amelia and Eugenio could not be long familiarly known to each other, without exciting mutual

mutual esteem: the transition from esteem to love, between persons of different sexes, is often imperceptible even to themselves; and, perhaps, was not discovered till long after it had happened, either by Eugenio or Amelia. When he returned from the university, she was about eighteen: as her stature and her beauty were greatly increased during this interval, their first effect upon Eugenio was proportionably greater; and he perceived, from whatever cause, a more sensible emotion in her. He had too much discernment not to discover that she loved him; and too much generosity not to conceal his love of her, because he was so much her inferior in fortune: sometimes he reflected upon her partiality with pleasure, and sometimes with regret. But while they were thus mutually conscious to desires which they mutually suppressed, the late rebellion broke out, and Eugenio was commanded into Scotland. In this expedition he distinguished himself equally by his courage and humanity: and though he had not much money, and therefore could but seldom display his bounty, yet his concern for the real interest of his men was so apparent, as well in such acts of kindness as were in his power, as in the strict discipline which he maintained among them, that his personal influence was very powerful and extensive. During this absence, though he felt his passion for Amelia increase, notwithstanding all his attempts to suppress it; yet he never wrote to her, but contented himself with mentioning her in general terms, and including her in his remembrance of other friends, when he wrote to his father and his sister.

When he returned, as his sister's intimacy with Amelia still continued, his opportunities to see her were equally frequent: but the pleasure of those interviews were become yet more tumultuous and confused; and the lovers were both conscious, that their sentiments were every moment involuntarily discovered to each other.

Amelia had dismissed many suitors who were no less distinguished by their merit than their rank, because she still hoped to enrich Eugenio with her fortune; and Eugenio persisted in a conduct by which this hope was disappointed, because he would not degrade Amelia by an alliance with dependance and poverty. The objections of duty might, indeed, have been removed by obtaining the consent of Agrestis; but those of honour would still have remained: he was not, however, absolutely without hope; for though he had lost his uncle's fortune by obedience to his father, yet as he had greatly recommended himself to his commanding officer, who was of the highest rank, he believed it possible that he might be advanced to a post in the army, which would justify his pretensions to Amelia, and remove all his difficulties at once.

Agrestis wondered at the conduct of his daughter, but neither asked nor suspected her motives: for he had always declared, that as he believed she would never marry against his consent, he would never urge her to marry against her own inclination.

Amelia, therefore, continued to decline every offer, and Eugenio to see her almost every day, without the least intimation of his love, till the beginning of the last winter, when he lost his sister by the small-pox. His interviews with Amelia were now less frequent, and therefore more interesting: he feared, that as he would be seldom in her sight, the assiduities of some fortunate rival might at length exclude him from her remembrance: he did not, however, falter in his resolution, nor did Amelia change her conduct.

Nº LXV. TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1753.

ET FURII AGITATUS ANOR.

VIRG.

LOVE, WHICH THE FURIES IRRITATE TO RAGE.

IT happened that about this time she was addressed by Ventofus, the eldest son of a noble family; who, besides a large estate, had great expectations from his father's influence at court.

Ventofus, though he was strongly recommended by Agrestis, and was remarkable for personal accomplishments, was yet received with great coldness by Amelia: he was surprized, mortified, and

and disappointed; yet he continued his visits, and was very diligent to discover what had prevented his success. One evening, just as he was about to take his leave, after much ineffectual entreaty and complaint, Eugenio unexpectedly entered the room. Ventofus instantly remarked the embarrassment both of his mistress and the stranger, whom he therefore supposed to be a rival, and no longer wondered at his own disappointment: these suspicions were every moment confirmed and increased; for his presence produced emotions which could neither be concealed nor mistaken; though by a less penetrating eye than that of jealousy, they might have been overlooked.

He was now fired with resentment and indignation; and having left the room somewhat abruptly, he was met upon the stairs by Agrestis, with whom he desired to speak a few words in private. Agrestis turned back into another apartment, and Ventofus told him with some warmth, that he did not expect to have found his daughter pre-engaged; and that he could not help thinking himself ill treated. Agrestis, with equal warmth, required him to explain his meaning; and after some time had been spent in eager altercation, they parted in better temper; Agrestis persuaded that a clandestine love had been carried on between his daughter and Eugenio, and Ventofus convinced that Agrestis had never encouraged the pretensions of his rival.

Agrestis immediately sent for Amelia, and sternly urged her with many questions, which she could only answer with blushes and tears: her silence and confusion convinced him that Ventofus was not mistaken; and therefore, desisting from enquiry, he severely reprehended her for the past, and enjoined her never to converse with Eugenio again; to whom he also signified his displeasure, and requested that, to prevent further uneasiness, he would come no more to his house till Amelia should be married.

Eugenio, though his love was almost hopeless before, was yet greatly afflicted by this message; because he feared that Amelia had fallen under her father's displeasure; and that now he was become jealous of his authority, he might be tempted to abuse it. As to secure her peace was the principal object of his wish, he concealed what had happened

from his father, lest a quarrel should be produced between him and Agrestis, in which Amelia's delicacy and tenderness would be yet more deeply wounded. When a visit was intended to Agrestis, he always took care to have some engagement at another place: Agrestis, however, as he had no conception of the principles upon which Eugenio acted, did not doubt but that he had communicated the reason of his absence to his father, and that his father was secretly offended; but as he expressed no resentment, he believed that his ambition had for once restrained the petulance of his pride, that he dissembled to prevent an open rupture, and had still hopes of effecting the purpose which he had concerted with his son.

A suspicion of ill-will always produces it; but besides this cause of alienation, Agrestis had unjustly imputed a conduct to his friend, which rendered him the object of his contempt and aversion; he therefore treated him with coldness and reserve, supposing that he well knew the cause, and neglected to return his visits without thinking it necessary to assign any reason. This conduct was at length remarked by Orgilio, who considered it as the caprice of a character which he always despised; he therefore retorted the neglect without expostulation: and thus all intercourse between the families was at an end.

Eugenio, in the mean time, was inflexible in his purpose; and Amelia, in her next interview with Ventofus, acquainted him that she would see him no more. Ventofus again appealed to her father: but the old gentleman was steady in his principles, notwithstanding his resentment; and told him, that he had exerted all the authority which GOD and nature had given him in his favour; and that, however provoked, he would never prostitute his child, by compelling her to marry a person who was not the object of her choice.

Ventofus, who was extremely mortified at this disappointment, was very inquisitive about Eugenio, for whom he still supposed he had been rejected: he soon learned his situation and circumstances, and his long intimacy with Amelia; he reflected upon the confusion which both had expressed in the accidental interview at which he was present; and was willing to believe, that his rival, however contemptible, had been

been too successful to be supplanted with honour by a husband: this, however, if he did not believe, he was very diligent to propagate; and to remove the disgrace of a refusal, hinted that for this reason he had abruptly discontinued his addresses, and congratulated himself upon his escape.

It happened that about six weeks ago, Ventofus, as he was walking in the Mall with a young officer of distinction, met Amelia in company of several ladies and a gentleman. He thought fit to bow to Amelia with a supercilious respect, which had greatly the air of an insult. Of this compliment Amelia, though she looked him in the face, took no notice: by this calm disdain he was at once disappointed and confounded; he was stung by an effort of his own malignity, and his breast swelled with passion which he could not vent. In this agitation of mind he hastily turned back, and determined, for whatever reason, to follow her. After he had advanced about fifty paces, he saw Eugenio coming forward, who, the moment he perceived Amelia, turned into another walk. This was observed by Ventofus, whose contempt and indignation had now another object, upon which they might without violence to the laws of honour be gratified: he communicated his purpose to his companion, and hastily followed Eugenio. When they had overtaken him, they burst into a horse-laugh, and pushed so rudely by him that he could scarce recover his step: they did not, however, go on; but stopping suddenly, turned about as if to apologize for the accident, and affected great surprize at discovering to whom it had happened. Ventofus bowed very low, and with much contemptuous ceremony begged his pardon, telling him at the same time, that there was a lady in the next walk who would be very glad of his company. To this insult Eugenio answered, that he was not willing to suppose that an affront was intended, and that if the lady he meant was a woman of honour, she ought always to be mentioned with respect. Ventofus replied, that whether the lady he meant was a woman of honour, he would not determine; but he believed she had been very kind; and was pleased to see that her favours were not forgotten, though they were no longer accepted. Eugenio was not now master of his temper, but turning

suddenly upon Ventofus, struck him with such violence that he fell at his feet: he rose, however, in an instant, and laid his hand upon his sword, but was prevented from drawing it by his companion; and the crowd beginning to gather about them, they parted with mutual expressions of contempt and rage.

In the morning the officer who had been in company with Ventofus at the quarrel, delivered a challenge to Eugenio, which he answered by the following billet.

SIR,

YOUR behaviour last night has convinced me that you are a scoundrel; and your letter this morning that you are a fool. If I should accept your challenge, I should myself be both. I owe a duty to GOD and to my country, which I deem it infamous to violate; and I am intrusted with a life, which I think cannot without folly be staked against yours. I believe you have ruined, but you cannot degrade me. You may possibly, while you sneer over this letter, secretly exult in your own safety; but remember, that to prevent assassination I have a sword, and to chastise insolence a cane.

With this letter the captain returned to Ventofus, who read it with all the extravagancies of rage and disdain: the captain, however, endeavoured to sooth and encourage him; he represented Eugenio as a poltroon and a beggar, whom he ought no otherwise to punish than by removing him from the rank into which he had intruded; and this, he said, would be very easily accomplished. Ventofus at length acquiesced in the sentiments of his friend; and it was soon industriously reported that Eugenio had struck a person of high rank, and refused him the satisfaction of a gentleman which he had condescended to ask. For not accepting a challenge, Eugenio could not be legally punished, because it was made his duty as a soldier by the articles of war; but it drew upon him the contempt of his superior officers, and made them very solicitous to find some pretence to dismiss him. The friends of Ventofus immediately intimated, that the act of violence to which Eugenio had been provoked, was committed within the verge of the court, and was therefore a sufficient

ficient cause to break him; as for that offence he was liable to be punished with the loss of his hand, by a law which though disused was still in force. This

expedient was eagerly adopted, and Eugenio was accordingly deprived of his commission.

Nº LXVI. SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1753.

NOLO VIRUM, FACILI REDIMIT QUI SANGUINE FAMAM:
HUNC VOLO, LAUDARI QUI SINE MORTE POTEST.

MART.

NOT HIM PRIZE WHO POORLY GAINS
FROM DEATH THE PALM WHICH BLOOD DISTAINS;
BUT HIM WHO WINS WITH NOBLER STRIFE
AN UNPOLLUTED WEALTH FROM LIFE.

HE had concealed his quarrel with Ventosus from his father, who was then at the family seat about twenty miles from London, because he was not willing to acquaint him with the cause: but the effect was such as could not be hidden; and it was now become necessary that he should anticipate the report of others. He therefore set out immediately for the country; but his father about the same time arrived in London: some imperfect account had been sent him of the proceedings against Eugenio; and though he concluded from his silence that he had been guilty of some indiscretion, yet he did not suspect an imputation of cowardice; and hoped by his interest to support him against private resentment. When he found that he had missed Eugenio in some of the avenues to town, he went immediately to the gentleman who had procured his commission, from whom he learned all the circumstances of the affair. The moment he heard that his son had refused a challenge, he was seized with rage so violent, that it had the appearance of distraction: he uttered innumerable oaths and execrations in a voice that was scarce human, declared his son to be unworthy of his name, and solemnly renounced him for ever.

Eugenio returned to London the same day, but it was late before he arrived. The servant that opened the door told him, with tears in his eyes, that his father was gone to bed much disordered, and had commanded that he should no more be admitted into that house. He stood motionless a few moments; and then departing without reply, came directly to me; his looks were wild, his countenance pale, and his eyes swimming in tears: the moment he saw me,

he threw himself into a chair; and putting a copy of his answer to Ventosus's challenge into my hand, anticipated my enquiries by relating all that had happened.

After having administered such consolation as I could, I prevailed upon him with much difficulty to go to bed. I sat up the rest of the night, devising various arguments to convince Orgilio, that his son had added new dignity to his character. In the morning I went to his house; and after much solicitation was admitted to his chamber. I found him in bed, where he had lain awake all the night; and it was easy to see that his mind was in great agitation. I hoped that his tumult was produced by the struggles of parental tenderness: but the moment I mentioned his son, he fell into an agony of rage that rendered him speechless; and I came away, convinced that the eloquence of an angel upon the same subject would have been without effect. I did not, however, relate these discouraging circumstances to Eugenio: I told him that it would be proper to wait a few days before any farther application was made; not only because his father's resentment would probably subside, but because he was now indisposed.

Eugenio, when he heard that his father was ill, changed colour and burst into tears. He went every evening, and knocking softly at the servant's window, enquired how he did; and when he found that his fever was become dangerous, he intreated me to go yet once more and intercede for him, that he might at least be permitted to see his father, if he might not hope to be forgiven. I went; but when Orgilio heard my name, he fell into a fresh transport of rage, which

which ended in a delirium. The effect which this incident produced upon Eugenio, who waited at the end of the street for my return, cannot be described: I prevailed upon him to go back to my house, where he sometimes hastily traversed the room, and sometimes sat fixed in a kind of stupid insensibility upon the floor. While he was in one of these fits, news was brought that his father was dead, and had the morning after he was taken ill disinherited him, declaring that by the infamy of his conduct he had broke his heart.

Eugenio heard this account without any apparent surprize or emotion, but could not be persuaded to change his posture or receive any food; till his spirits being quite exhausted, sleep relieved him a few hours from the agony of his mind.

The night on which his father was buried, he wrapped himself up in a horseman's coat that belonged to my servant, and followed the procession at a distance on foot. When the ceremony was over, and the company departed, he threw himself on the grave; and hiding his face in the dust, wept over it in silence that was interrupted only by groans. I, who had followed him unperceived, did not think it prudent to intrude upon the solemnity of his sorrow, till the morning dawned: he was surprized, and I thought somewhat confounded to see me; he suffered me, however, to lead him away, but neither of us uttered a word.

He told me the next day, that he would trouble me a few nights longer for a lodging, and in the mean time think of some means by which he might obtain a subsistence: he was, indeed, totally destitute, without money and without a profession; but he made no complaint, and obstinately refused all pecuniary assistance.

In less than a week afterwards, having converted his watch, his sword, a snuff-box, and ring, into money, he engaged as a common sailor in a private undertaking to discover the north-west passage to India.

When he communicated this desperate enterprise, he appeared perfectly composed—'My dear friend,' said he, 'it has been always my point of honour to obey the commands of GOD, the Prime Author of my being and the ultimate object of my hope; at whatever risk; and I do not repent that I have readily adhered to this principle at the expence of all that is valuable upon

earth: I have suffered the loss of fortune, of love, and of fame; but I have preserved my integrity, and I know that I shall not lose my reward. To these I would, indeed, add the esteem, though not the love of Amelia. She will hear of me as degraded and disinherited, a coward, a vagabond, and a fugitive; and her esteem, I think, I have sufficient reason to give up: grief will wound her deeper than contempt; it is, therefore, best that she should despise me. Some of those by whom she is addressed, deserve her; and I ought not to withhold a felicity which I cannot enjoy. I shall embark to-morrow; and your friendly embrace is all the good that I expect to receive from this country, when I depart in search of others which are unknown.'

To this address I was not in a condition to reply; and perceiving that I was overwhelmed with grief, he left me, perhaps, lest his purpose should be shaken, and my weakness should prove contagious.

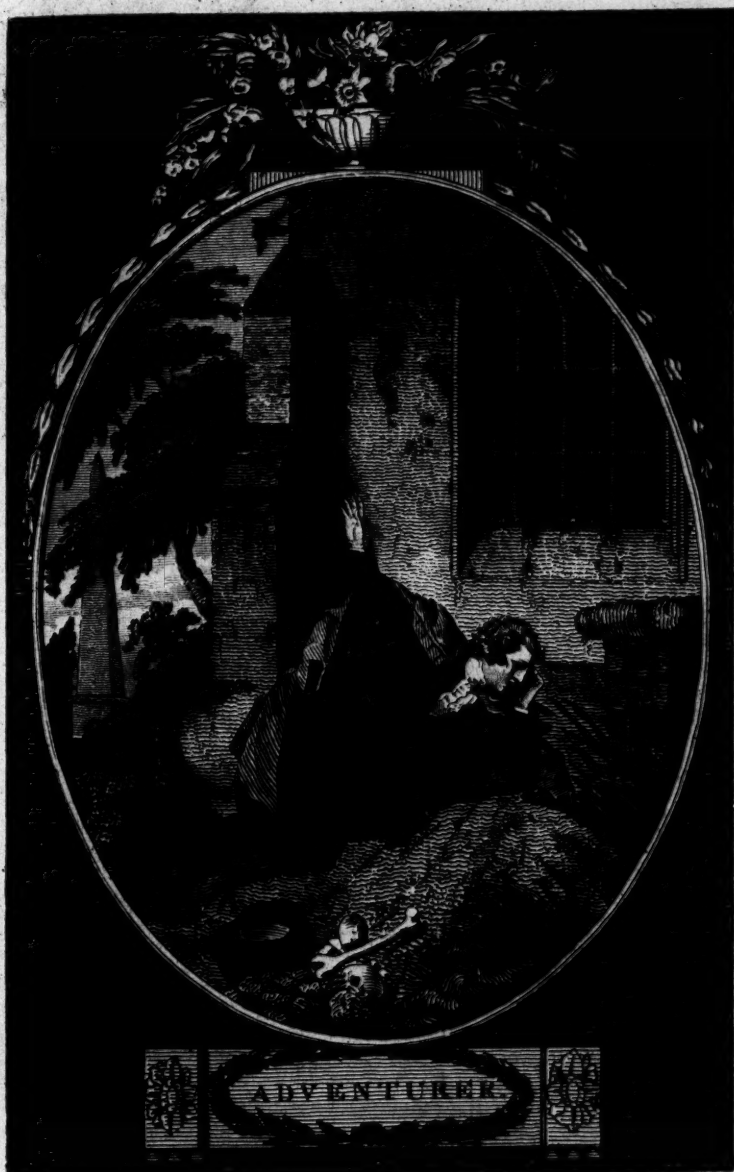
On the morrow I attended him to the ship. He talked to me of indifferent things; and when we parted wrung my hand, and turned from me abruptly without speaking. I hastened into the boat which waited to bring me on shore, and would not again feel the pangs of yesterday for all the kingdoms of the world.

Such is the friend I have lost! such is the man, whom the world has disgraced for refusing a challenge! But none who are touched with pity at his misfortunes, with that he had avoided them by another conduct; and not to pity Eugenio, is surely to be a monster rather than a man.

It may, perhaps, be questioned, whether I ought thus to have exhibited his story under feigned names; or have a right to attempt that which he forbore. My love to him, is, indeed, my motive; but I think my conduct is just, when I consider, that though it is possible that Amelia may by the perusal of these papers suffer the most tender, and therefore the most exquisite distress, by the re-establishment of her esteem for him who most deserves it; yet the world may derive new virtue from the dignity which the character of Eugenio reflects upon his conduct: his example is truly illustrious; and as it can scarce fail to excite emulation, it ought not to be concealed.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

BENEVOLUS.



C. H. Murray del.

H. Smith sculp.

N^o LXVII. TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 1753.

INVENTAS—VITAM EXCOLVERE PER ARTES.

VIRG.

THEY POLISH LIFE BY USEFUL ARTS.

THAT familiarity produces neglect, has been long observed. The effect of all external objects, however great or splendid, ceases with the novelty: the courtier stands without emotion in the royal presence; the rustick tramples under his foot the beauties of the spring, with little attention to their colour or their fragrance; and the inhabitant of the coast darts his eye upon the immense diffusion of waters, without awe, wonder, or terror.

Those who have passed much of their lives in this great city, look upon it's opulence and it's multitudes, it's extent and variety, with cold indifference; but an inhabitant of the remoter parts of the kingdom is immediately distinguished by a kind of dissipated curiosity, a busy endeavour to divide his attention amongst a thousand objects, and a wild confusion of astonishment and alarm.

The attention of a new-comer is generally first struck by the multiplicity of cries that stun him in the streets, and the variety of merchandize and manufactures which the shopkeepers expose on every hand; and he is apt, by unwary bursts of admiration, to excite the merriment and contempt of those, who mistake the use of their eyes for effects of their understanding, and confound accidental knowledge with just reasoning.

But, surely, these are subjects on which any man may without reproach employ his meditations: the innumerable occupations among which the thousands that swarm in the streets of London are distributed, may furnish employment to minds of every cast, and capacities of every degree. He that contemplates the extent of this wonderful city, finds it difficult to conceive, by what method plenty is maintained in our markets, and how the inhabitants are regularly supplied with the necessaries of life; but when he examines the shops and warchouses, sees the immense stores of every kind of merchandize piled up for sale, and runs over all the manufactures of art and products of nature, which are every where attracting his eye and soliciting his purse, he

will be inclined to conclude, that such quantities cannot easily be exhausted; and that part of mankind must soon stand still for want of employment, till the wares already provided shall be worn out and destroyed.

As Socrates was passing through the fair at Athens, and casting his eyes over the shops and customers—'How many things are here,' says he, 'that I do not want!' The same sentiment is every moment rising in the mind of him that walks the streets of London, however inferior in philosophy to Socrates; he beholds a thousand shops crowded with goods, of which he can scarcely tell the use, and which therefore he is apt to consider as of no value; and, indeed, many of the arts by which families are supported, and wealth is heaped together, are of that minute and superfluous kind, which nothing but experience could evince possible to be prosecuted with advantage, and which, as the world might easily want, it could scarcely be expected to encourage.

But so it is, that custom, curiosity, or wantonness, supplies every art with patrons, and finds purchasers for every manufacture. The world is so adjusted, that not only bread, but riches, may be obtained without great abilities, or arduous performances: the most unskilful hand and unenlightened mind have sufficient incitements to industry; for he that is resolutely busy, can scarcely be in want. There is, indeed, no employment; however despicable, from which a man may not promise himself more than competence, when he sees thousands and myriads raised to dignity by no other merit than that of contributing to supply their neighbours with the means of sucking smoke through a tube of clay; and others raising contributions upon those whose elegance disdains the grossness of smoky luxury, by grinding the same materials into a powder that may at once gratify and impair the smell.

Not only by these popular and modish trifles, but by a thousand unheeded and evanescent kinds of business, are the

multitudes of this city preserved from idleness, and consequently from want. In the endless variety of tastes and circumstances that diversify mankind, nothing is so superfluous, but that some one desires it; or so common, but that some one is compelled to buy it. As nothing is useless but because it is in improper hands, what is thrown away by one is gathered up by another; and the refuse of part of mankind furnishes a subordinate class with the materials necessary to their support.

When I look round upon those who are thus variously exerting their qualifications, I cannot but admire the secret concatenation of society, that links together the great and the mean, the illustrious and the obscure; and consider with benevolent satisfaction, that no man, unless his body or mind be totally disabled, has need to suffer the mortification of seeing himself useless or burdensome to the community: he that will diligently labour, in whatever occupation, will deserve the sustenance which he obtains, and the protection which he enjoys; and may lie down every night with the pleasing consciousness, of having contributed something to the happiness of life.

Contempt and admiration are equally incident to narrow minds: he whose comprehension can take in the whole subordination of mankind, and whose perspicacity can pierce to the real state of things through the thin veils of fortune or of fashion, will discover meanness in the highest stations, and dignity in the meanest; and find that no man can become venerable but by virtue, or contemptible but by wickedness.

In the midst of this universal hurry, no man ought to be so little influenced by example, or so void of honest emulation, as to stand a lazy spectator of incessant labour; or please himself with the mean happiness of a drone, while the active swarms are buzzing about him: no man is without some quality, by the due application of which he might deserve well of the world; and whoever he be that has but little in his power, should be in haste to do that little, lest he be confounded with him that can do nothing.

By this general concurrence of endeavours, arts of every kind have been so long cultivated, that all the wants of man may be immediately supplied; Idle-

ness can scarcely form a wish which she may not gratify by the toil of others, or Curiosity dream of a toy, which the shops are not ready to afford her.

Happiness is enjoyed only in proportion as it is known; and such is the state or folly of man, that it is known only by experience of its contrary: we who have long lived amidst the conveniences of a town immensely populous, have scarce an idea of a place where desire cannot be gratified by money. In order to have a just sense of this artificial plenty, it is necessary to have passed some time in a distant colony, or those parts of our island which are thinly inhabited: he that has once known how many trades every man in such situations is compelled to exercise, with how much labour the products of nature must be accommodated to human use, how long the loss or defect of any common utensil must be endured, or by what awkward expedients it must be supplied, how far men may wander with money in their hands before any can sell them what they wish to buy, will know how to rate at its proper value the plenty and ease of a great city.

But that the happiness of man may still remain imperfect, as wants in this place are easily supplied, new wants likewise are easily created; every man, in surveying the shops of London, sees numberless instruments and conveniences, of which, while he did not know them, he never felt the need; and yet, when he has made them familiar, wonders how life could be supported without them. Thus it comes to pass, that our desires always increase with our possessions; the knowledge that something remains yet unenjoyed, impairs our enjoyment of the good before us.

They who have been accustomed to the refinement of science, and multiplications of contrivance, soon lose their confidence in the unassisted powers of nature, forget the paucity of our real necessities, and overlook the easy methods by which they may be supplied. It were a speculation worthy of a philosophical mind, to examine how much is taken away from our native abilities, as well as added to them by artificial expedients. We are so accustomed to give and receive assistance, that each of us singly can do little for himself; and there is scarce any one among us, however contracted

contracted may be his form of life, who does not enjoy the labour of a thousand artists.

But a survey of the various nations that inhabit the earth will inform us, that life may be supported with less assistance; and that the dexterity which practice enforced by necessity produces, is able to effect much by very scanty means. The nations of Mexico and Peru erected cities and temples without the use of iron; and at this day the rude Indian supplies himself with all the necessities of life: sent, like the rest of mankind, naked into the world; as soon as his parents have nursed him up to strength, he is to provide by his own labour for his own support. His first care is to find a sharp flint among the rocks; with this he undertakes to fell the trees of the forest; he shapes his bow, heads his arrows, builds his cottage, and hollows his canoe, and from that time lives in a state of plenty and prosperity; he is sheltered from the storms, he is fortified against beasts of prey, he is enabled to pursue the fish of the sea, and the deer of the mountains; and as he does not know, does not envy the happiness of polished nations, where gold can supply the want of fortitude and skill, and he whose laborious ancestors have made him rich, may lie stretched upon a couch, and see all the treasures of all the elements poured down before him.

This picture of a savage life, if it shews how much individuals may perform, shews likewise how much society is to be desired. Though the perseverance

an address of the Indian excite our admiration, they nevertheless cannot procure him the conveniences which are enjoyed by the vagrant beggar of a civilized country: he hunts like a wild beast to satisfy his hunger; and when he lies down to rest after a successful chase, cannot pronounce himself secure against the danger of perishing in a few days; he is, perhaps, content with his condition, because he knows not that a better is attainable by man; as he that is born blind does not long for the perception of light, because he cannot conceive the advantages which light would afford him: but hunger, wounds, and weariness, are real evils, though he believes them equally incident to all his fellow creatures; and when a tempest compels him to lie starving in his hut, he cannot justly be concluded equally happy with those whom art as exempted from the power of chance, and who make the foregoing year provide for the following.

To receive and to communicate assistance, constitutes the happiness of human life: man may indeed preserve his existence in solitude, but can enjoy it only in society: the greatest understanding of an individual, doomed to procure food and cloathing for himself, will barely supply him with expedients to keep off death from day to day; but as one of a larger community, performing only his share to the common business, he gains leisure for intellectual pleasures, and enjoys the happiness of reason and reflection.

Nº LXVIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1753.

NOCET EMPTA DOLORE VOLUPTAS.

QVID.

HOW VAIN THE JOY FOR WHICH OUR PAIN MUST PAY.

IT has been remarked, that the play of brutes is always a mock fight; and, perhaps, this is equally true of all the sports that have been invented by reason for the amusement of mankind. The celebrated games of antiquity were something more; the conflict was often fatal, and the pleasure of the spectators seems to have been proportioned to the danger of the combatants: nor does it appear that any sport has been since contrived, which can gratify pure benevolence, or entertain without producing an opposi-

tion of interest. There are, indeed, many external advantages which it has never been thought immoral to acquire, though an opposition of interest is necessarily implied; advantages which, like a stake at cards, one party can only gain by the loss of the other; for wealth and poverty, obscurity and distinction, command and servitude, are mutually relative, and the existence of each is by each reciprocally derived and given.

Play, therefore, is not unlawful, merely as a contest; nor can the pleasure of them

them that win, be imputed to a criminal want of benevolence in this state of imperfection, merely because it is enjoyed at the expence of those who lose. But as in business, it has never been held lawful to circumvent those whom we desire to excel; so in play, the chance of loss and gain ought to be always equal; at least, each party should be apprized of the force employed against him; and if then he plays against odds, no man has a right to enquire his motive, though a good man would decline to engage him.

There is, however, one species of diversion which has not been generally condemned, though it is produced by an attack upon those who have not voluntarily entered the lists; who find themselves buffeted in the dark, and have neither means of defence nor possibility of advantage.

These feats are achieved by the knights errant of mirth, and known by the name of Frolics: under this, name, indeed, many species of wanton cruelty have been practised, without incurring the infamy, or raising the indignation, which they deserve; and it is extremely difficult to fix upon any certain criterion, by which frolics may be distinguished into criminal and innocent. If we could discern effects while they are involved in their causes, and ascertain every remote consequence of our own actions, perhaps these sallies might be allowed under the same restrictions as raillery: the false alarms and ridiculous distress into which others are betrayed to make us sport, should be such only as will be subjects of merriment even to the sufferer when they are past, and remembered neither with resentment nor regret: but as every action may produce effects over which human power has no influence, and which human sagacity cannot foresee; we should not lightly venture to the verge of evil, nor strike at others, though with a reed, lest, like the rod of Moses, it become a serpent in our hands.

During the hard frost in the year 1721, four young gentlemen of considerable rank rode into an inn, near one of the principal avenues to this city, at eleven o'clock at night, without any attendant; and having expressed uncommon concern about their horses, and overlooked the provision that was made for them, called for a room; ordering wine and tobacco to be brought in, and

declaring, that as they were to set out very early in the morning, it was not worth while to go to bed. Before the waiter returned, each of them had laid a pocket pistol upon the table, which when he entered they appeared to be very solicitous to conceal, and shewed some confusion at the surprize. They perceived with great satisfaction, that the fellow was alarmed at his discovery; and having upon various pretences called him often into the room, one of them contrived to pull out a mask with his handkerchief from the pocket of a horseman's coat. They discoursed in dark and ambiguous terms, affected a busy and anxious circumspection, urged the man often to drink, and seemed desirous to render him subservient to some purpose which they were unwilling to discover. They endeavoured to conciliate his good will, by extravagant commendations of his dexterity and diligence, and encouraged him to familiarity by asking him many questions: he was, however, still cautious and reserved; one of them, therefore, pretending to have known his mother, put a crown into his hand, and soon after took an opportunity to ask him at what hour a stage-coach, the passengers of which they intended to HUMBLED, set out in the morning, whether it was full, and if it was attended with a guard.

The man was now confirmed in his suspicions; and though he had accepted the bribe, resolved to discover the secret. Having evaded the questions with as much art as he could, he went to his master, Mr. Spiggot, who was then in bed, and acquainted him with what he had observed.

Mr. Spiggot immediately got up, and held a consultation with his wife what was to be done. She advised him immediately to send for the constable with proper assistants, and secure them: but he considered, that as this would probably prevent a robbery, it would deprive him of an opportunity to gain a very considerable sum, which he would become entitled to upon their conviction, if he could apprehend them after the fact; he therefore very prudently called up four or five of the ostlers that belonged to the yard, and having communicated his suspicions and design, engaged them to enlist under his command as an escort to the coach, and to watch the motions of the highwaymen

as he should direct. But mine host also wisely considering, that this expedition would be attended with certain expence, and that the profit which he hoped was contingent, acquainted the passengers with their danger, and proposed that a guard should be hired by a voluntary contribution; a proposal, to which, upon a sight of the robbers through the window, they readily agreed. Spiggot was now secured against pecuniary loss at all events, and about three o'clock the knights of the frolic with infinite satisfaction beheld five passengers, among whom there was but one gentleman, step into the coach with the aspect of criminals going to execution; and enjoyed the significant signs which passed between them and the landlord, concerning the precautions taken for their defence.

As soon as the coach was gone, the supposed highwaymen paid their reckoning in great haste, and called for their horses: care had already been taken to saddle them; for it was not Mr. Spiggot's desire that the adventurers should go far before they executed their purpose; and as soon as they departed, he prepared to follow them with his posse. He was, indeed, greatly surprized to see that they turned the contrary way when they went out of the inn-yard; but he supposed they might chuse to take a small circuit to prevent suspicion, as they might easily overtake the coach whenever they would: he determined, however, to keep behind them; and, therefore, instead of going after the coach, followed them at a distance, till, to his utter disappointment, he saw them persist in a different rout, and at length turn into an inn in Piccadilly, where several servants in livery appeared to have been waiting for them, and where his curiosity was soon gratified with their characters and their names.

In the mean time, the coach proceeded in it's journey. The panic of the passengers increased upon perceiving that the guard which they had hired did not come up; and they began to accuse Spiggot of having betrayed them to the robbers for a share of the booty: they could not help looking every moment from the window, though it was so dark that a waggon could not have been seen at the distance of twenty yards: every tree was mistaken for a man and horse, the noise of the vehicle in which they rode was

believed to be the trampling of pursuers, and they expected every moment to hear the coachman commanded to stop, and to see a pistol thrust in among them with the dreadful injunction—'Deliver your money.'

Thus far the distress, however great and unmerited, will be deemed ridiculous; the sufferers will appear to have ingeniously tormented themselves, by the sagacity with which they reasoned from appearances intended to deceive them, and their solicitude to prevent mischiefs which none would attempt.

But it happened that when the coach had got about two miles out of town, it was overtaken by a horseman who rode very hard, and called out with great eagerness to the driver to stop: this incident among persons who had suffered perpetual apprehension and alarm from the moment they set out, produced a proportionate effect. The wife of the gentleman was so terrified, that she sunk down from her seat; and he was so much convinced of his danger, so touched at her distress, and so incensed against the ruffian who had produced it, that without uttering a word, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and seeing the man parley with the coachman, who had now stopped his horses, he shot him dead upon the spot.

The man, however, who had thus fallen the victim of a frolic, was soon known to be the servant of a lady who had paid earnest for the vacant place in the stage; and having by some accident been delayed till it was set out, had followed it in a hackney-coach, and sent him before her to detain it till she came up.

Here the ridicule is at an end; and we are surprized that we did not sooner reflect that the company had sufficient cause for their fear and their precaution, and that the frolic was nothing more than a lye, which it would have been folly not to believe, and presumption to disregard.

The next day, while the bucks were entertaining a polite circle at White's with an account of the farce they had played the night before, news arrived of the catastrophe. A sudden confusion covered every countenance; and they remained some time silent, looking upon each other, mutually accused, reproached and condemned.

This favourable moment was improved by a gentleman, who, though
sometimes

Sometimes seen in that assembly, is yet eminent for his humanity and his wisdom. 'A man,' said he, 'who found himself bewildered in the intricacies of a labyrinth, when the sun was going down, would think himself happy, if a clue should be put into his hand by which he might be led out in safety: he would not, surely, quit it for a moment, because it might possibly be recovered; and, if he did, would he

in perpetual danger of stumbling upon some other wanderer, and bringing a common calamity upon both. In the maze of life we are often bewildered, and darkness and danger surround us: but every one may at least secure conscience against the power of accident, by adhering inviolably to that rule, by which we are enjoined to abstain even from the APPEARANCES OF
"EVIL."

Nº LXIX. TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1753.

VERE LIBENTER HOMINES ID QUOD VOLUNT CREDUNT.

CÆSAR.

MEN WILLINGLY BELIEVE WHAT THEY WISH TO BE TRUE.

TULLY has long ago observed, that no man, however weakened by long life, is so conscious of his own decrepitude, as not to imagine that he may yet hold his station in the world for another year.

Of the truth of this remark every day furnishes new confirmation: there is no time of life in which men for the most part seem less to expect the stroke of death, than when every other eye sees it impending; or are more busy in providing for another year, than when it is plain to all but themselves, that at another year they cannot arrive. Though every funeral that passes before their eyes evinces the deceitfulness of such expectations, since every man who is borne to the grave thought himself equally certain of living at least to the next year; the survivor still continues to flatter himself, and is never at a loss for some reason why his life should be protracted, and the voracity of death continue to be pacified with some other prey.

But this is only one of the innumerable artifices practised in the universal conspiracy of mankind against themselves: every age and every condition indulges some darling fallacy; every man amuses himself with projects which he knows to be improbable, and which, therefore, he resolves to pursue without daring to examine them. Whatever any man ardently desires, he very readily believes that he shall some time attain; he whose intemperance has overwhelmed him with diseases, while he languishes in the spring, expects vigour and recovery from the summer sun; and while he melts away in the summer, transfers

his hopes to the frosts of winter: he that gazes upon elegance or pleasure, which want of money hinders him from imitating or partaking, comforts himself that the time of distress will soon be at an end, and that every day brings him nearer to a state of happiness; though he knows it has passed not only without acquisition of advantage, but perhaps without endeavours after it, in the formation of schemes that cannot be executed, and in the contemplation of prospects which cannot be approached.

Such is the general dream in which we all slumber out our time: every man thinks the day coming, in which he shall be gratified with all his wishes, in which he shall leave all those competitors behind, who are now rejoicing like himself in the expectation of victory; the day is always coming to the servile in which they shall be powerful, to the obscure in which they shall be eminent, and to the deformed in which they shall be beautiful.

If any of my readers has looked with so little attention on the world about him, as to imagine this representation exaggerated beyond probability, let him reflect a little upon his own life; let him consider what were his hopes and prospects ten years ago, and what additions he then expected to be made by ten years to his happiness: those years are now elapsed; have they made good the promise that was extorted from them, have they advanced his fortune, enlarged his knowledge, or reformed his conduct, to the degree that was once expected? I am afraid, every man that recollects his hopes, must confess his disappointment;
and

and own; that day has glided unprofitably after day, and that he is still at the same distance from the point of happiness.

With what consolations can those who have thus miscarried in their chief design, erase the memory of their ill success? with what amusements can they pacify their discontent, after the loss of so large a portion of life; they can give themselves up again to the same delusions, they can form new schemes of airy gratifications, and fix another period of felicity; they can again resolve to trust the promise which they know will be broken, they can walk in a circle with their eyes shut, and persuade themselves to think that they go forward.

Of every great and complicated event, part depends upon causes out of our power, and part must be effected by vigour and perseverance. With regard to that which is filed in common language the work of chance, men will always find reasons for confidence or distrust, according to their different tempers or inclinations; and he that has been long accustomed to please himself with possibilities of fortuitous happiness, will not easily or willingly be reclaimed from his mistake. But the effects of human industry and skill are more easily subjected to calculation: whatever can be completed in a year is divisible into parts, of which each may be performed in the compass of a day; he therefore that has passed the day without attention to the task assigned him, may be certain that the lapse of life has brought him no nearer to his object; for whatever idleness may expect from time, its produce will be only in proportion to the diligence with which it has been used. He that floats lazily down the stream, in pursuit of something borne along by the same current, will find himself indeed move forward; but unless he lays his hand to the oar, and increases his speed by his own labour, must be always at the same distance from that which he is following.

There have happened in every age some contingencies of unexpected and undeserved success, by which those who are determined to believe whatever favours their inclinations, have been encouraged to delight themselves with future advantages; they support confidence by considerations, of which the

only proper use is to chase away despair: it is equally absurd to sit down in idleness, because some have been enriched without labour, as to leap a precipice because some have fallen, and escaped with life, or to put to sea in a storm because some have been driven from a wreck upon the coast to which they are bound.

We are all ready to confess, that belief ought to be proportioned to evidence or probability: let any man, therefore, compare the number of those who have been thus favoured by fortune, and of those who have failed of their expectations, and he will easily determine, with what justness he has registered himself in the lucky catalogue.

But there is no need on these occasions for deep enquiries or laborious calculations; there is a far easier method of distinguishing the hopes of folly from those of reason, of finding the difference between prospects that exist before the eyes, and those that are only painted on a fond imagination. Tom Drowsy had accustomed himself to compute the profit of a daring project, till he had no longer any doubt of its success; it was at last matured by close consideration, all the measures were accurately adjusted, and he wanted only five hundred pounds to become master of a fortune that might be envied by a director of a trading company. Tom was generous and grateful, and was resolved to recompence this small assistance with an ample fortune: he therefore deliberated for a time, to whom amongst his friends he should declare his necessities; not that he suspected a refusal, but because he could not suddenly determine which of them would make the best use of riches, and was, therefore, most worthy of his favour. At last his choice was settled; and knowing that in order to borrow he must shew the probability of repayment, he prepared for a minute and copious explanation of his project. But here the golden dream was at an end: he soon discovered the impossibility of imposing upon others the notions by which he had so long imposed upon himself; which way soever he turned his thoughts, impossibility and absurdity arose in opposition on every side; even credulity and prejudice were at last forced to give way, and he grew ashamed of crediting himself what shame would not suffer him to communicate to another.

To this test let every man bring his imaginations, before they have been too long predominant in his mind. Whatever is true will bear to be related, whatever is rational will endure to be explained: but when we delight to brood in secret over future happiness, and silently to employ our meditations upon schemes of which we are conscious that the bare mention would expose us to derision and contempt; we should then remember, that we are cheating ourselves by voluntary delusions; and giving up to the unreal mockeries of fancy, those hours in which solid advantages might be attained by sober thought and rational assiduity.

There is, indeed, so little certainty in human affairs, that the most cautious and severe examiner may be allowed to indulge some hopes, which he cannot prove to be much favoured by probability; since after his utmost endeavours to ascertain events, he must often leave the issue in the hands of chance. And so scanty is our present allowance of happiness, that in many situations life could scarcely be supported; if hope were not allowed to relieve the present hour by pleasures borrowed from futurity; and reanimate the languor of dejection to new efforts, by pointing to distant regions of felicity, which yet no resolution or perseverance shall ever reach.

But these, like all other cordials, though they may invigorate in a small quantity, intoxicate in a greater; these pleasures, like the rest, are lawful only in certain circumstances, and to certain degrees; they may be useful in a due subserviency to nobler purposes, but become dangerous and destructive when

once they gain the ascendant in the heart: to soothe the mind to tranquillity by hope, even when that hope is likely to deceive us, may be sometimes useful; but to lull our faculties in a lethargy, is poor and despicable.

Vices and errors are differently modified, according to the state of the minds to which they are incident. To indulge hope beyond the warrant of reason, is the failure alike of mean and elevated understandings; but its foundation and its effects are totally different: the man of high courage and great abilities, is apt to place too much confidence in himself, and to expect from a vigorous exertion of his powers more than spirit or diligence can attain; between him and his wish he sees obstacles indeed, but he expects to overleap or break them; his mistaken ardour hurries him forward; and though perhaps he misses his end, he nevertheless obtains some collateral good, and performs something useful to mankind and honourable to himself.

The drone of timidity presumes likewise to hope, but without ground and without consequence; the blifs with which he solaces his hours, he always expects from others; though very often he knows not from whom; he folds his arms about him, and sits in expectation of some revolution in the state that shall raise him to greatness, or some golden shower that shall load him with wealth; he dozes away the day on musing upon the morrow; and at the end of life is roused from his dream only to discover that the time of action is past, and that he can now shew his wisdom only by repentance.

T

N^o LXX. SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1753.

VIRTUS, REPULSÆ NESCIA SORDIDÆ,
 INTAMINATIS FULGET HONORIBUS;
 NEC SUMIT AUT PONIT SECURE,
 ARBITRIO POPULARIS AURÆ. Hor.

STRANGER TO FOLLY AND TO FEAR,
 WITH PURE UNTAINTED HONOUR BRIGHT,
 VIRTUE DISDAINS TO LEND AN EAR
 TO THE MAD PEOPLE'S SENSE OF RIGHT.

MR. ADVENTURER,

I Am the person whom your correspondent Benevolus has thought fit to mention by the name of Agrestis. There are some particulars in my character, which, perhaps, he has mistaken: but I love plain dealing; and as he did not intend to flatter me, I forgive him. Perhaps my heart is as warm as another's, and I am no stranger to any principles that would lead a man to a handsome thing. But to the point. I approve your publishing the story of Eugenio; and I am determined the world shall not lose the sequel of it, in which you are more concerned than perhaps you may imagine.

You must know, Sir, that I had observed my girl to go moping about of late more than common; though in truth she has been somewhat grave ever since she dismissed Ventofus. I was determined to keep an eye upon her; and so watching her pretty closely, I caught her last Saturday was sev'night almost drowned in tears with your paper in her hand. I laid hold of it in an instant; and, putting on my spectacles, began to read, with a shrewd suspicion that I should find out a secret. Her passion of crying still increased; and when I had looked here and there in the paper, I was convinced that she was by some means deeply interested in the story, which, indeed, appeared to me to be full of misfortune. In short, I pressed her so home upon the subject, that she put the other two papers into my hand, and telling me who were meant by the names, I began to read with great eagerness; though, to confess a truth, I could scarce see the three last pages. 'Odds my life,' thinks I, 'what an honest fellow this Eugenio is!' and, leering up at my girl, I thought I never saw her look so

like her mother before. I took her about the neck and kissed her; but I did not tell her what I had in my head: however, to encourage her, I bid her be a good child; and instantly ordering my coach, I went directly to Benevolus, of whom I enquired the ship's name on board of which Eugenio was embarked, and when she sailed. The doctor, whether he guessed at my intention or not, looked as if he would have leaped out of his skin; and told me, with a kind of wild eagerness, that the vessel having met with an accident in going out, was put back, and then lay in the river near Gravesend.

With this intelligence I returned to my daughter, and told her my mind. 'Eumy,' says I, 'the Captain was always in my opinion a worthy man; and when I had reason to believe you liked him, I did not resolve to part you because he was without a title or an estate, but because I could not be reconciled to his profession. I was determined you should never marry a cockade, and carry a knaplack; and if he had been a general officer, I would have preferred an honest citizen, who encourages trade and navigation, before him. Besides, I was angry that you should hold a private correspondence, and think to carry your point without me; but you were greatly misrepresented; so was the Captain. He has gallantly removed all my objections at once; he is not now in the army, nor has he ever attempted to subvert my authority; he is a true heart, and I feel that I love him as my son. He is still within reach, and you shall this moment write to him, with your own hand, and tell him that I say he shall be your husband. I have money enough for ye both; and if I please, I can make him a lord.' The poor child

child sat with her handkerchief up to her eyes while I was speaking; and I did not immediately perceive, that, upon hearing the Captain was not gone, she had fainted. We could scarce keep life in her for above two hours; but at last she a little recovered her spirits, and brought me the following billet—

TO EUGENIO.

SIR,

MY dear papa commands me to intreat, that you would immediately come on shore, and from this hour consider his house as your own. He is greatly affected with the story of your generosity and distress, which he has just learnt by an accident which I cannot now communicate; and he is determined to make you his heir, without prejudice to, Sir, your humble servant,

AMELIA.

When I had perused this epistle—
 ‘Pshaw,’ says I, ‘put Affectionate at the end of it, or else he won’t come now.’ This made her smile. I was glad to see her look chearful; and, having with some difficulty procured the proper addition, I dispatched the letter instantly by my own servant on horseback, and ordered a light chariot and four to follow him, and take up Eugenio’s friend the doctor by the way. I will not tell you, Sir, how Eugenio, as he is called, behaved upon the receipt of this letter; it is enough, that in about eight hours he arrived with his friend at my house; neither will I tell you how the lovers behaved when they met; it is enough, that they are to be married next Thursday. I add some particulars for your private inspection in the postscript, that you may give us your company at the wedding. I dare say you will share the happiness of which you have been the instrument; and I assure you that you will be extremely welcome to the company, but to none more than to

Yours heartily,

AGRESTIS.

I am extremely obliged to Agrestis for his postscript, but yet more for his letter; which, if I may be allowed to judge by it’s effect, is the most eloquent performance I have read: it’s excellence, I am persuaded, will be universally acknowledged, because it will

be felt. I shall, however, add some remarks, which perhaps may not occur to every mind, as every mind has not acquired a habit of speculation.

Eugenio’s heroic perseverance in virtue, though it appeared to preclude all his hopes of temporal advantage, yet eventually fulfilled them. If he had with less generosity engaged in a clandestine love, either he would have forfeited the esteem of Amelia, or she would have incurred the resentment of her father; if he had succeeded to the remains of his paternal estate, he might still have been suspected by Agrestis; and if he had continued in the army, however preferred, he would still have been disapproved.

Thus, perhaps, if remote consequences could be discovered by human foresight, we should see the wisdom and the kindness of DIVINE PRESCRIPTION; we should see, that the precepts which we are now urged to neglect by our desire of happiness, were given to prevent our being precipitated by error into misery; at least, it would appear, that if some immediate advantage is gained by the individual, an equivalent loss is sustained by society; and as society is only an aggregation of individuals, he who seeks his own advantage at the expence of society, cannot long be exempted from the general calamity which he contributes to produce.

Such is the necessary imperfection of human laws, that many private injuries are perpetrated of which they take no cognizance; but if these were allowed to be punished by the individual against whom they are committed, every man would be judge and executioner in his own cause, and universal anarchy would immediately follow. The laws, therefore, by which this practice is prohibited, ought to be held more sacred than any other; and the violation of them is so far from being necessary to prevent an imputation of cowardice, that they are enforced, even among those in whom cowardice is punished with death, by the following clause in the nineteenth Article of War.

‘Nor shall any officer or soldier upbraid another for Refusing a Challenge; since, according to these our orders, they do but the Duty of Soldiers, who ought to subject themselves to discipline: and we do acquit and discharge

‘ discharge all men who have quarrels
‘ offered, or challenges sent to them,
‘ of all disgrace or opinion of disadvantage
‘ in their obedience hereunto: and
‘ whoever shall upbraid them, or offend
‘ in this case, shall be punished as a
‘ Challenger.’

It is to be presumed, that of this clause
no gentleman in the army is ignorant;
and those who by the arrogance of their
folly labour to render it ineffectual,
should, as enemies to their country, be
driven out of it with detestation and
contempt.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE

THE ADVENTURER.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

N^o LXXI. TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1753.

—HOMINEM PAGINA NOSTRA SAPIT.

MART.

WE STRIVE TO PAINT THE MANNERS AND THE MIND.

LETTERS written from the heart and on real occasions, though not always decorated with the flowers of eloquence, must be far more useful and interesting than the studied paragraphs of Pliny, or the pompous declamations of Balfac; as they contain just pictures of life and manners, and are the genuine emanations of nature. Of this kind I shall select a few from the heap I have received from my correspondents; each of which exhibits a different character, not exaggerated and heightened by circumstances that pass the bounds of reality.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR, SOMERSE-HALL, JUNE 18.

I Am arrived with Sir Nicholas at this melancholy moated mansion. Would I could be annihilated during the insupportable tediousness of summer! We are to sup this evening, after having fished the whole afternoon, by day-light, think of that, in the new arbour. My uncle, poor man, imagines he has a finer and richer prospect from thence, than the illuminated vistas at Vauxhall afford, only because he sees a parcel of woods and meadows, and blue hills, and corn-fields. We have been visited by our only neighbour, Mrs. Thrifty, who entertained us with a dull history of the children she has educated at a little school of her own founding, and who values herself for not having been in town these ten years, and for not knowing what a drum means.

My sister and I have laid a scheme to plague her, for we have sent her a card, entreating her to make one at Brag next Sunday. For heaven's sake send us your paper weekly, but do not give us so many grave ones; for we want to be diverted after studying Hoyle, which we do for three hours every afternoon with great attention, that the time may not pass away totally useless, and that we may be a match for Lady Shuffle next winter. Let us know what is done at the next Jubilee Masquerade. How shall I have patience to support my absence from it! And if Madam de Pompadour comes over, as was reported when I left town, impart to us a minute account of the complexion she now wears, and of every article of her dress: any milliner will explain the terms to you. I do not see that you have yet published the little novel I sent you; I assure you it was written by a right honourable: but you, I suppose, think the style colloquial as you call it, and the moral trite or trifling. Colonel Caper's Pindaric Ode on the E O table must absolutely be inserted in your very next paper, or else never expect to hear again from

LETITIA.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I Apply to you, as a person of prudence and knowledge of the world, for directions how to extricate myself out of a great and uncommon difficulty. To enable

enable myself to live up to a numerous family on a small preferment, I have been advised to indulge my natural propensity for poetry, and to write a tragedy: my design is to apprentice my eldest son to a reputable tradesman, with the profits I shall acquire by the representation of my play, being deterred by the inordinate expences of an university education from making him a scholar. An old gentleman in my parish, a great reader of religious controversy, whom celibacy and the reduction of interest have made morosely devout, accidentally hearing of my performance, undertook to censure me in all companies with acrimony and zeal, as acting inconsistently with the dignity of my public character, and as a promoter of debauchery and lewdness. She has informed my church-wardens, that the play-house is the temple of Satan, and that the first Christians were strictly forbidden to enter the theatres, as places impure and contagious. My congregations grow thin; my clerk shakes his head, and fears his master is not so sound as he ought to be. I was lately discoursing on the beautiful parade of the prodigal son, and most unfortunately quoted Erasmus's observation on it—*ex quo quidem argumento posset non ineligiens texti comedia—on which subject*—a most elegant comedy might be composed; which has ruined me for ever, and destroyed all the little respect remaining for me in the minds of my parishioners. What I cried they, would the parson put the Bible into verse? would he make stage-plays out of the Scriptures? How, Sir, am I to act? Assist me with your advice. Am I for ever to bear unreasonable obloquy, and undeserved reproach? or must I, to regain the good opinion of my people, relinquish all hopes of the five hundred pounds I was to gain by my piece, and generously burn my tragedy in my church-yard, in the face of my whole congregation? Yours, &c.

JACOB THOMASON.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

I Had almost finished a view of the inside of St. Peter's at Rome in BUTTERFLY-WORK, when my cruel parrotquet accidentally trod upon the PURPLE EMPEROR, of which the high altar was to have been made. This is the

first letter I have written after my dreadful loss; and it is to desire you to put an advertisement at the end of your next paper, signifying, that whoever has any purple emperors or swallow-tails to dispose of, may hear of a purchaser at Lady Whim's in New Bond Street.

Yours, &c.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

IF you will pay off my milk-score and lodging, stop my taylor from arresting me, and put twenty pieces in my pocket, I will immediately set out for Lyons on foot, and stay there till I have translated into English the manuscript of Longinus which you talk of in your fifty-first paper. Favour me with a speedy answer, directed to Mr. Quillit, at the cork-cutter's in Wych Street, Drury Lane.

P. S. Seven book-sellers have already applied to me, and offer to pay me very generously for my translation, especially as there is no French one for me to consult.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

YOU affect great tenderness and sensibility whenever you speak of the ladies. I have always despised them as trifling and expensive animals; and have therefore enjoyed the delicious liberty of what they idly and opprobriously call an old bachelor. I consider love in no other light, than as the parent of misery and folly, and the son of idleness and ease. I am, therefore, inexpressibly delighted with a passage of uncommon sense and penetration, which I lately met with in the works of the celebrated Huet; and which, because no English writer has taken notice of it, I beg you would publish for the use of my countrymen, as it will impart to them a method of escaping the despicable lot of living under female tyranny.

Love, says this judicious prelate, is not only a passion of the soul like hatred and envy, but is also a malady of the body like a fever. It is situated in the blood and the animal spirits, which are extraordinarily inflamed and agitated; and it ought to be treated methodically by the rules of medicine, in order to effect a cure. I am of opinion,

‘opinion, that this disorder may easily
 ‘be subdued by plentiful sweats and
 ‘copious bleedings, which would carry
 ‘off the peccant humours and these vio-
 ‘lent inflammations, would purge the
 ‘blood, calm it’s emotion, and re-
 ‘establish it in it’s former natural state.
 ‘This is not merely groundless con-
 ‘jecture, it is an opinion founded on
 ‘experience. A great prince, with
 ‘whom I was intimately acquainted,
 ‘having conceived a violent passion for
 ‘a young lady of exalted merit, was
 ‘obliged to leave her, and to take the
 ‘field with the army. During this ab-
 ‘sence, his love was cherished and kept
 ‘alive by a very frequent and regular
 ‘intercourse of letters to the end of the
 ‘campaign, when a dangerous sickness
 ‘reduced him to extremity. By ap-
 ‘plying to the most powerful and effi-
 ‘cacious drugs physic could boast of,
 ‘he recovered his health, but lost his
 ‘passion, which the great evacuations
 ‘he had used had entirely carried off
 ‘unknown to him. For imagining that
 ‘he was as much in love as ever, he
 ‘found himself unexpectedly cold and
 ‘indifferent, the first time he beheld
 ‘again the lady of whom he had been
 ‘so passionately fond. The like acci-
 ‘dent befel one of my most intimate
 ‘friends, who recovering from a long
 ‘and stubborn fever by falling into
 ‘copious sweats, perceived at the same

‘time that he was cured of a passion
 ‘that for some time before had conti-
 ‘nually teized and grievously torment-
 ‘ed him. He had no longer any taste
 ‘for the object he formerly adored, at-
 ‘tempted in vain to renew his gallan-
 ‘tries, and found that insensibility and
 ‘dislike had banished tenderness and
 ‘respect.’ I am your’s,

AKALOS.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I N one of your late sermons, I am in-
 formed, for I never read myself, that
 you have presumed to speak with ridi-
 cule and contempt of the noble order of
 Bucks. Seven of us agreed last night
 at the King’s Arms, that if you dared
 to be guilty of the like impudence a se-
 cond time, we would come in a body
 and untile your garret, burn your pocket-
 book of hints, throw your papers ready
 written for the press into a jakes, and
 drive you out into the Strand in your
 tattered night-gown and slippers: and
 you may guess what a fine spectacle the
 mob will think an animal that so seldom
 sees the sun as you do. I assure you,
 that next to a day at Broughton’s, or
 the damnation of a new play, the truest
 joy of our fraternity is, ‘to hunt an au-
 ‘thor.’ Your’s,

Z BOB WHIPCLEAN.

Nº LXXII. SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1753.

ΠΟΛΛΑ ΜΕΤΑΞΥ ΤΩΝ ΚΑΛΥΚΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΧΕΙΛΟΣ ΑΝΘΡΩ. PROV. GR.

MANY THINGS HAPPEN BETWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP.

THE following narrative is by an
 eastern tradition attributed to one
 Heli Ben Hamet, a moralist of Arabia,
 who is said to have delivered his precepts
 in public and periodical orations. This
 tradition corresponds with the manner
 in which the narrative is introduced;
 and, indeed, it may possibly have no
 other foundation: but the tradition it-
 self, however founded, is sufficient au-
 thority to consider Heli as the literary
 Adventurer of a remote age and na-
 tion; and as only one number of his
 work is extant, I shall not scruple to in-
 corporate it with my own.

DOST thou ask a torch to discover
 the brightness of the morning? dost
 thou appeal to argument for proofs of

Divine Perfection? Look down to the
 earth on which thou standest, and lift up
 thine eyes to the worlds that roll above
 thee. Thou beholdest splendor, abun-
 dance, and beauty; is not He who pro-
 duced them Mighty? Thou considerest;
 is not He who formed thy understanding,
 Wife? Thou enjoyest; is not He who
 gratifies thy senses, Good? Can aught
 have limited his bounty but his wisdom?
 or can defects in his sagacity be disco-
 vered by thine? To Heli, the preacher
 of humility and resignation; let thine ear
 be again attentive, thou whose heart
 has rebelled in secret, and whose wish
 has silently accused thy Maker.

I rose early in the morning to medi-
 tate, that I might without presumption
 hope to be heard. I left my habitation;

A a and,

and, turning from the beaten path, I wandered without remarking my way, or regarding any object that I passed, till the extreme heat of the sun, which now approached the meridian, compelled my attention. The weariness which I had insensibly contracted by the length of my walk, became in a moment insupportable; and looking round for shelter, I suddenly perceived that I was not far from the wood in which Rhedi the hermit investigates the secrets of nature, and ascribes glory to God. The hope of improving my meditation by his wisdom, gave me new vigour; I soon reached the wood, I was refreshed by the shade, and I walked forward till I reached the cell. I entered, but Rhedi was absent. I had not, however, waited long, before I discovered him through the trees at some distance, advancing towards me with a person whose appearance was, if possible, yet more venerable, and whom before I had never seen.

When they came near I rose up, and, laying my hand upon my lips, I bowed myself with reverence before them. Rhedi saluted me by my name, and presented me to his companion, before whom I again bowed myself to the ground. Having looked stedfastly in my countenance, he laid his hand upon my head, and blessed me: 'Heli,' said he, 'those who desire Knowledge that they may reach Virtue, shall not be disappointed: sit down, I will relate events which yet thou knowest but in part, and disclose secrets of Providence from which thou mayest derive instruction.' We sat down, and I listened as to the council of an angel, or the music of paradise.

Amāna, the daughter of Sanbad the shepherd, was drawing water at the wells of Adail, when a caravan which had passed the desert arrived, and the driver of the camels alighted to give them drink; those which came first to the wells belonged to Nouraddin the merchant, who had brought fine linen and other merchandize of great value from Egypt. Amāna, when the caravan drew near, had covered herself with her veil, which the servant of Nouraddin, to gratify a brutal curiosity, attempted to withdraw.

Amāna, provoked by the indignity, and encouraged by the presence of others, struck him with the staff of the bucket; and he was about to retaliate the violence, when Nouraddin, who was himself with the caravan, called out to him

to forbear, and immediately hastened to the well. The veil of Amāna had fallen off in the struggle, and Nouraddin was captivated with her beauty: the lovely confusion of offended modesty that glowed upon her cheek, the disdain that swelled her bosom, and the resentment that sparkled in her eyes, expressed a consciousness of her sex, which warmed and animated her beauty: they were graces which Nouraddin had never seen, and produced a tumult in his breast which he had never felt; for Nouraddin, though he had now great possessions, was yet a youth, and a stranger to woman. The merchandize which he was transporting had been purchased by his father, whom the angel of death had intercepted in the journey, and the sudden accession of independence and wealth did not dispose him to restrain the impetuosity of desire: he therefore demanded Amāna of her parents; his message was received with gratitude and joy; and Nouraddin, after a short time, carried her back to Egypt, having first punished the servant, by whom she had been insulted at the well, with his own hand.

But he delayed the solemnities of marriage till the time of mourning for his father should expire; and the gratification of a passion which he could not suppress, was without much difficulty suspended now it's object was in his power. He anticipated the happiness which he believed to be secured; and supposed that it would increase by expectation, like a treasure by usury, of which more is still possessed, as possession is longer delayed.

During this interval Amāna recovered from the tumultuous joy of sudden elevation; her ambition was at an end, and she became susceptible of love. Nouraddin, who regretted the obscurity of her birth only because it had prevented the cultivation of her mind, laboured incessantly to supply the defect: she received his instruction not only with gratitude but delight; while he spoke she gazed upon him with esteem and reverence, and had no wish but to return the happiness which he was impatient to bestow.

At this time Osmīn the caliph was upon the throne of Egypt. The passions of Osmīn, thou knowest, were impetuous as the torrents of Alared, and fatal as the whirlwind of the desert: to excite and to gratify, was the whole purpose of his mind; but his wish was still unsatisfied, and his life was wretched.

His

His seraglio was filled with beauty; but the power of beauty he had exhausted: he became outrageous to revive desire by a new object, which he demanded of Nardic the eunuch, whom he had not only set over his women but his kingdom, with menaces and execration. Nardic, therefore, caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever should produce the most beautiful virgin within two days, should stand in the presence of the Caliph, and be deemed the third in his kingdom.

Caled, the servant who had been beaten by Nouraddin, returned with him to Egypt: the sullen ferocity of his temper was increased by the desire of revenge, and the gloom of discontent was deepened by despair: but when he heard the proclamation of Nardic, joy kindled in his aspect like lightning in the darkness of a storm; the offence which he had committed against Amana, enabled him to revenge the punishment which it produced. He knew that she was yet a virgin, and that her marriage was near: he therefore hastened to the palace, and demanded to be brought before Nardic, who in the midst of magnificence and servility, the flattery of dependent ambition, and the zeal of unlimited obedience, was sitting pale and silent, his brow contracted with anxiety, and his breast throbbing with apprehension.

When Caled was brought into his presence, he fell prostrate before him—

‘By the smile of my lord,’ said he, ‘let another be distinguished from the slaves who mingle in obscurity, and let his favour elevate another from the dust; but let my service be accepted, and let the desire of Osmin be satisfied with beauty. Amana will shortly be espoused by Nouraddin; but of Amana the sovereign of Egypt only is worthy. Haste, therefore, to demand her; she is now with him in the house, to which I will conduct the messenger of thy will.’

Nardic received this intelligence with transports of joy; a mandate was instantly written to Nouraddin; it was sealed with the royal signet, and delivered to Caled, who returned with a force sufficient to compel obedience.

On this day the mourning of Nouraddin expired: he had changed his apparel, and perfumed his person; his features were brightened with the gladness of his heart; he had invited his friends to the festival of his marriage, and the evening

was to accomplish his wishes. The evening also was expected by Amana, with a joy which she did not labour to suppress; and she was hiding her blushes in the breast of Nouraddin, when Caled arrived with the mandate and the guard.

The domestics were alarmed and terrified; and Nouraddin, being instantly acquainted with the event, rushed out of the apartment of Amana with disorder and trepidation. When he saw Caled, he was moved with anger and disdain; but he was intimidated by the appearance of the guard. Caled immediately advanced, and, with looks of insolence and triumph, presented the mandate. Nouraddin seeing the royal signet, kneeled to receive it; and having gazed a moment at the superscription, pressed it upon his forehead in an agony of suspense and terror. The wretch who had betrayed him enjoyed the anguish which he suffered; and perceiving that he was fainting, and had not fortitude to read the paper, acquainted him with the contents: at the name of Amana he started, as if he had felt the sting of a scorpion, and immediately fell to the ground.

Caled proceeded to execute his commission without remorse; he was not to be moved by swooning, expostulation, entreaty, or tears; but having conducted Amana to the seraglio, presented her to Nardic, with exultation and hope. Nardic, whose wish was flattered by her stature and her shape, lifted up her veil with impatience, timidity, and solicitude: but the moment he beheld her face, his doubts were at an end; he prostrated himself before her, as a person on whose pleasure his life would from that moment depend. She was conducted to the chamber of the women; and Caled was the same hour invested with his new dignity; an apartment was assigned him in the palace, and he was made captain of the guard that kept the gates.

Nouraddin, when he recovered his sensibility, and found that Amana had been conducted to the seraglio, was seized by turns with distraction and stupidity: he passed the night in agitations, by which the powers of nature were exhausted, and in the morning he locked himself into the chamber of Amana, and threw himself on a sofa, determined to admit no comforter, and to receive no sustenance.

N^o LXXIII. TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1753.

— NUMINUS VOTA EXAUDITA MALIGNIS. JUV.

PRATERS MADE AND GRANTED IN A LUCKLESS HOUR. DRYDEN.

WHILE Nouraddin was thus abandoned to despair, Nardic's description of Amana had roused Osmin from his apathy. He commanded that she should be prepared to receive him, and soon after went alone into her apartment. Familiar as he was with beauty, and satiated with enjoyment, he could not behold Amana without emotion: he perceived, indeed, that she was in tears, and that his presence covered her with confusion; yet he believed that her terrors would be easily removed, that by kindness she might be soothed to familiarity, and by caresses excited to illi-
 alliance; but the moment he approached her, she threw herself at his feet, and entreated to be heard, with an importunity which he rather chose to indulge than resist; he therefore raised her from the ground; and, supporting her in his arms, encouraged her to proceed—'Let
 ' my lord,' said she, ' dismiss a wretch
 ' who is not worthy of his presence, and
 ' compassionate the distress which is not
 ' susceptible of delight. I am the daugh-
 ' ter of a shepherd, betrothed to the
 ' merchant Nouraddin, from whom my
 ' body has been forced by the perfidy
 ' of a slave, and to whom my soul is
 ' united by indissoluble bonds. O! let
 ' not the terrors of thy frown be upon
 ' me! Shall the sovereign of Egypt
 ' stoop to a reptile of the dust? shall the
 ' judge of nations retain the worthless
 ' theft of treachery and revenge? or
 ' shall he, for whom ten thousand lan-
 ' guish with desire, rejoice in the suf-
 ' ferance of one alienated mind?' Os-
 ' min, whose breast had by turns been in-
 ' flamed with desire and indignation, while
 ' he gazed upon the beauties of Amana
 ' and listened to her voice, now suddenly
 ' threw her from him, and departed with-
 ' out reply.

When he was alone, he remained a few moments in suspense: but the passions which eloquence had repressed soon became again predominant; and he commanded Amana to be told, that if with-
 in three hours she did not come prepared

to gratify his wishes, he would cast the head of the slave for whom he was re-
 jected at her feet.

The eunuch by whom this message was delivered, and the woman who had returned to Amana when the Caliph re-
 tired, were touched with pity at her dis-
 tress, and trembled at her danger: the
 evils which they could scarce hope to
 prevent, they were yet solicitous to de-
 lay; and therefore advised her to request
 three days of preparation, that she might
 sufficiently recover the tranquillity of
 her mind, to make a just estimate of her
 own happiness; and with this request to
 send, as a pledge of her obedience, a
 bowl of sherbet, in which a pearl had
 been dissolved, and of which she had
 first drank herself.

To this advice, after some throbs of
 desperation, she at length consented, and
 prepared to put it in execution.

At the time when this resolution was
 taken, Nouraddin suddenly started from
 a restless slumber; he was again stung
 by an instantaneous reflection upon his
 own misery, and indulged the discon-
 tent of his mind in this exclamation—
 ' If wisdom and goodness do indeed
 ' preside over the works of Omnipot-
 ' tence, whence is oppression, injustice,
 ' and cruelty? As Nouraddin alone has
 ' a right to Amana, why is Amana in
 ' the power of Osmin? O that now the
 ' justice of Heaven would appear in my
 ' behalf! O that from this hour I was
 ' Osmin, and Osmin Nouraddin!' The
 moment he had uttered this wish, his
 chamber was darkened as with a thick
 cloud, which was at length dissipated by
 a burst of thunder; and a being, whose
 appearance was more than human, stood
 before him. 'Nouraddin,' said the
 vision, 'I am of the region above thee:
 ' but my business is with the children
 ' of the earth. Thou hast wished to be
 ' Osmin; and as far as this wish is pos-
 ' sible it shall be accomplished; thou
 ' shalt be enabled to assume his appear-
 ' ance, and to exercise his power. I
 ' know not yet whether I am permitted
 ' to

to conceal Osmin under the appearance of Nouraddin; but till to-morrow he shall not interrupt thee."

Nouraddin, who had been held motionless by astonishment and terror, now recovered his fortitude as in the presence of a friend; and was about to express his gratitude and joy, when the Genius bound a talisman on his left-arm, and acquainted him with its power—"As often as this bracelet," said he, "shall be applied to the region of thy heart, thou shalt be alternately changed in appearance from Nouraddin to Osmin, and from Osmin to Nouraddin." The Genius then suddenly disappeared, and Nouraddin, impatient to recover the possession of Amana, instantly applied the stud of the bracelet to his breast, and the next moment found himself alone in an apartment of the seraglio.

During this interval, the Caliph, who was expecting the issue of his message to Amana, became restless and impatient; he quitted his apartment, and went into the gardens, where he walked backward and forward with a violent but interrupted pace; and at length stood still, frowning and pensive, with his eyes fixed on the clear surface of a fountain in the middle of the walk. The agitation of his mind continued, and at length broke out into this soliloquy—"What is my felicity, and what is my power? I am wretched by the want of that which the caprice of women has bestowed upon my slave. I can gratify revenge, but not desire; I can withhold felicity from him, but I cannot procure it to myself. Why have I not power to assume the form in which I might enjoy my wishes? I will at least enjoy them in thought. If I was Nouraddin, I should be clasped with transport to the bosom of Amana." He then resigned himself to the power of imagination, and was again silent: but the moment his wish was uttered, he became subject to the Genius who had just transported Nouraddin to his palace. This wish, therefore, was instantly fulfilled; and his eyes being still fixed upon the water, he perceived, with sudden wonder and delight, that his figure had been changed in a moment, and that the mirror reflected another image. His fancy had been warmed with the ideal caresses of Amana; the tumult of his mind was increased by the prodigy; and the gratification of his

appetite being the only object of his attention, he hastened instantly to the palace, without reflecting that, as he would not be known, he would be refused admittance. At the door, to which he advanced with eagerness and precipitation, he was stopped by a party of the guard, that was now commanded by Caled: a tumult ensued, and Caled being hastily called, believed that Nouraddin, in the phrenzy of desperation, had scaled the walls of the garden to recover Amana; and rejoicing in an opportunity of revenge that exceeded his hope, instantly stabbed him with his poniard, but at the same time received that of the Caliph in his heart. Thus fell at once the tyrant and the traitor; the tyrant by the hand which had been armed to support him in oppression, and the traitor by the fury of the appetite which his perfidy had excited.

In the mean time, the man who was believed to be slain, reposed in security upon a sofa; and Amana, by the direction of her women, had prepared the message and the bowl. They were now dispatched to the Caliph, and received by Nouraddin. He understood by the message that Amana was yet inviolate in the joy of his heart, therefore, he took the bowl, which having emptied, he returned by the eunuch, and commanded that Amana should be brought into his presence.

In obedience to this command, she was conducted by her women to the door, but she entered alone pale and trembling; and though her lips were forced into a smile, the characters which grief, dread, and aversion, had written in her countenance, were not effaced. Nouraddin, who beheld her disorder, exulted in the fidelity of her love; and, springing forward, threw his arms about her in an extasy of tenderness and joy; which was still heightened when he perceived that, in the character of Osmin, those embraces were suffered with reluctance, which in his own were returned with ardour: he therefore retreating backward a few paces, applied the talisman again to his breast, and having recovered his own form, would have rushed again into her arms; but she started from him in confusion and terror. He smiled at the effect of the prodigy; and sustaining her on his bosom, repeated some tender incidents which were known to no other; told her

by

by what means he had intercepted her message; and urged her immediately to escape, that they might possess all their desires in each other, and leave the incumbrance of royalty to the wretch whose likeness he had been enabled to assume, and was now impatient to renounce. Amana gazed at him with a fixed attention, till her suspicion and doubts were removed; then suddenly turned from him, tore her garment, and looking up to heaven, imprecated curses upon her head, till her voice faltered, and she burst into tears.

Of this agony, which Nouraddin beheld with unutterable distress, the broken exclamations of Amana at length acquainted him with the cause. 'In the bowl,' said she, 'which thou hast intercepted, there was death. I wished, when I took it from my lips, that the draught which remained might be poison: a powder was immediately shaken into it by an invisible hand, and a voice whispered me, that him who drank the potion it would inevitably destroy.'

Nouraddin, to whose heart the fatal malignity had now spread, perceived that his dissolution would be sudden: his legs already trembled, and his eyes became dim: he stretched out his arms towards Amana, and his countenance was distorted by an ineffectual effort to speak; impenetrable darkness came upon him, he groaned and fell backwards. In his fall the talisman again smote his breast; his form was again changed, and the horrors of death were impressed upon the features of Osmin. Amana, who ran to support him, when she perceived the last transformation, rushed out of the apartment with the wild impetuosity of distraction and despair. The seraglio was alarmed in a moment: the body, which was mistaken for that of Osmin, was examined by the physicians; the ef-

fects of poison were evident; Amana was immediately suspected; and by the command of Shomar, who succeeded his father, she was put to death.

'Such,' said the companion of Rhedi, 'was the end of Nouraddin and Amana, of Osmin and Caled, from whose destiny I have withdrawn the veil. Let the world consider it, and be wise. Be thou still the messenger of instruction, and let increase of knowledge cloath thee with humility.'

While mine eye was fixed upon the hoary sage, who had thus vouchsafed me counsel and knowledge, his countenance became bright as the morning, and his robe fleecy like a cloud; he rose like a vapour from the ground, and the next moment I saw him no more.

I then turned towards Rhedi the hermit, chilled with reverence, and dumb with astonishment; but in the countenance of Rhedi was the calm cheerfulness of superior virtue; and I perceived that the sanctity of his life had acquainted him with divine intelligence. 'Hail met,' said he, 'the voice which thou hast heard is the voice of Zachis the Genius; by whose power the wonders which he has related were produced. It is the province of Zachis to punish impatience and presumption, by fulfilling the desires of those who wish to interrupt the order of nature, and presume to direct the hand of Providence. Relate what thou hast heard, to preserve others from his power.'

Now, therefore, let Virtue suffer adversity with patience, and Vice dread to incur the misery she would inflict: for by him who repines at the scale of Heaven, his own portion of good is diminished; and he who presumptuously assumes the sword, will turn the point upon his own bosom.

N^o LXXIV. SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1753.

INSANIENTIS DUM SAPIENTIE
CONSULTUS ERRO.

HOR.

I MIST MY END, AND LOST MY WAY,
BY CRACK-BRAIN'D WISDOM LED ASTRAY.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

MR,

IT has long been charged by one part of mankind upon the other, that they will not take advice; that coun-

sel and instruction are generally thrown away; and that, in defiance both of admonition and example, all claim the right to chuse their own measures, and to regulate their own lives.

That there is something in advice very

very useful and salutary, seems to be equally confessed on all hands; since even those that reject it, allow for the most part that rejection to be wrong, but charge the fault upon the unskilful manner in which it is given; they admit the efficacy of the medicine, but abhor the nauseousness of the vehicle.

Thus mankind have gone on from century to century: some have been advising others how to act, and some have been teaching the advisers how to advise; yet very little alteration has been made in the world. As we must all by the law of nature enter life in ignorance, we must all make our way through it, by the light of our own experience; and, for any security that advice has been yet able to afford, must endeavour after success at the hazard of miscarriage, and learn to do right by venturing to do wrong.

By advice I would not be understood to mean, the everlasting and invariable principles of moral and religious truth, from which no change of external circumstances can justify any deviation; but such directions as respect merely the prudential part of conduct, and which may be followed or neglected without any violation of essential duties.

It is, indeed, not so frequently to make us good as to make us wise, that our friends employ the officiousness of counsel; and among the rejectors of advice who are mentioned by the grave and sententious with so much acrimony, you will not so often find the vicious and abandoned as the pert and the petulant, the vivacious and the giddy.

As the great end of female education is to get a husband, this likewise is the general subject of female advice; and the dreadful denunciation against those volatile girls, who will not listen patiently to the lectures of wrinkled wisdom, is, that they will die unmarried, or throw themselves away upon some worthless fellow, who will never be able to keep them a coach.

I being naturally of a ductile and easy temper, without strong desires or quick resentments, was always a favourite amongst the elderly ladies, because I never rebelled against seniority, nor could be charged with thinking myself wise before my time; but heard every opinion with submissive silence, professed myself

ready to learn from all who seemed inclined to teach me, paid the same grateful acknowledgments for precepts contradictory to each other, and if any controversy arose, was careful to side with her who presided in the company.

Of this compliance I very early found the advantage; for my aunt Matilda left me a very large addition to my fortune, for this reason chiefly, as she herself declared, because I was not above hearing good counsel, but would sit from morning till night to be instructed, while my sister Sukey, who was a year younger than myself, and was, therefore, in greater want of information, was so much conceited of her own knowledge, that whenever the good lady, in the ardour of benevolence, reproved or instructed her, she would pout or titter, interrupt her with questions, or embarrass her with objections.

I had no design to supplant my sister by this complaisant attention; nor, when the consequence of my obsequiousness came to be known, did Sukey so much envy as despise me: I was, however, very well pleased with my success; and having received, from the concurrent opinion of all mankind, a notion that to be rich was to be great and happy, I thought I had obtained my advantages at an easy rate, and resolved to continue the same passive attention, since I found myself so powerfully recommended by it to kindness and esteem.

The desire of advising has a very extensive prevalence; and since advice cannot be given but to those that will hear it, a patient listener is necessary to the accommodation of all those who desire to be confirmed in the opinion of their own wisdom: a patient listener, however, is not always to be had; the present age, whatever age is present, is so vitiated and disordered, that young people are readier to talk than to attend, and good counsel is only thrown away upon those who are full of their own perfections.

I was, therefore, in this scarcity of good sense, a general favourite; and seldom saw a day in which some sober matron did not invite me to her house, or take me out in her chariot, for the sake of instructing me how to keep my character in this censorious age, how to conduct myself in the time of courtship, how to stipulate for a settlement, how

to manage a husband of every character, regulate my family, and educate my children.

We are all naturally credulous in our own favour. Having been so often caressed and applauded for my docility, I was willing to believe myself really enlightened by instruction, and completely qualified for the task of life. I did not doubt but I was entering the world with a mind furnished against all exigencies, with expedients to extricate myself from every difficulty, and sagacity to provide against every danger; I was, therefore, in haste to give some specimen of my prudence, and to shew that this liberality of instruction had not been idly lavished upon a mind incapable of improvement.

My purpose, for why should I deny it? was like that of other women, to obtain a husband of rank and fortune superior to my own; and in this I had the concurrence of all those who had assumed the province of directing me. That the woman was undone who married below herself was universally agreed; and though some ventured to assert, that the richer man ought invariably to be preferred, and that money was a sufficient compensation for a defective ancestry; yet the majority declared warmly for a gentleman, and were of opinion that upstarts should not be encouraged.

With regard to other qualifications, I had an irreconcilable variety of instructions. I was sometimes told, that deformity was no defect in a man; and that he who was not encouraged to intrigue by an opinion of his person, was more likely to value the tenderness of his wife; but a grave widow directed me to chuse a man who might imagine himself agreeable to me, for that the deformed were always insupportably vigilant, and apt to sink into sullenness, or burst into rage, if they found their wife's eye wandering for a moment to a good face or a handsome shape.

They were, however, all unanimous in warning me, with repeated cautions, against all thoughts of union with a wit, as a being with whom no happiness could possibly be enjoyed: men of every other kind I was taught to govern, but a wit was an animal for whom no arts of taming had been yet discovered; the woman whom he could once get within his power, was con-

sidered as lost to all hope of dominion or of quiet: for he would detect artifice and defeat allurements; and if once he discovered any failure of conduct, would believe his own eyes, in defiance of tears, caresses, and protestations.

In pursuance of these sage principles, I proceeded to form my schemes; and while I was yet in the first bloom of youth, was taken out at an assembly by Mr. Frisk. I am afraid my cheeks glowed and my eyes sparkled; for I observed the looks of all my superintendants fixed anxiously upon me, and I was next day cautioned against him from all hands, as a man of the most dangerous and formidable kind, who had writ verses to one lady, and then forsaken her only because she could not read them, and had lampooned another for no other fault than defaming his sister.

Having been hitherto accustomed to obey, I ventured to dismiss Mr. Frisk, who happily did not think me worth the labour of a lampoon. I was then addressed by Mr. Sturdy, and congratulated by all my friends on the manors of which I was shortly to be lady; but Sturdy's conversation was so gross, that after the third visit I could endure him no longer; and incurred, by dismissing him, the censure of all my friends, who declared that my nicety was greater than my prudence; and that they feared it would be my fate at last to be wretched with a wit.

By a wit, however, I was never afterwards attacked, but lovers of every other class, or pretended lovers, I have often had; and, notwithstanding the advice constantly given me, to have no regard in my choice to my own inclinations, I could not forbear to discard some for vice, and some for rudeness. I was once loudly censured for refusing an old gentleman who offered an enormous jointure, and died of the phthisis a year after; and was so baited with incessant importunities, that I should have given my hand to Drone the stock-jobber, had not the reduction of interest made him afraid of the expences of matrimony.

Some, indeed, I was permitted to encourage; but miscarried of the main end, by treating them according to the rules of art which had been prescribed me. Altilis, an old maid, infused into me so much haughtiness and reserve, that

some

some of my lovers withdrew themselves from my frown, and returned no more; others were driven away by the demands of settlement which the widow Trapland directed me to make; and I

have learned, by many experiments, that to ask advice is to lose opportunity.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

PERDITA.

N^o LXXV. TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1753.

— QUID VIRTUS ET QUID SAPIENTIA POSSIT,
UTILE PROPOSUIT NOBIS EXEMPLAR ULYSSEM.

HOR.

TO SEW WHAT PIOUS WISDOM'S POW'R CAN DO,
THE POET SETS ULYSSES IN OUR VIEW.

FRANCIS.

I Have frequently wondered at the common practice of our instructors of youth, in making their pupils far more intimately acquainted with the Iliad than with the Odyssey of Homer. This absurd custom, which seems to arise from the supposed superiority of the former poem, has inclined me to make some reflections on the excellence of the latter; a task I am the more readily induced to undertake, as so little is performed in the dissertation prefixed by Broome to Pope's translation of this work, which one may venture to pronounce is confused, defective, and dull. Those who receive all their opinions in criticism from custom and authority, and never dare to consult the decisions of reason and the voice of nature and truth, must not accuse me of being affectedly paradoxical, if I endeavour to maintain that the Odyssey excels the Iliad in many respects; and that for several reasons young scholars should peruse it early and attentively.

The moral of this poem is more extensively useful than that of the Iliad; which, indeed, by displaying the dire effects of discord among rulers, may rectify the conduct of princes, and may be called the Manual of Monarchs: whereas the patience, the prudence, the wisdom, the temperance and fortitude of Ulysses, afford a pattern, the utility of which is not confined within the compass of courts and palaces, but descends and diffuses its influence over common life and daily practice. If the fairest examples ought to be placed before us in a age prone to imitation, if patriotism be preferable to implacability, if an eager desire to return to one's country and family be more manly and noble than an eager desire to be revenged of an enemy,

then should our eyes rather be fixed on Ulysses than Achilles. Unexperienced minds, too easily captivated with the fire and fury of a gallant general, are apt to prefer courage to constancy, and firmness to humanity. We do not behold the destroyers of peace and the murderers of mankind, with the detestation due to their crimes; because we have been inured almost from our infancy to listen to the praises that have been wantonly lavished on them by the most exquisite poetry—'The Muses,' to apply the words of an ancient Lyric, 'have concealed and decorated the bloody sword with wreaths of myrtle.' Let the Iliad be ever ranked at the head of human compositions for its spirit and sublimity; but let not the milder, and perhaps more insinuating and attractive, beauties of the Odyssey be despised and overlooked. In the one we are placed amidst the rage of storms and tempests:

Ὡς δ' ὑπὸ λαίλαπι πασσαλάμῃ βεβρυχὲ χθών
ἤματ' ἱππρινῶ, ὅτε λαβρότατον χεῖρ ὕδωρ
Ζεὺς, ὅτε δὲ ῥ' ἀνδρῶσι κοτισσάμεν
χαλεπῶν

ILIAD XVI. 384.

And when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaded with incessant showers;
From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,
And opens all the flood-gates of the skies.

POPE.

In the other, all is tranquil and sedate,
and calm and delightful:

οὐτ' ἐστ' ὁ μέγας,
Ἄλλ' αἰεὶ Ζεφύροιο λυγροτέρας ἀέρας
Ἰστανός ἀνέσιν ἀναψύχειν ἀνθρώπους.
ODYSSEY, IV. 566.

Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime;
The fields are florid with unfading prime:

B b

From

From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mold the round hail, or shake the fleecy snow;
But from the breezy deep, the Blest inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.

POPE.

Accordingly, to distinguish the very different natures of these poems, it was anciently the practice of those who publicly recited them, to represent the *Iliad*, in allusion to the bloodshed it described, in a robe of scarlet; and the *Odyssey*, on account of the voyages it relates, in an azure vestment.

The predominant passion of Ulysses being the love of his country, for the sake of which he even refuses immortality, the poet has taken every occasion to display it in the liveliest and most striking colours. The first time we behold the hero, we find him disconsolately sitting on the solitary shore, sighing to return to Ithaca *Νόστον ὀδυρομένην*, weeping incessantly, and still casting his eyes upon the sea—

Πόντον ἐν' ἀτρυγέστον δερκίσσαστο, δάκρυα λείπον.

'While a goddess,' says Minerva at the very beginning of the poem, 'by her power and her allurements, detains him from Ithaca, he is dying with desire to see even so much as the smoke arise from his much-loved island: *tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora!* While the luxurious Phæacians were enjoying a delicious banquet, he attended not to their mirth and music, for the time approached when he was to return to Ithaca: they had prepared a ship for him to set sail in the very next morning; and the thoughts of his approaching happiness having engrossed all his soul—

He sate, and ey'd the sun, and wish'd the night—

Δὴ γὰρ μένεαίαιε νείσθαι.

To represent his impatience more strongly, the poet adds a most expressive simile, suited to the simplicity of ancient times—

'The setting of the sun,' says he, 'was as welcome and grateful to Ulysses, as it is to a well-laboured plowman, who earnestly waits for its decline, that he may return to his supper, *Δόκον ἰπνίσσεται*, while his weary knees are painful to him as he walks along.

—βλάσται δὲ τὰ γένατ' ἰωνί,

'Notwithstanding all the pleasures and endearments I received from Calypso, yet,' says our hero, 'I perpetually bedewed with my tears the garments which this immortal beauty gave to me.'

—Εἴματα δ' αἰνί.

*Δάκρυσι δύνανται τὰ μοῖ ἀμβροτα δάκρυ
Καλυψώ.*

We are presented in every page with fresh instances of this love of his country; and his whole behaviour convinces us—

ᾧ δὲ δῖον γλυκίστον ἦς πατρίδος ἐὶ δὴ τοῦτον.

This generous sentiment runs like a golden vein throughout the whole poem.

If this animating example were duly and deeply inculcated, how strong an impression would it necessarily make upon the yielding minds of youth, when melted and mollified by the warmth of such exalted poetry!

Nor is the *Odyssey* less excellent and useful, in the amiable pictures it affords of private affections and domestic tendernesses—

—And all the charities

Of father, son, and brother.

MILTON.

When Ulysses descends into the infernal regions, it is finely contrived that he should meet his aged mother Anticlea. After his first sorrow and surprize, he eagerly enquires into the causes of her death, and adds—'Doth my father yet live? does my son yet possess my dominions, or does he groan under the tyranny of some usurper who thinks I shall never return? Is my wife still constant to my bed? or hath some noble Grecian married her?' These questions are the very voice of nature and affection. Anticlea answers, that she herself died with grief for the loss of Ulysses; that Laertes languishes away life in solitude and sorrow for him; and that Penelope perpetually and inconsolably bewails his absence, and sighs for his return.

When the hero, disguised like a stranger, has the first interview with his father, whom he finds diverting his cares with

with rural amusements in his little garden, he informs him that he had seen his son on his travels, but now despairs of beholding him again. Upon this the sorrow of Laertes is inexpressible: Ulysses can counterfeit no longer, but exclaims ardently—

I, I am he! O father rise! behold
Thy son! —————

And the discovery of himself to Telemachus, in the sixteenth book, in a speech of short and broken exclamations, is equally tender and pathetic.

The duties of universal benevolence, of charity, and of hospitality, that unknown and unpractised virtue, are perpetually inculcated with more emphasis and elegance than in any ancient philosopher, and I wish I could not add than in any modern. Ulysses meets with a friendly reception in all the various nations to which he is driven; who declare their inviolable obligations to protect and cherish the stranger and the wanderer. Above all, how amiable is the behaviour of Eumeus to his unknown master, who asks for his charity. 'It is not lawful for me,' says the *Διὸς ἱερὸς*, 'I dare not despise any stranger or indigent man, even if he were much meaner than thou appearest to be: for the poor and strangers are sent to us by Jupiter!'—'Keep,' says Epictetus, 'continually in thy memory, what Eumeus speaks in Homer to the disguised Ulysses.' I am sensible, that many superficial French critics have endeavoured to ridicule all that passes at the lodge of

Eumeus, as coarse and indelicate, and below the dignity of Epic poetry: but let them attend to the following observation of the greatest genius of their nation—'Since it is delightful,' says Fenelon, 'to see in one of Titian's landscapes the goats climbing up a hanging rock, or to behold in one of Tenier's pieces a country feast and rustic dances; it is no wonder, that we are pleased with such natural descriptions as we find in the *Odyssey*. This simplicity of manners seems to recall the golden age. I am more pleased with honest Eumeus, than with the polite heroes of Clelia or Cleopatra.'

The moral precepts with which every page of the *Odyssey* is pregnant, are equally noble. Plato's wish is here accomplished; for we behold Virtue personally appearing to the sons of men, in her most awful and most alluring charms.

The remaining reasons, why the *Odyssey* is equal if not superior to the *Iliad*, and why it is a poem most peculiarly proper for the perusal of youth, are, because the great variety of events and scenes it contains, interest and engage the attention more than the *Iliad*; because characters and images drawn from familiar life are more useful to the generality of readers, and are also more difficult to be drawn; and because the conduct of this poem, considered as the most perfect of Epopees, is more artful and judicious than that of the other. The discussion of these beauties will make the subject of some ensuing paper.

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Nº LXXVI. SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1753

DUC ME, PARENS, CELSIQUE DOMINATOR POLI,
QUOCUNQUE PLACUIT; NULLA PARENDEMORA EST;
ADSUM IMPIGER. FAC NOLLE; COMITABOR GEMENS,
MALUSQUE PATIAR, QUOD BONO LICUIT PATI!

SENeca EX CLEANTHE.

CONDUCT ME, THOU OF BEINGS CAUSE DIVINE,
WHERE'ER I'M DESTIN'D IN THY GREAT DESIGN!
ACTIVE, I FOLLOW ON: FOR SHOULD MY WILL
RESIST, I'M IMPIOUS; BUT MUST FOLLOW STILL.

HARRIS.

BOZALDAB, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure; and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only

son Aboram, for whom he had cradled his treasures with gold; extended his dominions with conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses, was suddenly wounded, as he was hunting,

B b 2

with

with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

Bozaldab, in the distraction of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighbouring mountain: he there rolled himself in the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed the cup of consolation that Patience offered him to the ground. He suffered not his minstrels to approach his presence; but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the Pyramids. 'Can that

'God be benevolent,' he cried, 'who thus wounds the soul, as from an ambush, with unexpected sorrows, and crushes his creatures in a moment with irremediable calamity! Ye lying imans, prate to us no more of the justice and the kindness of an all-directing and all-loving Providence! He, whom ye pretend reigns in Heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flowerets in the garden of Hope; and, like a malignant giant, to beat down the strongest towers of Happiness with the iron mace of his anger. If this Being possessed the goodness and the power with which flattering priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined, and enabled to banish those evils which render the world a dungeon of distress, a vale of vanity and woe. I will continue in it no longer!'

At that moment he furiously raised his hand, which Despair had armed with a dagger, to strike deep into his bosom; when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right-hand, arrested the arm of the trembling and astonished Caliph, and said with a majestic smile—'Follow me to the top of this mountain.'

'Look from hence,' said the awful conductor; 'I am Caloc, the angel of Peace. Look from hence into the valley.'

Bozaldab opened his eyes and beheld a barren, a sultry, and solitary island, in the midst of which sat a pale, meagre, and ghastly figure: it was a merchant just

perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a single spring in this forlorn uninhabited desert; and begging the protection of Heaven against the tigers that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use; and crept, feeble and trembling, to an eminence, where he was accustomed to sit every evening to watch the setting sun, and to give a signal to any ship that might haply approach the island.

'Inhabitant of heaven,' cried Bozaldab, 'suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts.'—'Peace,' said the Angel, 'and observe.'

He looked again, and behold a vessel arrived at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket? No sooner had this pitiless commander received the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with his crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

'Will Heaven permit such injustice to be practised?' exclaimed Bozaldab. 'Look again,' said the Angel, 'and behold the very ship in which, short-sighted as thou art, thou wishedst the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock: dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors? Presume not to direct the Governor of the Universe in his disposal of events. The man whom thou hast pitied shall be taken from this dreary solitude, but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice, by which he became not only abominable, but wretched; he fancied some mighty charm in wealth, which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every wish and obviate every fear. This wealth he has now been taught not only to despise but abhor: he cast his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to be useless; he offered part of them to the mariners, and perceived them to be pernicious: he has now learnt,

learn't, that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only by the situation and temper of the possessor. Happy is he whom distress has taught wisdom! But turn thine eyes to another and more interesting scene.'

The Caliph instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the statues of his ancestors, wrought in jasper; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the Rajas of fifty nations, and with ambassadors of various habits, and of different complexions; on which sat Aboram, the much-lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side a princess fairer than a Houri.

'Gracious ALLA! It is my son!' cried the Caliph—'O let me hold him to my heart!'—'Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial vision,' replied the Angel: 'I am now shewing thee what would have been the destiny of thy son, had he continued longer on the earth.'—'And why,' returned Bozaldab, 'was he not permitted to continue? Why was I not suffered to be a witness of so much felicity and power?'—'Consider the sequel,' replied he that dwells in the fifth heaven. Bozaldab looked earnestly, and saw the countenance of his son, on which he had been used to behold the placid smile of simplicity and the vivid blushes of health, now distorted with rage, and now fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness: it was again animated with disdain, it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withered by intemperance; his hands were stained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror: the palace so lately shining with oriental pomp, changed suddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put

out. Soon after he perceived the favourite sultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled Aboram to drink, and afterwards married the successor to his throne.

'Happy,' said Caloc, 'is he whom Providence has by the angel of death snatched from guilt! from whom that power is withheld, which, if he had possessed, would have accumulated upon himself yet greater misery than it could bring upon others.'

'It is enough,' cried Bozaldab; 'I adore the inscrutable schemes of Omniscience! From what dreadful evil has my son been rescued by a death, which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature; a death of innocence and peace, which has blessed his memory upon earth, and transmitted his spirit to the skies!'

'Cast away the dagger,' replied the heavenly messenger, 'which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own heart. Exchange complaint for silence, and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down, without giddiness and stupefaction, into the vast abyss of Eternal Wisdom? Can a mind that sees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any thing among an infinity of objects mutually relative? Can the channels, which thou commandest to be cut to receive the annual inundations of the Nile, contain the waters of the Ocean? Remember, that perfect happiness cannot be conferred on a creature; for perfect happiness is an attribute as incommunicable as perfect power and eternity.'

The Angel, while he was speaking thus, stretched out his pinions to fly back to the Empyrium; and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract.

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N^o LXXVII. TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1753.PECCARE DOCENTES
FALLAX HISTORIAS MONET.

HOR.

TO TINT TH' ATTENTIVE MIND SHE TRIES
WITH TALES OF EXEMPLARY VICE.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I Shall make no apology for the trouble I am about to give you, since I am sure the motives that induce me to give it, will have as much weight with you as they have with me: I shall therefore, without further preface, relate to you the events of a life, which, however insignificant and unentertaining, affords a lesson of the highest importance; a lesson, the value of which I have experienced, and may therefore recommend.

I am the daughter of a gentleman of good family, who, as he was a younger brother, purchased with the portion that was allotted him a genteel post under the government. My mother died when I was but twelve years old; and my father, who was excessively fond of me, determined to be himself my preceptor, and to take care that my natural genius, which his partiality made him think above the common rank, should not want the improvements of a liberal education.

He was a man of sense, with a tolerable share of learning. In his youth he had been a free liver, and perhaps for that reason took some pains to become what is called a free-thinker. But whatever fashionable frailties he might formerly have allowed in himself, he was now in advanced life, and had at least worldly wisdom enough to know, that it was necessary his daughter should be restrained from those liberties which he had looked upon as trifling errors in his own conduct. He, therefore, laboured with great application to inculcate in me the love of order, the beauty of moral rectitude, and the happiness and self-reward of virtue; but at the same time professed it his design to free my mind from vulgar prejudices and superstition, for so he called Revealed Religion. As I was urged to chuse virtue, and reject vice, from motives which had no necessary connection with im-

mortality, I was not led to consider a future state either with hope or fear: my father, indeed, when I urged him upon that subject, always intimated that the doctrine of immortality, whether true or false, ought not at all to influence my conduct or interrupt my peace; because the virtue which secured happiness in the present state, would also secure it in a future: a future state, therefore, I wholly disregarded, and, to confess a truth, disbelieved; for I thought I could plainly discover that it was disbelieved by my father, though he had not thought fit explicitly to declare his sentiments. As I had no very turbulent passions, a ductile and good disposition, and the highest reverence for his understanding, as well as the tenderest affection for him, he found it an easy task to make me adopt every sentiment and opinion which he proposed to me as his own; especially as he took care to support his principles by the authority and arguments of the best writers against Christianity. At the age of twenty I was called upon to make use of all the philosophy I had been taught, by his death; which not only deprived me of a parent I most ardently loved, but with him of all the ease and affluence to which I had been accustomed. His income was only for life, and he had rather lived beyond than within it; consequently, there was nothing left for me but the pride and helplessness of genteel life, a taste for every thing elegant, and a delicacy and sensibility that has doubled all my sufferings. In this distress a brother of my mother's, who was grown rich in trade, received me into his house, and declared he would take the same care of me as if I had been his own child. When the first transports of my grief were abated, I found myself in an easy situation, and from the natural cheerfulness of my temper, I was beginning once more to taste of happiness. My uncle, who was a man of a narrow understanding and illiberal education, was a little disgusted with

with me for employing so much of my time in reading; but still more so, when happening to examine my books, he found by the titles that some of them were what he called blasphemy, and tended, as he imagined, to make me an Atheist. I endeavoured to explain my principles, which I thought it beneath the dignity of virtue to disguise or disavow; but as I never could make him conceive any difference between a deist and an atheist, my arguments only served to confirm him in the opinion that I was a wicked wretch, who, in his own phrase, believed neither God nor devil. As he was really a good man, and heartily zealous for the established faith, though more from habit and prejudice than reason, my errors gave him great affliction: I perceived it with the utmost concern; I perceived too, that he looked upon me with a degree of abhorrence mixed with pity, and that I was wholly indebted to his good-nature for that protection which I had flattered myself I should owe to his love. I comforted myself, however, with my own integrity, and even felt a conscious pride in suffering this persecution from ignorance and folly, only because I was superior to vulgar errors and popular superstition; and that Christianity deserved these appellations, I was not more convinced by my father's arguments than my uncle's conduct, who, as his zeal was not according to knowledge, was by no means qualified to 'adorn the doctrine which he professed to believe.'

I had lived a few months under the painful sensibility of receiving continual benefits from a person whose esteem and affection I had lost, when my uncle one day came into my chamber, and after preparing me for some unexpected good fortune, told me he had just had a proposal of marriage for me from a man to whom I could not possibly have any objection. He then named a merchant, with whom I had often been in company at his table. As the man was neither old nor ugly, had a large fortune and a fair character, my uncle thought himself sufficiently authorised to pronounce as he did, that I could not possibly have any objection to him. An objection, however, I had, which I told my uncle was to me insuperable; it was, that the person whom he proposed to me as the companion, the guide and director of

my whole life, to whom I was to vow not only obedience but love, had nothing in him that could ever engage my affection: his understanding was low, his sentiments mean and indelicate, and his manner unpolite and unpleasing. 'What stuff is all this,' interrupted my uncle; 'sentiments indelicate! unpolite! his understanding, forsooth, not equal to your own! Ah, child, if you had less romance, conceit and arrogance, and more true discretion and prudence, it would do you more good than all the fine books you have confounded your poor head with, and what is worse, perhaps ruined your poor soul. I own, it went a little against my conscience to accept my honest friend's kind offer, and give him such a pagan for his wife. But how know I whether the believing husband may not convert the unbelieving wife? — As to your slight objections, they are such nonsense, that I wonder you can suppose me fool enough to be deceived by them. No, child, wife as you are, you cannot impose upon a man who has lived so many years in the world as I have. I see your motive; you have some infidel libertine rake in your eye, with whom you would go headlong to perdition. But I shall take care not to have your soul to answer for as well as your person. Either I shall dispose of you to an honest man that may convert you, or you shall dispose of yourself how you please for me: for I disclaim all further care or trouble about you: so I leave you to consider, whether or no the kindness I have shewn you, entitles me to some little influence over you, and whether you chuse to seek protection where you can find it, or accept of the happy lot Providence has cut out for you.'

He left me at the close of this fine harangue, and I seriously set myself to consider as he bade me; which of the two states he had set before me I ought to chuse; to submit to a legal sort of prostitution, with the additional weight of perjury on my conscience, or to expose myself to all the distresses of friendless poverty and unprotected youth. After some hours of deliberation, I determined on the latter, and that more from principle than inclination; for though my delicacy would have suffered extremely in accepting a husband, at least indifferent

indifferent to me; yet as my heart was perfectly disengaged, and my temper naturally easy, I thought I could have been less unhappy in following my uncle's advice, than I might probably be by rejecting it: but then I must have submitted to an action I could not think justifiable, in order to avoid mere external distresses. This would not have been philosophical. I had always been taught, that virtue was of itself sufficient to happiness; and that those things which are generally esteemed evils could have no power to disturb the felicity of a mind governed by the eternal rule of right, and truly enamoured of the charms of moral beauty. I resolved, therefore, to run all risks, rather than depart from this glorious principle; I felt myself raised by the trial, and exulted in the opportunity of shewing my contempt of the smiles or frowns of fortune, and of proving the power of virtue to sustain the soul under all accidental circumstances of distress.

I communicated my resolution to my uncle, assuring him at the same time of my everlasting gratitude and respect, and that nothing should have induced me to offend or disobey him, but his requiring me to do what my reason and conscience disapproved; that supposing the advantages of riches to be really as great as he believed, yet still those of virtue were greater, and I could not resolve to purchase the one by a violation of the other; that a false vow was certainly criminal; and that it would be doing an act of the highest injustice, to enter into so solemn an engagement without the power of fulfilling it; that my affections did not depend on my own will; and that no man should possess my person, who could not obtain the first place in my heart.

I was surprised that my uncle's impatience had permitted me to go on thus far; but looking in his face, I perceived that passion had kept him silent. At length the gathering storm burst over my head in a torrent of reproaches. My reasons were condemned as romantic absurdities, which I could not myself believe; I was accused of designing to deceive, and to throw myself away on some worthless fellow, whose principles were as bad as my own. It was in vain for me to assert that I had no such design, nor any inclination to marry at all; my uncle could sooner have believed the

grossest contradiction, than that a young woman could so strenuously refuse one man without being prepossessed in favour of another. As I thought myself injured by his accusations and tyranny, I gave over the attempt to mitigate his anger. He appealed to Heaven for the justice of his resentment, and against my ingratitude and rebellion; and then giving me a note of fifty pounds, which he said would keep me from immediate indigence, he bade me leave his house, and see his face no more. I bowed in sign of obedience; and collecting all my dignity and resolution, I arose, thanked him for his past benefits, and with a low curtsy left the room.

In less than an hour I departed with my little wardrobe to the house of a person who had formerly been my father's servant, and who now kept a shop and let lodgings. From hence I went the next day to visit my father's nephew, who was in possession of the family estate, and had lately married a lady of great fortune. He was a young gentleman of good parts, his principles the same as my father's, though his practice had not been quite agreeable to the strict rules of morality: however, setting aside a few of those vices which are looked upon as genteel accomplishments in young fellows of fortune, I thought him a good sort of man; and as we had always lived in great kindness, I doubted not that I should find him my friend, and meet with approbation and encouragement at least, if not assistance from him, I told him my story, and the reasons that had determined me to the refusal that had incurred my uncle's displeasure. But how was I disappointed, when, instead of the applause I expected for my heroic virtue and unmerited persecutions, I perceived a smile of contempt on his face, when he interrupted me in the following manner—'And what, in the devil's name, my dear cousin, could make a woman of your sense behave so like an idiot? What! forfeit all your hopes from your uncle, refuse an excellent match, and reduce yourself to beggary, because truly you were not in love? Surely, one might have expected better from you even at fifteen. Who is it pray that marries the person of their choice? For my own part, who have rather a better title to please myself with a good fifteen hundred a year, than you
' who

‘ who have not a shilling, I found it
 ‘ would not do, and that there was
 ‘ something more to be sought after in
 ‘ a wife than a pretty face or a genius ?
 ‘ Do you think I cared three farthings
 ‘ for the woman I married ? No, faith.
 ‘ But her thirty thousand pounds were
 ‘ worth having ; with that I can pur-
 ‘ chase a seraglio of beauties, and in-
 ‘ dulge my taste in every kind of plea-
 ‘ sure. And pray what is it to me whe-
 ‘ ther my wife has beauty, or wit, or
 ‘ elegance, when her money will supply
 ‘ me with all that in others ? You, cou-
 ‘ sin, had an opportunity of being as
 ‘ happy as I am : the men, believe me,
 ‘ would not like you a bit the worse for
 ‘ being married ; on the contrary, you
 ‘ would find, that for one who took no-
 ‘ tice of you as a single woman, twenty
 ‘ would be your admirers and humble
 ‘ servants when there was no danger of
 ‘ being taken in. Thus you might
 ‘ have gratified all your passions, made
 ‘ an elegant figure in life, and have
 ‘ chosen out some gentle swain as ro-
 ‘ mantic and poetical as you pleased for
 ‘ your Cæsar. The good John Trot

‘ husband would have been easily ma-
 ‘ naged, and —— Here my indigna-
 ‘ tion could be contained no longer, and
 ‘ I was leaving the room in disdain, when
 ‘ he caught me by the hand—‘ Nay, pri-
 ‘ thee, my dear cousin, none of these
 ‘ violent airs. I thought you and I
 ‘ had known one another better. Let
 ‘ the poor souls, who are taught by the
 ‘ priests and their nurses to be afraid
 ‘ of hell-fire, and to think they shall
 ‘ go to the devil for following nature
 ‘ and making life agreeable, be as out-
 ‘ rageously virtuous as they please : you
 ‘ have too much sense to be frightened at
 ‘ bugbears ; you know that the term of
 ‘ your existence is but short ; and it is
 ‘ highly reasonable to make it as plea-
 ‘ sant as possible.’ I was too angry to
 ‘ attempt confuting his arguments ; but,
 ‘ bursting from his hold, told him I would
 ‘ take care not to give him a second op-
 ‘ portunity of insulting my distress, and
 ‘ affronting my understanding ; and so left
 ‘ his house with a resolution never to en-
 ‘ ter it again.

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Nº LXXVIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1753.

PROPTER VITAM VIVENDI PERDERE CAUSAS. JUY.

NOR QUIT FOR LIFE, WHAT GIVES TO LIFE IT'S WORTH.

I Went home mortified and disap-
 pointed. My spirits sunk into a de-
 jection, which took from me for many
 days all inclination to stir out of my
 lodging, or to see a human face. At
 length I resolved to try, whether indi-
 gence and friendship were really incom-
 patible, and whether I should meet with
 the same treatment from a female friend,
 whose affection had been the principal
 pleasure of my youth. ‘ Surely,’ thought
 I, ‘ the gentle Amanda, whose heart
 ‘ seems capable of every tender and ge-
 ‘ nerous sentiment, will do justice to the
 ‘ innocence and integrity of her unfortu-
 ‘ nate friend ; her tenderness will encour-
 ‘ age my virtue and animate my forti-
 ‘ tude ; her praises and endearments will
 ‘ compensate all my hardships.’ Amanda
 was a single woman of a moderate in-
 dependent fortune, which I heard she was
 going to bestow on a young officer, who
 had little or nothing besides his com-
 mission. I had no doubt of her appro-

bation of my refusing a mercenary
 match, since she herself had chosen from
 motives so opposite to those which are
 called prudent. She had been in the
 country some months, so that my mis-
 fortunes had not reached her ear till I
 myself related them to her. She heard
 me with great attention, and answered
 me with politeness enough, but with a
 coldness that chilled my very heart.
 ‘ You are sensible, my dear Fidelia,’
 said she, ‘ that I never pretended to set
 ‘ my understanding in competition with
 ‘ your’s. I knew my own inferiority ;
 ‘ and though many of your notions and
 ‘ opinions appeared to me very strange
 ‘ and particular, I never attempted to dis-
 ‘ pute them with you. To be sure, you
 ‘ know best ; but it seems to me a very
 ‘ odd conduct for one in your situation
 ‘ to give offence to so good an uncle ;
 ‘ first by maintaining principles which
 ‘ may be very true for aught I know,
 ‘ but which are very contrary to the re-
 ‘ ceived

C c

ceived opinions we are brought up in, and therefore are apt to shock a common understanding; and secondly, to renounce his protection, and throw yourself into the wide world, rather than marry the man he chose for you; to whom, after all, I do not find you had any real objection, nor any antipathy for his person. — 'Antipathy, my dear!' said I; 'are there not many degrees between loving and honouring a man preferably to all others, and beholding him with abhorrence and aversion? The first is, in my opinion, the duty of a wife, a duty voluntarily taken upon herself, and engaged in under the most solemn contract. As to the difficulties that may attend my friendless, unprovided state, since they are the consequences of a virtuous action, they cannot really be evils, nor can they disturb that happiness which is the gift of virtue. — I am heartily glad,' answered she, 'that you have found the art of making yourself happy by the force of imagination. I wish your enthusiasm may continue; and that you may still be further convinced, by your own experience, of the folly of mankind, in supposing poverty and disgrace to be evils.'

I was out to the soul by the unkind manner which accompanied this sarcasm, and was going to remonstrate against her unfriendly treatment, when her lover came in with another gentleman, who in spite of my full heart, engaged my attention, and for a while made me forget the stings of unkindness. The beauty and gracefulness of his person caught my eye, and the politeness of his address and the elegance of his compliments soon prejudiced me in favour of his understanding. He was introduced by the Captain to Amanda as his most intimate friend, and seemed desirous to give credit to his friend's judgment by making himself as agreeable as possible. He succeeded so well, that Amanda was wholly engrossed by the pleasure of his conversation, and the care of entertaining her lover and her new guest; her face brightened, and her good humour returned. When I arose to leave her, she pressed me so earnestly to stay dinner, that I could not, without discovering how much I repented her behaviour, refuse. This, however, I should probably have done, as I was

naturally disposed to shew every sentiment of my heart, had not a secret wish arose there to know a little more of this agreeable stranger. This inclined me to think it prudent to conceal my resentment, and to accept the civilities of Amanda. The conversation grew more and more pleasing; I took my share in it, and had more than my share of the charming stranger's notice and attention. As we all grew more and more unreserved, Amanda dropt hints in the course of the conversation relating to my story, my sentiments, and unhappy situation. Sir George Freelove, for that was the young gentleman's name, listened greedily to all that was said of me, and seemed to eye me with earnest curiosity as well as admiration. We did not part till it was late, and Sir George insisted on attending me to my lodgings: I strongly refused it, not without a sensation which more properly belonged to the female than the philosopher, and which I condemned in myself as arising from dishonest pride. I could not without pain suffer the polite Sir George, upon so short an acquaintance, to discover the meanness of my abode. To avoid this, I sent for a chair; but was confused to find that Sir George and his servants prepared to attend it on foot by way of guard; it was in vain to dispute; he himself walked before, and his servants followed it. I was covered with blushes, when, after all this parade, he handed me in at the little shop-door, and took leave with as profound respect as if he had guarded me to a palace. A thousand different thoughts kept me from closing my eyes that night. The behaviour of Amanda wounded me to the soul: I found that I must look on her as no more than a common acquaintance; and that the world did not contain one person whom I could call my friend. My heart felt desolate and forlorn; I knew not what course to take for my future subsistence; the pain which my pride had just given me, convinced me that I was far from having conquered the passions of humanity, and that I should feel too sensibly all the mortifications which attend on poverty.

I determined, however, to subdue this pride, and called to my assistance the examples of ancient sages and philosophers, who despised riches and honours, and felt no inconveniences from the miserie of fortune. I had almost reason-
soned

soned myself into a contempt for the world, and fancied myself superior to its smiles or frowns, when the idea of Sir George Freelove rushed upon my mind, and destroyed at once the whole force of my reasoning. I found, that however I might disregard the rest of the world, I could not be indifferent to his opinion, and the thought of being despised by him was unsupportable. I recollected that my condition was extremely different from that of an old philosopher, whose rags perhaps were the means of gratifying his pride, by attracting the notice and respect of mankind: at least, the philosopher's schemes and wishes were very different from those which at that time were taking possession of my heart. The looks and behaviour of Sir George left me no doubt that I had made as deep an impression in his favour as he had done in mine. I could not bear to lose the ground I had gained, and to throw myself into a state below his notice. I scorned the thoughts of imposing on him with regard to my circumstances, in case he should really have had favourable intentions for me; yet to disgrace myself for ever in his eye, by submitting to servitude, or any low way of supporting myself, was what I could not bring myself to resolve on.

In the midst of these reflections I was surprized the next morning by a visit from Sir George. He made respectful apologies for the liberty he took; told me he had learnt from my friend, that the unkindness and tyranny of an uncle had cast me into uneasy circumstances; and that he could not know, that so much beauty and merit were so unworthily treated by fortune, without earnestly wishing to be the instrument of doing me more justice. He entreated me to add dignity and value to his life, by making it conducive to the happiness of mine; and was going on with the most fervent offers of service, when I interrupted him by saying, that there was nothing in his power that I could with honour accept, by which my life could be made happier, but that respect which was due to me as a woman and a gentlewoman, and which ought to have prevented such offers of service from a stranger, as could only be justified by a long experienced friendship; that I was not in a situation to receive visits, and must decline his acquaintance, which

nevertheless in a happier part of my life would have given me pleasure.

He now had recourse to all the arts of his sex, imputing his too great freedom to the force of his passion, protesting the most inviolable respect, and imploring on his knees, and even with tears, that I would not punish him so severely as to deny him the liberty of seeing me, and making himself more and more worthy of my esteem. My weak heart was but too much touched by his artifices, and I had only just fortitude enough to persevere in refusing his visits, and to insist on his leaving me, which at last he did; but it was after such a profusion of tenderness, prayers, and protestations, that it was some time before I could recall my reason enough to reflect on the whole of his behaviour, and on my own situation, which compared, left me but little doubt of his dishonourable views.

I determined never more to admit him to my presence, and accordingly gave orders to be denied if he came again. My reason applauded, but my heart reproached me, and heavily repined at the rigid determination of prudence. I knew that I acted rightly, and I expected that that consciousness would make me happy: but I found it otherwise; I was wretched beyond what I had ever felt or formed any idea of; I discovered that my heart was entangled in a passion which must for ever be combated, or indulged at the expence of virtue. I now considered riches as truly desirable, since they would have placed me above disgraceful attempts, and given me reasonable hopes of becoming the wife of Sir George Freelove. I was discontented and unhappy, but surprized and disappointed to find myself so, since hitherto I had no one criminal action to reproach myself with; on the contrary, my difficulties were all owing to my regard for virtue.

I resolved, however, to try still farther the power of Virtue to confer happiness, to go on in my obedience to her laws, and patiently wait for the good effects of it. But I had stronger difficulties to go through than any I had yet experienced. Sir George was too much practised in the arts of seduction, to be discouraged by a first repulse: every day produced either some new attempts to see me, or a letter full of the most passionate

protestations and entreaties for pardon and favour. It was in vain I gave orders that no more letters should be taken in from him; he had so many different contrivances to convey them, and directed them in hands so unlike, that I was surprized into reading them contrary to my real intentions. Every time I stirred out he was sure to be in my way, and to employ the most artful tongue that ever ensnared the heart of woman, in blinding my reason and awakening my passions.

My virtue, however, did not yet give way, but my peace of mind was utterly destroyed. Whenever I was with him, I summoned all my fortitude, and constantly repeated my commands that he should avoid me. His disobedience called for my resentment, and, in spite of my melting heart, I armed my eyes with anger, and treated him with as much disdain as I thought his unworthy designs deserved. But the moment he left me, all my resolution forsook me. I repined at my fate: I even murmured against the SOVEREIGN RULER of all things, for making me subject to passions which I could not subdue, yet must not indulge: I compared my own situation with that of a libertine cousin, whose pernicious arguments I had heard with horror and detestation, who gave the reins to every desire, whose house was the seat of plenty, mirth, and delight, whose face was ever covered with smiles, and whose heart seemed free from sorrow and care. 'Is not this man,' said I, 'happier than I am? And if so, where is the worth of Virtue? Have I not sacrificed to her my fortune and my friends? Do I not daily sacrifice to her my darling inclination? Yet what is the compensation she offers me? What are my prospects in this world but poverty, mortification, disappointment, and grief? Every wish of my heart denied, every passion of humanity combated and hurt, though never conquered! Are these the blessings with which Heaven distinguishes it's favourites? Can the King of Heaven want power or will to distinguish them? Or does he leave his wretched creatures to be the sport of chance, the prey of wickedness and malice? Surely, no. Yet is not the condition of the virtuous often more miserable than that of the vicious? I myself have experienced that it is. I am very un-

happy, and see no likelihood of my being otherwise in this world—and all beyond the grave is eternal darkness. Yet why do I say, that I have no prospect of happiness? Does not the most engaging of men offer me all the joys that love and fortune can bestow? Will not he protect me from every insult of the proud world that scoffs at indigence? Will not his liberal hand put forth the means of every pleasure, even of that highest and truest of all pleasures, the power of relieving the sufferings of my fellow-creatures, of changing the tears of distress into tears of joy and gratitude, of communicating my own happiness to all around me? Is not this a state far preferable to that in which Virtue has placed me? But what is virtue? Is not happiness the laudable pursuit of reason? Is it not then laudable to pursue it by the most probable means? Have I not been accusing Providence of unkindness, while I myself only am in fault for rejecting it's offered favours? Surely, I have mistaken the path of virtue: it must be that which leads to happiness. The path which I am in, is full of thorns and briars, and terminates in impenetrable darkness; but I see another that is strewn with flowers, and bright with the sunshine of prosperity: this, surely, is the path of virtue, and the road to happiness. Hither, then, let me turn my weary steps; nor let vain and idle prejudices fright me from felicity. It is surely impossible that I should offend God, by yielding to a temptation which he has given me no motive to resist. He has allotted me a short and precarious existence, and has placed before me good and evil. What is good but pleasure? What is evil but pain? Reason and nature direct me to chuse the first, and avoid the last. I sought for happiness in what is called virtue, but I found it not: shall I not try the other experiment, since I think I can hardly be more unhappy by following inclination, than I am by denying it.

Thus had my frail thoughts wandered into a wilderness of error, and thus had I almost reasoned myself out of every principle of morality, by pursuing through all their consequences the doctrines which had been taught me as rules of life and prescriptions for felicity, the talismans of Truth, by which I should

be secured in the storms of adversity, and listen without danger to the syrens of temptation; when in the fatal hour of my presumption, sitting alone in my chamber, collecting arguments on the side of passion, almost distracted with doubts, and plunging deeper and deeper into falsehood, I saw Sir George Freelove at my feet, who had gained admittance, contrary to my orders, by corrupting my landlady. It is not necessary to describe to you his arts, or the weak efforts of that virtue which had been graciously implanted in my heart, but which I had taken impious pains to undermine by false reasoning, and which now tottered from the foundation: suffice it that I submitted to the humiliation I have so well deserved; and tell you, that, in all the pride of human reason, I dared to condemn, as the effect of weakness and prejudice, the still voice of conscience which would yet have warned me from ruin; that my innocence, my honour, was the sacrifice to passion and sophistry; that my boasted philosophy, and too much flattered understanding, preserved me not

from the lowest depth of infamy, which the weakest of my sex with humility and religion would have avoided.

I now experienced a new kind of wretchedness. My vile seducer tried in vain to reconcile me to the shameful life to which he had reduced me, by loading me with finery, and lavishing his fortune in procuring me pleasures which I could not taste, and pomp which seemed an insult on my disgrace. In vain did I recollect the arguments which had convinced me of the lawfulness of accepting offered pleasures, and following the dictates of inclination: the light of my understanding was darkened, but the sense of guilt was not lost. My gride and my delicacy, if, criminal as I was, I may dare to call it so, suffered the most intolerable mortification and disgust, every time I reflected on my infamous situation. Every eye seemed to upbraid me, even that of my triumphant seducer. O depth of misery! to be conscious of deserving the contempt of him I loved, and for whose sake I was become contemptible to myself!

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Nº LXXIX. TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1753.

QUISNAM IGITUR LIBER? SAPIENS: SIBI QUI IMPERIOSUS;
QUEM NEQUE PAUPERIES, NEQUE MORIS, NEQUE VINCULA TERRENT;
RESPONSARE CUPIDINIBUS, CONTEMNERE HONORES
FORTIS, ET IN SEIPSO TOTUS: TERRES ATQUE ROTUNDUS,
EXTERNI NE QUID VALEAT PER LÆVE MORARI.

HOR.

WHO THEN IS FREE?—THE WISE, WHO WELL MAINTAINS
AN EMPIRE O’ER HIMSELF: WHOM NEITHER CHAINS,
NOR WANT, NOR DEATH, WITH SLAVISH FEAR INSPIRE;
WHO BOLDLY ANSWERS TO HIS WARM DESIRE;
WHO CAN AMBITION’S VAINEST GIFTS DESPISE;
FIRM IN HIMSELF WHO ON HIMSELF RELIES;
POLISH’D AND ROUND WHO RUNS HIS PROPER COURSE,
AND BREAKS MISFORTUNE WITH SUPERIOR FORCE.

FRANCIS.

THIS was the state of my mind during a year which I passed in Sir George’s house. His fondness was unabated for eight months of the time; and as I had no other object to share my attention, neither friend nor relation to call off any part of my tenderness, all the love of a heart naturally affectionate centered in him. The first dawnings of unkindness were but too visible to my watchful eyes. I had now all the torments of jealousy to endure, till a cruel

certainty put an end to them. I learnt at length, that my false lover was on the brink of marriage with a lady of great fortune. I immediately resolved to leave him; but could not do it without first venting my full heart in complaints and reproaches. This provoked his rage, and drew on me insolence, which though I had deserved, I had not learnt to bear. I returned with scorn, which no longer became me, all the wages of my sin, and the trappings of my shame, and left his house

house in the bitterest anguish of resentment and despair.

I returned to my old lodgings; but unable to bear a scene which recalled every circumstance of my undoing, ashamed to look in the face of any creature who had seen me innocent, wretched in myself, and hoping from change of place some abatement of my misery, I put myself into a post-chaise at two in the morning, with orders to the driver to carry me as far from town as he could before the return of night, leaving it to him to choose the road.

My reason and my senses seemed benumbed and stupified during my journey. I made no reflections on what I was about, nor formed any design for my future life. When night came, my conductor would have stopped at a large town, but I bid him go on to the next village. There I alighted at a pauntry inn, and dismissed my vehicle, without once considering what I was to do with myself, or why I chose that place for my abode. To say truth, I can give no account of my thoughts at this period of time; they were all confused and distracted. A short frenzy must have filled up those hours, of which my memory retains such imperfect traces. I remember only, that without having pulled off my cloaths, I left the inn as soon as I saw the day, and wandered out of the village.

My unguided feet carried me to a range of willows by a river's side, where after having walked some time, the freshness of the air revived my senses, and awakened my reason. My reason, my memory, my anguish and despair, returned together. Every circumstance of my past life was present to my mind; but most the idea of my faithless lover and my criminal love tortured my imagination, and rent my bleeding heart, which in spite of all it's gush and all it's wrongs, retained the tenderest and most ardent affection for it's undoer. This unguarded affection, which was the effect of a gentle and kind nature, heightened the anguish of resentment, and completed my misery. In vain did I call off my thoughts from this gloomy retrospect, and hope to find a gleam of comfort in my future prospects. They were still more dreadful; poverty, attended by infamy and want, groaning under the cruel hand of oppression and the taunts of insolence, was before my eyes. I,

who had once been the darling and the pride of indulgent parents, who had once been beloved, respected, and admired, was now the outcast of human nature, despised and avoided by all who had ever loved me, by all whom I had most loved! hateful to myself, belonging to no one, exposed to wrongs and insults from all!

I tried to find out the cause of this diabolical change, and how far I was myself the occasion of it. My conduct with respect to Sir George, though I spontaneously condemned, yet upon recollection, I thought the arguments which produced it would justify. But as my principles could not preserve me from vice, neither could they sustain me in adversity, conscience was not to be perverted by the sophistry which had beclouded my reason. And if any, by imputing my conduct to error, should acquit me of guilt, let them remember, it is yet true, that in this uttermost distress, I was neither sustained by the consciousness of innocence; the exultation of virtue, nor the hope of reward: whether I looked backward or forward, all was confusion and anguish, distraction and despair. I accused the Supreme Being of cruelty and injustice, who, though he gave me not sufficient encouragement to resist desire, yet punished me with the consequences of indulgence. 'If there is a GOD,' cried I, 'he must be either tyrannical and cruel, or regardless of his creatures. I will no longer endure a being which is undeservedly miserable either from chance or design, but fly to that annihilation in which all my prospects terminate. Take back,' said I, lifting my eyes to Heaven, 'the hateful gift of existence, and let my dust no more be animated to suffering, and exalted to misery.'

So saying, I ran to the brink of the river, and was going to plunge in, when the cry of some person very near me made me turn my eyes to see whence it came. I was accosted by an elderly clergyman, who with looks of terror, pity, and benevolence, asked what I was about to do. At first I was sullen, and refused to answer him; but by degrees the compassion he shewed, and the tenderness with which he treated me, softened my heart, and gave vent to my tears.

'O! Madam,' said he, 'these are gracious

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gracious signs, and unlike those which first drew my attention, and made me watch you unobserved, fearing some fatal purpose in your mind. What must be the thoughts which could make a face like yours appear the picture of horror! I was taking my morning walk, and have seen you a considerable time; sometimes stopping and wringing your hands, sometimes quickening your pace, and sometimes walking slow with your eyes fixed on the ground, till you raised them to heaven, with looks not of supplication and piety, but rather of accusation and defiance. For pity tell me how is it that you have quarrelled with yourself, with life, nay even with Heaven? Recal your reason and your hope, and let this seasonable prevention of your fatal purpose be an earnest to you of good things to come, of God's mercy not yet alienated from you, and stooping from his throne to save your soul from perdition.

The tears which flowed in rivers from my eyes while he talked, gave me so much relief, that I found myself able to speak, and desirous to express my gratitude for the good man's concern for me. It was so long since I had known the joys of confidence, that I felt surprising pleasure and comfort from unburthening my heart, and telling my kind deliverer every circumstance of my story, and every thought of my distracted mind. He shuddered to hear me upbraid the Divine Providence; and stopping me short, told me, he would lead me to one who should preach patience to me, whilst she gave me the example of it.

As we talked, he led me to his own house, and there introduced me to his wife, a middle-aged woman, pale and emaciated, but of a cheerful placid countenance, who received me with the greatest tenderness and humanity. She saw I was distressed, and her compassion was beforehand with my complaints. Her tears stood ready to accompany mine; her looks and her voice expressed the kindest concern; and her assiduous cares demonstrated that true politeness and hospitality, which is not the effect of art but of inward benevolence. While she obliged me to take some refreshment, her husband gave her a short account of my story, and of the state in which he

had found me. 'This poor lady,' said he, 'from the fault of her education and principles, sees every thing through a gloomy medium: she accuses Providence, and hates her existence for those evils which are the common lot of mankind in this short state of trial. You, my dear, who are one of the greatest sufferers I have known, are best qualified to cure her of her faulty impatience; and to convince her, by your own example, that this world is not the place in which virtue is to find its reward. She thinks no one so unhappy as herself; but if she knew all that you have gone through, she would surely be sensible, that if you are happier than she, it is only because your principles are better.'

Indeed, my dear Madam, said she, that is the only advantage I have over you; but that, indeed, outweighs every thing else. It is now but ten days since I followed to the grave my only son, the survivor of eight children, who were all equally the objects of my fondest love. My heart is no less tender than your own, nor my affections less warm. For a whole year before the death of my last darling, I watched the fatal progress of his disease, and saw him suffer the most amazing pains. Nor was poverty, that dreaded evil to which you could not submit, wanting to my trials. Though my husband is by his profession a gentleman, his income is so small, that I and my children have often wanted necessaries: and though I had always a weakly constitution, I have helped to support my family by the labour of my own hands. At this time I am consuming, by daily tortures, with a cancer which must shortly be my death. My pains, perhaps, might be mitigated by proper assistance, though nothing could preserve my life; but I have not the means to obtain that assistance. — 'O hold,' interrupted I, my soul is shocked at the enumeration of such intolerable sufferings, How is it that you support them? Why do I not see you, in despair like mine, renounce your existence, and put yourself out of the reach of torment? But, above all, tell me how it is possible for you to preserve, amidst such complicated misery, that appearance of cheerfulness and serene complacency

‘complacency which shines so remarkably in your countenance, and animates every look and motion?’

‘That cheerfulness and complacency,’ answered the good woman, ‘I feel in my heart. My mind is not only serene, but often experiences the highest emotions of joy and exultation, that the brightest hopes can give.’— ‘And whence,’ said I, ‘do you derive this astonishing art of extracting joy from misery, and of smiling amidst all the terrors of pain, sorrow, poverty, and death?’—She was silent a moment; then stepping to her closet, reached a Bible, which she put into my hands. ‘See there,’ said she, ‘the volume in which I learnt this art. Here I am taught that everlasting glory is in store for all who will accept it upon the terms which Infinite Perfection has prescribed; here I am promised consolation, assistance, and support, from the LORD OF LIFE; and here I am assured that my transient afflictions are only meant to fit me for eternal and unspeakable happiness. This happiness is at hand. The short remainder of my life seems but a point, beyond which opens the glorious prospect of immortality. Thus encouraged, how should I be dejected? Thus supported, how should I sink? With such prospects, such assured hopes, how can I be otherwise than happy?’

While she spoke, her eyes sparkled, and her whole face seemed animated with joy. I was struck with her manner, as well as her words. Every syllable she uttered seemed to sink into my soul, so that I never can forget it. I resolved to examine a religion which was capable of producing such effects as I could not attribute either to chance or error. The good couple pressed me with so much unaffected kindness, to make their little parsonage my asylum till I could better dispose of myself, that I accepted their offer. Here, with the assistance of the clergyman, who is a plain, sensible, and truly pious man, I have studied the Holy Scriptures, and the evidences of their authority. But after reading them with candour and attention, I found all the extrinsic arguments of their truth superfluous. The excellency of their precepts, the consistency of their doctrines, and the glorious motives and encourage-

ments to virtue which they propose, together with the striking example I had before my eyes of their salutary effects, left me no doubt of their divine authority.

During the time of my abode here, I have been witness to the more than heroic, the joyful, the triumphant death of the dear good woman. With as much softness and tenderness as ever I saw in a female character, she shewed more dauntless intrepidity than the sternest philosopher or the proudest hero. No torment could shake the constancy of her soul, or length of pain wear out the strength of her patience. Death was to her an object not of horror but of hope. When I heard her pour forth her last breath in thanksgiving, and saw the smile of ecstasy remain on her pale face when life was fled, I could not help crying out in the beautiful language I had lately learned from the Sacred Writings—‘O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?’

I am now preparing to leave my excellent benefactor, and get my bread in a service, to which he has recommended me, in a neighbouring family. A state of servitude, to which once I could not resolve to yield, appears no longer dreadful to me; that pride, which would have made it galling, Christianity has subdued, though philosophy attempted it in vain. As a penitent, I should gratefully submit to mortification; but as a Christian, I find myself superior to every mortification, except the sense of guilt. This has humbled me to the dust; but the full assurances that are given me by the Saviour of the World, of the Divine pardon and favour upon sincere repentance, have calmed my troubled spirit, and filled my mind with peace and joy, which the world can neither give nor take away. Thus, without any change for the better in my outward circumstances, I find myself changed from a distracted, poor, despairing wretch, to a contented, happy, grateful being; thankful for, and pleased with, my present state of existence, yet exulting in the hope of quitting it for endless glory and happiness.

O! Sir, tell the unthinking mortals, who will not take the pains of enquiring into those truths which most concern them, and who are led by fashion, and the pride of human reason, into a contempt for the Sacred Oracles of God;

tell

tell them these amazing effects of the power of Christianity: tell them this truth which experience has taught me, that—' Though Vice is constantly attended by misery, Virtue itself cannot

' confer happiness in this world, except
' it is animated with the hopes of eternal bliss in the world to come.'

I am, &c.

Y

FIDELIA.

Nº LXXX. SATURDAY, AUGUST II, 1753.

NON DESUNT CRASSI QUIDAM, QUI STUDIOsus AB HUIJUSMODI LIBRIS DETERREANT, CŪ PORTICIS, UT VOCANT, ET AD MORUM INTEGRITATEM OFFICIENTIBUS. EGO VERO DIGNOS CENSEO QUOS ET OMNIBUS IN LUDIS RELEGANT ADOLESCENTIE LITERATORES, ET SIBI LEGANT RELEGANTQUE SENOS.

ERASMUS.

THERE ARE NOT WANTING PERSONS SO DULL AND INSENSIBLE, AS TO DETERRE STUDENTS FROM READING BOOKS OF THIS KIND, WHICH, THEY SAY, ARE POETICAL, AND PERNICIOUS TO THE PURITY OF MORALS: BUT I AM OF OPINION, THAT THEY ARE NOT ONLY WORTHY TO BE READ BY THE INSTRUCTORS OF YOUTH IN THEIR SCHOOLS, BUT THAT THE OLD AND EXPERIENCED SHOULD AGAIN AND AGAIN PERUSE THEM.

GREATNESS, novelty, and beauty, are usually and justly reckoned the three principal sources of the pleasures that strike the imagination. If the Iliad be allowed to abound in objects that may be referred to the first species, yet the Odyssey may boast a greater number of images that are beautiful and uncommon. The vast variety of scenes perpetually shifting before us, the train of unexpected events, and the many sudden turns of fortune in this diversified poem, must more deeply engage the reader, and keep his attention more alive and active, than the martial uniformity of the Iliad. The continual glare of a single colour that unchangeably predominates throughout a whole piece, is apt to dazzle and disgust the eye of the beholder. I will not, indeed, presume to say with Voltaire, that among the greatest admirers of antiquity, there is scarce one to be found who could ever read the Iliad with that eagerness and rapture, which a woman feels when she peruses the novel of Zayde; but will, however, venture to affirm, that the Speciosa Miracula of the Odyssey are better calculated to excite our curiosity and wonder, and to allure us forward with unextinguished impatience to the catastrophe, than the perpetual tumult and terror that reign through the Iliad.

The boundless exuberance of his imagination, his unwearied spirit and fire, *ἀνέμωρον αἶμα*, has enabled Homer to diversify the descriptions of his battles

with many circumstances of great variety: sometimes by specifying the different characters, ages, professions, or nations, of his dying heroes; sometimes by describing different kinds of wounds and deaths; and sometimes by tender and pathetic strokes, which remind the reader of the aged parent who is fondly expecting the return of his son just murdered, of the desolate condition of the widows who will now be enslaved, and of the children that will be dashed against the stones. But notwithstanding this delicate art and address in the poet, the subject remains the same; and from this sameness, it will, I fear, grow tedious and insipid to impartial readers; these small modifications and adjuncts are sufficiently efficacious to give the grace of novelty to repetition, and to make tautology delightful: the battles are, indeed, nobly and variously painted, yet still they are only battles. But when we accompany Ulysses through the manifold perils he underwent by sea and land, and visit with him the strange nations to which the anger of Neptune has driven him, all whose manners and customs are described in the most lively and picturesque terms; when we survey the wondrous monsters he encountered and escaped—

*Antipaten, Scyllamque, et eum Cyclope
Charibdin;*

Antiphates his hideous feast devour,
Charybdis bark, and Polyphemus roar.

FRANCIS.

D d

when

when we see him refuse the charms of Calypso, and the cup of Circe; when we descend with him into hell, and hear him converse with all the glorious heroes that assisted at the Trojan war; when, after struggling with ten thousand difficulties unforeseen and almost unsurmountable, he is at last restored to the peaceful possession of his kingdom and his queen; when such objects as these are displayed, so new and so interesting; when all the descriptions, incidents, scenes, and persons, differ so widely from each other; then it is that poetry becomes 'a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,' and a feast of such an exalted nature, as to produce neither satiety nor disgust.

But besides it's variety, the *Odyssey* is the most amusing and entertaining of all other poems, on account of the pictures it preserves to us of ancient manners, customs, laws, and politics, and of the domestic life of the heroic ages. The more any nation becomes polished, the more the genuine feelings of nature are disguised, and their manners are consequently less adapted to bear a faithful description. Good-breeding is founded on the dissimulation or suppression of such sentiments, as may probably provoke or offend those with whom we converse. The little forms and ceremonies which have been introduced into civil life by the moderns, are not suited to the dignity and simplicity of the Epic Muse. The coronation feast of an European monarch would not shine half so much in poetry, as the simple supper prepared for Ulysses at the Phæacian court; the gardens of Alcinoüs are much fitter for description than those of Versailles; and Nausicaä, descending to the river to wash her garments, and dancing afterwards upon the banks with her fellow-virgins, like Diana amidst her nymphs—

Ἡ δὲ ἀργεῖα πάντα καλὰ δὲ τὴν ὥσται,
Though all are fair, she shines above the rest,
is a far more graceful figure than the most glittering lady in the drawing-room, with her complexion plastered to repair the vigils of cards, and a shape violated by a stiff brocade and an immeasurable hoop. The compliment also which Ulysses pays to his innocent unadorned beauty, especially when he compares her to a young palm-tree of Delos, contains more gallantry and elegance

than the most applauded sonnet of the politest French *marquis* that ever rhymed. However indelicate I may be esteemed, I freely confess I had rather sit in the grotto of Calypso, than in the most pompous saloon of Louis XV. The tea and the card-tables can be introduced with propriety and success only in the mock-heroic, as they have been very happily in the *Rape of the Lock*: but the present modes of life must be forgotten when we attempt any thing in the serious or sublime poetry; for heroism disdains the luxurious refinements, the false delicacy and state of modern ages. The primeval, I was about to say patriarchal, simplicity of manners displayed in the *Odyssey*, is a perpetual source of true poetry, is inexpressibly pleasing to all who are uncorrupted by the business and the vanities of life, and may therefore prove equally instructive and captivating to young readers.

It seems to be a tenet universally received among common critics, as certain and indisputable, that images and characters of peaceful and domestic life are not so difficult to be drawn, as pictures of war and fury. I own myself of a quite contrary opinion; and think the description of Andromache parting with Hector in the *Iliad*, and the tender circumstance of the child Astyanax starting back from his father's helmet, and clinging to the bosom of his nurse, are as great efforts of the imagination of Homer, as the dreadful picture of Achilles fighting with the rivers, or dragging the carcass of Hector at his chariot-wheels: the behaviour of Hecuba, when she points to the breast that had suckled her dear Hector, is as finely conceived as the most gallant exploits of Diomedes and Ajax: the Natural is as strong an evidence of true genius, as the Sublime. It is in such images the *Odyssey* abounds: the superior utility of which, as they more nearly concern and more strongly affect us, need not be pointed out. Let Longinus admire the majesty of Neptune whirling his chariot over the deep, surrounded by sea monsters that gambolled before their king; the description of the dog Argus, creeping to the feet of his master, whom he alone knew in his disguise, and expiring with joy for his return, is so inexpressibly pathetic, that it equals, if not exceeds, any of the magnificent and bolder images which that excellent critic hath produced in his

his treatise on the sublime. He justly commends the prayer of Ajax, who, when he was surrounded with a thick darkness that prevented the display of his prowess, begs of Jupiter only to remove the clouds that involved him—'And then,' says he, 'destroy me if thou wilt in the day-light;' *ἢ δὲ φῶς καὶ ἔκωκον*. But surely the reflections which Ulysses makes to Amphinomus, the most virtuous of the suitors, concerning the misery and vanity of man, will be found to deserve equal commendations, if we consider their propriety, solemnity, and truth. Our hero, in the disguise of a beggar, had just been spurned at and ridiculed by the rest of the riotous lovers, but is kindly relieved by Amphinomus, whose behaviour is finely contrasted to the brutality of his brethren. Upon which Ulysses says—'Hear me, O Amphinomus! and ponder the words I shall speak unto thee. Of all creatures that breathe or creep upon the earth, the most weak and impotent is man. For he never thinks that evils shall befall him at another season, while the gods bestow on him strength and happiness. But when the immortal gods afflict him with adversity, he bears it with unwillingness and repining. Such is

the mind of the inhabitants of earth, that it changes as Jupiter sends happiness or misery. I once numbered myself among the happy; and, elated with prosperity and pride, and relying on my family and friends, committed many acts of injustice. But let no man be proud or unjust, but receive whatever gifts the gods bestow on him with humility and silence.' I chose to translate this sententious passage as literally as possible, to preserve the air of its venerable simplicity and striking solemnity. If we recollect the speaker, and the occasion of the speech, we cannot fail of being deeply affected. Can we, therefore, forbear giving our assent to the truth of the title which Alcidas, according to Aristotle, in his rhetoric, bestows on the *Odyssey*; who calls it—'a beautiful mirror of human life,' *καλὸν ἀνθρώπου βίη κατόπτρον*.

Homer, in the *Iliad*, resembles the River Nile, when it descends in a cataract that deafens and astonishes the neighbouring inhabitants. In the *Odyssey*, he is still like the same Nile, when its genial inundations gently diffuse fertility and fatness over the peaceful plains of Egypt.

Z

Nº LXXXI. TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1753.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

HOR.

AVAUNT DESPAIR.

I Have sometimes heard it disputed in conversation, whether it be more laudable or desirable; that a man should think too highly or too meanly of himself: it is on all hands agreed to be best, that he should think rightly; but since a fallible being will always make some deviations from exact rectitude, it is not wholly useless to enquire towards which side it is safer to decline.

The prejudices of mankind seem to favour him who errs by under-rating his own powers; he is considered as a modest and harmless member of society, not likely to break the peace by competition, to endeavour after such splendour of reputation as may dim the lustre of others, or to interrupt any in the enjoyment of themselves; he is no man's rival, and therefore may be every man's friend.

The opinion which a man entertains

of himself ought to be distinguished, in order to an accurate discussion of this question, as it relates to persons or to things: To think highly of ourselves in comparison with others, to assume by our own authority that precedence which none is willing to grant, must be always invidious and offensive; but to rate our powers high in proportion to things, and imagine ourselves equal to great undertakings, while we leave others in possession of the same abilities, cannot with equal justice provoke censure.

It must be confessed, that self-love may dispose us to decide too hastily in our own favour: but who is hurt by the mistake? If we are incited by this vain opinion to attempt more than we can perform, ours is the labour, and ours is the disgrace.

But he that dares to think well of himself,

D d 2

himself will not always prove to be mistaken; and the good effects of his confidence will then appear in great attempts and great performances: if he should not fully compleat his design, he will at least advance it so far as to leave an easier task for him that succeeds him; and even though he should wholly fail, he will fail with honour.

But from the opposite error, from torpid despondency can come no advantage; it is the frost of the soul, which binds up all it's powers, and congeals life in perpetual sterility. He that has no hopes of success, will make no attempts; and where nothing is attempted, nothing can be done.

Every man should, therefore, endeavour to maintain in himself a favourable opinion of the powers of the human mind; which are perhaps, in every man, greater than they appear, and might by diligent cultivation be exalted to a degree beyond what their possessor presumes to believe. There is scarce any man but has found himself able, at the instigation of necessity, to do what in a state of leisure and deliberation he would have concluded impossible; and some of our species have signalized themselves by such achievements, as prove that there are few things above human hope.

It has been the policy of all nations to preserve, by some public monuments, the memory of those who have served their country by great exploits; there is the same reason for continuing or reviving the names of those whose extensive abilities have dignified humanity. An honest emulation may be alike excited; and the philosopher's curiosity may be inflamed by a catalogue of the works of Boyle or Bacon, as Themistocles was kept awake by the trophies of Miltiades.

Among the favourites of nature that have from time to time appeared in the world, enriched with various endowments and contrarieties of excellence, none seems to have been more exalted above the common rate of humanity, than the man known about two centuries ago by the appellation of the Admirable Crichton; of whose history, whatever we may suppress as surpassing credibility, yet we shall, upon uncontested authority, relate enough to rank him among prodigies.

"Virtue," says Virgil, "is better accepted when it comes in a pleasing form." The person of Crichton was

eminently beautiful; but his beauty was consistent with such activity and strength, that in fencing he would spring at one bound the length of twenty feet upon his antagonist; and he used the sword in either hand with such force and dexterity, that scarce any one had courage to engage him.

Having studied at St. Andrew's in Scotland, he went to Paris in his twenty-first year, and affixed on the gate of the college of Navarre a kind of challenge to the learned of that university to dispute with him on a certain day: offering to his opponents, whoever they should be, the choice of ten languages, and of all the faculties and sciences. On the day appointed three thousand auditors assembled, when four doctors of the church and fifty masters appeared against him; and one of his antagonists confesses that the doctors were defeated; that he gave proofs of knowledge above the reach of man; and that a hundred years passed without food or sleep, would not be sufficient for the attainment of his learning. After a disputation of nine hours he was presented by the president and professors with a diamond and a purse of gold, and dismissed with repeated acclamations.

From Paris he went away to Rome, where he made the same challenge, and had in the presence of the pope and cardinals the same success. Afterwards he contracted at Venice an acquaintance with Aldus Manutius, by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city: then visited Padua, where he engaged in another public disputation, beginning his performance with an extemporal poem in praise of the city and the assembly then present, and concluding with an oration equally unpremeditated in commendation of ignorance.

He afterwards published another challenge, in which he declared himself ready to detect the errors of Aristotle and all his commentators, either in the common forms of logic, or in any which his antagonists should propose of a hundred different kinds of verse.

These acquisitions of learning, however stupendous, were not gained at the expence of any pleasure which youth generally indulges, or by the omission of any accomplishment in which it becomes a gentleman to excel: he practised in great perfection the arts of drawing and painting, he was an eminent performer

in both vocal and instrumental music, he danced with uncommon gracefulness, and on the day after his disputation at Paris exhibited his skill on horsemanship before the court of France, where, at a public match of tilting, he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together.

He excelled likewise in domestic games of less dignity and reputation; and in the interval between his challenge and disputation at Paris, he spent so much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing those that would see this monster of erudition, to look for him at the tavern.

So extensive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy, composed by himself, and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is said to have personated fifteen different characters; in all which he might succeed without great difficulty, since he had such power of retention, that once hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the speaker through all his variety of tone and gesticulation.

Nor was his skill in arms less than in learning, or his courage inferior to his skills: there was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who travelling about the world, according to the barbarous custom of that age, as a general challenger, had defeated the most celebrated masters in many parts of Europe; and in Mantua, where he then resided, had killed three that appeared against him. The duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when Crichton, looking on his sanguinary success with indignation, offered to stake fifteen hundred pistoles, and mount the stage against him. The duke, with some reluctance, consented, and on the day fixed the combatants appeared: their weapon seems to have been the single rapier, which was then newly introduced into Italy. The prize-fighter advanced with great violence and fierceness, and Crichton contented himself calmly to ward his passes, and suffered

him to exhaust his vigour by his own fury. Crichton then became the assailant; and pressed upon him with such force and agility, that he thrust him thrice through the body, and saw him expire: he then divided the prize he had won among the widows whose husbands had been killed.

The death of this wonderful man I should be willing to conceal, did I not know that every reader will inquire curiously after that fatal hour, which is common to all human beings, however distinguished from each other by nature or by fortune.

The Duke of Mantua having received so many proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his son Vincentio di Gonzaga, a prince of loose manners and turbulent disposition. On this occasion it was, that he composed the comedy in which he exhibited so many different characters with exact propriety. But his honour was of short continuance; for as he was one night in the time of Carnival rambling about the streets, with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by six men masked. Neither his courage nor skill in this exigence deserted him; he opposed them with such activity and spirit, that he soon dispersed them, and disarmed their leader, who throwing off his mask, discovered himself to be the prince his pupil. Crichton falling on his knees, took his own sword by the point, and presented it to the prince; who immediately seized it, and instigated, as some say, by jealousy, according to others only by drunken fury and brutal resentment, thrust him through the heart.

Thus was the Admirable Crichton brought into that state, in which he could excel the meanest of mankind only by a few empty honours paid to his memory: the court of Mantua testified their esteem by a public mourning, the contemporary wits were profuse of their encomiums, and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures, representing him on horseback with a lance in one hand and a book in the other.

N^o LXXXII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1753.

NUNC SCIO QUID SIT AMOR VIRG.

NOW KNOW I WHAT IS LOVE.

THOUGH the danger of disappointment is always in proportion to the height of expectation, yet I this day claim the attention of the ladies, and profess to teach an art by which all may obtain what has hitherto been deemed the prerogative of a few; an art by which their predominant passion may be gratified, and their conquests not only extended but secured—'The art of being *'Pretty.'*

But though my subject may interest the ladies, it may, perhaps, offend those profound moralists who have long since determined, that Beauty ought rather to be despised than desired; that, like strength, it is a mere natural excellence, the effect of causes wholly out of our power, and not intended either as the pledge of happiness or the distinction of merit.

To these gentlemen I shall remark, that beauty is among those qualities which no effort of human wit could ever bring into contempt: it is, therefore, to be wished at least, that beauty was in some degree dependent upon Sentiment and Manners, that so high a privilege might not be possessed by the unworthy, and that human reason might no longer suffer the mortification of those who are compelled to adore an idol, which differs from a stone or a log only by the skill of the artificer: and if they cannot themselves behold beauty with indifference, they must surely approve an attempt to shew that it merits their regard.

I shall, however, principally consider that species of beauty which is expressed in the countenance; for this alone is peculiar to human beings, and is not less complicated than their nature. In the countenance there are but two requisites to perfect Beauty, which are wholly produced by external causes, colour, and proportion: and it will appear, that even in common estimation these are not the chief, but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without something more.

The finest features, ranged in the most

exact symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike: and when they are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not express kindness, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, disdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned; and if a wanton aspect excites desire, it is but like that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of its object.

Among particular graces, the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reason is evident; dimples are produced by a smile, and a smile is an expression of complacency: so the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is the indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a particular object; but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the shape or disposition of the features, or the colour of the skin: he tells us, that it is something which he cannot fully express, something not fixed in any part, but diffused over the whole; he calls it a sweetness, a softness, a placid sensibility, or gives it some other appellation which connects beauty with Sentiment, and expresses a charm which is not peculiar to any set of features, but is perhaps possible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always consist in smiles, but varies as expressions of meekness and kindness vary with their objects; it is extremely forcible in the silent complaint of patient suffering, the tender solicitude of friendship, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almost irresistible.

This

This is the charm which captivates without the aid of Nature, and without which her utmost bounty is ineffectual. But it cannot be assumed as a mask to conceal insensibility or malevolence; it must be the genuine effect of corresponding sentiments, or it will impress upon the countenance a new and more disgusting deformity. Affectation; it will produce the grin, the smirk, the stare, the languish, the pout, and innumerable other grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By some, indeed, this species of hypocrisy has been practised with such skill as to deceive superficial observers, though it can deceive even these but for a moment. Looks which do not correspond with the heart cannot be assumed without labour, nor continued without pain; the motive to relinquish them must, therefore, soon preponderate, and the aspect and apparel of the visit will be laid by together; the smiles and the languishments of art will vanish, and the fierceness of rage, or the gloom of discontent, will either obscure or destroy all the elegance of symmetry and complexion.

The artificial aspect is, indeed, as wretched a substitute for the expression of sentiment, as the smear of paint for the blushes of health: it is not only equally transient, and equally liable to detection; but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghastly, the passions burst out with more violence after restraint; the features become more distorted, and excite more determined aversion.

Beauty, therefore, depends principally upon the mind, and consequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant passion may generally be discovered in the countenance; because the muscles by which it is expressed, being almost perpetually contracted, lose their tone, and never totally relax; so that the expression remains when the passion is suspended: thus an angry, a disdainful, a subtle, and a suspicious temper, is displayed in characters that are almost universally understood. It is equally true of the pleasing and the softer passions, that they leave their signatures upon the countenance, when they cease to act: the prevalence of these passions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the af-

fect, and gives a turn and cast to the features which make a more favourable and forcible impression upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external causes.

Neither does the beauty which depends upon temper and sentiment equally endanger the possessor. 'It is,' to use an eastern metaphor, 'like the towers of a city; not only an ornament, but a defence;' if it excites desire, it at once controuls and refines it; it represses with awe, it softens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation. The love of reason and of virtue is mingled with the love of beauty; because this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of corporeal appetite. As it excites a purer passion, it also more forcibly engages to fidelity; every man finds himself more powerfully restrained from giving pain to goodness than to beauty; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expression of goodness, is a silent reproach of the first irregular wish; and the purpose immediately appears to be disingenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be disappointed, the placid confidence of unsuspecting simplicity abused, and the peace even of virtue endangered, by the most fordid infidelity, and the breach of the strongest obligations.

But the hope of the hypocrite must perish. When the factitious beauty has laid by her smiles; when the lustre of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks have lost their influence with their novelty; what remains but a tyrant divested of power, who will never be seen without a mixture of indignation and disdain? The only desire which this object could gratify will be transferred to another, not only without reluctance, but with triumph. As resentment will succeed to disappointment, a desire to mortify will succeed a desire to please; and the husband may be urged to solicit a mistress, merely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife, which lasted only till she was known.

Let it, therefore, be remembered, that none can be disciples of the Graces, but in the school of Virtue; and that those who wish to be LOVELY, must learn early to be GOOD.

N^o LXXXIII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1753.

ILLIC ENIM DEBET TOTO ANIMO A POETA IN DISSOLUTIONEM NODI, AGI;
EAQUE PRÆCIPUA FABULÆ PARS EST QUÆ REQUIRIT PLURIMUM DILI-
GENTIA.

CICERO.

THE POET OUGHT TO EXERT HIS WHOLE STRENGTH AND SPIRIT IN THE SOLU-
TION OF HIS PLOT; WHICH IS THE PRINCIPAL PART OF THE FABLE, AND
REQUIRES THE UTMOST DILIGENCE AND CARE.

OF the three only perfect Epopees which, in the compass of so many ages, human wit has been able to produce, the conduct and constitution of the *Odyssey* seem to be the most artificial and judicious.

Aristotle observes, that there are two kinds of fables, the simple and the complex. A fable in tragic or epic poetry, is denominated simple, when the events it contains follow each other in a continued and unbroken tenour, without a Recognition or discovery, and without a Peripetie or unexpected change of fortune. A fable is called complex, when it contains both a discovery and a peripetie. And this great critic, whose knowledge of human nature was consummate, determines, that fables of the latter species far excel those of the former, because they more deeply interest and more irresistibly move the reader, by adding surprize and astonishment to every other passion which they excite.

The philosopher, agreeably to this observation, prefers the *Oedipus* of Sophocles, and the *Iphigenia in Tauris*, and *Alcestes* of Euripides, to the *Ajax*, *Philoctetes*, and *Medea*, of the same writers, and to the *Prometheus* of Æschylus: because these last are all uncomplicated fables; that is, the evils and misfortunes that befall the personages represented in these dramas, are unchangeably continued from the beginning to the end of each piece. For the same reasons, the *Athaliah* of Racine, and the *Merope*'s of Maffei and Voltaire, are beyond comparison the most affecting stories that have been handled by any modern tragic writer: the discoveries, that Joas is the king of Israel, and that Egistus is the son of Merope, who had just ordered him to be murdered, are so unexpected, but yet so probable, that they may justly be esteemed very great efforts of judgment and genius, and contribute to place

these two poems at the head of dramatic compositions.

The fable of the *Odyssey* being complex, and containing a discovery and a change in the fortune of it's hero, is upon this single consideration, exclusive of it's other beauties, if we follow the principles of Aristotle, much superior to the fables of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*, which are both simple and unadorned with a peripetie or recognition. The naked story of this poem, stript of all it's ornaments, and of the very names of the characters, is exhibited by Aristotle in the following passage, which is almost literally translated.

' A man is for several years absent
' from his home; Neptune continually
' watches and persecutes him; his re-
' tinue being destroyed, he remains
' alone: but while his estate is wasting
' by the suitors of his wife, and his
' son's life is plotted against, he him-
' self suddenly arrives after many storms
' at sea, discovers himself to some of
' his friends, falls on the suitors, esta-
' blishes himself in safety, and destroys
' his enemies. This is what is essen-
' tial to the fable; the episodes make up
' the rest.'

From these observations on the nature of the fables of the *Odyssey* in general, we may proceed to consider it more minutely. The two chief parts of every epic fable are it's Intrigue or Plot, and it's Solution and Unravelling. The intrigue is formed by a complication of different interests, which keep the mind of the reader in a pleasing suspense, and fill him with anxious wishes to see the obstacles that oppose the designs of the hero happily removed. The solution consists in removing these difficulties, in satisfying the curiosity of the reader by the completion of the intended action, and in leaving his mind in perfect repose, without expectation of any farther event.

Both

Both of these should arise naturally and easily out of the very essence and subject of the poem itself, should not be deduced from circumstances foreign and intrinsic, should be at the same time probable yet wonderful.

The anger of Neptune, who resented the punishment which Ulysses had insisted on his son Polypheme, induces him to prevent the return of the hero to Ithaca, by driving him from country to country by violent tempests; and from this indignation of Neptune is formed the intrigue of the *Odyssy* in the first part of the poem; that is, in plain prose—

‘What more natural and usual obstacle do they encounter who take long voyages, than the violence of winds and storms?’ The plot of the second part of the poem is founded on circumstances equally probable and natural; on the unavoidable effects of the long absence of a master, whose return was despaired of, the insolence of his servants, the dangers to which his wife and his son were exposed, the ruin of his estate, and the disorder of his kingdom.

The address and art of Homer in the gradual solution of this plot, by the most probable and easy expedients, are equally worthy our admiration and applause. Ulysses is driven by a tempest to the island of the Phæacians, where he is generously and hospitably received. During a banquet which Alcinous the king has prepared for him, the poet most artfully contrives that the bard Demodocus should sing the Destruction of Troy. At the recital of his past labours, and at hearing the names of his old companions, from whom he was now separated, our hero could no longer contain himself, but burst into tears and weeps bitterly. The curiosity of Alcinous being excited by this unaccountable sorrow, he intreats Ulysses to discover who he is, and what he has suffered; which request furnishes a most proper and probable occasion to the hero to relate a long series of adventures in the four following books; an occasion much more natural than that which induces Æneas to communicate his history to Dido. By this judicious conduct, Homer taught his successors the artful manner

of entering abruptly into the midst of the action; and of making the reader acquainted with the previous circumstances by a narrative from the hero. The Phæacians, a people fond of strange and amusing tales, resolved to fit out a ship for the distressed hero, as a reward for the entertainment he has given them. When he arrives in Ithaca, his absence, his age, and his travels, render him totally unknown to all but his faithful dog Argus: he then puts on a disguise, that he may be the better enabled to surprize and to punish the riotous suitors, and to re-establish the tranquillity of his kingdom. The reader thinks that Ulysses is frequently on the point of being discovered, particularly when he engages in the shooting-match with the suitors, and when he enters into conversation with Penelope in the nineteenth book, and personates a fictitious character; but he is still judiciously disappointed, and the suspense is kept up as long as possible. And at last, when his nurse Euriclea discovers him by the scar in his thigh, it is a circumstance so simple and so natural, that notwithstanding Aristotle places these recognitions, by Signs and Tokens, below those that are effected by Reasoning, as in the *Oedipus* and *Iphigenia*; yet ought it ever to be remembered, that Homer was the original from whom this striking method of unravelling a fable, by a discovery and a peripetie, was manifestly borrowed. The doubts and fears of Penelope left Ulysses was not in reality her husband, and the tenderness and endearments that ensue upon her conviction that he is, render the surprize and satisfaction of the reader compleat.

Upon the whole, the *Odyssy* is a poem that exhibits the finest lessons of morality, the most entertaining variety of scenes and events, the most lively and natural pictures of civil and domestic life, the truest representation of the manners and customs of antiquity, and the justest pattern of a legitimate Epic: and is, therefore, peculiarly useful to those who are animated by the noble ambition of adorning humanity by living or by writing well.

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N^o LXXXIV. SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1753.

TOLLE PERICULUM,
JAM VAGA PROSILLET FRÆNIS NATURA REMOTIS,

HOR.

BUT TAKE THE DANGER AND THE SHAME AWAY,
AND VAGRANT NATURE BOUNDS UPON HER PREY.

FRANCIS.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT has been observed, I think by Sir William Temple, and after him by almost every other writer, that England affords a greater variety of characters than the rest of the world. This is ascribed to the liberty prevailing amongst us, which gives every man the privilege of being wise or foolish his own way, and preserves him from the necessity of hypocrisy or the servility of imitation.

That the position itself is true, I am not completely satisfied. To be nearly acquainted with the people of different countries can happen to very few; and in life, as in every thing else beheld at a distance, there appears an even uniformity: the petty discriminations which diversify the natural character, are not discoverable but by a close inspection; we, therefore, find them most at home, because there we have most opportunities of remarking them. Much less am I convinced that this peculiar diversification, if it be real, is the consequence of peculiar liberty; for where is the government to be found that superintends individuals with so much vigilance, as not to leave their private conduct without restraint? Can it enter into a reasonable mind to imagine, that men of every other nation are not equally masters of their own time or houses with ourselves, and equally at liberty to be parsimonious or profuse, frolic or sullen, abstinent or luxurious? Liberty is certainly necessary to the full play of predominant humours; but such liberty is to be found alike under the government of the many or the few, in monarchies or in commonwealths.

How readily the predominant passion snatches an interval of liberty, and how fast it expands itself when the weight of restraint is taken away, I had lately an opportunity to discover, as I took a

journey into the country in a stage-coach; which, as every journey is a kind of adventure, may be very properly related to you, though I can display no such extraordinary assembly as Cervantes has collected at Don Quixote's inn.

In a stage-coach the passengers are for the most part wholly unknown to one another, and without expectation of ever meeting again when their journey is at an end; one should, therefore, imagine, that it was of little importance to any of them, what conjectures the rest should form concerning him. Yet so it is, that as all think themselves secure from detection, all assume that character of which they are most desirous, and on no occasion is the general ambition of superiority more apparently indulged.

On the day of our departure, in the twilight of the morning, I ascended the vehicle with three men and two women, my fellow-travellers. It was easy to observe the affected elevation of mien with which every one entered; and the supercilious civility with which they paid their compliments to each other. When the first ceremony was dispatched, we sat silent for a long time, all employed in collecting importance into our faces, and endeavouring to strike reverence and submission into our companions.

It is always observable that silence propagates itself, and that the longer talk has been suspended, the more difficult it is to find any thing to say. We began now to wish for conversation; but no one seemed inclined to descend from his dignity, or first propose a topic of discourse. At last a corpulent gentleman, who had equipped himself for this expedition with a scarlet surtout and a large hat with a broad lace, drew out his watch, looked on it in silence, and then held it dangling at his finger. This was, I suppose, under-

stood

flood by all the company as an invitation to ask the time of the day, but nobody appeared to heed his overture; and his desire to be talking so far overcame his resentment, that he let us know of his own accord that it was past five, and that in two hours we should be at breakfast.

His condescension was thrown away; we continued all obdurate; the ladies held up their heads; I amused myself with watching their behaviour; and of the other two, one seemed to employ himself in counting the trees as we drove by them, the other drew his hat over his eyes and counterfeited a slumber. The man of benevolence, to shew that he was not depressed by our neglect, hummed a tune and beat time upon his snuff-box.

Thus universally displeased with one another, and not much delighted with ourselves, we came at last to the little inn appointed for our repast; and all began at once to recompence themselves for the constraint of silence, by innumerable questions and orders to the people that attended us. At last, what every one had called for was got, or declared impossible to be got at that time, and we were persuaded to sit round the same table; when the gentleman in the red fur-tout looked again upon his watch, told us that we had half an hour to spare, but he was sorry to see so little merriment among us; that all fellow-travellers were for the time upon the level, and that it was always his way to make himself one of the company. 'I remember,' says he, 'it was on just such a morning as this, that I and my Lord Mumble and the Duke of Tenterden were out upon a ramble: we called at a little house as it might be this; and my landlady, I warrant you, not suspecting to whom she was talking, was so jocular and facetious, and made so many merry answers to our questions, that we were all ready to burst with laughter. At last, the good woman happening to hear me whisper the duke and call him by his title, was so surprized and confounded, that we could scarcely get a word from her; and the duke never met me from that day to this, but he talks of the little house, and quarrels with me for terrifying the landlady.'

He had scarcely time to congratulate himself on the veneration which this

narrative must have procured him from the company, when one of the ladies having reached out for a plate on a distant part of the table, began to remark the inconveniences of travelling, and the difficulty which they who never sat at home without a great number of attendants found in performing for themselves such offices as the road required; but that people of quality often travelled in disguise, and might be generally known from the vulgar by their condescension to poor inn-keepers, and the allowance which they made for any defect in their entertainment; that for her part, while people were civil and meant well, it was never her custom to find fault; for one was not to expect upon a journey all that one enjoyed at one's own house.

A general emulation seemed now to be excited. One of the men, who had hitherto said nothing, called for the last news-paper; and having perused it a while with deep pensiveness—'It is impossible,' says he, 'for any man to guess how to act with regard to the stocks: last week it was the general opinion that they would fall, and I sold out twenty thousand pounds in order to a purchase; they have now risen unexpectedly; and I make no doubt but at my return to London I shall risk thirty thousand pounds among them again.'

A young man, who had hitherto distinguished himself only by the vivacity of his looks, and a frequent diversion of his eyes from one object to another, upon this closed his snuff-box, and told us, that he had a hundred times talked with the chancellor and the judges on the subject of the stocks; that for his part he did not pretend to be well acquainted with the principles on which they were established, but had always heard them reckoned pernicious to trade, uncertain in their produce, and unsolid in their foundation; and that he had been advised by three judges, his most intimate friends, never to venture his money in the funds, but to put it out upon land-security till he could light upon an estate in his own country.

It might be expected, that upon these glimpses of latent dignity, we should all have begun to look round us with veneration; and have behaved like the princes of romance, when the enchantment that disguises them is dissolved,

and they discover the dignity of each other: yet it happened that none of these hints made much impression on the company; every one was apparently suspected of endeavouring to impose false appearances upon the rest; all continued their haughtiness in hopes to enforce their claims; and all grew every hour more sullen, because they found their representations of themselves without effect.

Thus we travelled on four days with malevolence perpetually increasing, and without any endeavour but to outvie each other in supereiliousness and neglect; and when any two of us could separate ourselves for a moment, we vented our indignation at the sauciness of the rest.

At length the journey was at an end; and time and chance, that strip off all disguises, have discovered, that the intimate of lords and dukes is a nobleman's butler, who has furnished a shop with the money he has saved; the man, who deals so largely in the funds, is a clerk of a broker in 'Change-Alley; the lady who so carefully concealed her quality, keeps a cook-shop behind the Exchange; and the young man, who is so happy in the friendship of the judges, engrosses and transcribes for bread in a garret of the Temple. Of one of the

women only I could make no disadvantageous detection, because she had assumed no character, but accommodated herself to the scene before her, without any struggle for distinction or superiority.

I could not forbear to reflect on the folly of practising a fraud, which, as the event shewed, had been already practised too often to succeed, and by the success of which no advantage could have been obtained; of assuming a character which was to end with the day; and of claiming upon false pretences honours which must perish with the breath that paid them.

But, Mr. Adventurer, let not those who laugh at me and my companions, think this folly confined to a stage-coach. Every man in the journey of life takes the same advantage of the ignorance of his fellow-travellers, disguises himself in counterfeited merit, and hears those praises with complacency which his conscience reproaches him for accepting. Every man deceives himself, while he thinks he is deceiving others; and forgets that the time is at hand when every illusion shall cease, when fictitious excellence shall be torn away, and ALL must be shewn to ALL in their real estate.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

T.

VIATOR.

Nº LXXXV. TUESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1753.

QUI CUPIT OPTATAM CURSU CONTINGERE METAM,
MULTA TULIT FECITQUE PUER.

HOR.

THE YOUTH, WHO HOPES TH' OLYMPIC PRIZE TO GAIN,
ALL ARTS MUST TRY, AND EVERY TOIL SUSTAIN. FRANCIS.

IT is observed by Bacon, that 'reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing an exact man.'

As Bacon attained to degrees of knowledge scarcely ever reached by any other man, the directions which he gives for study have certainly a just claim to our regard; for who can teach an art with so great authority, as he that has practised it with undisputed success?

Under the protection of so great a name, I shall, therefore, venture to inculcate to my ingenious contemporaries, the necessity of reading, the fitness of consulting other understandings than their own, and of considering the sentiments and opinions of those who, how-

ever neglected in the present age, had in their own times, and many of them a long time afterwards, such reputation for knowledge and acuteness, as will scarcely ever be attained by those that despise them.

An opinion has of late been, I know not how, propagated among us, that libraries are filled only with useless lumber; that men of parts stand in need of no assistance; and that to spend life in poring upon books, is only to imbibe prejudices, to obstruct and embarrass the powers of nature, to cultivate memory at the expence of judgment, and to bury reason under a chaos of indigested learning.

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Such is the talk of many who think themselves wise, and of some who are thought wise by others; of whom part probably believe their own tenets, and part may be justly suspected of endeavouring to shelter their ignorance in multitudes, and of wishing to destroy that reputation which they have no hopes to share. It will, I believe, be found invariably true, that learning was never decried by any learned man; and what credit can be given to those who venture to condemn that which they do not know?

If reason has the power ascribed to it by its advocates, if so much is to be discovered by attention and meditation, it is hard to believe, that so many millions equally participating of the bounties of nature with ourselves, have been for ages upon ages meditating in vain: if the wits of the present time expect the regard of posterity, which will then inherit the reason which is now thought superior to instruction, surely they may allow themselves to be instructed by the reason of former generations. When, therefore, an author declares, that he has been able to learn nothing from the writings of his predecessors, and such a declaration has been lately made, nothing but a degree of arrogance unparadonable in the greatest human understanding, can hinder him from perceiving that he is raising prejudices against his own performance; for with what hopes of success can he attempt that in which greater abilities have hitherto miscarried? or with what peculiar force does he suppose himself invigorated, that difficulties hitherto insurmountable should give way before him?

Of those whom Providence has qualified to make any additions to human knowledge, the number is extremely small; and what can be added by each single mind, even of this superior class, is very little: the greatest part of mankind must owe all their knowledge, and all must owe far the largest part of it, to the information of others. To understand the works of celebrated authors, to comprehend their systems, and retain their reasonings, is a task more than equal to common intellects; and he is by no means to be accounted useless or idle, who has stored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occasionally to others who have less leisure or weaker abilities.

Perkins has justly observed, that knowledge is nothing to him who is not known by others to possess it: to the scholar himself it is nothing with respect either to honour or advantage, for the world cannot reward those qualities which are concealed from it; with respect to others it is nothing, because it affords no help to ignorance or error.

It is with justice, therefore, that in an accomplished character, Horace unites just sentiments with the power of expressing them; and he that has once accumulated learning, is next to consider, how he shall most widely diffuse and most agreeably impart it.

A ready man is made by conversation. He that buries himself among his manuscripts 'besprent,' as Pope expresses it, 'with learned dust,' and wears out his days and nights in perpetual research and solitary meditation, is too apt to lose in his elocution what he adds to his wisdom; and when he comes into the world, to appear overloaded with his own notions, like a man armed with weapons which he cannot wield. He has no facility of inculcating his speculations, of adapting himself to the various degrees of intellect which the accidents of conversation will present; but will talk to most unintelligibly, and as all unpleasantly.

I was once present at the lectures of a profound philosopher, a man really skilled in the science which he professed, who having occasion to explain the terms *OPACUM* and *PENUCIDUM*, told us, after some hesitation, that *OPACUM* was, as one might say, *OPAKE*, and that *PENUCIDUM* signified *PENUCED*. Such was the dexterity with which this learned reader facilitated to his auditors the intricacies of science; and so true is it, that a man may know what he cannot teach.

Boerhaave complains, that the writers who have treated of chemistry before him, are useless to the greater part of students, because they presuppose their readers to have such degrees of skill as are not often to be found. Into the same error are all men apt to fall, who have familiarized any subject to themselves in solitude: they discourse as if they thought every other man had been employed in the same enquiries; and expect that short hints and obscure allusions will produce in others the same train

train of ideas which they excite in themselves.

Nor is this the only inconvenience which the man of study suffers from a reclusive life. When he meets with an opinion that pleases him, he catches it up with eagerness; looks only after such arguments as tend to his confirmation; or spares himself the trouble of discussion, and adopts it with very little proof; indulges it long without suspicion, and in time unites it to the general body of his knowledge, and treasures it up among incontestible truths: but when he comes into the world among men who, arguing upon dissimilar principles, have been led to different conclusions, and being placed in various situations, view the same object on many sides; he finds his darling position attacked, and himself in no condition to defend it: having thought always in one train, he is in the state of a man who having fenced always with the same master, is perplexed and amazed by a new posture of his antagonist; he is entangled in unexpected difficulties, he is harassed by sudden objections, he is unprovided with solutions or replies, his surprise impedes his natural powers of reasoning, his thoughts are scattered and confounded, and he gratifies the pride of airy petulance with an easy victory.

It is difficult to imagine with what obstinacy truths which one mind perceives almost by intuition, will be rejected by another; and how many artifices must be practised, to procure admission for the most evident propositions into understandings frightened by their novelty, or hardened against them by accidental prejudice; it can scarcely be conceived, how frequently, in these extemporaneous controversies, the dull will be subtle, and the acute absurd; how often stupidity will elude the force of argument, by involving itself in its own gloom; and mistaken ingenuity will weave artful fallacies, which reason can scarcely find means to disentangle.

In these encounters the learning of the reclusive usually fails him: nothing but long habit and frequent experiments can confer the power of changing a position into various forms, presenting it in different points of view, connecting it with known and granted truths, fortifying it with intelligible arguments, and illustrating it by apt similitudes;

and he, therefore, that has collected his knowledge in solitude, must learn its application by mixing with mankind.

But while the various opportunities of conversation invite us to try every mode of argument, and every art of recommending our sentiments, we are frequently betrayed to the use of such as are not in themselves strictly defensible: a man heated in talk, and eager of victory, takes advantage of the mistakes or ignorance of his adversary, lays hold of concessions to which he knows he has no right, and urges proofs likely to prevail on his opponent, though he knows himself that they have no force: thus the severity of reason is relaxed, many topics are accumulated, but without just arrangement or distinction; we learn to satisfy ourselves with such ratiocination as silence others; and seldom recalc to a close examination that discourse which has gratified our vanity with victory and applause.

Some caution, therefore, must be used, lest copiousness and facility be made less valuable by inaccuracy and confusion. To fix the thoughts by writing, and subject them to frequent examinations and reviews, is the best method of enabling the mind to detect its own sophisms, and keep it on guard against the fallacies which it practises on others; in conversation we naturally diffuse our thoughts, and in writing we contract them; method is the excellence of writing, and unconstraint the grace of conversation.

To read, write, and converse in due proportions, is, therefore, the business of a man of letters. For all these there is not often equal opportunity; excellence, therefore, is not often attainable; and most men fail in one or other of the ends proposed, and are full without readiness, or ready without exactness. Some deficiency must be forgiven all, because all are men; and more must be allowed to pass uncensured in the greater part of the world, because none can confer upon himself abilities, and few have the choice of situations proper for the improvement of those which nature has bestowed: it is, however, reasonable, to have Perfection in our eye; that we may always advance towards it, though we know it never can be reached.

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N° LXXXVI.

N^o LXXXVI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1753.

CONCUBITU PROHIBERE VAGO.—

HOR.

THE WANDERING WISH OF LAWLESS LOVE SUPPRESS.

FRANCIS.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,
TO indulge that restless impatience, which every man feels to relate incidents by which the passions have been greatly affected, and communicate ideas that have been forcibly impressed, I have given you some account of my life, which, without farther apology or introduction, may, perhaps, be favourably received in an *Adventurer*.

My mother died when I was very young; and my father, who was a naval commander, and had, therefore, no opportunity to superintend my conduct, placed me at a grammar-school, and afterwards removed me to the university. At school the number of boys was so great, that to regulate our morals was impossible; and at the university even my learning contributed to the dissoluteness of my manners. As I was an only child, my father had always allowed me more money than I knew how to lay out, otherwise than in the gratification of my vices: I had sometimes, indeed, been restrained by a general sense of right and wrong; but I now opposed the remonstrances of conscience by the cavils of sophistry; and having learned of some celebrated philosophers, as well ancient as modern, to prove that nothing is good but pleasure, I became a rake upon principle.

My father died in the same year with Queen Anne, a few months before I became of age, and left me a very considerable fortune in the funds. I immediately quitted the university and came to London, which I considered as the great mart of pleasure; and as I could afford to deal largely, I wisely determined not to endanger my capital. I projected a scheme of life that was most agreeable to my temper, which was rather sedate than volatile, and regulated my expences with the œconomy of a philosopher. I found that my favourite appetites might be gratified with greater convenience and less scandal, in proportion

as my life was more private: instead, therefore, of incumbering myself with a family, I took the first floor of a house which was let into lodgings, hired one servant, and kept a brace of geldings at a livery stable. I constantly frequented the theatres, and found my principles confirmed by almost every piece that was represented, particularly my resolution never to marry. In comedy, indeed, the action terminated in marriage; but it was generally the marriage of a rake, who gave up his liberty with reluctance, as the only expedient to recover a fortune; and the husband and wife of the drama were wretches whose example justified this reluctance, and appeared to be exhibited for no other purpose than to warn mankind, that whatever may be presumed by those whom indigence has made desperate, to marry is to forfeit the quiet, independence, and felicity of life.

In this course I had continued twenty years, without having impaired my constitution, lessened my fortune, or incumbered myself with an illegitimate offspring; when a girl about eighteen, just arrived from the country, was hired as a chambermaid by the person who kept the house in which I lodged: the native beauty of health and simplicity in this young creature had such an effect upon my imagination, that I practised every art to debauch her, and at length succeeded.

I found it convenient for her to continue in the house, and therefore made no proposal of removing her into lodgings; but after a few months she found herself with child, a discovery which interrupted the indolence of my sensuality, and made me repent my indiscretion: however, as I would not incur my own censure by ingratitude or inhumanity, I provided her a lodging and attendants, and she was at length delivered of a daughter. The child I regarded as a new incumbrance; for though I did not consider myself as under parental or conjugal obligations, yet I could not think myself

myself at liberty wholly to abandon either the mother or the infant. To the mother, indeed, I had still some degree of inclination; though I should have been heartily content never to have seen her again, if I could at once have been freed from any farther trouble about her: but as something was to be done, I was willing to keep her within my reach, at least till she could be subservient to my pleasure no longer: the child, however, I would have sent away; but she intreated me to let her suckle it, with an importunity which I could not resist. After much thinking, I placed her in a little shop in the suburbs, which I furnished, at the expence of about twenty pounds, with chandlery ware, commodities of which she had some knowledge, as her father was a petty shopkeeper in the country: she reported that her husband had been killed in an engagement at sea, and that his pay, which she had been empowered to receive by his will, had purchased her stock. I now thought I had discharged every obligation, as I had enabled her to subsist, at least as well as she could have done by her labour in the station in which I found her; and as often as I had an inclination to see her, I sent for her to a bagnio.

But these interviews did not produce the pleasure which I expected: her affection for me was too tender and delicate; she often wept it spite of all her efforts against it; and could not forbear telling me stories of her little girl with the fond prolixity of a mother, when I wished to regard her only as a mistress. These incidents at once touched me with compunction, and quenched the appetite which I had intended to gratify: my visits, therefore, became less frequent; but she never sent after me when I was absent, nor reproached me, otherwise than by tears of tenderness, when she saw me again.

After the first year I wholly neglected her; and having heard nothing of her during the winter, I went to spend the summer in the country. When I returned, I was prompted rather by curiosity than desire to make some enquiry after her; and soon learnt that she had died some months before of the small-pox, that the goods had been seized for rent, and the child taken by the parish. At this account, so sudden and unexpected, I was sensibly touched; and at first conceived a design to rescue the

child from the hands of a parish nurse, and make some little provision for it when it should be grown up: but this was delayed from day to day, such was the supineness of my disposition, till the event was remembered with less and less sensibility; and at length I congratulated myself upon my deliverance from an engagement which I had always considered as resembling in some degree the shackles of matrimony. I resolved to incur the same embarrassment no more, and contented myself with strolling from one prostitute to another, of whom I had seen many generations perish; and the new faces which I once sought among the masks in the pit, I sought with less trouble at Cuper's, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and innumerable other places of public entertainment, which have appeared during the last twenty years of my life.

A few weeks ago I celebrated my sixtieth birth-day with some friends at a tavern; and as I was returning to my lodgings, I saw a hackney coach stop at the door of a house which I knew to be of ill repute, though it was private and of the first class. Just as I came up, a girl stepped out of it, who appeared, by the imperfect glimpse I caught of her as she passed, to be very young, and extremely beautiful. As I was warm with wine, I followed her in without hesitation, and was delighted to find her equally charming upon a nearer view. I detained the coach, and proposed that we should go to Haddock's: she hesitated with some appearance of unwillingness and confusion, but at length consented: she soon became more free, and I was not less pleased with her conversation than her person: I observed that she had a softness and modesty in her manner, which is quickly worn off by habitual prostitution.

We had drank a bottle of French wine, and were preparing to go to bed, when, to my unspeakable confusion and astonishment, I discovered a mark by which I knew her to be my child: for I remembered, that the poor girl, whom I so cruelly seduced and neglected, had once told me with tears in her eyes, that she had imprinted the two letters of my name under her little Nancy's left breast, which, perhaps, would be the only memorial she would ever have of a father. I was instantly struck with a sense of guilt with which I had not been familiar, and therefore felt all its force.

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The poor wretch, whom I was about to hire for the gratification of a brutal appetite, perceived my disorder with surprise and concern: she enquired with an officious solicitude, what sudden illness had seized me; she took my hand, pressed it, and looked eagerly in my face, still inquisitive what could be done to relieve me. I remained some time torpid; but was soon roused by the reflection, that I was receiving the caresses of my child, whom I had abandoned to the lowest infamy, to be the slave of drunkenness and lust, and whom I had led to the brink of incest. I suddenly started up; first held her at a distance; then catching her in my arms, strove to speak, but burst into tears. I saw that she was confounded and terrified; and as soon as I could recover my speech, I put an end to her doubts by revealing the secret.

It is impossible to express the effect it had upon her: she stood motionless a few minutes; then clasped her hands together, and looked up in an agony, which not to have seen is not to conceive. The tears at length started from her eyes; she recollected herself, called me Father, threw herself upon her knees, embracing mine, and plunging a new dagger in my heart by asking my blessing.

We sat up together the remainder of the night, which I spent in listening to a story that I may, perhaps, hereafter communicate; and the next day took lodgings for her about six miles from

town. I visit her everyday with emotions to which my heart has till now been a stranger, and which are every day more frequent and more strong. I propose to retire with her into some remote part of the country, and to atone for the past by the future: but, alas! of the future a few years only can remain; and of the past not a moment can return. What atonement can I make to those upon whose daughters I have contributed to perpetuate that calamity, from which by miracle I have rescued my own! How can I bear the reflection, that though for my own child I had hitherto expressed less kindness than brutes for their young; yet, perhaps, every other whom I either hired or seduced to prostitution, had been gazed at in the ardor of parental affection, till tears have started to the eye; had been caught to the bosom with transport, in the prattling simplicity of infancy; had been watched in sickness with anxiety that suspended sleep; had been fed by the toil of industrious poverty, and reared to maturity with hope and fear. What a monster is he by whom these fears are verified, and this hope deceived! And yet, so dreadful is the force of habitual guilt, I sometimes regret the restraint which is come upon me; I wish to sink again into the slumber from which I have been roused, and to repeat the crimes which I abhor. My heart is this moment hurrying for utterance: but I want words. Farewell.

AGAMUS.

Nº LXXXVII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1753.

INACUNDIOR EST PAULO; MINUS APTUS ACUTIS
NARIBUS HORUM HOMINUM; RIDERI POSSIT, EO QUOD
RUSTICIUS TONSO TOGA DEFLUIT, ET MALE LAXUS
IN PEDE CALCEUS HÆRET:—AT INGENIUM INGENS
INCULTO LATET HOC SUB CORPORE——

HOR.

YOUR FRIEND IS PASSIONATE; PERHAPS UNFIT
FOR THE BRISK PETULANCE OF MODERN WIT:
HIS HAIR ILL CUT, HIS ROBE THAT AUKWARD FLOWS,
OR HIS LARGE SHOES, TO RAILLERY EXPOSE
THE MAN.——
BUT UNDERNEATH THIS ROUGH UNCOUTH DISGUISE,
A GENIUS OF EXTENSIVE KNOWLEDGE LIES.

FRANCIS.

THERE are many accomplishments, which though they are comparatively trivial, and may be acquired by small abilities, are yet of great import-

ance in our common intercourse with men. Of this kind is that general courtesy, which is called Good Breeding; a name by which, as an artificial excellence,

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lence, it is at once characterised and recommended.

Good-breeding, as it is generally employed in the gratification of vanity, a passion almost universally predominant, is more highly prized by the majority than any other; and he who wants it, though he may be preserved from contempt by incontestable superiority either of virtue or of parts, will yet be regarded with malevolence, and avoided as an enemy with whom it is dangerous to combat.

In some instances, indeed, the enmity of others cannot be avoided without the participation of guilt; but then it is the enmity of those with whom neither virtue nor wisdom can desire to associate: and good-breeding may generally be practised upon more easy and more honourable terms, than acquiescence in the detraction of malice or the adulation of servility, the obscenity of a lecher, or the blasphemy of an infidel. Disagreeable truths may be suppressed; and when they can be suppressed without guilt, they cannot innocently be uttered; the boast of vanity may be suffered without severe reprehension, and the prattle of absurdity may be heard without expressions of contempt.

It happens, indeed, somewhat unfortunately, that the practice of good-breeding, however necessary, is obstructed by the possession of more valuable talents; and that great integrity, delicacy, sensibility, and spirit, exalted genius, and extensive learning, frequently render men ill-bred.

Petrarch relates, that his admirable friend and cotemporary, Dante Alighieri, one of the most exalted and original geniuses that ever appeared, being banished his country, and having retired to the court of a prince which was then the sanctuary of the unfortunate, was held at first in great esteem; but became daily less acceptable to his patron, by the severity of his manners and the freedom of his speech. There were at the same court many players and buffoons, gamesters and debauchees; one of whom, distinguished by his impudence, ribaldry, and obscenity, was greatly caressed by the rest; which the prince suspecting Dante not to be pleased with, ordered the man to be brought before him; and, having highly extolled him, turned to Dante, and said—'I wonder that this person, who is by some deemed a fool, and by others a madman, should yet

be so generally pleasing, and so generally beloved; when you, who are celebrated for wisdom, are yet heard without pleasure, and commended without friendship.'—'You would cease to wonder,' replied Dante, 'if you considered, that a conformity of character is the source of friendship.' This sarcasm, which had all the force of truth, and all the keenness of wit, was intolerable; and Dante was immediately disgraced and banished.

But by this answer, though the indignation which produced it was founded on virtue, Dante probably gratified his own vanity, as much as he mortified that of others: it was the petulant reproach of resentment and pride, which is always retorted with rage; and not the still voice of Reason, which is heard with complacency and reverence. If Dante intended reformation, his answer was not wise; if he did not intend reformation, his answer was not good.

Great delicacy, sensibility, and penetration, do not less obstruct the practice of good-breeding than integrity. Persons thus qualified, not only discover proportionably more faults and failings in the characters which they examine, but are more disgusted with the faults and failings which they discover: the common topics of conversation are too trivial to engage their attention; the various turns of fortune that have lately happened at a game at Whist, the history of a ball at Tunbridge or Bath, a description of Lady Fanny's jewels and Lady Kitty's vapours, the journals of a horse-race or a cock-match, and disquisitions on the game act or the scarcity of partridges, are subjects upon which men of delicate taste do not always chuse to declaim, and on which they cannot patiently hear the declamation of others. But they should remember, that their impatience is the impotence of reason and the prevalence of vanity; that if they sit silent and reserved, wrapped up in the contemplation of their own dignity, they will in their turn be despised and hated by those whom they hate and despise; and with better reason, for perverted power ought to be more odious than debility. To hear with patience, and to answer with civility, seems to comprehend all the good-breeding of conversation; and in proportion as this is easy, silence and inattention are without excuse.

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He who does not practise good-breeding will not find himself considered as the object of good-breeding by others. There is, however, a species of rusticity, which it is not less absurd than injurious to treat with contempt: this species of ill-breeding is become almost proverbially the characteristic of a scholar; nor should it be expected, that he who is deeply attentive to an abstruse science, or who employs any of the three great faculties of the soul, the memory, the imagination, or the judgment, in the close pursuit of their several objects, should have studied punctilios of form and ceremony, and be equally able to shine at a rout and in the schools. That the bow of a chronologer, and the compliment of an astronomer, should be improper and uncouth, cannot be thought strange to those who duly consider the narrowness of our faculties, and the impossibility of attaining universal excellence.

Equally excusable, for the same reasons, are that absence of mind, and that

forgetfulness of place and person, to which scholars are so frequently subject. When Lewis XIV. was one day lamenting the death of an old comedian whom he highly extolled—'Yes,' replied Boileau, in the presence of Madam Maintenon, 'he performed tolerably well in the despicable pieces of Scarron, which are now deservedly forgotten even in the provinces.'

As every condition of life, and every turn of mind, has some peculiar temptation and propensity to evil, let not the man of uprightness and honesty, be morose and surly in his practice of virtue; let not him, whose delicacy and penetration discern with disgust those imperfections in others from which he himself is not free, indulge perpetual peevishness and discontent; nor let learning and knowledge be pleaded as an excuse for not condescending to the common offices and duties of civil life; for as no man should be Well-bred at the expence of his Virtue, no man should practise virtue so as to deter others from Imitation.

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Nº LXXXVIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1753.

SEMPERQUE RELINQUI
SOLA SIBI, SEMPER LONGAM INCOMITATA VIDETUR
ÆRE VIAM

VIRG.

SHE SEEMS ALONE,
TO WANDER IN HER SLEEP, THRO' WAYS UNKNOWN,
GUILTLESS AND DARK.

DRYDEN.

NEWTON, whose power of investigating nature few will deny to have been superior to their own, confesses, that he cannot account for gravity, the first principle of his system, as a property communicable to matter; or conceive the phenomena supposed to be the effects of such a principle, to be otherwise produced, than by the immediate and perpetual influence of the ALMIGHTY: and, perhaps, those who most attentively consider the phenomena of the moral and natural world, will be most inclined to admit the agency of invisible beings.

In dreams, the mind appears to be wholly passive; for dreams are so far from being the effect of a voluntary effort, that we neither know of what we shall dream, nor whether we shall dream at all.

The human mind does not, indeed, appear to have any power equal to such an effect; for the ideas conceived in dreams without the intervention of sensible objects, are much more perfect and strong than can be formed at other times by the utmost effort of the most lively imagination: and it can scarce be supposed, that the mind is more vigorous when we sleep than when we are awake; especially if it be true, as I have before remarked, that 'in sleep the power of memory is wholly suspended, and the understanding is employed only about such objects as present themselves, without comparing the past with the present;' except we judge of the soul by a maxim which some deep philosophers have held concerning horses, that when the tail is cut off, the rest of the members become more strong.

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In

In lunacy, as in dreams, ideas are conceived which material objects do not excite; and which the force of imagination, exerted by a voluntary effort, cannot form: but the mind of the lunatic, besides being impressed with the images of things that do not fall under the cognizance of his senses, is prevented from receiving corresponding images from those that do. When the visionary monarch looks round upon his cloaths which he has decorated with the spoils of his bed, his mind does not conceive the ideas of rags and straw, but of velvet, embroidery, and gold; and when he gazes at the bounds of his cell, the image impressed upon his mind is not that of a naked wall which incloses an area of ten feet square; but of a vaulted, and painted, and tapestry, the bounds of a spacious apartment adorned with magnificent furniture, and crowded with splendid dependants.

Of the lunatic it is also universally true, that his understanding is perverted to evils, which a mere perversion of the understanding does not necessarily imply; he either sits torpid in despair, or is busied in the contrivance or the execution of mischief. But if lunacy is ultimately produced by mere material causes, it is difficult to shew, why misery or malevolence should always be complicated with absurdity; why madness should not sometimes produce instances of frantic and extravagant kindness, of a benevolent purpose formed upon erroneous principles and pursued by ridiculous means, and of an honest and harmless cheerfulness arising from the fancied felicity of others.

A lunatic is, indeed, sometimes merry; but the merry lunatic is never kind; his sport is always mischief; and mischief is rather aggravated than atoned by wantonness; his disposition is always evil in proportion to the height of his phrenzy: and upon this occasion it may be remarked, that if every approach to madness is a deviation to ill, every deviation to ill may be considered as an approach to madness.

Among other unaccountable phenomena in lunacy, is the invincible absurdity of opinion with respect to some single object, while the mind operates with it's full vigour upon every other: it sometimes happens, that when this object is presented to the mind, Reason is

thrown quite out of her seat, and the perversion of the understanding for a time becomes general; but sometimes it still continues to be perverted but in part, and the absurdity itself is defended with all the force of regular argumentation.

A most extraordinary instance of this kind may now be communicated to the public, without injury to a good man, or a good cause which he successfully maintained.

Mr. Simon Browne, a dissenting teacher of exemplary life and eminent intellectual abilities, after having been some time seized with melancholy, desisted from the duties of his function, and could not be persuaded to join in any act of worship either public or private. His friends often urged him to account for this change in his conduct, at which they expressed the utmost grief and astonishment; and after much importunity he told them, that he had fallen under the sensible displeasure of God, who had caused his rational soul gradually to perish, and left him only an animal life in common with brutes; that it was, therefore, prophane for him to pray, and incongruous to be present at the prayers of others.

In this opinion, however absurd, he was inflexible, at a time when all the powers of his mind subsisted in their full vigour, when his conceptions were clear, and his reasoning strong.

Being once importuned to say grace at the table of a friend, he excused himself many times; but the request being still repeated, and the company kept standing, he discovered evident tokens of distress, and after some irresolute gestures and hesitation, expressed with great fervor this ejaculation—'Most merciful and Almighty God, let thy Spirit, which moved upon the face of the waters when there was no light, descend upon me; that from this darkness there may rise up a man to praise thee!'

But the most astonishing proof both of his intellectual excellence and defect, is—'A defence of the Religion of Nature and the Christian Revelation, in answer to Tindal's Christianity as old as the Creation,' and his dedication of it to the late queen. The book is universally allowed to be the best which that controversy produced, and the dedication is as follows—

MADAM,

MADAM,

OF all the extraordinary things that have been tendered to your royal hands since your first happy arrival in Britain, it may be boldly said, what now bespeaks your majesty's acceptance is the chief.

Not in itself indeed; it is a trifle unworthy your exalted rank, and what will hardly prove an entertaining amusement to one of your majesty's deep penetration, exact judgment, and fine taste.

But on account of the author, who is the first being of the kind, and yet without a name.

He was once a man; and of some little name; but of no worth, as his present unparrelleled case makes but too manifest; for by the immediate hand of an avenging GOD, his very thinking substance has for more than seven years been continually wasting away, till it is wholly perished out of him, if it be not utterly come to nothing. None, no not the least remembrance of it's very ruins, remains, not the shadow of an idea is left, nor any sense that, so much as one single one, perfect or imperfect, whole or diminished, ever did appear to a mind within him, or was perceived by it.

Such a present from such a thing, however worthless in itself, may not be wholly unacceptable to your majesty, the author being such as history cannot parallel; and if the fact, which is real and no fiction, nor wrong conceit, obtains credit, it must be recorded as the most memorable, and indeed astonishing, event in the reign of George the Second, that a tract composed by such a thing was presented to the illustrious Caroline; his royal consort needs not be added; fame, if I am not misinformed, will tell that with pleasure to all succeeding times.

He has been informed, that your majesty's piety is as genuine and eminent, as your excellent qualities are great and conspicuous. This can, indeed, be truly known to the great Searcher of hearts only; He alone who can look into them, can discern if they are sincere, and the main intention corresponds with the appearance; and your majesty cannot take it amiss, if such an author hints, that His secret approbation is of infinitely greater value than the commendation

of men, who may be easily mistaken, and are too apt to flatter their superiors.

But if he has been told the truth, such a case as his will certainly strike your majesty with astonishment, and may raise that commiseration in your royal breast which he has in vain endeavoured to excite in those of his friends; who, by the most unreasonable and ill-founded conceit in the world, have imagined that a thinking being could for seven years together live a stranger to it's own powers, exercises, operations and state, and to what the great God has been doing in it and to it.

If your majesty, in your most retired address to the KING of kings, should think of so singular a case, you may, perhaps, make it your devout request, that the reign of your beloved sovereign and consort may be renowned to all posterity by the recovery of a soul now in the utmost ruin, the restoration of one utterly lost at present amongst men.

And should this case affect your royal breast, you will recommend it to the piety and prayers of all the truly devout who have the honour to be known to your majesty: many such doubtless there are; though courts are not usually the places where the devout resort, or where devotion reigns. And it is not improbable, that multitudes of the pious throughout the land may take a case to heart, that under your majesty's patronage comes thus recommended.

Could such a favour as this restoration be obtained from Heaven by the prayers of your majesty, with what a transport of gratitude would the recovered being throw himself at your majesty's feet; and, adoring the DIVINE POWER and GRACE, profess himself, Madam,

Your majesty's most obliged
And dutiful servant.

This dedication, which is no where feeble or absurd, but in the places where the object of his phrenzy was immediately before him, his friends found means to suppress; wisely considering, that a book to which it should be prefixed would certainly be condemned without examination; for few would have required stronger evidence of it's inutility, than that the author, by his dedication, appeared to be mad. The copy, however,

was

was preserved, and has been transcribed into the blank leaves before one of the books which is now in the library of a friend to this undertaking, who is not less distinguished by his merit than his

rank, and who recommended it as a literary curiosity, which was in danger of being lost for want of a repository in which it might be preserved.

N^o. LXXXIX. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1753.

PRÆCIPUA TAMEN EJUS IN COMMOVENDA MISERATIONE VIRTUS, UT QUIDAM IN HAC EUM PARTE OMNIBUS EJUSDEM OPERIS AUTORIBUS PRÆFERANT.

QUINTILIAN.

HIS GREAT EXCELLENCE WAS IN MOVING COMPASSION, WITH RESPECT TO WHICH MANY GIVE HIM THE FIRST PLACE OF ALL THE WRITERS OF THAT KIND.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT is usual for scholars to lament, with indiscriminating regret, the devastations committed on ancient libraries, by accident and time, by superstition, ignorance, and gothicism: but the loss is very far from being in all cases equally irreparable, as the want of some kinds of books may be much more easily supplied than that of others. By the interruption that sometimes happens in the succession of philosophical opinions, the mind is emancipated from traditional systems, recovers its native elasticity which had been benumbed by custom, begins to examine with freedom and fresh vigour, and to follow truth instead of authority. The loss of writings, therefore, in which reasoning is concerned, is not, perhaps, so great an evil to mankind, as of those which describe characters and facts.

To be deprived of the last books of Livy, of the satires of Archilochus, and the comedies of Menander, is a greater misfortune to the republic of literature, than if the logic and the physics of Aristotle had never descended to posterity.

Two of your predecessors, Mr. Adventurer, of great judgment and genius, very justly thought that they should adorn their lucubrations by publishing, one of them a fragment of Sappho, and the other an old Grecian hymn to the goddess Health; and, indeed, I conceive it to be a very important use of your paper, to bring into common light those beautiful remains of ancient art, which by their present situation are deprived of that universal admiration they so justly deserve, and are only the secret enjoyment of a few cu-

rious readers. In imitation, therefore, of the examples I have just mentioned, I shall send you, for the instruction and entertainment of your readers, a fragment of Simonides and of Menander.

Simonides was celebrated by the ancients for the sweetness, correctness, and purity of his style, and his irresistible skill in moving the passions. It is a sufficient panegyric that Plato often mentions him with approbation. Dionysius places him among those polished writers, who excel 'in a smooth volubility, and flow on, like plenteous and perennial rivers, in a course of even and uninterrupted harmony.'

It is to this excellent critic that we are indebted for the preservation of the following passage, the tenderness and elegance of which scarcely need be pointed out to those who have taste and sensibility. Danaë, being by her merciless father inclosed in a chest and thrown into the sea with her child, the poet proceeds thus far to relate her distress—

Ὅτε λάργακι ἐν θαλάσσῃ ἄνεμος
βρέμα πνέων, κινήσεια δὲ λίμνη
δείματι ἔρειπεν· ὅτ' ἀδιάνταισι
Παρσιαῖς, ἀμφὶ τὴ Παροῖ βάλλε
φίλαν χεῖρα ἐπὶν τὴ— ὦ τέκνον,
οἷον ἔχω, πόνον. σὺ δ' αὖτε γαλαθῆν
ἦτορ κούσταις ἐντατέρπαι δώματι,
Χαλχοργόμφῳ δὲ, νυκτιλαμπῇ,
Κυανέῳ τὴ δυσῶ. σὺ δ', αὐαλίαν
ἤπρεθι τῶν κύμαν βαθεῖαν
Παρόντος κύματος ὅπ' ἀλγῆαις
οὐδ' αἴμα φθόγγων, πορθύρεα
Κεῖμανος ἐν χλαυδί πρόσωπον καλόν,
εἰ δὲ τὰ δεινὸν τὸ γὰρ δεινὸν ἦν,
καὶ αὖν ἱερὸν θυμάτων λαλῶν
ἤπρεθες ἄε. Κέλομαι, εὐδὲ βρέφος,
εὐδέτω δὲ στίλος, εὐδέτω ἀμείρον κακόν.

When the raging wind began to roar,
and the waves to beat so violently on the

the chest as to threaten to overset it, she threw her arms fondly around Perseus, and said, the tears trickling down her cheeks—'O my son, what sorrows do I undergo! But thou art wrapt in a deep slumber; thou sleepest soundly like a sucking child, in this joyless habitation, in this dark and dreadful night, lighted only by the glimmerings of the moon! Covered with thy purple mantle, thou regardest not the waves that dash around thee, nor the whistling of the winds. O thou beautiful babe! if thou wert sensible of this calamity, thou wouldst bend thy tender ears to my complaints. Sleep on, I beseech thee, O my child! Sleep with him, O ye billows! and sleep likewise my distress!'

Those who would form a full idea of the delicacy of the Greek, should attentively consider the following happy imitation of it, which, I have reason to believe, is not so extensively known or so warmly admired as it ought to be; and which, indeed, far excels the original.

The poet, having pathetically painted a great prince's taking leave of an affectionate husband on his death-bed, and endeavouring afterwards to comfort her inconsolable family, adds the following particular—

*His conatibus occupata, ocellos
Guttis lucidulis adhibet madentes
Convertit, puerum sopore victum
Qua nutrix placido sinu fovebat:
'Dormis,' inquit, 'O miselle, nec te
Vultus exanimis, silentiumque
Per longa atria commovent, nec ullo
Frostrum tangeris, aut meo dolore;
Nec sentis patre destitutus illo,
Qui gestans genibusve brachiove,
Aut ferans lepidam tuam loquulam,
Tecum mille modis ineptiebat.
'Tu dormis, volitantque qui solebant
Risus, in roseis tuis labellis.—
'Dormi, parvule! nec mali dolores
Qui matrem cruciant tuæ quietis
Rumpant somnia.—Quando, quando, tales
Redibunt oculis meis sopores!'*

The contrast betwixt the insensibility of the infant and the agony of the mother; her observing that the child is unmoved with what was most likely to affect him, the sorrows of his little brothers, the many mournful countenances, and the dismal silence that reigned throughout the court; the circumstances of the father playing with the child on his knees or in his arms, and teaching him to

speak; are such delicate master-strokes of nature and parental tenderness, as shew the author is intimately acquainted with the human heart, and with those little touches of passion that are best calculated to move it. The affectionate wish of 'dormi, parvule!' is plainly imitated from the fragment of Simonides; but the sudden exclamation that follows—'When, O when shall I sleep like this infant!' is entirely the property of the author, and worthy of, though not excelled by, any of the ancients. It is making the most artful and the most striking use of the slumber of the child, to aggravate and heighten by comparison the restlessness of the mother's sorrow; it is the finest and strongest way of saying—'My grief will never cease,' that has ever been used. I think it not exaggeration to affirm, that in this little poem are united the pathetic of Euripides and the elegance of Catullus. It affords a judicious example of the manner in which the ancients ought to be imitated; not by using their expressions and epithets, which is the common method, but by catching a portion of their spirit, and adapting their images and ways of thinking to new subjects. The generality of those who have proposed Catullus for their pattern, even the best of the modern Latin poets of Italy, seem to think they have accomplished their design, by introducing many florid diminutives, such as 'tenellula,' and 'columbula;' but there is a purity and severity of style, a temperate and austere manner in Catullus, which nearly resembles that of his contemporary Lucretius, and is happily copied by the author of the poem which has produced these reflections. Whenever, therefore, we sit down to compose, we should ask ourselves in the words of Longinus a little altered—'How would Homer or Plato, Demosthenes or Thucydides, have expressed themselves on this occasion; allowing for the alteration of our customs, and the different idioms of our respective languages?' This would be following the ancients, without tamely treading in their footsteps; this would be making the same glorious use of them that Racine has done of Euripides in his Phædra and Iphigenia, and that Milton has done of the Prometheus of Æschylus in the character of Satan.

If you should happen not to lay aside this

this paper among the refuse of your correspondence, as the offspring of pedantry and a blind fondness for antiquity; or rather, if your readers can endure the sight of so much Greek, though ever so

Attic; I may, perhaps, trouble you again with a few reflections on the character of Menander.

I am, Mr. Adventurer, yours,
Z.
PALÆOPHILUS.

Nº XC. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1753.

CONCRETAM SUBMIT LABEM, PURUNQUE BELLO
ÆTHERIUM SEMPER, ATQUE AURAI SIMPLICIS IONEM. VIRGIL.

— BY LENGTH OF TIME,
THE SCURF IS WORN AWAY OF EACH COMMITTED CRIME;
NO SPECK IS LEFT OF THEIR HABITUAL STAINS,
BUT THE PURE ÆTHER OF THE SOUL REMAINS.

DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

NOTHING sooner quells the ridiculous triumph of human vanity than reading those passages of the greatest writers, in which they seem deprived of that noble spirit that inspires them in other parts; and where, instead of invention and grandeur, we meet with nothing but flatness and insipidity.

The pain I have felt in observing a lofty genius thus sink beneath itself, has often made me wish, that these unworthy stains could be blotted from their works, and leave them perfect and immaculate.

I went to bed a few nights ago, full of these thoughts, and closed the evening, as I frequently do, with reading a few lines in Virgil. I accidentally opened that part of the sixth book, where Anchises recounts to his son the various methods of purgation which the soul undergoes in the next world, to cleanse it from the filth it has contracted by its connection with the body, and to deliver the pure ætherial essence from the vicious tincture of mortality. This was so much like my evening's speculation, that it insensibly mixed and incorporated with it, and as soon as I fell asleep, formed itself into the following dream.

I found myself in an instant in the midst of a temple which was built with all that magnificent simplicity that distinguishes the productions of the ancients. At the east end was raised an altar, on each side of which stood a priest, who seemed preparing to sacrifice. On the altar was kindled a fire, from which arose the brightest flame I had ever beheld. The light which it dis-

played, though remarkably strong and clear, was not quivering and dazzling, but steady and uniform, and diffused a purple radiance through the whole edifice, not unlike the first appearance of the morning.

While I stood fixed in admiration, my attention was awakened by the blast of a trumpet that shook the whole temple; but it carried a certain sweetness in its sound, which mellowed and tempered the natural shrillness of that instrument. After it had sounded thrice, the being who blew it, habited according to the description of Fame by the ancients, issued a proclamation to the following purpose—By command of Apollo and the Muses, all who have ever made any pretensions to fame by their writings, are enjoined to sacrifice upon the altar in this temple, those parts of their works which have hitherto been preserved to their infamy, that their names may descend spotless and unsullied to posterity. For this purpose Aristotle and Longinus are appointed chief priests, who are to see that no improper oblations are made, and no proper ones concealed; and for the more easy performance of this office, they are allowed to chuse as their assistants whomsoever they shall think worthy the function.

As soon as this proclamation was made, I turned my eyes with inexpressible delight towards the two priests; but was soon robbed of the pleasure of looking at them by a crowd of people running up to offer their service. These I found to be a groupe of French critics; but their offers were rejected by both priests with the utmost indignation, and their whole works were thrown on the altar,

altar, and reduced to ashes in an instant. The two priests then looked round, and chose, with a few others, Horace and Quintilian from among the Romans, and Addison from the English, as their principal assistants.

The first who came forward with his offering, by the loftiness of his demeanor, was soon discovered to be Homer. He approached the altar with great majesty, and delivered to Longinus those parts of his *Odyssey* which have been censured as improbable fictions and the ridiculous narratives of old age. Longinus was preparing for the sacrifice, but observing that Aristotle did not seem willing to assist him in the office, he returned them to the venerable old bard with great deference, saying, that they were indeed the tales of old age, but it was the old age of Homer.

Virgil appeared next, and approached the altar with a modest dignity in his gait and countenance peculiar to himself; and, to the surprize of all, committed his whole *Aeneid* to the flames. But it was immediately rescued by two Romans, whom I found to be Tucca and Varius, who ran with precipitation to the altar, delivered the poem from destruction, and carried off the author between them, repeating that glorious boast of about forty lines at the beginning of the third *Georgic*—

*Tentanda via est; qua me quicque possim
Tollere humo, visorque virum volitare per ora,
Primus ego in patriam mecum, &c.*

After him most of the Greek and Roman authors proceeded to the altar, and surrendered with great modesty and humility the most faulty part of their works. One circumstance was observable, that the sacrifice always increased in proportion as the author had ventured to deviate from a judicious imitation of Homer. The latter Roman authors, who seemed almost to have lost sight of him, made so large offerings, that some of their works, which were before very voluminous, sunk into the compass of a primer.

It gave me the highest satisfaction to see Philosophy thus cleared from erroneous principles, History purged of falshood, Poetry of fustian, and nothing left in each but Genius, Sense, and Truth.

I marked with particular attention the several offerings of the most eminent English writers. Chaucer gave up his obscenity, and then delivered his works to Dryden, to clear them from the rubbish that encumbered them. Dryden executed his task with great address, 'at J,' as Addison says of Virgil in his *Georgics*, 'tossed about his dung with an air of gracefulness;' he not only repaired the injuries of time, but threw in a thousand new graces. He then advanced towards the altar himself, and delivered up a large packet, which contained many plays, and some poems. The packet had a label affixed to it, which bore this inscription—'To Poetry.'

Shakespeare carried to the altar a long string of puns, marked 'The Taste of the Age,' a small parcel of bombast, and a pretty large bundle of incorrectness. Notwithstanding the ingenuous air with which he made this offering, some associates at the altar accused him of concealing certain pieces, and mentioned the *London Prodigal*, *Sir Thomas Cromwell*, *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, &c. The poet replied, that as those pieces were unworthy to be preserved, he should see them consumed to ashes with great pleasure; but that he was wholly innocent of their original. The two chief priests interposed in this dispute, and dismissed the poet with many compliments; Longinus observing, that the pieces in question could not possibly be his, for that the failings of Shakespeare were like those of Homer, whose genius, whenever it subsided, might be compared to the ebbing of the ocean, which left a mark upon it's shores, to shew to what a height it was sometimes carried. Aristotle concurred in this opinion; and added, that although Shakespeare was quite ignorant of that exact economy of the stage, which is so remarkable in the Greek writers, yet the mere strength of his genius had in many points carried him infinitely beyond them.

Milton gave up a few errors in his *Paradise Lost*, and the sacrifice was attended with great decency by Addison. Otway and Rowe threw their comedies upon the altar, and Beaumont and Fletcher the two last acts of many of their pieces. They were followed by Tom Dursley, Etherege, Wycherley,

G g and

and several other dramatic writers, who made such large contributions, that they set the altar in a blaze.

Among these I was surprized to see an author, with much politeness in his behaviour, and spirit in his countenance, tottering under an unwieldy burden. As he approached I discovered him to be Sir John Vanbrugh; and could not but smile, when, on his committing his heavy load to the flames, it proved to be his Skill in Architecture.

Pope advanced towards Addison, and delivered with great humility those lines written expressly against him, so remarkable for their excellence and their cruelty, repeating this couplet—

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe!

The ingenious critic insisted on his taking them again—'For,' said he, 'my associates at the altar, particularly Horace, would never permit a line of so excellent a satirist to be consumed.'

'The many compliments paid me in other parts of your works, amply compensate for this slight indignity. And be assured, that no little pique or misunderstanding shall ever make me a foe to genius.' Pope bowed in some confusion, and promised to substitute a fictitious name at least, which was all that was left in his power. He then retired, after having made a sacrifice of a little packet of Antitheses, and some parts of his Translation of Homer.

During the course of these oblations, I was charmed with the candour, decency, and judgment, with which all the priests discharged their different functions. They behaved with such dignity, that it reminded me of those

ages, when the offices of King and priest centered in the same person. Whenever any of the assistants were at a loss in any particular circumstances, they applied to Aristotle, who settled the whole business in an instant.

But the reflections which this pleasing scene produced, were soon interrupted by a tumultuous noise at the gate of the temple; when suddenly a rude illiterate multitude rushed in, led by Tindal, Morgan, Chubb, and Bolingbroke. The chiefs, whose countenances were impressed with rage which art could not conceal, forced their way to the altar, and amidst the joyful acclamations of their followers threw a large volume into the fire. But the triumph was short, and joy and acclamation gave way to silence and astonishment: the volume lay unhurt in the midst of the fire; and, as the flames played innocently about it, I could discover written in letters of gold, the words, **THE BIBLE**. At that instant my ears were ravished with the sound of more than mortal music: accompanying a hymn sung by invisible beings, of which I well remember the following verses—

The words of the LORD are pure words: even as the silver, which in the earth is tried, and purified seven times in the fire.

More to be desired are they than gold; yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey, and the honey-comb.

The united melody of instruments and voices, which formed a concert so exquisite, that, as Milton says, 'it might create a soul under the ribs of death,' threw me into such extasies, that I was awakened by their violence.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
&c. CRITO.

Nº XCI. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1753.

FACTO PIUS ET SCELERATUS EODEN.

THUS WAS THE FATHER PIOUS TO A CRIME.

ADDITION.

IT is contended by those who reject Christianity, that if Revelation had been necessary as a rule of life to mankind, it would have been universal; and they are upon this principle compelled to affirm that only to be a rule of life which is universally known.

But no rule of life is universally

known, except the dictates of conscience. With respect to particular actions, opinion determines whether they are good or ill; and conscience approves or disapproves, in consequence of this determination, whether it be in favour of truth or falsehood. Nor can the errors of conscience be always imputed to a criminal

criminal neglect of enquiry: those by whom a system of moral truths was discovered through the gloom of paganism, have been considered as prodigies, and regarded by successive ages with astonishment and admiration; and that which immortalized one among many millions, can scarce be thought possible to all. Men do not usually shut their eyes against their immediate interest, however they may be thought to wink against their duty; and so little does either appear to be discoverable by the light of nature, that where the Divine Prescription has either been withheld or corrupted, superstition has rendered piety cruel, and error has armed virtue against herself; misery has been cultivated by those who have not incurred guilt; and though all men had been innocent, they might still have been wretched.

In the reign of Yamodin the Magnificent, the kingdom of Golconda was depopulated by a pestilence; and after every other attempt to propitiate the gods had failed, it was believed, according to the superstition of the country, that they required the sacrifice of a virgin of royal blood.

It happened that at this time there was no virgin of the royal blood; but Tamira the daughter of Yamodin, whom he had betrothed to one of the princes of his court, intending that he should succeed to the throne; for Yamodin had no son, and he was not willing that his empire should descend to a woman.

Yamodin considered himself not less the father of his people than of Tamira; and therefore, with whatever reluctance, determined to redeem the life of the public with that of the individual. He prostrated himself in the temple, and invoked his principal idol as the fountain of life. From thence, said he, 'I have derived my being, and the life which I have propagated is thine, when I am about to restore it; let me remember with gratitude, that I possessed it by thy bounty; and let thy mercy accept it as a ransom for my people.'

Orders were given for the sacrifice on the next day, and Tamira was permitted to dispose of the interval as she pleased. She received the intimation of her father's pleasure without much surprise; because, as she knew the custom of her country, she scarce hoped that the demand of her life would have been delayed so long: she fortified herself against

the terrors of death, by anticipating the honours that would be paid to her memory; and had just triumphed over the desire of life, when, upon perceiving her lover enter the apartment, she lost her fortitude in a moment, and burst into tears.

When they were alone, after his eyes had, like her's, overflowed with silent sorrow, he took her hand, and with a look of inexpressible anxiety and tenderness told her, that one expedient was yet left, by which her life might be preserved; that he had bribed a priest to his interest, by whom the ceremonies of marriage might be immediately performed; that on the morrow, as she would be no longer a virgin, the propitiation of the gods could not be effected by her death; and that her father, though for political purposes he might appear to be displeased, would yet secretly rejoice at an event, which, without his concurrence, had delivered him from the dreadful obligation of sacrificing an only child, through whom he hoped to transmit dominion to his posterity.

To this proposal Tamira, whose attachment to life was now strengthened by love, and in whose bosom the regret of precluded pleasure had succeeded to the hope of glory, at length consented; but she consented with all the timidity, reluctance, and confusion, which are produced by a consciousness of guilt; and the prince himself introduced the man, who was to accomplish the purpose both of his ambition and his love, with apparent tremor and hesitation.

On the morrow, when the priest stood ready at the altar to receive the victim, and the king commanded his daughter to be brought forth, the prince produced her as his wife. Yamodin stood some moments in suspense; and then dismissing the assembly, retired to his palace. After having remained about two hours in private, he sent for the prince. 'The gods,' said he, 'though they continue the pestilence, have yet in mercy released my people from the oppression of a tyrant, who appears to consider the life of millions as nothing in comparison with the indulgence of his lust, his avarice, or his ambition.' Yamodin then commanded him to be put to death, and the sentence was executed the same hour.

Tamira now repented in unutterable distress of a crime, by which the pleasures

tures not only of possession but hope were precluded; her attachment to life was broken, by the very means which she had taken to preserve it; and as an atonement for the forfeit of her virginity, she determined to submit to that law of marriage, from which as a princess only she was exempted, and to throw herself on the pile by which the body of her husband was to be consumed. To this her father consented; their ashes were scattered to the winds, and their names were forbidden to be repeated.

If by these events it is evident, that Yamodin discerned no law which would have justified the preservation of his daughter; and if it is absurd to suppose his integrity to be vicious, because he had less power and opportunity to obtain knowledge than Plato; it will follow, that, by whatever rule the oblation of human sacrifice may be condemned, the conduct of Yamodin which would have produced such sacrifice was morally right, and that of the prince which prevented it was morally wrong; that the consent of Tamira to the marriage was vicious, and that her suicide was heroic virtue, though in her marriage she concurred with a general law of nature, and by her death opposed it: for moral right and wrong are terms that are wholly relative to the agent by whom the action is performed, and not to the action itself considered abstractedly, for abstractedly it can be right or wrong only in a natural sense. It appears, therefore, that Revelation is necessary to the establishment even of natural religion, and that it is more rational to suppose it has been vouchsafed in part than not at all.

It may, perhaps, be asked, of what use then is conscience as a guide of life, since in these instances it appears not to coincide with the Divine Law, but to oppose it; to condemn that which is enjoined, and approve that which is forbidden: but to this question the answer is easy.

The end which conscience approves is always good, though she sometimes mistakes the means: the end which Ya-

modin proposed, was deliverance from a pestilence; but he did not, nor could know, that this end was not to be obtained by human sacrifice: and the end which conscience condemns is always ill; for the end proposed by the prince was private gain by public loss. By conscience, then, all men are restrained from intentional ill, and directed in their choice of the end though not of the means: it infallibly directs us to avoid guilt, but is not intended to secure us from error; it is not, therefore, either useless as a law to ourselves, nor yet sufficient to regulate our conduct with respect to others; it may sting with remorse, but it cannot cheer us with hope. It is by Revelation alone, that virtue and happiness are connected: by Revelation, 'we are led into all truth;' conscience is directed to effect it's purpose, and repentance is encouraged by the hope of pardon. If this sun is risen upon our hemisphere, let us not consider it only as the object of speculation and enquiry; let us rejoice in it's influence, and walk by it's light; regarding rather with contempt than indignation, those who are only solicitous to discover why it's radiance is not farther diffused; and wilfully shut their eyes against it, because they see others stumble to whom it has been denied.

It is not necessary to enquire, what would be determined at the Great Tribunal, concerning a heathen who had in every instance obeyed the dictates of conscience, however erroneous; because it will readily be granted, that no such moral perfection was ever found among men: but it is easy to ascertain the fate of those, 'who love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil;' who violate the law that has been written upon the heart, and reject that which has been offered them from ABOVE; who though their sins are as scarlet, cavil at the terms on which they might be white as snow; and though their iniquities have been multiplied without number, revile the hand that would blot them from the Register of Heaven.

N^o XCII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1753.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.

HOR.

BOLD BY THE CRITIC, ZEALOUS TO HIS TRUST,
LIKE THE FIRM JUDGE INEXORABLY JUST.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

IN the papers of criticism which you have given to the public, I have remarked a spirit of candor and love of truth, equally remote from bigotry and captiousness; a just distribution of praise amongst the ancients and the moderns; a sober deference to reputation long established, without a blind adoration of antiquity; and a willingness to favour later performances, without a light or puerile fondness for novelty.

I shall, therefore, venture to lay before you such observations as have risen to my mind in the consideration of Virgil's Pastorals, without any enquiry how far my sentiments deviate from established rules or common opinions.

If we survey the ten pastorals in a general view, it will be found that Virgil can derive from them very little claim to the praise of an inventor. To search into the antiquity of this kind of poetry, is not my present purpose; that it has long subsisted in the east, the Sacred Writings sufficiently inform us; and we may conjecture, with great probability, that it was sometimes the devotion and sometimes the entertainment of the first generations of mankind. Theocritus united elegance with simplicity; and taught his shepherds to sing with so much ease and harmony, that his countrymen, despairing to excel, forbore to imitate him; and the Greeks, however vain or ambitious, left him in quiet possession of the garlands which the wood-nymphs had bestowed upon him.

Virgil, however, taking advantage of another language, ventured to copy or to rival the Sicilian Bard: he has written with greater splendor of diction, and elevation of sentiment: but as the magnificence of his performances was more, the simplicity was less; and, perhaps, where he excels Theocritus, he sometimes obtains his superiority by deviat-

ing from the pastoral character, and performing what Theocritus never attempted.

Yet, though I would willingly pay to Theocritus the honour which is always due to an original author, I am far from intending to depreciate Virgil, of whom Horace justly declares, that the rural muses have appropriated to him their elegance and sweetness, and who, as he copied Theocritus in his design, has resembled him likewise in his success; for, if we except Calphurnius, an obscure author of the lower ages, I know not that a single pastoral was written after him by any poet, till the revival of literature.

But though his general merit has been universally acknowledged, I am far from thinking all the productions of his rural Thalia equally excellent: there is, indeed, in all his pastorals, a strain of versification which it is vain to seek in any other poet; but if we except the first and the tenth, they seem liable either wholly or in part to considerable objections.

The second, though we should forget the great charge against it, which I am afraid can never be refuted, might, I think, have perished, without any diminution of the praise of its author; for I know not that it contains one affecting sentiment or pleasing description, or one passage that strikes the imagination or awakens the passions.

The third contains a contest between two shepherds, begun with a quarrel of which some particulars might well be spared, carried on with sprightliness and elegance, and terminated at last in a reconciliation: but, surely, whether the invectives with which they attack each other be true or false, they are too much degraded from the dignity of pastoral innocence; and instead of rejoicing that they are both victorious, I should not have grieved could they have been both defeated.

The poem to Pollio is, indeed, of another

another kind: it is filled with images at once splendid and pleasing, and is elevated with a grandeur of language worthy of the first of Roman poets; but I am not able to reconcile myself to the disproportion between the performance and the occasion that produced it: that the golden age should return because Pollio had a son, appears so wild a fiction, that I am ready to suspect the poet of having written for some other purpose what he took this opportunity of producing to the public.

The fifth contains a celebration of Daphnis, which has stood to all succeeding ages as the model of pastoral elegies. To deny praise to a performance which so many thousands have laboured to imitate, would be to judge with too little deference for the opinion of mankind: yet whoever shall read it with impartiality, will find that most of the images are of the mythological kind, and, therefore, easily invented; and that there are few sentiments of rational praise or natural lamentation.

In the Silenus he again rises to the dignity of philosophic sentiments and heroic poetry. The address to Varus is eminently beautiful: but since the compliment paid to Gallus fixes the transaction to his own time, the fiction of Silenus seems injudicious; nor has any sufficient reason yet been found to justify his choice of those fables that make the subject of the song.

The seventh exhibits another contest of the tuneful shepherds: and, surely, it is not without some reproach to his inventive power, that of ten pastorals Virgil has written two upon the same plan. One of the shepherds now gains an acknowledged victory, but without any apparent superiority; and the reader, when he sees the prize adjudged, is not able to discover how it was deserved.

Of the eighth pastoral, so little is properly the work of Virgil, that he has no claim to other praise or blame than that of a translator.

Of the ninth, it is scarce possible to discover the design or tendency: it is said, I know not upon what authority, to have been composed from fragments of other poems; and, except a few lines in which the author touches upon his own misfortunes, there is nothing that seems appropriated to any time or place, or of which any other use can be discovered than to fill up the poem.

The first and the tenth pastorals, whatever be determined of the rest, are sufficient to place their author above the reach of rivalry. The complaint of Gallus, disappointed in his love, is full of such sentiments as disappointed love naturally produces; his wishes are wild, his resentment is tender, and his purposes are inconstant. In the genuine language of despair, he soothes himself a while with the pity that shall be paid him after his death—

—— *Tamen cantabitis, Arcades, inquit,
Montibus hæc vestris: soli cantare periti
Arcades. O mihi tum quam mollior ossa qui-
escant,
Pheba meos olim si fistula dicat amores!*

—— Yet, O Arcadian swains,
Ye best artificers of soothing strains!
Tune your soft reeds, and teach your rocks
My woes,
So shall my shade in sweeter rest repose.
O that your birth and business had been
mine;
To feed the flock, and prune the spreading
vine!

WARTON.

Discontented with his present condition, and desirous to be any thing but what he is, he wishes himself one of the shepherds. He then catches the idea of rural tranquillity; but soon discovers how much happier he should be in these happy regions, with Lycoris at his side—

*Hic gelidi fontes, hic molliora prata, Lycori:
Hic nemus; hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.
Nunc insanus amor duris me Martis in armis;
Tela inter media, atque adversos detinet hostes.
Tu procul a patria (nec sit mihi credere) tantum
Alpinas, ab dura, nives, et frigore Rheni
Nec sine sola vides. Abi te ne frigora lædant!
Ab tibi ne veneras glacies sœcet aspera plantis!*

Here cooling fountains roll thro' flow'ry meads;

Here woods, Lycoris, lift their verdant heads;
Here could I wear my careless life away,
And in thy arms insensibly decay.

Instead of that, me frantic love detains
Mid foes, and dreadful darts, and bloody plains:

While you—and can my soul the tale be-
lieve,

Far from your country, lonely wand'ring
leave

Me, nie your lover, barbarous fugitive!
Seek the rough Alps where snows eternal

And joyless borders of the frozen Rhine.

Ah!

Ah! may no cold e'er blast my dearest maid,
Nor pointed ice thy tender feet invade!

WARTON.

He then turns his thoughts on every
side, in quest of something that may so-
lace or amuse him: he proposes happi-
ness to himself, first in one scene and
then in another; and at last finds that
nothing will satisfy—

*Jam neque Hæmadyades rursum, nec carmina
nobis*

*Ipsa placent: ipse rursum concedite fluvio.
Non illum nostri possunt mutare labores;
Nec si frigoris mediis Hæbrusque bibamus,
Scitbonique niveæ hyemæ subæquæ aquæque
Nec si, cum moriens, alba liber æren in ubiæ,
Æthiopam consuevit oves sub fidere Cancræ,
Omnia vincit amor; et nos cedamus amori.*

But new again no more the woodland maids,
Nor pastoral songs, delight—Farewel, ye
shades—

No toils of ours the cruel god can change,
Tho' lost in frozen deserts we should range;
Tho' we should drink where chilling Hæbrus
flows,

Endure bleak winter's blasts, and Thracian
snows;

Or on hot India's plains our flocks should
feed,

Where the parch'd climate dries his sicken-
ing head;

Beneath fierce-glowing Cancer's fiery beams,
Far from cool breezes and refreshing streams.
Love over all maintains resistless sway;
And let us love's all-conquering power obey.

WARTON.

But notwithstanding the excellence of
the tenth pastoral, I cannot forbear to
give the preference to the fifth, which is
equally natural and more diversified.
The complaint of the shepherd who saw
his old companion at ease in the shade,
while himself was driving his little flock
he knew not whither, is such as, with
variation of circumstances, misery al-
ways utters at the sight of prosperity—

*Nos pariter spes, et dulcia limen omnia arva,
Nos pariter fugimus: hic, Tityre, lentus in
umbra,*

Formosam resonare decus Hæmadyades sylvas.

We leave our country's bounds, our much
loved plains;

We from our country fly, unhappy swains!
You, Tityrus, in the groves at leisure laid,
Teach Amaryllis' name to every shade.

WARTON.

His account of the difficulties of his
journey, gives a very tender image of
pastoral distress—

En ipse capellas

*Protenus æger ago: hanc etiam vix, Tityre,
duco:*

*Hic inter densas carylos modo namque gentellos,
Spem gregis, ab! silice in nuda connixa reliquit.*

And lo! sad partner of the general care,
Weary and faint I drive my goats afar!
While scarcely this my leading hand sustains,
Thro' the way, and recent from her pangs;
For mid yon tangled hazels as we pass,
On the bare flints her hapless twin the cast,
The hopes and promise of my ruin'd fold!

WARTON.

The description of Virgil's happiness
in his little farm, combines almost all
the images of rural pleasure; and he,
therefore, that can read it with indiffe-
rence, has no sense of pastoral poetry—

*Fortunate Jovis, ergo tua, rura, manebunt;
Et tibi magna satias; quamvis lapis omnia
nudus;*

*Limosaque palus obducatur pascua juncos,
Non inueta gravi sentiant pabula feras;
Nec mala cunctis pecoris contagia cedent.*

*Fortunate Jovis, hic inter flumina nota,
Et fontes patros, frigus captabis opacum.*

*Alia tibi, quæ semper vixit ab hinc sepes;
Hylæque apibus florem depasta silicis;*

*Sæpe domus sonum præbet inter furore;
Hinc ubi subrupit caput frondatum ad aurary;*

*Nec tamen interea, rancore, tua cura, pavibus,
Nec gem, re æria cessabis, turtus ab ulmo.*

Happy old man! then still thy farms restor'd,
Enough for thee, shall bless thy frugal board.

What tho' rough stones the naked soil o'er-
spread,

Or many bulrush rear it's wat'ry head,
No foreign food thy seeming ewes shall fear,

No touch contagious spread its influence here.
Happy old man! here mid th' accustomed

streams
And sacred springs, you'll shun the scorching

beams;
While from yon willow-fence, thy pasture's

bound,
The bees that suck their flow'ry stores around,

Shall sweetly mingle, with the whispering
boughs,

Their lulling murmurs, and invite repose:
While from steep rocks the pruner's song is

heard;
Nor the soft-cooing dove, thy favourite bird,

Mean while shall cease to breathe her melt-
ing strain,

Nor turtles from th' aerial elm to plains.

WARTON.

It

It may be observed, that these two poems were produced by events that really happened; and may, therefore, be of use to prove, that we can always feel

more than we can imagine, and that the most artful fiction must give way to truth. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

T. DUBIUS.

N^O XCIII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1753.

IRRITAT, MULCET, FALSI TERRORIBUS IMPLET
UT MAGUS; ET MODO ME THEBIS, MODO PONIT ATHENIS.

HOR.

'TIS HE WHO GIVES MY BREAST A THOUSAND PAINS,
CAN MAKE ME FEEL EACH PASSION THAT HE FEIGNS;
ENRAGE, COMPOSE, WITH MORE THAN MAGIC ART;
WITH PITY, AND WITH TERROR, TEAR MY HEART;
AND SNATCH ME, O'ER THE EARTH, OR THRO' THE AIR,
TO THEBES, TO ATHENS, WHEN HE WILL, AND WHERE.

POPE.

WRITERS of a mixed character, that abound in transcendent beauties and in gross imperfections, are the most proper and most pregnant subjects for criticism. The regularity and correctness of a Virgil or Horace, almost confine their commentators to perpetual panegyric, and afford them few opportunities of diversifying their remarks by the detection of latent blemishes. For this reason, I am inclined to think, that a few observations on the writings of Shakespeare will not be deemed useless or unentertaining, because he exhibits more numerous examples of excellencies and faults, of every kind, than are, perhaps, to be discovered in any other author. I shall, therefore, from time to time, examine his merit as a poet, without blind admiration, or wanton invective.

As Shakespeare is sometimes blameable for the conduct of his fables, which have no unity; and sometimes for his diction, which is obscure and turgid; so his characteristical excellencies may possibly be reduced to these three general heads: his lively creative imagination; his strokes of nature and passion; and his preservation of the consistency of his characters. These excellencies, particularly the last, are of so much importance in the drama, that they amply compensate for his transgressions against the rules of Time and Place, which being of a more mechanical nature, are often strictly observed by a genius of the lowest order; but to pourtray characters naturally, and to preserve them uniformly, requires such an intimate knowledge

of the heart of man, and is so rare a portion of felicity, as to have been enjoyed, perhaps, only by two writers, Homer and Shakespeare.

Of all the plays of Shakespeare, the *Tempest* is the most striking instance of his creative power. He has there given the reins to his boundless imagination, and has carried the romantic, the wonderful, and the wild, to the most pleasing extravagance. The scene is a desolate island; and the characters the most new and singular that can well be conceived: a prince who practises magic, an attendant spirit, a monster the son of a witch, and a young lady who had been brought to this solitude in her infancy, and had never beheld a man except her father.

As I have affirmed that Shakespeare's chief excellence is the consistency of his characters, I will exemplify the truth of this remark, by pointing out some master-strokes of this nature in the drama before us.

The poet artfully acquaints us that Prospero is a magician, by the very first words which his daughter Miranda speaks to him—

If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:

which intimate that the tempest described in the preceding scene was the effect of Prospero's power. The manner in which he was driven from his dukedom of Milan, and landed afterwards on this solitary island, accompanied only by his daughter, is immediately introduced in a short and natural narration.

The

The officers of his attendant spirit, Ariel, are enumerated with amazing wildness of fancy, and yet with equal propriety: his employment is said to be—

—To tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do—business in the veins o' th' earth,
When it is bak'd with frost;
—to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds.

In describing the place in which he has concealed the Neapolitan ship, Ariel expresses the secrecy of it's situation by the following circumstance, which artfully glances at another of his services—

—In the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vested Bermudas.

Ariel, being one of those elves or spirits, 'whose pastime is to make midnight mushrooms, and who rejoice to listen to the solemn curfew,' by whose assistance Prospero has bedimm'd the sun at noon-tide—

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault,
Set roaring war—

has a set of ideas and images peculiar to his station and office; a beauty of the same kind with that which is so justly admired in the Adam of Milton, whose manners and sentiments are all paradisaical. How delightfully and how suitably to his character, are the habitations and pastimes of this invisible being pointed out in the following exquisite song!—

Where the bee sucks; there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After sun-set, merrily.
Merrily merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Mr. Pope, whose imagination has been thought by some the least of his excellencies, has, doubtless, conceived and carried on the machinery in his 'Rape of the Lock,' with vast exuberance of fancy. The images, customs, and employments of his Sylphs, are exactly adapted to their natures, are peculiar and appropriated, are all, if I may be allowed the expression, Sylphish. The enumeration of the punishments they were to

undergo, if they neglected their charge, would, on account of it's poetry and propriety, and especially the mixture of oblique satire, be superior to any circumstances in Shakespeare's Ariel, if we could suppose Pope to have been unacquainted with the Tempest when he wrote this part of his accomplished poem.

—She did confine thee
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years: within which space she dy'd,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent
thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike.

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

For this, before, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up: ur-
chins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may
work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs; each pinch more
stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old
cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches: make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
SHAKESPEARE.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
Forsakes his post or leaves the Fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his
sins,

Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or allum'd with contracting pow'r,
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flow'r
Or as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling wheel;
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!

POPE.

The method which is taken to induce Ferdinand to believe that his father was drowned in the late tempest, is exceedingly solemn and striking. He is sitting upon a solitary rock, and weeping over-against the place where he imagined his

H h father

father was wrecked, when he suddenly hears with astonishment aerial musick creep by him upon the waters, and the Spirit gives him the following information in words not proper for any but a Spirit to utter—

Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange,

And then follows a most lively circumstance—

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark! now I hear them—Ding-dong-bell!

This is so truly poetical, that one can scarce forbear exclaiming with Ferdinand—

There is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owns!—

The happy versatility of Shakespeare's genius enables him to excel in lyric as well as in dramatic poetry.

But the poet rises still higher in his management of this character of Ariel, by making a moral use of it; that is, I think, incomparable, and the greatest effort of his art. Ariel informs Prospero, that he has fulfilled his orders, and punished his brother and companion so severely, that if he himself was now to behold their sufferings, he would

greatly compassionate them. To which Prospero answers—

—Dost thou think so, Spirit?

ARIEL. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

PROSPERO. And mine shall.

He then takes occasion, with wonderful dexterity and humanity, to draw an argument from the incorporeality of Ariel, for the justice and necessity of pity and forgiveness—

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions; and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion'd as they, be kindlier mov'd than
thou art?

The poet is a more powerful magician than his own Prospero: We are transported into fairy land; we are rapt in a delicious dream, from which it is misery to be disturbed; all around is enchantment!

—The isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and
hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes
voices;

That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then in
dreaming,

The clouds, methought, would open and
show riches

Ready to drop upon me.—when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again!

Z

Nº XCIV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1753.

MONSTRO QUOD IPSE TIBI POSSIS DARE.

JUV.

—WHAT I SHEW,

THYSELF MAY FREELY ON THYSELF BESTOW.

—DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,
YOU have somewhat discouraged the hope of idleness by shewing, that whoever compares the number of those who have possessed fortuitous advantages, and of those who have been disappointed in their expectations, will have little reason to register himself in the lucky catalogue.

But as we have seen thousands subscribe to a raffle, of which one only could obtain the prize; so idleness will still presume to hope, if the advantages, however improbable, are admitted to lie within the bounds of possibility. Let the drone, therefore, be told, that if by the errors of fortune he obtains the stores of the bee, he cannot enjoy the felicity; that the honey which is not gathered by industry will be eaten without relish, if it

is

is not wasted in riot; and that all who become possessed of the immediate object of their hope, without any efforts of their own, will be disappointed of enjoyment.

No life can be happy but that which is spent in the prosecution of some purpose to which our powers are equal, and which we, therefore, prosecute with success: for this reason it is absurd to dread business, upon pretence that it will leave few intervals to pleasure. Business is that by which industry pursues its purpose, and the purpose of industry is seldom disappointed: he who endeavours to arrive at a certain point, which he perceives himself perpetually to approach, enjoys all the happiness which nature has allotted to those hours that are not spent in the immediate gratification of appetites by which our own wants are indicated, or of affections by which we are prompted to supply the wants of others. The end proposed by the busy, is various as their temper, constitution, habits, and circumstances: but in the labour itself is the enjoyment, whether it be pursued to supply the necessities or the conveniencies of life, whether to cultivate a farm or decorate a palace; for when the palace is decorated, and the barn filled, the pleasure is at an end, till the object of desire is again placed at a distance, and our powers are again employed to obtain it with apparent success. Nor is the value of life less, than if our enjoyment did not thus consist in anticipation; for by anticipation the pleasure which would otherwise be contracted within an hour is diffused through a week; and if the dread which exaggerates future evil is confessed to be an increase of misery, the hope which magnifies future good cannot be denied to be an accession of happiness.

The most numerous class of those who presume to hope for miraculous advantages, is that of gamblers. But by gamblers I do not mean the gentlemen who stake an estate against the cunning of those who have none; for I leave the cure of lunatics to the professors of physic: I mean the dissolute and indigent, who in the common phrase put themselves in Fortune's way, and expect from her bounty that which they eagerly desire, and yet believe to be too dearly purchased by diligence and industry; tradesmen who neglect their business, to squander in fashionable follies more than it can produce; and swaggers who rank

themselves with gentlemen, merely because they have no business to pursue.

The gambler of this class will appear to be equally wretched, whether his hope be fulfilled or disappointed; the object of it depends upon a contingency, over which he has no influence; he pursues no purpose with gradual and perceptible success, and therefore cannot enjoy the pleasure which arises from the anticipation of its accomplishment; his mind is perpetually on the rack; he is anxious in proportion to the eagerness of his desire, and his inability to effect it; so the pangs of suspense succeed those of disappointment; and a momentary gain only imbibes the loss that follows. Such is the life of him that shuns business because he would secure leisure for enjoyment; except it happens, against the odds of a million to one, that a run of success puts him into the possession of a sum sufficient to subvert him in idleness the remainder of his life: and in this case, the idleness which made him wretched while he waited for the bounty of fortune, will necessarily keep him wretched after it is bestowed: he will find, that in the gratification of his appetites he can fill but a small portion of his time, and that these appetites themselves are weakened by every attempt to increase the enjoyment which they were intended to supply; he will, therefore, either doze away life in a kind of listless indolence, which he despairs to exalt into felicity, or he will imagine that the good he wants is to be obtained by an increase of his wealth, by a larger house, a more splendid equipage, and a more numerous retinue. If with this notion he has again recourse to the altar of fortune, he will either be undeceived by a new series of success, or he will be reduced to his original indigence by the loss of that which he knew not how to enjoy: if this happens, of which there is the highest degree of probability, he will instantly become more wretched in proportion as he was rich; though, while he was rich, he was not more happy in proportion as he had been poor. Whatever is won, is reduced by experiment to its intrinsic value; whatever is lost, is heightened by imagination to more. Wealth is no sooner dissipated, than its inanity is forgotten, and it is regretted as the means of happiness which it was not found to afford. The gambler, therefore, of whatever class, plays against manifest

odds; since that which he wins he discovers to be brass, and that which he loses he values as gold. And it should also be remarked, that in this estimate of his life, I have not supposed him to lose a single stake which he had not first won.

But though gaming in general is wisely prohibited by the legislature, as productive not only of private but of public evil; yet there is one species to which all are sometimes invited; which equally encourages the hope of idleness, and relaxes the vigour of industry.

Ned Froth, who had been several years butler in a family of distinction, having saved about four hundred pounds, took a little house in the suburbs, and laid in a stock of liquors for which he paid ready-money, and which were, therefore, the best of the kind. Ned perceived his trade increase; he pursued it with fresh alacrity, he exulted in his success, and the joy of his heart sparkled in his countenance: but it happened that Ned, in the midst of his happiness and prosperity, was prevailed upon to buy a lottery-ticket. The moment his hope was fixed upon an object which industry could not obtain, he determined to be industrious no longer: to draw drink for a dirty and boisterous rabble, was a slavery to which he now submitted with reluctance; and he longed for the moment in which he should be free: instead of telling his story, and cracking his joke for the entertainment of his customers, he received them with indifference, was observed to be silent and sullen, and amused himself by going three or four times a day to search the register of fortune for the success of his ticket.

In this disposition Ned was sitting one morning in the corner of a bench by his fire-side, wholly abstracted in the contemplation of his future fortune; indulging this moment the hope of a mere possibility, and the next shuddering with the dread of losing the felicity which

his fancy had combined with the possession of ten thousand pounds. A man well-dressed entered hastily, and enquired for him of his guests, who many times called him aloud by his name, and cursed him for his deafness and stupidity, before Ned started up as from a dream, and asked with a fretful impatience what they wanted. An affected confidence of being well received, and an air of forced jocularity in the stranger, gave Ned some offence; but the next moment he caught him in his arms in a transport of joy, upon receiving his congratulation as proprietor of the fortunate ticket, which had that morning been drawn a prize of the first class.

It was not, however, long before Ned discovered that ten thousand pounds did not bring the felicity which he expected; a discovery which generally produces the dissipation of sudden affluence by prodigality. Ned drank, and whored, and hired fiddlers, and bought fine cloaths; he bred riots at Vauxhall, treated flatterers, and damned plays. But something was still wanting; and he resolved to strike a bold stroke, and attempt to double the remainder of his prize at play; that he might live in a palace and keep an equipage; but in the execution of this project, he lost the whole produce of his lottery-ticket, except five hundred pounds in bank-notes, which when he would have staked he could not find. The sum was more than that which had established him in the trade he had left; and yet, with the power of returning to a station that was once the utmost of his ambition, and of renewing that pursuit which alone had made him happy, such was the pungency of his regret, that in the despair of recovering the money which he knew had produced nothing but riot, disease, and vexation, he threw himself from the Bridge into the Thames.

I am, Sir your humble servant,

CAUTUS.

Nº XCV.

N^o XCV. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1753.

—DULCIQUE ANIMOS NOVITATE TENEO. OVID.
AND WITH SWEET NOVELTY YOUR SOUL DETAIN.

IT is often charged upon writers, that with all their pretensions to genius and discoveries, they do little more than copy one another; and that compositions obtruded upon the world with the pomp of novelty, contain only tedious repetitions of common sentiments, or at best exhibit a transposition of known images, and give a new appearance to truth only by some slight difference of dress and decoration.

The allegation of resemblance between authors, is indisputably true; but the charge of plagiarism, which is raised upon it, is not to be allowed with equal readiness. A coincidence of sentiment may easily happen without any communication, since there are many occasions in which all reasonable men will nearly think alike. Writers of all ages have had the same sentiments, because they have in all ages had the same objects of speculation; the interests and passions, the virtues and vices of mankind, have been diversified in different times, only by unessential and casual varieties; and we must, therefore, expect in the works of all those who attempt to describe them, such a likeness as we find in the pictures of the same person drawn in different periods of his life.

It is necessary, therefore, that before an author be charged with plagiarism, one of the most reproachful, though perhaps not the most atrocious, of literary crimes, the subject on which he treats should be carefully considered. We do not wonder, that historians, relating the same facts, agree in their narration; or that authors, delivering the elements of science, advance the same theorems, and lay down the same definitions: yet it is not wholly without use to mankind, that books are multiplied, and that different authors lay out their labours on the same subject; for there will always be some reason why one should on particular occasions, or to particular persons, be preferable to another; some will be clear, where others are obscure; some will please by their stile, and others by their method;

some by their embellishments, and others by their simplicity; some by closeness, and others by diffusion.

The same indulgence is to be shewn to the writers of morality: right and wrong are immutable; and those, therefore, who teach us to distinguish them, if they all teach us right, must agree with one another. The relations of social life, and the duties resulting from them, must be the same at all times and in all nations: some petty differences may be, indeed, produced, by forms of government or arbitrary customs; the general doctrine can receive no alteration.

Yet it is not to be desired, that morality should be considered as interdicted to all future writers: men will always be tempted to deviate from their duty, and will, therefore, always want a monitor to recall them; and a new book often seizes the attention of the public, without any other claim than that it is new. There is likewise in composition, as in other things, a perpetual vicissitude of fashion: and truth is recommended at one time to regard, by appearances which at another would expose it to neglect; the author, therefore, who has judgment to discern the taste of his contemporaries, and skill to gratify it, will have always an opportunity to deserve well of mankind, by conveying instruction to them in a grateful vehicle.

There are likewise many modes of composition, by which a moralist may deserve the name of an original writer: he may familiarise his system by dialogues after the manner of the ancients, or subtilize it into a series of syllogistic arguments: he may enforce his doctrine by seriousness and solemnity, or enliven it by sprightliness and gaiety; he may deliver his sentiments in naked precepts, or illustrate them by historical examples; he may detain the studious by the artful concatenation of a continued discourse, or relieve the busy by short strictures, and unconnected essays.

To excel in any of these forms of writing,

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To excel in any of these forms of writing,

writing will require a particular cultivation of the genius; whoever can attain to excellence, will be certain to engage a set of readers, whom no other method would have equally allured; and he that communicates truth with success, must be numbered among the first benefactors to mankind.

The same observation may be extended likewise to the passions: their influence is uniform, and their effects nearly the same in every human breast: a man loves and hates, desires and avoids, exactly like his neighbour; resentment and ambition, avarice and indolence, discover themselves by the same symptoms, in minds distant a thousand years from one another.

Nothing, therefore, can be more unjust, than to charge an author with plagiarism, merely because he assigns to every cause it's natural effect; and makes his personages act, as others in like circumstances have always done. There are conceptions in which all men will agree, though each derives them from his own observation: whoever has been in love, will represent a lover impatient of every idea that interrupts his meditations on his mistress, retiring to shades and solitude, that he may muse without disturbance on his approaching happiness, or associating himself with some friend that flatters his passion, and talking away the hours of absence upon his darling subject. Whoever has been so unhappy as to have felt the miseries of long-continued hatred, will, without any assistance from ancient volumes, be able to relate how the passions are kept in perpetual agitation, by the recollection of injury and meditations of revenge; how the blood boils at the name of the enemy, and life is worn away in the contrivances of mischief.

Every other passion is alike simple and limited, if it be considered only with regard to the breast which it inhabits; the anatomy of the mind, as that of the body, must perpetually exhibit the same appearances; and though by the continued industry of successive enquirers, new movements will be from time to time discovered, they can affect only the minuter parts, and are commonly of more curiosity than importance.

It will now be natural to enquire, by what arts are the writers of the present and future ages to attract the notice and favour of mankind. They are to ob-

serve the alterations which time is always making in the modes of life, that they may gratify every generation with a picture of themselves. Thus love is uniform, but courtship is perpetually varying: the different arts of gallantry, which beauty has inspired, would of themselves be sufficient to fill a volume; sometimes balls and serenades, sometimes tournaments and adventures have been employed to melt the hearts of ladies, who in another century have been sensible of scarce any other merit than that of riches, and listened only to jointures and pin-money. Thus the ambitious man has at all times been eager of wealth and power; but these hopes have been gratified in some countries, by supplicating the people, and in others by flattering the prince: honour in some states has been only the reward of military achievements, in others it has been gained by noisy turbulence and popular clamours. Avarice has worn a different form, as she actuated the usurer of Rome, and the stock-jobber of England; and idleness itself, how little soever inclined to the trouble of invention, has been forced from time to time to change it's amusements, and contrive different methods of wearing out the day.

Here then is the fund, from which those who study mankind may fill their compositions with an inexhaustible variety of images and allusions: and he must be confessed to look with little attention upon scenes thus perpetually changing, who cannot catch some of the figures before they are made vulgar, by reiterated descriptions.

It has been discovered by Sir Isaac Newton, that the distinct and primogenial colours are only seven; but every eye can witness, that from various mixtures, in various proportions, infinite diversifications of tints may be produced. In like manner, the passions of the mind, which put the world in motion, and produce all the bustle and eagerness of the busy crowds that swarm upon the earth; the passions, from whence arise all the pleasures and pains that we see and hear of, if we analyse the mind of man, are very few; but those few agitated and combined, as external causes shall happen to operate, and modified by prevailing opinions and accidental caprices, make such frequent alterations on the surface of life, that the show, while we are bu-

fied

sied in delineating it, vanishes from the view, and a new set of objects succeed, doomed to the same shortness of duration with the former: thus curiosity may always find employment, and the busy part of mankind will furnish the contemplative with the materials of speculation to the end of time.

The complaint, therefore, that all

topics are preoccupied, is nothing more than the murmur of ignorance or idleness, by which some discourage others, and some themselves: the mutability of mankind will always furnish writers with new images, and the luxuriance of fancy may always embellish them with new decorations.

T

Nº XCVI. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1753.

—FORTUNATOS NIMIUM, SUA SI BONA NORINT. VIRG.

O HAPPY, IF YE KNEW YOUR HAPPY STATE! DRYDEN.

IN proportion as the enjoyment and infelicity of life depend upon imagination, it is of importance that this power of the mind should be directed in it's operations by reason; and, perhaps, imagination is more frequently busy when it can only imbitter disappointment and heighten calamity; and more frequently slumbers when it might increase the triumph of success, or animate insensibility to happiness, than is generally perceived.

An ecclesiastical living of considerable value became vacant, and Evander obtained a recommendation to the patron. His friend had too much modesty to speak with confidence of the success of an application supported chiefly by his interest, and Evander knew that others had solicited before him; as he was not, therefore, much elevated by hope, he believed he should not be greatly depressed by a disappointment. The gentleman to whom he was recommended, received him with great courtesy; but upon reading the letter, he changed countenance, and discovered indubitable tokens of vexation and regret; then taking Evander by the hand—'Sir,' said he, 'I think it scarce less a misfortune to myself than you, that you was not five minutes sooner in your application. The gentleman whose recommendation you bring, I wish more than any other to oblige; but I have just presented the living to the person whom you saw take his leave when you entered the room.'

This declaration was a stroke, which Evander had neither skill to elude, nor force to resist. The strength of his in-

terest, though it was not known time enough to increase his hope, and his being too late only a few minutes, though he had reason to believe his application had been precluded by as many days, were circumstances which imagination immediately improved to aggravate his disappointment: over these he mused perpetually with inexpressible anguish, he related them to every friend, and lamented them with the most passionate exclamations. And yet, what happened to Evander more than he expected? Nothing that he possessed was diminished, nor was any possibility of advantage cut off. With respect to these and every other reality, he was in the same state, as if he had never heard of the vacancy, which he had some chance to fill; but Evander groaned under the tyranny of imagination; and in a fit of causeless fretfulness cast away peace, because time was not stopped in it's career, and a miracle did not interpose to secure him a living.

Agenor, on whom the living which Evander solicited was bestowed, never conceived a single doubt that he should fail in his attempt: his character was unexceptionable, and his recommendation such as it was believed no other could counterbalance; he, therefore, received the bounty of his patron without much emotion; he regarded his success as an event produced, like rain and sunshine, by the common and regular operation of natural causes; and took possession of his rectory with the same temper, that he would have reaped a field he had sown, or received the interest of a sum which he had placed in the funds. But
having,

having, by accident, heard the report which had been circulated by the friends of Evander, he was at once struck with a sense of his good fortune; and was so affected by a retrospect on his danger, that he could scarce believe it to be past. 'How providential,' said he, 'was it, that I did not stay to drink another dish of tea at breakfast, that I found a hackney-coach at the end of the street, and that I met with no stop by the way!' What an alteration was produced in Agenor's conception of the advantage of his situation, and the means by which it was obtained! and yet at last he had gained nothing more than he expected; his danger was not known time enough to alarm his fear; the value of his acquisition was not increased; nor had Providence interposed farther than to exclude chance from the government of the world. But Agenor did not before reflect that any gratitude was due to Providence but for a miracle; he did not enjoy his preferment as a gift, nor estimate his gain but by the probability of loss.

As success and disappointment are under the influence of imagination, so are ease and health; each of which may be considered as a kind of negative good, that may either degenerate into weariness and discontent, or be improved into complacency and enjoyment.

About three weeks ago I paid an afternoon visit to Curio. Curio is the proprietor of an estate which produces three thousand pounds a year, and the husband of a lady remarkable for her beauty and her wit; his age is that in which manhood is said to be complete, his constitution is vigorous, his person graceful, and his understanding strong. I found him in full health, lolling in an easy-chair; his countenance was florid, he was gayly dressed, and surrounded with all the means of happiness which wealth well used could bestow. After the first ceremonies had passed, he threw himself again back in his chair upon my having refused it, looked wistfully at his fingers ends, crossed his legs, enquired the news of the day, and in the midst of all possible advantages seemed to possess life with a listless indifference, which, if he could have preserved in contrary circumstances, would have invested him with the dignity of a stoic.

It happened that yesterday I paid Cu-

rio another visit. I found him in his chamber; his head was swathed in flannel, and his countenance was pale. I was alarmed at these appearances of disease; and enquired with an honest solicitude how he did. The moment he heard my question, he started from his seat, sprang towards me, caught me by the hand, and told me, in an ecstasy, that he was in Heaven.

What difference in Curio's circumstances produced this difference in his sensations and behaviour? What prodigious advantage had now accrued to the man, who before had ease and health, youth, affluence, and beauty? Curio, during the ten days that preceded my last visit, had been tormented with the tooth-ache, and had, within the last hour, been restored to ease, by having the tooth drawn.

And is human reason so impotent, and imagination so perverse, that ease cannot be enjoyed till it has been taken away? Is it not possible to improve negative into positive happiness, by reflection? Can he who possesses ease and health, whose food is tasteful, and whose sleep is sweet, remember, without exultation and delight, the seasons in which he has pined in the languor of inappetence, and counted the watches of the night with restless anxiety?

Is an acquiescence in the dispensations of Unerring Wisdom, by which some advantage appears to be denied, without recalling trivial and accidental circumstances that can only aggravate disappointment, impossible to reasonable beings? And is a sense of the Divine Bounty necessarily languid, in proportion as that bounty appears to be less doubtful and interrupted?

Every man, surely, would blush to admit these suppositions; let every man, therefore, deny them by his life. He who brings imagination under the dominion of reason, will be able to diminish the evil of life, and to increase the good; he will learn to resign with complacency, to receive with gratitude, and possess with cheerfulness; and as in this conduct there is not only wisdom but virtue, he will under every calamity be able to rejoice in hope, and to anticipate the felicity of that state, in which, the Spirits of the Just shall be made

PERFECT.

N^o XCVII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1753.

Ἡ δὲ καὶ ἐν τοῖς ἔθουσιν ἡ ἀρετὴ καὶ ἐν τῇ τῶν ἀνθρώπων εὐταρίᾳ, αἱ ζῆται, ἢ τὴ ἀρετῇ.
καὶ, ἢ τὸ εὐαὶ.

ARIST. POET.

AS WELL IN THE CONDUCT OF THE MANNERS AS IN THE CONSTITUTION OF THE FABLE, WE MUST ALWAYS ENDEAVOUR TO PRODUCE EITHER WHAT IS NECESSARY OR WHAT IS PROBABLE.

WHOEVER ventures,' says Horace, 'to form a character totally original, let him endeavour to preserve it with uniformity and consistency; but the formation of an original character is a work of great difficulty and hazard.' In this arduous and uncommon task, however, Shakespeare has wonderfully succeeded in his *Tempest*: the monster Caliban is the creature of his own imagination, in the formation of which he could derive no assistance from observation or experience.

Caliban is the son of a witch, begotten by a demon: the sorceries of his mother were so terrible, that her countrymen banished her into this desert island as unfit for human society: in conformity, therefore, to this diabolical propagation, he is represented as a prodigy of crutchy, malice, pride, ignorance, idleness, gluttony, and lust. He is introduced with great propriety cursing Prospero and Miranda whom he had endeavoured to defile; and his execrations are artfully contrived to have reference to the occupation of his mother—

As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both!

All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

His kindness is afterwards expressed as much in character as his hatred, by an enumeration of offices that could be of value only in a desolate island, and in the estimation of a savage:

I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig the pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's nest; and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmazet. I'll bring thee
To clustring filberds; and sometimes I'll get thee

Young sea-mallows from the rock—
I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee
berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

Which last is, indeed, a circumstance of great use in a place where to be defended

from the cold was neither easy nor usual; and it has a farther peculiar beauty; because the gathering wood was the occupation to which Caliban was subjected by Prospero, who, therefore, deemed it a service of high importance.

The gross ignorance of this monster is represented with delicate judgment; he knew not the names of the sun and moon, which he calls the bigger light and the less; and he believes that Stephano was the man in the moon, whom his mistress had often shewn him; and when Prospero reminds him that he first taught him to pronounce articulately, his answer is full of malevolence and rage:

You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse ———

the properest return for such a fiend to make for such a favour. The spirits whom he supposes to be employed by Prospero perpetually to torment him, and the many forms and different methods they take for this purpose, are described with the utmost liveliness and force of fancy:

Sometimes like apes, that mow and chatter
at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs,
which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their prick at my foot-fall; sometimes am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven
tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

It is scarcely possible for any speech to be more expressive of the manners and sentiments, than that in which our poet has painted the brutal barbarity and unfeeling savageness of this son of Sycorax, by making him enumerate, with a kind of horrible delight, the various ways in which it was possible for the drunken sailors to surprize and kill his master:

———There thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull; or paunch him with a stake;
Or cut his wezand with thy knife ———

He

He adds, in allusion to his own abominable attempt—'Above all, be sure to secure the daughter, whose beauty,' he tells them, 'is incomparable.' The charms of Miranda could not be more exalted than by extorting this testimony from so insensible a monster.

Shakespeare seems to be the only poet who possesses the power of uniting poetry with propriety of character; of which I know not an instance more striking, than the image Caliban makes use of to express silence, which is at once highly poetical, and exactly suited to the wildness of the speaker:

Pray you tread softly, that the blind mole
may not
Hear a foot-fall.

I always lament that our author has not preserved this fierce and implacable spirit in Caliban, to the end of the play; instead of which, he has, I think, injudiciously put into his mouth, words that imply repentance and understanding:

——I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace: What a thrice double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool?

It must not be forgotten, that Shakespeare has artfully taken occasion from this extraordinary character, which is finely contrasted to the mildness and obedience of Ariel, obliquely to satirize the prevailing passion for new and wonderful sights, which has rendered the English so ridiculous. 'Were I in England now,' says Trinculo, on first discovering Caliban, 'and had but this fish painted, not an holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.'

Such is the inexhaustible plenty of our poet's invention, that he has exhibited another character in this play, entirely his own; that of the lovely and innocent Miranda.

When Prospero first gives her a sight of Prince Ferdinand, she eagerly exclaims—

——What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Her imagining that as he was so beautiful he must necessarily be one of her father's aerial agents, is a stroke of na-

ture worthy admiration: as are likewise her entreaties to her father not to punish them harshly, by the power of his art—

Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for!

Here we perceive the beginning of that passion which Prospero was desirous she should feel for the prince; and which she afterwards more fully expresses upon an occasion which displays at once the tenderness, the innocence, and the simplicity of her character. She discovers her lover employed in the laborious task of carrying wood, which Prospero had enjoined him to perform. 'Would,' says she, 'the lightning had burnt up those logs, that you are enjoined to pile!'

——If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me
that.

I'll carry't to the pile.
——You look wearily.

It is, by selecting such little and almost imperceptible circumstances that Shakespeare has more truly painted the passions than any other writer: affection is more powerfully expressed by this simple wish and offer of assistance, than by the unnatural eloquence and witticisms of Dryden, or the amorous declamations of Rowe.

The resentment of Prospero for the matchless cruelty and wicked usurpation of his brother; his parental affection and solicitude for the welfare of his daughter, the heiress of his dukedom; and the awful solemnity of his character, as a skilful magician; are all along preserved with equal consistency, dignity, and decorum. One part of his behaviour deserves to be particularly pointed out: during the exhibition of a mask with which he had ordered Ariel to entertain Ferdinand and Miranda, he starts suddenly from the recollection of the conspiracy of Caliban and his confederates against his life, and dismisses his attendant spirits, who instantly vanish to a hollow and confused noise. He appears to be greatly moved; and suitably to this agitation of mind, which his danger has excited, he takes occasion, from the sudden disappearance of the visionary scene, to moralize on the dissolution of all things—

——These

—These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits: and
Are melted into air, into thin air.
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind—

To these noble images he adds a short
but comprehensive observation on hu-
man life, not excelled by any passage of
the moral and Sententious Euripides—

—We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep!—

Thus admirably is an uniformity of
character; that leading beauty in drama-

tic poetry, preserved throughout the Tem-
pest. And it may be farther remarked,
that the unities of action, of place, and
of time, are in this play, though almost
constantly violated by Shakespeare, ex-
actly observed. The action is one, great,
and entire, the restoration of Prospero to
his dukedom; this business is transacted
in the compass of a small island, and in
or near the cave of Prospero; though,
indeed, it had been more artful and regu-
lar to have confined it to this single
spot; and the time which the action
takes up, is only equal to that of the re-
presentation; an excellence which ought
always to be aimed at in every well-con-
ducted fable, and for the want of which
a variety of the most entertaining inci-
dents can scarcely atone.

Z

Nº XCVIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13. 1753.

AUDE ALIQUID BREVIUS CYARIS, ET CARCERE DIGNUM,
SE VIDERI ALIQUI.

JUV.

WOULDST THOU TO HONOURS AND PREFERMENTS CLIMB?
BE SOLD IN MISCHIEF, DARE SOME MIGHTY CRIME,
WHICH DUNGEONS, DEATH, OR BANISHMENT, DESERVES.

DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

DEAR BROTHER,

THE thirst of glory is, I think, al-
lowed, even by the dull dogs who
can sit still long enough to write books,
to be a noble appetite.

My ambition is to be thought a man
of life and spirit, who could conquer the
world if he was to set about it, but who
has too much vivacity to give the neces-
sary attention to any scheme of length.

I am, in short, one of those heroic Ad-
venturers, who have thought proper to
distinguish themselves by the titles of
Buck, Blood, and Nerve. When I am
in the country, I am always on horse-
back, and I leap or break every hedge
and gate that stands in my way: when
I am in town, I am constantly to be
seen at some of the public places, at the
proper times for making my appearance;
as at Vauxhall, or Marybone, about ten,
very drunk: for though I do not love
wine, I am obliged to be consummately
drunk five or six nights in the week;
nay sometimes five or six days together,
for the sake of my character. Wherever
I come, I am sure to make all the con-
fusion, and do all the mischief I can; not
for the sake of doing mischief, but only

out of frolic, you know, to shew my vi-
vacity. If there are women near me, I
swear like a devil to shew my courage,
and talk bawdy to shew my wit. Un-
der the rose, I am a cursed favourite
amongst them; and have had 'bonne
' fortune,' let me tell you. I do love
the little rogues hellishly; but faith I
make love for the good of the public;
and the town is obliged to me for a do-
zen or two of the finest wenches that
were ever brought into it's seraglios.
One, indeed, I lost; and, poor fond
soul! I pitied her! but it could not be
helped—self-preservation obliged me to
leave her—I could not tell her what was
the matter with her, nor me if I could;
and so it got such a head, that the devil
himself could not have saved her.

There's one thing vexes me; I have
much ado to avoid having that insigni-
ficant character, a good-natured fellow,
fixed upon me; so that I am obliged in
my own defence to break the boy's head,
and kick my whore down stairs every
time I enter a night-house: I pick quar-
rels when I am not offended, break the
windows of men I never saw, demolish
lamps, bilk hackney-coachmen, over-
turn wheel barrows, and storm night-
cellars: I beat the watchman, though

I i 2 he

he bids me good morrow, abuse the constable, and insult the justice: for these feats I am frequently kicked, beaten, pumped, prosecuted, and imprisoned; but Tim is no flincher; and if he does not get fame, blood! he will deserve it.

I am now writing at a coffee-house, where I am just arrived, after a journey of fifty miles, which I have rode in four hours. I knocked up my block-head's horse two hours ago. The dog whipped and spurred at such a rate, that I dare say you may track him half the way by the blood; but all would not do. The devil take the hindmost, is always my way of travelling. The moment I dismounted, down dropt Dido, by Jove: and here am I all alive and merry, my old boy!

I'll tell thee what; I was a hellish ass t'other day. I shot a damn'd clean mare through the head, for jumping out of the road to avoid running over an old woman. But the bitch threw me, and I got a curst slice on the cheek against a flint, which put me in a passion; who could help it, you know? Rot me! I would not have lost her for five hundred old women, with all their brats, and the brats of their brats to the third generation. She was a sweet creature! I would have run her five-and-twenty miles within an hour, for five hundred pounds. But she is gone!—Poor jade! I did love thee, that I did.

Now what you shall do for me, old boy, is this—Help to raise my name a little, d'ye mind: write something in praise of us sprightly pretty fellows. I assure you we take a great deal of pains for fame, and it is hard we should be bilkt. I would not trouble you, my dear; but only I fear I have not much time before me to do my own business; for between you and I, both my constitution and estate are damnable out at elbows. I intend to make them spin out together as evenly as possible; but if my purse should happen to leak fastest, I propose to go with my last half-crown to Ranelagh gardens, and there, if you approve the scheme, I'll mourn one of the upper alcoves, and repeat with an heroic air—

I'll boldly venture on the world unknown;
It cannot use me worse than this has done.

I'll then shoot myself through the head;
and so good-by t'ye.

Yours, as you serve me,

TIM. WILWOODS.

I should little deserve the notice of a person so illustrious as the hero who honours me with the name of Brother, if I should cavil at his principles or refuse his request. According to the moral philosophy which is now in fashion, and adopted by many of the 'dull dogs who write books,' the gratification of appetite is virtue; and appetite, therefore, I shall allow to be noble, notwithstanding the objections of those who pretend that, whatever be it's object, it can be good or ill in no other sense than stature or complexion; and that the voluntary effort only is moral by which appetite is directed or restrained, by which it is brought under the government of reason, and rendered subservient to moral purposes.

But with whatever efforts of heroic virtue my correspondent may have laboured to gratify his 'thirst of glory,' I am afraid he will be disappointed. It is, indeed, true, that like the heroes of antiquity, whom successive generations have honoured with statues and panegyric, he has spent his life in doing mischief to others, without procuring any real good to himself: but he has not done mischief enough; he has not sacked a city or fired a temple; he acts only against individuals in a contracted sphere, and is lost among a crowd of competitors, whose merit can only contribute to their mutual obscurity, as the feats which are perpetually performed by innumerable adventurers must soon become too common to confer distinction.

In behalf of some among these candidates for fame, the legislature has, indeed, thought fit to interpose; and their achievements are with great solemnity rehearsed and recorded in a temple, of which I know not the celestial appellation, but on earth it is called Justice Hall, in the Old Bailey.

As the rest are utterly neglected, I cannot think of any expedient to gratify the noble thirst of my correspondent and his compeers, but that of procuring them admission into this class; an attempt in which I do not despair of success, for I think I can demonstrate their right, and I will not suppose it possible that when this is done they will be excluded.

Upon the most diligent examination of ancient history and modern panegyric, I find that no action has ever been held honourable in so high a degree, as killing men; this, indeed, is one of the
feats

seats which our legislature has thought fit to rescue from oblivion, and reward in Justice Hall: it has also removed an absurd distinction, and, contrary to the practice of pagan antiquity, has comprehended the killers of women among those who deserve the rewards that have been decreed to homicide. Now he may fairly be considered as a killer, who seduces a young beauty from the fondness of a parent with whom she enjoys health and peace, the protection of the laws, and the smile of society, to the tyranny of a bawd, and the excesses of a brothel, to disease and distraction, stripes, infamy, and imprisonment; calamities which cannot fail to render her days not only evil but few. It may, perhaps, be alleged, that the woman was not wholly passive, but that in some sense she may be considered as *felo de se*. This, however, is mere cavil; for the same may be said of him who fights when he can run away; and yet it has always been deemed more honourable to kill the combatant than the fugitive.

If this claim then of the blood be admitted, and I do not see how it can be set aside, I propose that after his remains shall have been rescued from dust

and worms, and consecrated in the temple of Hygeia, called Surgeons-Hall, his bones shall be purified by proper lustrations, and erected into a statue; that this statue shall be placed in a niche, with the name of the hero of which it is at once the remains and the monument written over it, among many others of the same rank, in the gallery of a spacious building, to be erected by lottery for that purpose: I propose that this gallery be called the BLOOD'S GALLERY; and, to prevent the labour and expence of emblazoning the achievements of every individual, which would be little more than repeating the same words, that an inscription be placed over the door to this effect—This gallery is sacred to the memory and the remains of the BLOODS; heroes who lived in perpetual hostility against themselves and others; who contracted diseases by excess that precluded enjoyment, and who continually perpetrated mischief not in anger but sport; who purchased this distinction at the expence of life; and whose glory would have been equal to Alexander's, if their power had not been less.

N^o XCIX. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1753.

—MAGNIS TAMEN EXCIDIT AUSIS.

OVID.

BUT IN THE GLORIOUS ENTERPRISE HE DY'D.

ADDISON.

IT has always been the practice of mankind, to judge of actions by the event. The same attempts, conducted in the same manner, but terminated by different success, produce different judgments: they who attain their wishes, never want celebrators of their wisdom and their virtue; and they that miscarry are quickly discovered to have been defective not only in mental but in moral qualities. The world will never be long without some good reason to hate the unhappy: their real faults are immediately detected; and if those are not sufficient to sink them into infamy, an additional weight of calumny will be superadded: he that fails in his endeavours after wealth or power, will not long retain either honesty or courage.

This species of injustice has so long prevailed in universal practice, that it seems likewise to have infected specula-

tion: so few minds are able to separate the ideas of greatness and prosperity, that even Sir William Temple has determined, that he who can deserve the name of a hero, must not only be virtuous but fortunate.

By this unreasonable distribution of praise and blame, none have suffered oftener than projectors, whose rapidity of imagination and vastness of design raise such envy in their fellow mortals, that every eye watches for their fall, and every heart exults at their distresses: yet even a Projector may gain favour by success; and the tongue that was prepared to hiss, then endeavours to excel others in loudness of applause.

When Coriolanus, in Shakespeare, deserted to Aufidius, the Volscian servants at first insulted him, even while he stood under the protection of the household gods; but when they saw that the Project

Project took effect, and the stranger was seated at the head of the table, one of them very judiciously observes, that he always thought there was more in him than he could think.

Machiavel has justly animadverted on the different notice taken by all succeeding times, of the two great projectors Catiline and Cæsar. Both formed the same Project, and intended to raise themselves to power, by subverting the commonwealth: they pursued their design, perhaps, with equal abilities, and with equal virtue; but Catiline perished in the field, and Cæsar returned from Pharsalia with unlimited authority: and from that time, every monarch of the earth has thought himself honoured by a comparison with Cæsar; and Catiline has been never mentioned, but that his name might be applied to traitors and incendiaries.

In an age more remote, Xerxes projected the conquest of Greece, and brought down the power of Asia against it: but after the world had been filled with expectation and terror, his army was beaten, his fleet was destroyed, and Xerxes has been never mentioned without contempt.

A few years afterwards, Greece likewise had her turn of giving birth to a Projector; who invading Asia with a small army, went forward in search of adventures, and by his escape from one danger, gained only more rashness to rush into another: he stormed city after city, over-ran kingdom after kingdom, fought battles only for barren victory, and invaded nations only that he might make his way through them to new invasions: but having been fortunate in the execution of his projects, he died with the name of Alexander the Great.

These are, indeed, events of ancient times; but human nature is always the same, and every age will afford us instances of public censures influenced by events. The great business of the middle centuries was the holy war; which undoubtedly was a noble Project, and was for a long time prosecuted with a spirit equal to that with which it had been contrived: but the ardour of the European heroes only hurried them to destruction; for a long time they could not gain the territories for which they fought, and, when at last gained, they could not keep them: their expeditions, therefore, have been the scoff of idleness and igno-

rance, their understanding and their virtue have been equally vilified, their conduct has been ridiculed, and their cause has been defamed.

When Columbus had engaged King Ferdinand in the discovery of the other hemisphere, the sailors with whom he embarked in the expedition, had so little confidence in their commander, that after having been long at sea, looking for coasts which they expected never to find, they raised a general mutiny, and demanded to return. He found means to soothe them into a permission to continue the same course three days longer, and on the evening of the third day descried land. Had the impatience of his crew denied him a few hours of the time requested, what would have been his fate but to have come back with the infamy of a vain Projector, who had betrayed the king's credulity to useless expences, and risked his life in seeking countries that had no existence? How would those that had rejected his proposals, have triumphed in their acuteness? and when would his name have been mentioned, but with the makers of potable gold and malleable glass?

The last royal Projectors with whom the world has been troubled, were Charles of Sweden and the Czar of Muscovy. Charles, if any judgment may be formed of his designs by his measures and his enquiries, had purposed first to dethrone the Czar, then to lead his army through pathless deserts into China, thence to make his way by the sword through the whole circuit of Asia, and by the conquest of Turkey to unite Sweden with his new dominions: but this mighty Project was crushed at Pultowa; and Charles has since been considered as a madman by those powers, who sent their ambassadors to solicit his friendship, and their generals to learn under him the art of war.

The Czar found employment sufficient in his own dominions, and amused himself in digging canals, and building cities, murdering his subjects with insufferable fatigues, and transplanting nations from one corner of his dominions to another, without regretting the thousands that perished in the way: but he attained his end, he made his people formidable, and is numbered by fame among the demi-gods.

I am far from intending to vindicate the sanguinary projects of heroes and conquerors,

conquerors, and would wish rather to diminish the reputation of their success, than the infamy of their miscarriages: for I cannot conceive, why he that has burnt cities, wasted nations, and filled the world with horror and desolation, should be more kindly regarded by mankind, than he that died in the rudiments of wickedness; why he that accomplished mischief should be glorious, and he that only endeavoured it should be criminal. I would wish Cæsar and Catiline, Xerxes and Alexander, Charles and Pater, huddled together in obscurity or dereliction.

But there is another species of Projectors, to whom I would willingly conciliate mankind; whose ends are generally laudable, and whose labours are innocent; who are searching out new powers of nature, or contriving new works of art; but who are yet persecuted with incessant obloquy, and whom the universal contempt with which they are treated often debars from that success which their industry would obtain, if it were permitted to act without opposition.

They who find themselves inclined to censure new undertakings, only because they are new, should consider, that the folly of Protection is very seldom the folly of a fool; it is commonly the ebullition of a capacious mind, crowded with variety of knowledge, and heated with intenseness of thought; it proceeds often from the consciousness of uncommon powers, from the confidence of those who, having already done much, are easily persuaded that they can do more. When Rowley had completed the Orrery, he attempted the perpetual motion; when Boyle had exhausted his secrets of vulgar chemistry, he turned his thoughts to the work of transmutation.

A Projector generally unites those qualities which have the fairest claim to veneration, extent of knowledge, and greatness of design. It was said of Catiline, *immoderata, incredibilia, nimis alta semper cupiebat*. Projectors of all kinds agree in their intellects, though they differ in their morals; they all fail by attempting things beyond their power, by despising vulgar attainments, and aspiring to performances, to

which, perhaps, nature has not proportioned the force of man: when they fail, therefore, they fail not by idleness or timidity, but by rash adventure and fruitless diligence.

That the attempts of such men will often miscarry, we may reasonably expect; yet from such men, and such only, are we to hope for the cultivation of those parts of nature which lie yet waste, and the invention of those arts which are yet wanting to the felicity of life. If they are, therefore, universally discouraged, art and discovery can make no advances. Whatever is attempted without previous certainty of success, may be considered as a Project, and amongst narrow minds may, therefore, expose it's author to censure and contempt; and if the liberty of laughing be once indulged, every man will laugh at what he does not understand, every Project will be considered as madness, and every great or new design will be censured as a Project. Men, unaccustomed to reason and researches, think every enterprize impracticable, which is extended beyond common effects, or comprises many intermediate operations. Many that presume to laugh at Projectors, would consider a flight through the air in a winged chariot, and the movement of a mighty engine by the steam of water, as equally the dreams of mechanic lunacy; and would hear, with equal negligence, of the union of the Thames and Severn by a canal, and the schemes of Albuquerque, the viceroy of the Indies, who in the rage of hostility had contrived to make Egypt a barren desert, by turning the Nile into the Red Sea.

Those who have attempted much, have seldom failed to perform more than those who never deviate from the common roads of action: many valuable preparations of chemistry are supposed to have risen from unsuccessful enquiries after the grand elixir: it is therefore just to encourage those who endeavour to enlarge the power of art, since they often succeed beyond expectation; and when they fail, may sometimes benefit the world even by their miscarriages.

T

N^o C. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1753.

MEMO REPENTE FUIT TURPISIMUS.—

NO MAN E'ER REACH'D THE HEIGHTS OF VICE AT FIRST.

JUV.

TATE.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

THOUGH the characters of men have, perhaps, been essentially the same in all ages, yet their external appearance has changed with other peculiarities of time and place, and they have been distinguished by different names, as new modes of expression have prevailed: a periodical writer, therefore, who catches the picture of evanescent life, and shews the deformity of follies which in a few years will be so changed as not to be known, should be careful to express the character when he describes the appearance, and to connect it with the name by which it then happens to be called. You have frequently used the terms Buck and Blood, and have given some account of the characters which are thus denominated; but you have not considered them as the last stages of a regular progression, nor taken any notice of those which precede them. Their dependance upon each other is indeed so little known, that many suppose them to be distinct and collateral classes, formed by persons of opposite interests, tastes, capacities, and dispositions: the scale, however, consists of eight degrees; Greenhorn, Jemmy, Jessamy, Smart, Honest Fellow, Joyous Spirit, Buck, and Blood. As I have myself passed through the whole series, I shall explain each station by a short account of my life, remarking the periods when my character changed it's denomination, and the particular incidents by which the change was produced.

My father was a wealthy farmer in Yorkshire, and when I was near eighteen years of age, he brought me up to London, and put me apprentice to a considerable shopkeeper in the city. There was an awkward modest simplicity in my manner, and a reverence of religion and virtue in my conversation. The novelty of the scene that was now placed before me, in which there were innumerable objects that I never conceived to

exist, rendered me attentive and credulous; peculiarities which, without a provincial accent, a slouch in my gait, a long lank head of hair, an unfashionable suit of drab-coloured cloth, would have denominated me a Greenhorn, or, in other words, a country put very green.

Green, then, I continued, even in externals, near two years; and in this state I was the object of universal contempt and derision; but being at length wearied with merriment and insult, I was very sedulous to assume the manners and appearance of those who, in the same station, were better treated. I had already improved greatly in my speech; and my father having allowed me thirty pounds a year for apparel and pocket-money, the greater part of which I had saved, I bespoke a suit of cloaths of an eminent city taylor, with several waistcoats and breeches, and two frocks for a change: I cut off my hair, and procured a brown bob periwig of Wilding, of the same colour, with a single row of curls just round the bottom, which I wore very nicely combed, and without powder; my hat, which had been cocked with great exactness in an equilateral triangle, I discarded, and purchased one of a more fashionable size, the four-corners of which projected near two inches farther than those on each side, and was moulded into the shape of a spout; I also furnished myself with a change of white thread stockings, took care that my pumps were varnished every morning with the new German blacking-ball; and when I went out, carried in my hand a little switch, which, as it has been long appendant to the character that I had just assumed, has taken the same name, and is called a Jemmy.

I soon perceived the advantage of this transformation. My manner had not, indeed, kept pace with my dress; I was still modest and diffident, temperate and sober, and consequently still subject to ridicule: but I was now admitted into company from which I had before been excluded by the rusticity of my appearance; I was railled and encouraged by turns;

turns; and I was instructed both by precept and example. Some offers were made of carrying me to a house of private entertainment, which then I absolutely refused; but I soon found the way into the play house, to see the two last acts and the farce: here I learned, that by breaches of chastity no man was thought either to incur guilt or shame; but that, on the contrary, they were essentially necessary to the character of a fine gentleman. I soon copied the original, which I found to be universally admired, in my morals, and made some farther approaches to it in my dress: I suffered my hair to grow long enough to comb back over the foretop of my wig, which, when I sallied forth to my evening amusement, I changed to a queue; I tied the collar of my shirt with half an ell of black ribbon, which appeared under my neckcloth; the fore corner of my hat was considerably elevated and shortened, so that it no longer resembled a spout, but the corner of a minced pye; my waistcoat was edged with narrow lace, my stockings were silk, and I never appeared without a pair of clean gloves. My address, from it's native masculine plainness, was converted to an excess of softness and civility, especially when I spoke to the ladies. I had before made some progress in learning to swear; I had proceeded by fegs, faith, pox, plague, 'pon my life, 'pon my soul, rat it, and zookers; to zauns and the divill. Now I advanced to By Jove, 'fore ged, geds curse it, and demme; but I still uttered these interjections in a tremulous tone, and my pronunciation was feminine and vicious. I was sensible of my defects, and therefore applied with great diligence to remove them. I frequently practised alone; but it was a long time before I could swear so much to my own satisfaction in company, as by myself. My labour, however, was not without it's reward; it recommended me to the notice of the ladies, and procured me the gentle appellation of Jessamy.

I now learned among other Grown Gentlemen to dance, which greatly enlarged my acquaintance; I entered into a subscription for country dances once a week at a tavern, where each gentleman engaged to bring a partner: at the same time I made considerable advances in swearing; I could pronounce Damme with a tolerable air and accent, give the vowel it's full sound, and look with con-

fidence in the face of the person to whom I spoke. About this time my father's elder brother died, and left me an estate of neat five hundred pounds per annum. I now bought out the remainder of my time; and this sudden accession of wealth and independence gave me immediately an air of greater confidence and freedom. I laid out near one hundred and fifty pounds in cloaths, though I was obliged to go into mourning: I employed a court-taylor to make them up; I exchanged my queue for a bag; I put on a sword, which, in appearance at least, was a Toledo; and in proportion as I knew my dress to be elegant, I was less solicitous to be neat. My acquaintance now increased every hour; I was attended, flattered, and caressed; was often invited to entertainments, supped every night at a tavern, and went home in a chair; was taken notice of in public places, and was universally confessed to be improved into a Smart.

There were some intervals in which I found it necessary to abstain from wenching; and in these, at whatever risque, I applied myself to the bottle: a habit of drinking came insensibly upon me, and I was soon able to walk home with a bottle and a pint. I had learned a sufficient number of fashionable toasts, and got by heart several toasting and several bawdy songs, some of which I ventured to roar out with a friend hanging on my arm as we scoured the street after our nocturnal revel. I now laboured with indefatigable industry to increase these acquisitions: I enlarged my stock of healths; made great progress in singing, joking, and story-telling; swore well; could make a company of staunch toppers drunk; always collected the reckoning, and was the last man that departed. My face began to be covered with red pimples, and my eyes to be weak; I became daily more negligent of my dress, and more blunt in my manner; I professed myself a foe to the starters and milksops, declared that there was no enjoyment equal to that of a bottle and friend, and soon gained the appellation of an Honest Fellow.

By this distinction I was animated to attempt yet greater excellence; I learned several feats of mimicry of the under players, could take off known characters, tell a staring story, and humbug with so much skill as sometimes to take in a knowing one. I was so successful

in the practice of these arts, to which, indeed, I applied myself with unwearied diligence and assiduity, that I kept my company roaring with applause, till their voices sunk by degrees, and they were no longer able to laugh, because they were no longer able either to hear or to see. I had now ascended another scale in the climax; and was acknowledged, by all who knew me, to be a Joyous Spirit.

After all these topics of merriment were exhausted, and I had repeated my tricks, my stories, my jokes, and my songs, till they grew insipid, I became mischievous; and was continually devising and executing Frolics, to the unspeakable delight of my companions, and the injury of others. For many of them I was prosecuted, and frequently obliged to pay large damages: but I bore all these losses with an air of jovial indifference, I pushed on in my career, I was more desperate in proportion as I had less to lose; and being deterred from no mischief by the dread of its consequences, I was said to run at all, and complimented with the name of Buck.

My estate was at length mortgaged for more than it was worth; my creditors were importunate; I became negligent of myself and of others; I made a desperate effort at the gaming-table, and lost the last sum that I could raise; my estate was seized by the mortgagee; I learned to pack cards and to cog a die; became a bully to whores; passed my nights in a brothel, the street, or the watch-house; was utterly insensible of shame, and lived upon the town as a beast of prey in a forest. Thus I reached the summit of modern glory, and had just acquired the distinction of a Blood, when I was arrested for an old debt of three hundred pounds, and thrown into the King's Bench prison.

These characters, Sir, though they are distinct, yet do not all differ, otherwise than as shades of the same colour. And though they are stages of a regular progression, yet the whole progress is not made by every individual: some are so soon initiated into the mysteries of the town, that they are never publicly known in their Greenhorn state; others fix long in their Jemmyhood, others are Jessamies at fouricore, and some stagnate in each of the higher stages for life. But I request that they may never hereafter be confounded either by you or your correspondents. Of the Blood, your brother Adventurer, Mr. Wildgoose, though he assumes the character, does not seem to have a just and precise idea as distinct from the Buck, in which class he should be placed, and will probably die, for he seems determined to shoot himself, just at the time when his circumstances will enable him to assume the higher distinction.

But the retrospect upon life, which this letter has made necessary, covers me with confusion, and aggravates despair. I cannot but reflect, that among all these characters I have never assumed that of a Man. Man is a reasonable Being, which he ceases to be, who disguises his body with ridiculous fopperies, or degrades his mind by detestable brutality. These thoughts would have been of great use to me, if they had occurred seven years ago. If they are of use to you, I hope you will send me a small gratuity for my labour, to alleviate the misery of hunger and nakedness: but, dear Sir, let your bounty be speedy, lest I perish before it arrives.

I am your humble servant,

NOMENTANUS.

COMMON-SIDE, KING'S BENCH,

OCT. 18, 1753.

Nº CI. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1753.

EST UBI PECCAT.

HER.

YET SOMETIMES HE MISTAKES.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IF we consider the high rank which Milton has deservedly obtained among our few English classics, we cannot wonder at the multitude of commentaries

and criticisms of which he has been the subject. To these I have added some miscellaneous remarks; and if you should at first be inclined to reject them as trifling, you may, perhaps, determine to admit them, when you reflect that they are new.

The

The description of Eden in the fourth book of the *Paradise Lost*, and the battle of the angels in the sixth, are usually selected as the most striking examples of a florid and vigorous imagination: but it requires much greater strength of mind to form an assemblage of natural objects, and range them with propriety and beauty, than to bring together the greatest variety of the most splendid images, without any regard to their use or congruity; as in painting, he who, by the force of his imagination, can delineate a landscape, is deemed a greater master than he who, by heaping rocks of coral upon tessellated pavement, can only make absurdly splendid, and dispose gaudy colours so as best to set off each other.

'Sapphire fountains that rolling over orient Pearl run Nectar, roses without thorns, trees that bear fruit of Vegetable Gold, and that weep odorous gums and balms,' are easily feigned; but having no relative beauty as pictures of nature, nor any absolute excellence as derived from truth, they can only please those who, when they read, exercise no faculty but fancy, and admire because they do not think.

If I shall not be thought to digress wholly from my subject, I would illustrate this remark, by comparing two passages, written by Milton and Fletcher, on nearly the same subject. The spirit in *Comus* thus pays his address of thanks to the water-nymph Sabrina—

May thy brimmed waves for this,
Their full tribute never miss,
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills;
Summer drought, or tinged air,
Never scorch thy tresses fair;
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud.

Thus far the wishes are most proper for the welfare of a river goddess: the circumstances of summer not scorching her tresses, is highly poetical and elegant; but what follows, though it is pompous and majestic, is unnatural and far fetched—

May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tow'r and terras round;
And here and there, thy banks upon,
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon!

The circumstance in the third and fourth lines is happily fancied; but what idea can the reader have of an English River rolling God and the Beryl ashore, or of groves of Cinnamon growing on its banks? The images in the following passage of Fletcher are all simple and real, all appropriated and strictly natural—

For thy kindness to me shown,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
Cross thy stream to stop thy course;
May no beast that comes to drink,
With his horns talt down thy brink;
May none that for thy fish do look,
Cut thy banks to dam thy brook;
Barefoot may no neighbour wade
In thy cool streams, wife or maid,
When the spawn on stones do lie,
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry.

The glaring picture of Paradise is not, in my opinion, so strong an evidence of Milton's force of imagination, as his representation of Adam and Eve when they left it, and of the passions with which they were agitated on that event.

Against his battle of the Angels, I have the same objections as against his garden of Eden. He has endeavoured to elevate his combatants, by giving them the enormous stature of giants in romances, books of which he was known to be fond; and the prowess and behaviour of Michael as much resemble the feats of Ariosto's knight, as his two-handed sword does the weapons of chivalry: I think the sublimity of his genius much more visible in the first appearance of the fallen angels; the debates of the infernal peers; the passage of Satan through the dominions of chaos, and his adventure with Sin and Death; the mission of Raphael to Adam; the conversations between Adam and his wife; the creation; the account which Adam gives of his first sensations, and of the approach of Eve from the hand of her CREATOR; the whole behaviour of Adam and Eve after the first transgression; and the prospect of the various states of the world, and history of man exhibited in a vision to Adam.

In this vision, Milton judiciously represents Adam as ignorant of what disaster had befallen Abel, when he was murdered by his brother; but during

his conversation with Raphael, the poet seems to have forgotten this necessary and natural ignorance of the first man. How was it possible for Adam to discern what the Angel meant by 'cubic phalanxes, by planets of aspect malign, by encamping on the foughten field, by van and rear, by standards and gonfalons and glittering tissues, by the girding sword, by embattled squadrons, chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds?' And although Adam possessed a superior degree of knowledge, yet doubtless he had not skill enough in chemistry to understand Raphael, who informed him, that—

—Sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they ming'ed, and with subtle
art,
Concocted and Adusted, they reduc'd
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd.

And, surely, the nature of cannon was not much explained to Adam, who neither knew or wanted the use of iron tools, by telling him, that they resembled the hollow bodies of oak or fir—

With branches lapt, in wood or mountain
fell'd.

He that never beheld the brute creation but in it's pastimes and sports, must have greatly wondered, when the Angel expressed the flight of the Satanic host, by saying, that they fled—

—As a herd
Of goats, or Timorous flock, together
throng'd.

But as there are many exuberances in this poem, there appears to be also some defects. As the serpent was the instrument of the temptation, Milton minutely describes it's beauty and allurements: and I have frequently wondered, that he did not, for the same reason, give a more elaborate description of the tree of life; especially as he was remarkable for his knowledge and imitation of the Sacred Writings, and as the following passage in the Revelations afforded him a hint, from which his creative fancy might have worked up a striking picture—'In the midst of the street of it, and of either side of the river, was there the tree of life; which bare twelve manner of fruits, and

'yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.'

At the end of the fourth book, suspense and attention are excited to the utmost; a combat between Satan and the guardians of Eden is eagerly expected, and curiosity is impatient for the action and the catastrophe: but this horrid fray is prevented, expectation is cut off, and curiosity is disappointed, by an expedient which, though applauded by Addison and Pope, and imitated from Homer and Virgil, will be deemed frigid and inartificial by all who judge from their own sensations, and are not content to echo the decisions of others. The golden balances are held forth, 'which,' says the poet, 'are yet seen between Aстреa and the Scorpion;' Satan looks up, and perceiving that his scale mounted aloft, departs with the shades of night. To make such a use, at so critical a time, of Libra, a mere imaginary sign of the Zodiac, is scarcely justifiable in a poem founded on religious truth.

Among innumerable beauties in the Paradise Lost, I think the most transcendent is the speech of Satan at the beginning of the ninth book: in which his unextinguishable pride and fierce indignation against God, and his envy towards Man, are so blended with an involuntary approbation of goodness, and disdain of the meanness and baseness of his present undertaking, as to render it, on account of the propriety of it's sentiments and it's turns of passion, the most natural, most spirited, and truly dramatic speech, that is, perhaps, to be found in any writer whether ancient or modern: and yet Mr. Addison has passed it over, unpraised and unnoticed.

If an apology should be deemed necessary for the freedom here used with our inimitable bard, let me conclude in the words of Longinus—'Whoever was carefully to collect the blemishes of Homer, Demosthenes, Plato, and of other celebrated writers of the same rank, would find they bore not the least proportion to the sublimities and excellencies with which their works abound.'

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
Z PALÆOPHILUS.

N^o CII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1753.

—QUID TAM DEXTRO FEDE CONCIPIS UT TE
CONATUS NON POENITEAT VOTIQUE PERACTI? JUV.

WHAT IN THE CONDUCT OF OUR LIFE APPEARS
SO WELL DESIGN'D, SO LUCKILY BEGUN;
BUT, WHEN WE HAVE OUR WISH, WE WISH UNDONE. DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I Have been for many years a trader in London. My beginning was narrow, and my stock small; I was, therefore, a long time brow-beaten and despised by those, who, having more money, thought they had more merit than myself. I did not, however, suffer my resentment to instigate me to any mean arts of supplantation, nor my eagerness of riches to betray me to any indirect methods of gain; I pursued my business with incessant assiduity, supported by the hope of being one day richer than those who contemned me; and had, upon every annual review of my books, the satisfaction of finding my fortune increased beyond my expectation.

In a few years my industry and probity were fully recompensed, my wealth was really great, and my reputation for wealth still greater. I had large warehouses crowded with goods, and considerable sums in the public funds; I was caressed upon the Exchange by the most eminent merchants; became the oracle of the common-council; was solicited to engage in all commercial undertakings; was flattered with the hopes of becoming in a short time one of the directors of a wealthy company; and, to compleat my mercantile honours, enjoyed the expensive happiness of fining for sheriff.

Riches, you know, easily produce riches: when I had arrived to this degree of wealth, I had no longer any obstruction or opposition to fear; new acquisitions were hourly brought within my reach, and I continued for some years longer to heap thousands upon thousands.

At last I resolved to compleat the circle of a citizen's prosperity by the purchase of an estate in the country, and to close my life in retirement. From the hour that this design entered my ima-

gination, I found the fatigues of my employment every day more oppressive, and persuaded myself that I was no longer equal to perpetual attention, and that my health would soon be destroyed by the torment and distraction of extensive business. I could image to myself no happiness, but in vacant jollity, and uninterrupted leisure; nor entertain my friends with any other topic, than the vexation and uncertainty of trade, and the happiness of rural privacy.

But, notwithstanding these declarations, I could not at once reconcile myself to the thoughts of ceasing to get money; and though I was every day enquiring for a purchase, I found some reason for rejecting all that were offered me; and, indeed, had accumulated so many beauties and conveniences in my idea of the spot, where I was finally to be happy, that, perhaps, the world might have been travelled over, without discovery of a place which would not have been defective in some particular.

Thus I went on still talking of retirement, and still refusing to retire; my friends began to laugh at my delays, and I grew ashamed to trifle longer with my own inclinations; an estate was at length purchased, I transferred my stock to a prudent young man who had married my daughter, went down into the country, and commenced lord of a spacious manor.

Here for some time I found happiness equal to my expectation. I reformed the old house according to the advice of the best architects, I threw down the walls of the garden, and inclosed it with pallisades, planted long avenues of trees, filled a green-house with exotic plants, dug a new canal, and threw the earth into the old moat.

The fame of these expensive improvements brought in all the country to see the shew. I entertained my visitors with great liberality, led them round my gardens, shewed them my apartments, laid before

before them plans for new decorations, and was gratified by the wonder of some, and the envy of others.

I was envied; but how little can one man judge of the condition of another? The time was now coming, in which affluence and splendor could no longer make me pleased with myself. I had built till the imagination of the architect was exhausted; I had added one convenience to another, till I knew not what more to wish or to design; I had laid out my gardens, planted my park, and completed my water works; and what now remained to be done? what, but to look up to turrets, of which, when they were once raised, I had no farther use, to range over apartments where time was tarnishing the furniture, to stand by the cascade of which I scarcely now perceived the sound, and to watch the growth of woods that must give their shade to a distant generation.

In this gloomy inactivity is every day begun and ended: the happiness that I have been so long procuring is now at an end, because it has been procured; I wander from room to room till I am weary of myself; I ride out to a neighbouring hill in the centre of my estate, from whence all my lands lie in prospect round me; I see nothing that I have not seen before, and return home disappointed, though I knew that I had nothing to expect.

In my happy days of business I had been accustomed to rise early in the morning; and remember the time when I grieved that the night came so soon upon me, and obliged me for a few hours to shut out affluence and prosperity. I now seldom see the rising sun, but to 'tell him,' with the fallen angel, 'how I hate his beams.' I awake from sleep as to languor or imprisonment, and have no employment for the first hour but to consider by what art I shall rid myself of the second. I protract the breakfast as long as I can, because when it is ended I have no call for my attention, till I can with some degree of decency grow impatient for my dinner. If I could dine all my life, I should be happy; I eat not because I am hungry, but because I am idle: but, alas! the time quickly comes when I can eat no longer; and so ill does my constitution second my inclination, that I cannot bear strong liquors: seven hours must then be endured before I shall sup; but supper

comes at last, the more welcome as it is in a short time succeeded by sleep.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the happiness, the hope of which seduced me from the duties and pleasures of a mercantile life. I shall be told by those who read my narrative, that there are many means of innocent amusement, and many schemes of useful employment, which I do not appear ever to have known; and that nature and art have provided pleasures, by which, without the drudgery of settled business, the active may be engaged, the solitary soothed, and the social entertained.

These arts, Sir, I have tried. When first I took possession of my estate, in conformity to the taste of my neighbours, I bought guns and nets, filled my kennel with dogs, and my stable with horses; but a little experience shewed me, that these instruments of rural felicity would afford me few gratifications. I never shot but to miss the mark; and, to confess the truth, was afraid of the fire of my own gun. I could discover no music in the cry of the dogs, nor could divert myself of pity for the animal whose peaceful and inoffensive life was sacrificed to our sport. I was not, indeed, always at leisure to reflect upon her danger; for my horse, who had been bred to the chase, did not always regard my choice either of speed or way, but leaped hedges and ditches at his own discretion, and hurried me along with the dogs, to the great diversion of my brother sportsmen. His eagerness of pursuit once incited him to swim a river; and I had leisure to resolve in the water, that I would never hazard my life again for the destruction of a hare.

I then ordered books to be procured, and by the direction of the vicar had in a few weeks a closet elegantly furnished. You will, perhaps, be surprized when I shall tell you, that when once I had ranged them according to their sizes, and piled them up in regular gradations, I had received all the pleasure which they could give me. I am not able to excite in myself any curiosity after events which have been long passed, and in which I can, therefore, have no interest: I am utterly unconcerned to know whether Tully or Demosthenes excelled in oratory, whether Hannibal lost Italy by his own negligence or the corruption of his countrymen. I have no skill in controversial learning, nor can conceive why

why so many volumes should have been written upon questions which I have lived so long and so happily without understanding. I once resolved to go through the volumes relating to the office of justice of the peace, but found them so crabbed and intricate, that in less than a month I desisted in despair, and resolved to supply my deficiencies by paying a competent salary to a skilful clerk.

I am naturally inclined to hospitality, and for some time kept up a constant intercourse of visits with the neighbouring gentlemen: but though they are easily brought about me by better wine than they can find at any other house, I am not much relieved by their conversation; they have no skill in commerce or the stocks, and I have no knowledge of the history of families, or the factions of the country; so that when the first civilities are over, they usually

talk to one another, and I am left alone in the midst of the company. Though I cannot drink myself, I am obliged to encourage the circulation of the glass; their mirth grows more turbulent and obstreperous; and before their merriment is at an end, I am sick with disgust, and, perhaps, reproached with my sobriety, or by some sly insinuations insulted as a cit.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the life to which I am condemned by a foolish endeavour to be happy by imitation; such is the happiness to which I pleased myself with approaching, and which I considered as the chief end of my cares and my labours. I toiled year after year with cheerfulness, in expectation of the happy hour in which I might be idle; the privilege of idleness is attained, but has not brought with it the blessing of tranquillity. I am, yours, &c.

I

MERCATOR.

Nº CIII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1753.

—QUID ENIM RATIONE TIMEMUS,
AUT CUPIMUS?— JUV.

HOW VOID OF REASON ARE OUR HOPES AND FEARS! DRYDEN.

IN those remote times when, by the intervention of Fairies, men received good and evil, which succeeding generations could expect only from natural causes, Soliman, a mighty prince, reigned over a thousand provinces in the distant regions of the east. It is recorded of Soliman, that he had no favourite; but among the principal nobles of his court was Omaraddin.

Omaraddin had two daughters, Almerine and Shelimah. At the birth of Almerine, the fairy Elfarina had presided; and, in compliance with the importunate and reiterated request of the parents, had endowed her with every natural excellence both of body and mind, and decreed that she should be sought in marriage by a sovereign prince.

When the wife of Omaraddin was pregnant with Shelimah, the fairy Elfarina was again invoked; at which Farimina, another power of the aerial kingdom, was offended. Farimina was inexorable and cruel; the number of her votaries, therefore, was few. Elfarina was placable and benevolent; and Fai-

ries of this character were observed to be superior in power, whether because it is the nature of vice to defeat its own purpose, or whether the calm and equal tenor of a virtuous mind prevents those mistakes which are committed in the tumult and precipitation of outrageous malevolence. But Farimina, from whatever cause, resolved that her influence should not be wanting; she therefore, as far as she was able, precluded the influence of Elfarina, by first pronouncing the incantation which determined the fortune of the infant, whom she discovered by divination to be a girl. Farimina, that the innocent object of her malice might be despised by others, and perpetually employed in tormenting herself, decreed, that her person should be rendered hideous by every species of deformity, and that all her wishes should spontaneously produce an opposite effect.

The parents dreaded the birth of the infant under this malediction, with which Elfarina had acquainted them, and which she could not reverse. The moment they beheld it, they were solicitous only

to conceal it from the world; they considered the complicated deformity of unhappy Shelimah, as some reproach to themselves; and as they could not hope to change her appearance, they did not find themselves interested in her felicity. They made no request to Elfarina, that she would by any intellectual endowment alleviate miseries which they should not participate, but seemed content that a being so hideous should suffer perpetual disappointment; and, indeed, they concurred to injure an infant which they could not behold with complacency, by sending her with only one attendant to a remote castle which stood on the confines of a wood.

Elfarina, however, did not thus forsake innocence in distress; but to counterbalance the evils of obscurity, neglect, and ugliness, she decreed, that to the taste of Shelimah the coarsest food should be the most exquisite dainty; that the rags which covered her, should in her estimation be equal to cloth of gold; that she should prize a palace less than a cottage; and that in these circumstances love should be a stranger to her breast. To prevent the vexation which would arise from the continual disappointment of her wishes, appeared at first to be more difficult; but this was at length perfectly effected by endowing her with Content.

While Shelimah was immured in a remote castle, neglected and forgotten, every city in the dominions of Soliman contributed to decorate the person, or cultivate the mind, of Almerine. The house of her father was the resort of all who excelled in learning of whatever class; and as the wit of Almerine was equal to her beauty, her knowledge was soon equal to her wit.

Thus accomplished, she became the object of universal admiration; every heart throbbed at her approach, every tongue was silent when she spoke; at the glance of her eye every cheek was covered with blushes of diffidence or desire; and at her command every foot became swift as that of the roe. But Almerine, whom ambition was thus jealous to obey, who was revered by hoary wisdom, and beloved by youthful beauty, was perhaps the most wretched of her sex. Perpetual adulation had made her haughty and fierce; her penetration and delicacy rendered almost every object offensive; she was disgusted

with imperfections which others could not discover; her breast was corroded by detestation, when others were softened by pity; she lost the sweetness of sleep by the want of exercise, and the relish of food by continual luxury; but her life became yet more wretched, by her sensibility of that passion on which the happiness of life is believed chiefly to depend.

Nourassin, the physician of Soliman, was of noble birth, and celebrated for his skill through all the east. He had just attained the meridian of life; his person was graceful, and his manner soft and insinuating. Among many others, by whom Almerine had been taught to investigate nature, Nourassin had acquainted her with the qualities of trees and herbs. Of him she learned, how an innumerable progeny are contained in the parent plant; how they expand and quicken by degrees; how from the same soil each imbibes a different juice, which rising from the root hardens into branches above, swells into leaves and flowers, and fruits, infinitely various in colour, and taste, and smell: of power to repel diseases, or precipitate the stroke of death.

Whether by the caprice which is common to violent passions; or whether by some potion which Nourassin found means to administer to his scholar, is not known; but of Nourassin she became enamoured to the most romantic excess. The pleasure with which she had before reflected on the decree of the Fairy, that she should be sought in marriage by a sovereign prince, was now at an end. It was the custom of the nobles to present their daughters to the king, when they entered their eighteenth year; an event which Almerine had often anticipated with impatience and hope, but now wished to prevent with solicitude and terror. The period urged forward, like every thing future, with silent and irresistible rapidity, at length arrived. The curiosity of Soliman had been raised as well by accidental encomiums, as by the artifices of Omaraddin, who now hastened to gratify it with the utmost anxiety and perturbation; he discovered the confusion of his daughter, and imagined that it was produced like his own, by the uncertainty and importance of an event, which would be determined before the day should be passed. He endeavoured to give her a peaceful confidence

haviour; and whether she had recovered from her surprize. He was acquainted, that she had lately fallen asleep; and that a cordial had been left by Nourassin, which he affirmed would, if not too long delayed, suddenly recover her from languor and dejection, and which, notwithstanding, she had neglected to take. Soliman derived new hopes from this intelligence; and that she might meet him at the hour of marriage, with the cheerful vivacity which the cordial of Nourassin would inspire, he ordered that it should, without asking her any question, be mixed with whatever she first drank in the morning.

Almerine, in whose blood the long-continued tumult of her mind had produced a feverish heat, awaked parched with thirst, and called eagerly for sherbet: her attendant, having first emptied the vial into the bowl, as she had been commanded by the king, presented it to her, and she drank it off. As soon as she had recollected the horrid business of the day, she missed the vial, and in a few moments she learned how it had been applied. The sudden terror which now seized her, hastened the effect of the poison; and she felt the fire already kindled in her veins, by which in a few hours she would be destroyed. Her disorder was now apparent, though the cause was not suspected: Nourassin was again introduced, and acquainted with the mistake; an antidote was immediately prepared and administered, and Almerine waited the event in agonies of body and mind, which are not to be described. The internal commotion every instant increased; sudden and intolerable heat and cold succeeded each other; and in less than an hour, she was covered with a leprosy; her hair fell, her head swelled, and every feature in her countenance was distorted. Nourassin, who was doubtful of the event, had withdrawn to conceal his confusion; and Almerine, not knowing that these dreadful appearances were the presages of recovery, and shewed that the fatal effects of the poison were expelled from the citadel of life, conceived her dissolution to be near, and in the agony of remorse and terror, earnestly requested to see the king. Soliman hastily entered her apartment, and beheld the ruins of her beauty with astonishment, which every moment increased, while she discovered the mischiefs which had been intended against him,

and which had now fallen upon her own head.

Soliman, after he had recovered from his astonishment, retired to his own apartment; and in this interval of recollection, he soon discovered that the desire of beauty had seduced him from the path of justice, and that he ought to have dismissed the person whose affections he believed to have another object. He did not, therefore, take away the life of Nourassin for a crime, to which he himself had furnished the temptation; but as some punishment was necessary as a sanction to the laws, he condemned him to perpetual banishment. He commanded that Almerine should be sent back to her father, that her life might be a memorial of his folly; and he determined, if possible, to atone by a second marriage for the errors of the first. He considered, how he might enforce and illustrate some general precept; which would contribute more to the felicity of his people, than his leaving them a sovereign of his own blood; and at length he determined to publish this proclamation, throughout all the provinces of his empire:—Soliman, whose judgment has been perverted, and whose life endangered, by the influence and the treachery of unrivalled beauty, is now resolved to place equal deformity upon his throne; that, when this event is recorded, the world may know, that by Vice beauty became yet more odious than ugliness; and learn, like Soliman, to despise that excellence, which, without Virtue, is only a specious evil, the reproach of the possessor, and the snare of others.

Shelimah, during these events, experienced a very different fortune. She remained, till she was thirteen years of age, in the castle; and it happened that, about this time, the person to whose care she had been committed, after a short sickness, died. Shelimah imagined that she slept; but perceiving that all attempts to awaken her were ineffectual, and her stock of provisions being exhausted, she found means to open the wicket, and wander alone into the wood. She satisfied her hunger with such berries and wild fruits as she found; and at night, not being able to find her way back, she lay down under a thicket and slept. Here she was awakened early in the morning by a peasant, whose compassion happened to be proof against deformity. The man asked her many questions; but her answers

answers rather increasing than gratifying his curiosity, he set her before him on his beast, and carried her to his house in the next village, at the distance of about six leagues. In his family she was the jest of some, and the pity of others; she was employed in the meanest offices; and her figure procured her the name of Goblin. But amidst all the disadvantages of her situation, she enjoyed the utmost felicity of food and rest; as she formed no wishes, she suffered no disappointment; her body was healthful, and her mind at peace.

In this station she had continued four years, when the heralds appeared in the village with the proclamation of Soliman. Shelimah ran out with others to gaze at the parade: she listened to the proclamation with great attention; and, when it was ended, she perceived that the eyes of the multitude were fixed upon her. One of the horsemen at the same time alighted, and with great ceremony intreated her to enter a chariot which was in the retinue, telling her, that she was without doubt the person whom Nature and Soliman had destined to be their queen. Shelimah replied with a smile, that she had no desire to be great—'But,' said she, 'if your proclamation be true, I should rejoice to be the instrument of such admonition to mankind; and, upon this condition, I wish that I were indeed the most deformed of my species.' The moment this wish was uttered, the spell of Farimina produced the contrary effect: her skin, which was scaly and yellow, became smooth and white, her stature was perceived gradually to increase, her neck rose like a pillar of ivory, her bosom expanded, and her waist became less; her hair, which before was thin and of a dirty red, was now black as the feathers of the raven, and flowed in large ringlets on her shoulders; the most exquisite sensibility now sparkled in her eye, her cheeks were tinged with the blushes of the morning, and her lips moistened with the dew; every limb was perfect, and every motion was graceful. A white robe was thrown over her by an invisible hand; the crowd fell back in astonishment, and gazed with insatiable curiosity upon such beauty as before they had never seen. Shelimah was not less astonished than the crowd: she stood a while with her eyes fixed upon the ground; and finding her confusion increase, would have retired in silence; but

she was prevented by the heralds, who having with much importunity prevailed upon her to enter the chariot, returned with her to the metropolis, presented her to Soliman, and related the prodigy.

Soliman looked round upon the assembly, in doubt whether to prosecute or relinquish his purpose; when Abbas-ran, a hoary sage, who had presided in the council of his father, came forward, and placing his forehead on the footstool of the throne—'Let the king,' said he, 'accept the reward of virtue, and take Shelimah to his bed. In what age, and in what nation, shall not the beauty of Shelimah be honoured? To whom will it be transmitted alone? Will not the story of the wife of Soliman descend with her name? Will it not be known, that thy desire of beauty was not gratified, till it had been subdued? That by an iniquitous purpose beauty became hideous, and by a virtuous wish deformity became fair?'

Soliman, who had fixed his eyes upon Shelimah, discovered a mixture of joy and confusion in her countenance, which determined his choice, and was an earnest of his felicity; for at that moment, Love, who, during her state of deformity, had been excluded by the fairy Elfarina's interdiction, took possession of her breast.

The nuptial ceremony was not long delayed, and Elfarina honoured it with her presence. When she departed, she bestowed on both her benedictions; and put into the hand of Shelimah a scroll of vellum, on which was this inscription in letters of gold—

'Remember, Shelimah, the fate of Almerine, who still lives the reproach of parental folly, of degraded beauty, and perverted sense. Remember Almerine; and let her example and thy own experience teach thee, that wit and beauty, learning, affluence, and honour, are not essential to human felicity; with these she was wretched, and without them thou wast happy. The advantages which I have hitherto bestowed, must now be obtained by an effort of my own: that which gives relish to the coarsest food, is Temperance; the apparel and the dwelling of a peasant and a prince, are equal in the estimation of Humility; and the torment of ineffectual desires is prevented, by the resignation of Piety to the will of Heaven; advantages which

'are in the power of every wretch who
'repines at the unequal distribution of
'good and evil, and imputes to Nature
'the effects of his own folly.

The king, to whom Shelimah com-
municated these precepts of the fairy,
caused them to be transcribed; and with
an account of the events which had pro-

duced them distributed over all his do-
minions. Precepts which were thus en-
forced, had an immediate and an exten-
sive influence; and the happiness of Soli-
man and Shelimah was thus commu-
nicated to the multitudes whom they
governed.

Nº CV. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1753.

NOVAM COMICAM MENANDRUS, A QVALESQUEXUS STATIONARIIS QVA MORIATIS,
PHILEMON AC DIPHIUS, ET INVENERE INTA PAUCISSIMOS ANNOS, NEQUE
IMITANDAM RELIQUERE.

VELUT PATRUL.

MENANDER, TOGETHER WITH PHILEMON AND DIPHIUS, WHO MUST BE NAMED
WITH HIM RATHER AS HIS CONTEMPORARIES THAN HIS EQUALS, INVENTED
WITHIN THE COMPASS OF A FEW YEARS A NEW KIND OF COMEDY, AND LEFT
IT BEYOND THE REACH OF IMITATION.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

MORALITY, taste, and litera-
ture, scarcely ever suffered more
irreparably, than by the loss of the co-
medies of Menander; some of whose frag-
ments, agreeable to my promise, I am
now going to lay before you, which I
should imagine would be as highly priz-
ed by the curious, as was the Coan Ve-
nus which Appelles left imperfect and
unfinished.

Menander was celebrated for the
sweetness, brevity, and sententiousness
of his stile. He was fond of Euripi-
des, says Quintilian, and nearly imi-
tated the manner of this tragic writer,
though in a different kind of work.
He is a complete pattern of oratorial
excellence: ita omnem vitæ imaginem
expressit, tanta in eo invenienda copia,
et eloquendi facultas; ita est omnibus
rebus, personis, affectibus, accommo-
datus: so various and so just are all his
pictures of life; so copious is his in-
vention, so masterly his elocution; so
wonderfully is he adapted to all kinds
of subjects, persons, and passions.
This elegiac reflects equal honour on
the critic, and on the comedian. Quinti-
lian has here painted Menander with
as lively and expressive strokes, as Me-
nander had characterized the Athenians.

Boileau, in his celebrated eighth sa-
tire, has not represented the merriness and

folly of man, so forcibly or humorously
as Menander.

Ἀνὰ τὰ δὲ τῆς ἡμετέρας ἀνθρώπων
καὶ τοῦ ἔχοντος πάλιν ἀνθρώπων
τοῦ ἔχοντος ἔστιν ἡμετέρας ἀνθρώπων
ὅλως ἀνθρώπων ἔστιν ἡμετέρας ἀνθρώπων
Τὴν καὶ δὲ αὐτὴν ἀνθρώπων
Αὐτὴ δὲ ἡμετέρας ἀνθρώπων
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All animals are more happy; and have more
understanding, than man. Look, for in-
stance, on yonder ass; all allowance to be
miserable; his evils, however, are not
brought on him by himself and his own
fault; he feels only those which nature has
inflicted. We, on the contrary, besides
our necessary ills, draw upon ourselves a
multitude of others. We are melancholy,
if any person happen to sneeze; we are an-
gry, if any speak reproachfully of us; one
man is affrighted with an unlucky dream,
another at the hooting of an owl. Our
contention, our anxieties, our opinions;
our ambition; our laws, are all evils, which
we ourselves have superadded to nature.

Comparison betwixt the conditions
of the brutal and human species have
been frequently drawn; but this of Me-
nander, as it probably was the first, so
it is the best I have ever seen.

If

If this passage is admirable for the vivacity and severity of its satire, the following certainly deserves deeper attention for weight of sentiment, and sublimity and purity of moral.

Εἰ τίς δι' θυσίαν προσφύσῃ, ὦ Πάμφιλε,
 Ταύρων τε πολλῶν· ὃ ἱερὸν, ἢ, ἢ Δία,
 Ἐτίμῃ τοιούτων, ἢ κατασκευασμάτων
 Χρυσῶν ποικίλων χλαμύδων· ἢ τοὶ πορφύρας,
 ἢ δὲ ἰλίδωντες, ἢ σμαράγδων ζῶδια,
 Ἐνὶν πάλαι τὸν θεὸν καθιζάναι,
 Πάντων ἐκείνων, καὶ φένας κόφας ἔχει.
 Δοῖ γὰρ τὸν ἄνθρωπον χρησίμους πεφυκέναι,
 Μὴ παραδιδόντες φθιόντας; μὴ μαχόμενον,
 Κλαπέντα, καὶ σφάλλοντα χρημάτων χάριν.
 Μὴδὲ βελόνης ἐναυμῇ ἐπιθυμῶν Πάμφιλε,
 Ὅπως θεὸς βλεψὶν εἰς πλοῦσιον παρών.

He that offers in sacrifice, O Pamphilus, a multitude of bulls and of goats, of golden vestments, or purple garments, or figures of ivory, or precious gems; and imagines by this to conciliate the favour of God, is grossly mistaken, and has no solid understanding. For he that would sacrifice with success, ought to be chaste and charitable, no corrupter of virgins, no adulterer, no robber or murderer for the sake of lucre. Covet not, O Pamphilus, even the thread of another man's needle; for God, who is near thee, perpetually beholds thy actions.

Temperance, and justice, and purity, are here inculcated in the strongest manner, and upon the most powerful motive, the Omniscience of the DEITY; at the same time superstition and the idolatry of the heathen are artfully ridiculed. I know not among the ancients any passage that contains such exalted and spiritualized thoughts of religion. Yet if these refined sentiments were to be inserted in a modern comedy, I fear they would be rejected with disdain and disapprobation. The Athenians could endure to hear God and Virtue mentioned in the theatre; while an English and a Christian audience can laugh at adultery as a jest, think obscenity wit, and debauchery amiable. The murderer, if a duellist, is a man of honour, the gamester understands the art of living, the knave has penetration and knows mankind, the spendthrift is a fellow of fine spirit, the rake has only robbed a fresh country girl of her innocence and honour, the jilt and the coquet have a great deal of vivacity and fire; but a faithful husband is a dupe and a cuckold, and a plain country gentleman a novice

and a fool. The wretch that dared to ridicule Socrates abounds not in so much false satire, ribaldry, obscenity, and blasphemy, as our witty and wicked triumvirate, Wycherley, Congreve, and Vanbrugh.

Menander has another very remarkable reflection, worthy even that divine religion, which the last-mentioned writers so impotently endeavoured to deride. It relates to the forgiveness of injuries, a precept not totally unknown to the ancient sages, as hath rashly been affirmed; though never inculcated with such frequency, fervor and cogency, and on motives so weighty and efficacious, as by the founder of the Christian System.

Οὗτος ἐκράτιστος ἐστὶν ἄνθρωπος, ὦ Γοργία,
 Ὅστις ἀδικεῖσθαι πολλοῖς ἐπιτεταται βροτῶν.

He, O Gorgias, is the most virtuous man, who best knows among mortals how to bear injuries with patience.

It may not be improper to alleviate the seriousness of these moral reflections, by the addition of a passage of a more light and sprightly turn.

Ὁ μὲν Ἐπιχάρμης τὰς θεὰς εἶναι λίγας,
 Ἀνέμους, ὕδωρ, γῆν, ἥλιον, πῦρ, ἀστέρας.
 Ἐγὼ δ' ἐπίλασθον χρησίμους εἶναι θεοὺς
 Τὸ ἀργύριον ἡμῶν καὶ τὸ χρυσίον μένον.
 Ἰδρυσάμενος τὰτα, γὰρ εἰς τὴν οἰκίαν
 Εὖξαι τί βύλει, πάντα σοὶ γενήσεται,
 Ἄγρος, οἰκίαι, θηράποντες, ἀργυρώματα,
 Φίλοι, δίκασαι, μάρτυρες—

Epicharmus, indeed, calls the winds, the water, the earth, the sun, the fire, and the stars, gods. But I am of opinion, that gold and silver are our only powerful and propitious deities. For when once you have introduced these into your house, wish for what you will, you shall quickly obtain it; an estate, a habitation, servants, plate, friends, judges, witnesses.

From these short specimens, we may in some measure be enabled to judge of Menander's way of thinking and of writing; remembering always how much his elegance is injured by a plain prosaic translation, and by considering the passages singly and separately, without knowing the characters of the personages that spoke them, and the aptness and propriety with which they were introduced.

The

The delicacy and decorum observed constantly by Menander, rendered him the darling writer of the Athenians; at a time when the Athenians were arrived at the height of prosperity and politeness, and could no longer relish the coarse raileries, the brutal mirth, and illiberal wit, of an indecent Aristophanes. Menander, says Plutarch, 'abounds in a precious Attic salt, which seems to have been taken from the same sea whence Venus herself arose. But the salt of Aristophanes is bitter, disgusting, and corrosive.'

There are two circumstances that may justly give us a mean opinion of the taste of the Romans for comic entertainments: that in the Augustan age itself, notwith-

standing the censure of Horace, they preferred the low buffoonery and drollery of Plautus to the delicacy and civility of Terence, the faithful copier of Menander; and that Terence, to gratify an audience unacquainted with the real excellencies of the drama, found himself obliged to violate the simplicity of Menander's plots, and work up two stories into one in each of his comedies, except the excellent and exact Hecyra. But this duplicity of fable abounding in various turns of fortune, necessarily draws off the attention from what ought to be it's chief object in a legitimate comedy, Character and Humour. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

Z PALÆOPHILUS

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

THE

THE ADVENTURER.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

N^o CVI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1753.

QUO MORITURE RUIS? —

VIRG.

WHY WILT THOU RUSH TO DEATH? —

DRYDEN.

I Have before remarked, that human wit has never been able to render courage contemptible by ridicule; though courage, as it is sometimes a proof of exalted virtue, is also frequently an indication of enormous vices; for if he who effects a good purpose at the risque of life, is allowed to have the strongest propensity to good, it must be granted, that he who at the risque of life effects an evil purpose, has an equal propensity to evil. But as ridicule has not distinguished courage into virtue and vice, neither has it yet distinguished insensibility from courage. Every passion becomes weak in proportion as it is familiar with it's object. Evil must be considered as the object of fear; but the passion is excited only when the evil becomes probable, or, in other words, when we are in danger. As the same evil may become probable many ways, there are several species of danger; that danger to which men are continually exposed, soon becomes familiar, and fear is no longer excited. This, however, must not be considered as an example of courage; for equal danger of any other kind will still produce the same degree of fear in the same mind.

Mechanical causes therefore may produce insensibility of danger; but it is absurd to suppose they can produce courage, for courage is an effort of the mind, by which a sense of danger is surmounted; and it cannot be said, without the utmost perversion of language, that

a man is courageous, merely because he discovers no fear when he is sensible of no danger.

It is, indeed, true, that insensibility and courage produce the same effect; and when we see another unconcerned and chearful in a situation which would make us tremble, it is not strange that we should impute his tranquillity to the strength of his mind, and honour his want of fear with the name of courage. And yet when a mason whistles at his work on a plank of a foot broad and an inch thick, which is suspended by a rafter and a cord over a precipice, from which if he should fall he would inevitably perish, he is only reconciled by habit to a situation, in which more danger is generally apprehended than exists; he has acquired no strength of mind, by which a sense of danger is surmounted; nor has he with respect to courage any advantage over him who, though he would tremble on the scaffold, would yet stand under it without apprehension; for the danger in both situations is nearly equal, and depends upon the same incidents.

But the same insensibility is often substituted for courage by habit, even when the danger is real, and in those minds which every other occasion would shew to be destitute of fortitude. The inhabitants of Sicily live without terror upon the declivity of a volcano, which the stranger ascends with an interrupted pace, looking round at every step, doubting whether to go forward or retire, and dreading

dreading the caprice of the flames which he hears roar beneath him, and sees issue at the summit: but let a woman, who is thus become insensible to the terrors of an earthquake, be carried to the mouth of the mines in Sweden, she will look down into the abyss with terror, she will shudder at the thought of descending it, and tremble lest the brink should give way.

Against insensibility of real danger we should not be less watchful than against unreasonable fear. Fear, when it is justly proportioned to its object, and not too strong to be governed by reason, is not only blameless but honourable; it is essential to the perfection of human nature, and the mind would be as defective without it as the body without a limb. Man is a being exposed to perpetual evil; every moment liable to destruction by innumerable accidents, which yet, if he foresees, he cannot frequently prevent: fear, therefore, was implanted in his breast for his preservation; it admonishes him when danger approaches, and to prevent his being precipitated upon it either by wantonness or inattention. But those evils which, without fear, we should not have foreseen, when fear becomes excessive we are unable to shun: for cowardice and presumption are equally fatal, and are frequently found in the same mind.

A peasant in the north of England had two sons, Thomas and John. Tom was taken to sea when he was very young, by the master of a small vessel who lived at Hull; and Jack continued to work with his father till he was near thirty. Tom, who was now become master of a smack himself, took his brother on board for London, and promised to procure him some employment among the shipping on the water-side. After they had been some hours under sail, the wind became contrary, and blew very fresh; the waves began immediately to swell, dashing with violence against the prow, whitened into foam. The vessel, which now plied to windward, lay so much on one side, that the edge was frequently under water; and Jack, who expected it to overset every moment, was seized with terror which he could not conceal. He earnestly requested of Tom, that the sails might be taken in; and lamented the folly that had exposed him to the violence of a tempest, from which he could not with-

out a miracle escape. Tom, with a sovereign contempt of his pusillanimity, derided his distress; and Jack, on the contrary, admired the bravery of Tom and his crew, from whose countenances and behaviour he at length derived some hope; he believed he had deserved the reproach which he suffered, and despised himself for the fear which he could not shake off. In the mean time the gale increased, and in less than an hour it blew a storm. Jack, who watched every countenance with the utmost attention and solicitude, thought that his fears were now justified by the looks of the sailors: he therefore renewed his complaints; and perceiving his brother still unconcerned, again intreated him to take every possible precaution, and not increase their danger by presumption. In answer to these remonstrances he received such consolation as one lord of the creation frequently administers to another in the depth of distress: 'Pshaw, damme, you fool!' says Tom, 'don't be a sad heart: the more sail we carry, the sooner we shall be out of the weather.' Jack's fear had indeed been alarmed before he was in danger; but Tom was insensible of the danger when it arrived; he, therefore, continued his course, exulting in the superiority of his courage, and anticipating the triumph of his vanity when they should come on shore. But the sails being still spread, a sudden gust bore away the mast, which in its fall so much injured the helm, that it became impossible to steer, and in a very short time afterwards the vessel struck. The first moment in which Tom became sensible of danger, he was seen to be totally destitute of courage. When the vessel struck, Jack, who had been ordered under hatches, came up, and found the helm, whom he had to lately regarded with humility and admiration, sitting on the quarter deck, wringing his hands, and uttering incoherent and clamorous exclamations. Jack now appeared more calm than before, and asked, if anything could yet be done to save their lives. Tom replied in a frantic tone, that they might possibly float to land on some parts of the wreck; and catching up an axe, instead of attempting to disengage the mast, he began to stove the boat. Jack, whose reason was still predominant, though he had been afraid too soon, saw that Tom in his frenzy was about to cut off their last hope; he therefore caught

caught hold of his arm, took away the axe by force, assisted the sailors in getting the boat into the water, persuaded his brother to quit the vessel, and in about four hours they got safe on shore.

If the vessel had weathered the storm, Tom would have been deemed a hero, and Jack a coward: but I hope that none, whom I have led into this train of thought, will, for the future, regard insensibility of danger as an indication of courage; or impute cowardice to those whose fear is not inadequate to it's object, or too violent to answer it's purpose.

There is one evil, of which multitudes are in perpetual danger; an evil, to which every other is as the drop of the bucket, and the dust of the balance; and yet of this danger the greater part appear to be totally insensible.

Every man who wastes in negligence the day of salvation, stands on the brink not only of the grave but of hell. That the danger of all is imminent, appears by the terms that Infinite Wisdom has chosen to express the conduct by which alone it can be escaped; it is called 'a race, a watch, a work to be wrought with fear and trembling, a strife unto

' blood, and a combat with whatever ' can seduce or terrify, with the pleasures of sense and the power of angels.' The moment in which we shall be snatched from the brink of this gulph, or plunged to the bottom, no power can either avert or retard; it approaches silent, indeed, as the flight of time, but rapid and irresistible as the course of a comet. That dreadful evil, which, with equal force and propriety, is called the Second Death, should not, surely, be disregarded, merely because it has been long impending; and as there is no equivalent for which a man can reasonably determine to suffer, it cannot be considered as the object of courage. How it may be borne, should not be the enquiry, but how it may be shunned. And if in this daring age it is impossible to prepare for eternity, without giving up the character of a hero, no reasonable being, surely, will be deterred by this consideration from the attempt; for who but an infant, or an idiot, would give up his paternal inheritance for a feather, or renounce the acclamations of a triumph for the tinkling of a rattle?

Nº CVII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1753.

—SUB JUDICE LIS EST.

HOR.

AND OF THEIR VAIN DISPUTINGS FIND NO END.

FRANCIS.

IT has been sometimes asked by those who find the appearance of wisdom more easily attained by questions than solutions, how it comes to pass that the world is divided by such difference of opinion; and why men, equally reasonable, and equally lovers of truth, do not always think in the same manner?

With regard to simple propositions, where the terms are understood, and the whole subject is comprehended at once, there is such an uniformity of sentiment among all human beings, that, for many ages, a very numerous set of notions were supposed to be innate, or necessarily co-existent with the faculty of reason: it being imagined, that universal agreement could proceed only from the invariable dictates of the universal parent.

In questions diffuse and compounded, his similarity of determination is no

longer to be expected. At our first sally into the intellectual world, we all march together along one straight and open road; but as we proceed, further and wider prospects open to our view, every eye fixes upon a different scene; we divide into various paths, and, as we move forward, are still at a greater distance from each other. As a question becomes more complicated and involved, and extends to a greater number of relations, disagreement of opinion will always be multiplied; not because we are irrational, but because we are finite beings, furnished with different kinds of knowledge, exerting different degrees of attention; one discovering consequences which escape another, none taking in the whole concatenation of causes and effects, and more comprehending but a very small part, each

M m comparing

comparing what he observes with a different criterion, and each referring it to a different purpose.

Where then is the wonder, that they who see only a small part, should judge erroneously of the whole? or that they who see different and dissimilar parts, should judge differently from each other?

Whatever has various respects, must have various appearances of good and evil, beauty or deformity; thus the gardener tears up as a weed the plant which the physician gathers as a medicine; and 'a general,' says Sir Kenelm Digby, 'will look with pleasure over a plain, as a fit place on which the fate of empires might be decided in battle, which the farmer will despise as bleak and barren, neither fruitful of pasturage, nor fit for tillage.'

Two men examining the same question, proceed commonly like the physician and gardener in selecting herbs, or the farmer and hero looking on the plain; they bring minds impressed with different notions, and direct their inquiries to different ends; they form, therefore, contrary conclusions, and each wonders at the other's absurdity.

We have less reason to be surprized or offended when we find others differ from us in opinion, because we very often differ from ourselves. How often we alter our minds, we do not always remark; because the change is sometimes made imperceptibly and gradually, and the last conviction effaces all memory of the former: yet every man, accustomed from time to time to take a survey of his own notions, will, by a slight retrospection, be able to discover that his mind has suffered many revolutions; that the same things have in the several parts of his life been condemned and approved, pursued and shunned; and that on many occasions, even when his practice has been steady, his mind has been wavering, and he has persisted in a scheme of action, rather because he feared the censure of inconstancy, than because he was always pleased with his own choice.

Of the different faces shewn by the same objects as they are viewed on opposite sides, and of the different inclinations which they must constantly raise in him that contemplates them, a more striking example cannot easily be found than two Greek epigrammatists will afford us in their accounts of human life,

which I shall lay before the reader in English prose.

Posidippus, a comic poet, utters this complaint:—'Through which of the paths of life is it eligible to pass? In public assemblies are debates and troublesome affairs; domestic privacies are haunted with anxieties; in the country is labour; on the sea is terror: in a foreign land, he that has money must live in fear, he that wants it must pine in distress. Are you married? you are troubled with suspicions. Are you single? you languish in solitude. Children occasion toil, and a childless life is a state of destitution; the time of youth is a time of folly; and grey hairs are loaded with infirmity. This choice only, therefore, can be made, either never to receive being, or immediately to lose it.'

Such and so gloomy is the prospect which Posidippus has laid before us. But we are not to acquiesce too hastily in his determination against the value of existence: for Metrodorus, a philosopher of Athens, has shewn, that life has pleasures as well as pains; and having exhibited the present state of man in brighter colours, draws, with equal appearance of reason, a contrary conclusion.

'You may pass well through any of the paths of life. In public assemblies are honours and transactions of wisdom; in domestic privacy is stillness and quiet; in the country are the beauties of nature; on the sea is the hope of gain; in a foreign land, he that is rich is honoured, he that is poor may keep his poverty secret. Are you married? you have a cheerful house. Are you single? you are unincumbered; children are objects of affection; to be without children is to be without care; the time of youth is the time of vigour, and grey hairs are made venerable by piety. It will, therefore, never be a wise man's choice, either not to obtain existence, or to lose it; for every state of life has its felicity.'

In these epigrams are included most of the questions which have engaged the speculations of the enquirers after happiness; and though they will not much assist our determinations, they may, perhaps, equally promote our quiet, by shewing that no absolute determination ever can be formed.

Whether a public station, or private life, be desirable, has always been debated.

bated. We see here both the allurements and discouragements of civil employments: on one side there is trouble, on the other honour; the management of affairs is vexatious and difficult, but it is the only duty in which wisdom can be conspicuously displayed: it must then still be left to every man to chuse either ease or glory; nor can any general precept be given, since no man can be happy by the prescription of another.

Thus, what is said of children by Posidippus, 'that they are occasions of fatigue;' and by Metrodorus, 'that they are objects of affection;' is equally certain; but whether they will give most pain or pleasure, must depend on their future conduct and dispositions, on many causes over which the parent can have little influence: there is, therefore, room for all the caprices of imagination, and desire must be proportioned to the hope or fear that shall happen to predominate.

Such is the uncertainty in which we are always likely to remain with regard to questions, wherein we have most interest, and which every day affords us fresh opportunity to examine: we may examine, indeed, but we never can decide, because our faculties are unequal to the subject: we see a little, and form an opinion; we see more, and change it.

This inconstancy and unsteadiness, to which we must so often find ourselves liable, ought certainly to teach us moderation and forbearance towards those who cannot accommodate themselves to our sentiments: if they are deceived, we have no right to attribute their mistake to obstinacy or negligence, because we likewise have been mistaken; we may, perhaps, again change our own opinion;

and what excuse shall we be able to find for aversion and malignity conceived against him, whom we shall then find to have committed no fault, and who offended us only by refusing to follow us into error?

It may likewise contribute to soften that resentment which pride naturally raises against opposition, if we consider, that he who differs from us, does not always contradict us; he has one view of an object, and we have another; each describes what he sees with equal fidelity, and each regulates his steps by his own eyes: one man, with Posidippus, looks on celibacy as a state of gloomy solitude, without a partner in joy or a comforter in sorrow; the other considers it, with Metrodorus, as a state free from incumbrances, in which a man is at liberty to chuse his own gratifications, to remove from place to place in quest of pleasure, and to think of nothing but merriment and diversion: full of these notions one hastens to chuse a wife, and the other laughs at his rashness, or pities his ignorance; yet it is possible that each is right, but that each is right only for himself.

Life is not the object of science: we see a little, very little; and what is beyond we only can conjecture. If we enquire of those who have gone before us, we receive small satisfaction; some have travelled life without observation, and some willingly mislead us. The only thought, therefore, on which we can repose with comfort, is that which presents to us the care of Providence, whose eye takes in the whole of things, and under whose direction all involuntary errors will terminate in happiness.

T

N^o CVIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1753.

NOBIS, CUM SIMUL OCCIDIT BREVIS LUX,
NOX EST PERPETUO UNA DORMIENDA.

CATULLUS.

WHEN ONCE THE SHORT-LIV'D MORTAL DIES,
A NIGHT ETERNAL SEALS HIS EYES.

ADDISON.

IT may have been observed by every reader, that there are certain topics which never are exhausted. Of some images and sentiments the mind of man may be said to be enamoured; it meets them, however often they occur, with the same ardour which a lover feels at the sight of his mistress, and parts from

them with the same regret when they can no longer be enjoyed.

Of this kind are many descriptions which the poets have transcribed from each other, and their successors will probably copy to the end of time; which will continue to engage, or, as the French term it, to flatter the imagination,

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tion,

tion, as long as human nature shall remain the same.

When a poet mentions the spring, we know that the zephyrs are about to whisper, that the groves are to recover their verdure, the linnets to warble forth their notes of love, and the flocks and herds to frisk over vales painted with flowers: yet who is there so insensible of the beauties of nature, so little delighted with the renovation of the world, as not to feel his heart bound at the mention of the spring?

When night overshadows a romantic scene, all is stillness, silence, and quiet; the poets of the grove cease their melody, the moon towers over the world in gentle majesty, men forget their labours and their cares, and every passion and pursuit is for a while suspended. All this we know already, yet we hear it repeated without weariness; because such is generally the life of man, that he is pleased to think on the time when he shall pause from a sense of his condition.

When a poetical grove invites us to its covert, we know that we shall find what we have already seen, a limpid brook murmuring over pebbles, a bank diversified with flowers, a green arch that excludes the sun, and a natural grot shaded with myrtles; yet who can forbear to enter the pleasing gloom, to enjoy coolness and privacy, and gratify himself once more by scenes with which nature has formed him to be delighted?

Many moral sentiments likewise are so adapted to our state, that we find approbation whenever they solicit it, and are seldom read without exciting a gentle emotion in the mind: such is the comparison of the life of man with the duration of a flower, a thought which, perhaps, every nation has heard warbled in its own language, from the Inspired Poets of the Hebrews to our own times: yet this comparison must always please, because every heart feels it's justness, and every hour confirms it by example.

Such likewise is the precept that directs us to use the present hour, and refer nothing to a distant time, which we are uncertain whether we shall reach: this every moralist may venture to inculcate, because it will always be approved, and because it is always forgotten.

This rule is, indeed, every day enforced, by arguments more powerful than the dissertations of moralists: we see men pleasing themselves with future

happiness, fixing a certain hour for the completion of their wishes, and perishing some at a greater and some at a less distance from the happy time; all complaining of their disappointments, and lamenting that they had suffered the years which Heaven allowed them to pass without improvement, and deferred the principal purpose of their lives to the time when life itself was to forsake them.

It is not only uncertain, whether, through all the casualties and dangers which beset the life of man, we shall be able to reach the time appointed for happiness or wisdom; but it is likely, that whatever now hinders us from doing that which our reason and conscience declare necessary to be done, will equally obstruct us in times to come. It is easy for the imagination, operating on things not yet existing, to please itself with scenes of unmingled felicity, or plan out courses of uniform virtue: but good and evil are in real life inseparably united; habits grow stronger by indulgence; and reason loses her dignity, in proportion as she has oftener yielded to temptation—'He that cannot live well to-day,' says Martial, 'will be less qualified to live well to-morrow.'

Of the uncertainty of every human good, every human being seems to be convinced; yet this uncertainty is voluntarily increased by unnecessary delay, whether we respect external causes, or consider the nature of our own minds. He that now feels a desire to be right, and wishes to regulate his life according to his reason, is not sure that, at any future time assignable, he shall be able to rekindle the same ardour; he that has now an opportunity offered him of breaking loose from vice and folly, cannot know but that he shall hereafter be more entangled, and struggle for freedom without obtaining it.

We are so unwilling to believe any thing to our own disadvantage, that we will always imagine the perspicacity of our judgment and the strength of our resolution more likely to increase than to grow less by time; and therefore conclude, that the will to pursue laudable purposes will be always seconded by the power.

But however we may be deceived in calculating the strength of our faculties, we cannot doubt the uncertainty of that life in which they must be employed: we

we see every day the unexpected death of our friends and our enemies, we see new graves hourly opened for men older and younger than ourselves, for the cautious and the careless, the dissolute and the temperate, for men who like us were providing to enjoy or improve hours now irreversibly cut off; we see all this, and yet, instead of living, let year glide after year in preparations to live.

Men are so frequently cut off in the midst of their projections, that sudden death causes little emotion in them that behold it; unless it be impressed upon the attention by uncommon circumstances. I, like every other man, have outlived multitudes; have seen ambition sink in it's triumphs, and beauty perish in it's bloom; but have been seldom so much affected as by the fate of Euryalus, whom I lately lost as I began to love him.

Euryalus had for some time flourished in a lucrative profession; but having suffered his imagination to be fired by an unextinguishable curiosity, he grew weary of the same dull round of life, resolved to harass himself no longer with the drudgery of getting money, but to quit his business and his profit, and enjoy for a few years the pleasures of travel. His friends heard him proclaim his resolution without suspecting that he intended to pursue it; but he was constant to his purpose, and with great expedition closed his accounts and sold his moveables, passed a few days in bidding farewell to his companions, and, with all the eagerness of romantic chivalry, crossed the sea in search of happiness. Whatever place was renowned in ancient or modern history, whatever region art or nature had distinguished, he determined to visit: full of design and hope, he landed on the continent; his friends expected accounts from him of the new scenes that opened in his progress, but were informed in a few days that Euryalus was dead.

Such was the end of Euryalus. He is entered that state, whence none ever

shall return; and can now only benefit his friends, by remaining in their memories a permanent and efficacious instance of the blindness of desire, and the uncertainty of all terrestrial good. But, perhaps, every man has like me lost an Euryalus, has known a friend die with happiness in his grasp; and yet every man continues to think himself secure of life, and defers to some future time of leisure what he knows it will be fatal to have finally omitted.

It is, indeed, with this as with other frailties inherent in our nature; the desire of deferring to another time, what cannot be done without endurance of some pain, or forbearance of some pleasure, will, perhaps, never be totally overcome or suppressed; there will always be something that we shall wish to have finished, and be nevertheless unwilling to begin: but against this unwillingness it is our duty to struggle, and every conquest over our passions will make way for an easier conquest; custom is equally forcible to bad and good; nature will always be at variance with reason, but will rebel more freely as she is oftener subdued.

The common neglect of the present hour is more shameful and criminal, as no man is betrayed to it by error, but admits it by negligence. Of the instability of life, the weakest understanding never thinks wrong, though the strongest often omits to think justly: reason and experience are always ready to inform us of our real state; but we refuse to listen to their suggestions, because we feel our hearts unwilling to obey them: but surely nothing is more unworthy of a reasonable being, than to shut his eyes, when he sees the road which he is commanded to travel, that he may deviate with fewer reproaches from himself; nor could any motive to tenderness, except the consciousness that we have all been guilty of the same fault, dispose us to pity those who thus consecrate themselves to voluntary ruin.

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N^o CIX. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1753.

INSANIRE PUTAS SOLENNIA ME, NEQUE RIDES.

HOR.

YOU THINK ME BUT AS MAD AS ALL MANKIND.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

MONTESQUIEU wittily observes, that by building professed mad-houses men tacitly insinuate, that all who are out of their senses are to be found only in those places. This remark having made some impression on my mind, produced last night the following vision.

I imagined that Bedlam had been ordered to be rebuilt upon a more extensive plan by act of parliament; and that Dean Swift, calling at my lodgings, offered to accompany me to see the new-erected edifice, which, he observed, was not half capacious enough before to contain the various species of madness that are to be found in this kingdom. As we walked through the galleries, he gave me the following account of the several inhabitants.

The lady in the first apartment had prevailed upon her husband, a man of study and economy, to indulge her with a route twice a week at her own house. This soon multiplied her obligations to the company she kept, and in a fortnight she insisted upon two more. His lordship venturing to oppose her demand with ready resolution; but with equal tenderness, the lady complained, that the rights of quality and fortune were invaded; that her credit was lost with the fashionable world, and that ignorance and brutality had robbed her of the pleasures of a reasonable being, and rendered her the most unhappy wife in Great Britain. The cause of her complaints, however, still subsisted, and by perpetually brooding over it she at length turned her brain.

Next to her is a dramatic writer, whose comedy having been justly damned, he began to vent his spleen against the public, by weekly abuses of the present age; but as neither the play nor his defences of it were read, his indignation continually increased, till at length it terminated in madness.

He on the right-hand is a philosopher,

who has lost his reason in a fruitless attempt to discover the cause of electricity.

He on the left is a celebrated jockey of noble birth, whose favourite mare, that had enjoyed three triumphs in former seasons, was distanced a few days ago at Newmarket.

Yonder meagre man has bewildered his understanding by closely studying the doctrine of chances, in order to qualify himself for a professorship, which will be shortly established and amply endowed at an eminent chocolate-house, where lectures on this important subject are constantly to be read.

An unforeseen accident turned the head of the next unfortunate prisoner. She had for a long time passed for fifteen years younger than she was, and her lively behaviour and airy dress concurred to help forward the imposition; till one evening, being animated with an extraordinary flow of spirits, she danced out seven of her artificial teeth, which were immediately picked up, and delivered to her with great ceremony by her partner.

The merchant in the neighbouring cell had resolved to gain a plumb. He was possessed of seventy thousand pounds, and eagerly expected a ship that was to compleat his wishes. But the ship was cast away in the channel, and the merchant is distracted for his loss.

That disconsolate lady had for many years assiduously attended an old gouty uncle, had assented to all his absurdities, and humoured all his foibles, in full expectation of being made his executrix; when happening one day to affirm that his gruel had sack enough in it, contrary to his opinion, he altered his will immediately, and left all to her brother; which affords her no consolation, for avarice is able to subdue the tenderness of nature.

Behold the beautiful and virtuous Theodora! Her fondness for an ungrateful husband was unparelled. She detected him in the arms of a disagreeable and affected prostitute, and was driven to distraction.

Is my old friend the commentator here likewise? Alas! he has lost his wits in enquiring whether or no the ancients wore perukes: as did his neighbour Cynthio; by receiving a frown from his patron at the last levee.

The fat lady, upon whom you look so earnestly, is a grocer's wife in the city. Her disorder was occasioned by her seeing at court, last Twelfth-night, the daughter of Mr. Alderman Squeeze, oil-man, in a sacque far richer and more elegant than her own.

The next chamber contains an adventurer who purchased thirty tickets in the last lottery. As he was a person of a sanguine complexion and lively imagination, he was sure of gaining the ten thousand pounds by the number of his chances. He spent a month in surveying the counties that lie in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, before he could find out an agreeable site for the fine house he intended to build. He next fixed his eye on a most blooming and beautiful girl, whom he designed to honour as his bride. He bespoke a magnificent coach, and the ornaments of his harness were to be of his own invention. Mr. Degagé, the taylor, was ordered to send to Paris for the lace with which his wedding cloaths were to be adorned. But in the midst of these preparations for prosperity, all his tickets were drawn blanks; and instead of his villa on the banks of the Thames, you now see him in these melancholy lodgings.

His neighbour in the next apartment was an honest footman, who was persuaded likewise to try his fortune in the same lottery; and who, obtaining a very large and unexpected sum, could not stand the shock of such sudden good fortune, but grew mad with excess of joy.

You wonder to see that cell beautified with Chinese vases and urns. It is inhabited by that famous virtuoso Lady Harriet Brittle, whose opinion was formerly decisive at all auctions, where she was usually appealed to about the genuineness of porcelain. She purchased at an exorbitant price a Mandarin and a Jos, that were the envy of all the female connoisseurs, and were allowed to

be inestimable. They were to be placed at the upper end of a little rock-work temple of Chinese architecture, in which neither propriety, proportion, nor true beauty, were considered, and were carefully packed up in different boxes; but the brutish waggoner happening to overturn his carriage, they were crushed to pieces. The poor lady's understanding could not survive so irreparable a loss; and her relations, to soothe her passion, had provided those Chelsea urns with which she has decorated her chamber, and which she believes to be the true Nanquin.

Yonder miserable youth, being engaged in a hot contention at a fashionable brothel, about a celebrated courtesan, killed a sea officer with whose face he was not acquainted; but who proved upon enquiry to be his own brother, who had been ten years absent in the Indies.

Look attentively into the next cell; you will there discover a lady of great worth and fine accomplishments, whose father condemned her to the arms of a right honourable debaucher, when he knew she had fixed her affections irrevocably on another, who possessed an unincumbered estate, but wanted the ornament of a title. She submitted to the orders of a stern father with patience, obedience, and a breaking heart. Her husband treated her with that contempt which he thought due to a citizen's daughter; and besides communicated to her an infamous distemper, which her natural modesty forbade her to discover in time; and the violent medicines which were afterwards administered to her by an unskilful surgeon, threw her into a delirious fever, from which she could never be recovered.

Here the Dean paused; and looking upon me with great earnestness, and grasping my hand close'y, spoke with an emphasis that awaked me—'Think me not so insensible a monster, as to deride the lamentable lot of the wretches we have now surveyed. If we laugh at the follies, let us at the same time pity the manifold miseries of man.'

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

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SOPHRON.

N^o CX. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1753.

MENS IMMOTA MANET, LACHRYMÆ VOLVUNTUR INANES.

VIRG.

SIGHs, GROANS, AND TEARS, PROCLAIM HIS INWARD PAINS;
BUT THE FIRM PURPOSE OF HIS HEART REMAINS.

DAYDEN.

PITY has been generally considered as the passion of gentle, benevolent, and virtuous minds; although it is acknowledged to produce only such a participation of the calamity of others, as upon the whole is pleasing to ourselves.

As a tender participation of foreign distress, it has been urged to prove, that man is endowed with social affections, which, however forcible, are wholly disinterested; and as a pleasing sensation, it has been deemed an example of unmixed selfishness and malignity. It has been resolved into that power of imagination, by which we apply the misfortunes of others to ourselves: we have been said to pity no longer than we fancy ourselves to suffer, and to be pleased only by reflecting that our sufferings are not real; thus indulging a dream of distress, from which we can awake whenever we please, to exult in our security, and enjoy the comparison of the fiction with truth.

I shall not perplex my readers with the subtilties of a debate, in which human nature has, with equal zeal and plausibility, been exalted and degraded. It is sufficient for my purpose to remark, that Pity is generally understood to be that passion, which is excited by the sufferings of persons with whom we have no tender connection, and with whose welfare the stronger passions have not united our felicity; for no man would call the anguish of a mother, whose infant was torn from her breast and left to be devoured in a desert, by the name of Pity; although the sentiment of a stranger, who should drop a silent tear at the relation, which yet might the next hour be forgotten, could not otherwise be justly denominated.

If Pity, therefore, is absorbed in another passion, when our love of those that suffer is strong; Pity is rather an evidence of the weakness than the strength of that general philanthropy, for which some

have so eagerly contended, with which they have flattered the pride and veiled the vices of mankind, and which they have affirmed to be alone sufficient to recommend them to the favour of Heaven, to atone for the indulgence of every appetite and the neglect of every duty.

If human benevolence was absolutely pure and social, it would not be necessary to relate the ravages of a pestilence or a famine with minute and discriminating circumstances to rouse our sensibility: we should certainly deplore irremediable calamity, and participate temporary distress, without any mixture of delight: that deceitful sorrow, in which pleasure is so well known to be predominant, that invention has been busied for ages in contriving tales of fictitious suffering for no other end than to excite it, would be changed into honest commiseration, in which pain would be unmixed, and which therefore we should wish to lose.

Soon after the fatal battle of Fontenoy, a young gentleman, who came over with the officer that brought the express, being expected at the house of a friend, a numerous company of gentlemen and ladies were assembled to hear an account of the action from an eye-witness.

The gentleman, as every man is flattered by commanding attention, was easily prevailed upon to gratify the company, as soon as they were seated, and the first ceremonies past. He described the march of many thousands of their countrymen into a field, where batteries had been concealed on each side, which in a moment strewed the ground with mangled limbs, and carcasses that almost floated in blood, and obstructed the path of those who followed to the slaughter. He related, how often the decreasing multitude returned to the mouth of the cannon; how suddenly they were rallied, and how suddenly broken;

broken; he repeated the list of officers who had fallen undistinguished in the carnage, men whose eminence rendered their names universally known, their influence extensive, and their attachments numerous; and he hinted the fatal effects which this defeat might produce to the nation, by turning the success of the war against us. But the company, however amused by the relation, appeared not to be affected by the event; they were still attentive to every trifling punctilio of ceremony, usual among well-bred persons; they bowed with a graceful simper to a lady who sneered, mutually presented each other with snuff, shook their heads, and changed their posture at proper intervals, asked some questions which tended to produce a more minute detail of such circumstances of horror as had been lightly touched; and having at last remarked that the Roman patriot regretted the brave could die but once, the conversation soon became general, and a motion was made to divide into parties at whist. But just as they were about to comply, the gentleman again engaged their attention.

I forgot, said he, to relate one particular, which, however, deserves to be remembered. The captain of a company, whose name I cannot now recollect, had, just before his corps was ordered to embark, married a young lady to whom he had been long tenderly attached, and who, contrary to the advice of all her friends, and the expostulations, persuasion, and entreaty of her husband, insisted to go abroad with him, and share his fortune at all events. If he should be wounded, she said that she might hasten his recovery, and alleviate his pain, by such attendance as strangers cannot be hired to pay; if he should be taken prisoner, she might, perhaps, be permitted to shorten the tedious hours of captivity which solitude would protract; and if he should die, that it would be better for her to know it with certainty and speed, than to wait at a distance with anxiety and suspense, tormented by doubtful and contradictory reports, and at last believing it possible, that if she had been present, her assiduity and tenderness might have preserved his life. The captain, though he was not convinced by her reasoning, was yet overcome by the importunate

eloquence of her love; he consented to her request, and they embarked together.

The head-quarters of the Duke of Cumberland were at Brussel, from whence they removed the evening before the battle to Monbray, a village within musquet-shot of the enemy's lines, where the captain, who commanded in the left wing, was encamped.

Their parting in the morning was short. She looked after him, till he could no longer be distinguished from others; and as soon as the firing began, she went back pale and trembling, and sat down expecting the event in an agony of impatience, anxiety, and terror. She soon learned from stragglers and fugitives, that the slaughter was dreadful, and the victory hopeless. She did not, however, yet despair; she hoped, that the captain might return among the few that might remain: but soon after the retreat this hope was cut off, and she was informed that he fell in the first charge, and was left among the dead. She was restrained by those about her from rushing in the phrenzy of desperation to the field of battle, of which the enemy was still possessed: but the tumult of her mind having abated, and her grief become more calm during the night, she ordered the servant to attend her at break of day; and as leave had been given to bury the dead, she went herself to seek the remains of her husband, that she might honour them with the last rites, and pour the tears of conjugal affection upon his grave. They wandered about among the dying and the dead, gazing on every distorted countenance, and looking round with irresolution and amazement on a scene, which those who stripped had left tenfold more a sight of horror than those who had slain. From this sight she was at last turning with confusion and despair; but was stopped by the cries of a favourite spaniel, who had followed her without being perceived. He was standing at some distance in the field; and the moment she saw him, she conceived the strongest assurance that he had found his master. She hastened instantly to the place, without regarding any other object; and stooping over the corpse by which he stood, she found it so disfigured with wounds, and besmeared with blood, that the features were not to be known: but as she was weeping in the anguish

of suspense, she discovered hanging on the wrist the remains of a ruffle, round which there was a slight border of her own work. Thus suddenly to have discovered, and in such dreadful circumstances, that which she had sought, quite overwhelmed her, and she sunk down on the body. By the assistance of the servant she was recovered to sensibility, but not to reason; she was seized at once with convulsions and madness; and a few hours after she was carried back to the village she expired.

Those, who had heard the fate of whole battalions without pity, and the loss of a battle, by which their country would probably suffer irreparable damage, without concern, listened to a tale of private distress with uninterrupted attention. All regard to each other was for a while suspended; tears by degrees overflowed every eye, and every bosom became susceptible of Pity: but the whole circle paused with evident regret, when the narrative was at an end; and would have been glad, that such another could have been told to continue their entertainment. Such was the Benevolence of Pity! But a lady who had taken the opportunity of a very slight acquaintance to satisfy her curiosity, was touched with much deeper distress; and fainting in the struggle to conceal the emotions of her mind, fell back in her chair: an accident which was not sooner discovered, because every eye had been fixed upon the speaker, and all attention

monopolized by the story. Every one however, was ready to afford her assistance; and it was soon discovered, that she was mother to the lady whose distress had afforded so much virtuous pleasure to the company. It was not possible to tell her another story, which would revive the same sensations; and if it had, the world could not have bribed her to have heard it. Her affection to the sufferer was too strong to permit her, on this occasion, to enjoy the luxury of Pity, and applaud her benevolence for sensations which shewed it's defects. It would, indeed, be happy for us, if we were to exist only in this state of imperfection, that a greater share of sensibility is not allowed us; but if the mole, in the kindness of Unerring Wisdom, is permitted scarce to distinguish light from darkness, the mole should not, surely, be praised for the perspicacity of it's sight.

Let us distinguish the malignity, which others confound with Benevolence, and applaud as Virtue; let that imperfection of nature, which is adapted to an imperfect state, teach us to humility; and fix our dependence upon Him, who has promised to 'create in us a new heart and a right spirit;' and to receive us to that place, where our love of others, however ardent, can only increase our felicity; because in that place there will be no object, but such as Perfect Benevolence can contemplate with delight.

Nº CXI. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1753.

— QUÆ NON FECIMUS IPSI,
VIX EA NOSTRA VOCO.

OVID.

THE DEEDS OF LONG DESCENDED ANCESTORS
ARE BUT BY GRACE OF IMPUTATION OURS. DAYDEN.

THE evils inseparably annexed to the present condition of man, are so numerous and afflictive, that it has been, from age to age, the task of some to bewail, and of others to solace them; and he, therefore, will be in danger of seeing a common enemy, who shall attempt to depreciate the few pleasures and felicities which nature has allowed us.

Yet I will confess, that I have sometimes employed my thoughts in examin-

ing the pretensions that are made to happiness, by the splendid and envied condition of life; and have not thought the hour unprofitably spent, when I have detected the imposture of counterfeit advantages, and found disquiet lurking under false appearances of gaiety and greatness.

It is asserted by a tragic poet, that 'est miser nemo nisi comparatus—No man is miserable, but as he is compared with others happier than himself.'

self.' This position is not strictly and philosophically true. He might have said with rigorous propriety, that no man is happy but as he is compared with the miserable; for such is the state of this world, that we find in it absolute misery, but happiness only comparative; we may incur as much pain as we can possibly endure, though we can never obtain as much happiness as we might possibly enjoy.

Yet it is certain likewise, that many of our miseries are merely comparative: we are often made unhappy, not by the presence of any real evil, but by the absence of some fictitious good; of something which is not required by any real want of nature, which has not in itself any power of gratification, and which neither reason nor fancy would have prompted us to wish, did we not see it in the possession of others.

For a mind diseased with vain longings after unattainable advantages, no medicine can be prescribed, but an impartial enquiry into the real worth of that which is so ardently desired. It is well known how much the mind, as well as the eye, is deceived by distance; and, perhaps, it will be found, that of many imagined blessings it may be doubted, whether he that wants or possesses them has more reason to be satisfied with his lot.

The dignity of high birth and long extraction, no man, to whom nature has denied it, can confer upon himself; and therefore it deserves to be considered, whether the want of that which can never be gained, may not easily be endured. It is true, that if we consider the triumph and delight with which most of those recount their ancestors who have ancestors to recount, and the artifices by which some who have risen to unexpected fortune endeavour to insert themselves into an honourable stem, we shall be inclined to fancy that wisdom or virtue may be had by inheritance, or that all the excellencies of a line of progenitors are accumulated on their descendant. Reason, indeed, will soon inform us, that our estimation of birth is arbitrary and capricious, and that dead ancestors can have no influence but upon imagination: let it then be examined, whether one dream may not operate in the place of another; whether he that owes nothing to fore-fathers, may not receive equal pleasure from the consci-

ousness of owing all to himself; whether he may not, with a little meditation, find it more honourable to found than to continue a family, and to gain dignity than transmit it; whether, if he receives no dignity from the virtues of his family, he does not likewise escape the danger of being disgraced by their crimes; and whether he that brings a new name into the world, has not the convenience of playing the game of life without a stake, an opportunity of winning much though he has nothing to lose.

There is another opinion concerning happiness, which approaches much more nearly to universality, but which may, perhaps, with equal reason be disputed. The pretensions to ancestral honours many of the sons of earth easily see to be ill-grounded; but all agree to celebrate the advantage of hereditary riches, and to consider those as the minions of fortune, who are wealthy from their cradles, whose estate is *'res non parta labore sed relicta'*—The acquisition of another, not of themselves; and whom a father's industry has dispensed from a laborious attention to arts or commerce, and left at liberty to dispose of life as fancy shall direct them.

If every man were wise and virtuous, capable to discern the best use of time, and resolute to practise it; it might be granted, I think, without hesitation, that total liberty would be a blessing; and that it would be desirable to be left at large to the exercise of religious and social duties, without the interrupt on of importunate avocations.

But since felicity is relative, and that which is the means of happiness to one man may be to another the cause of misery, we are to consider, what state is best adapted to human nature in it's present degeneracy and frailty. And, surely, to the far greater number it is highly expedient, that they should by some settled scheme of duties be rescued from the tyranny of caprice, that they should be driven on by necessity through the paths of life with their attention confined to a stated task, that they may be less at leisure to deviate into mischief at the call of folly.

When we observe the lives of those whom an ample inheritance has let loose to their own direction, what do we discover that can excite our envy? Their time seems not to pass with much applause from others, or satisfaction to them-

selves: many squander their exuberance of fortune in luxury and debauchery, and have no other use of money than to inflame their passions, and riot in a wider range of licentiousness; others, less criminal indeed, but, surely, not much to be praised, lie down to sleep, and rise up to trifle, are employed every morning in finding experiments to rid themselves of the day, chase pleasure through all the places of public resort, fly from London to Bath and from Bath to London, without any other reason for changing place, but that they go in quest of company as idle and as vagrant as themselves, always endeavouring to raise some new desire that they may have something to pursue, to rekindle some hope which they know will be disappointed, changing one amusement for another which a few months will make equally insipid, or sinking into languor and disease for want of some thing to actuate their bodies or exhilarate their minds.

Whoever has frequented those places, where idlers assemble to escape from solitude, knows that this is generally the state of the wealthy: and from this state it is no great hardship to be debarred. No man can be happy in total idleness: he that should be condemned to lie torpid and motionless, 'would fly for recreation,' says South, 'to the mines and the galleys;' and it is well, when nature or fortune find employment for those who would not have known how to procure it for themselves.

He, whose mind is engaged by the acquisition or improvement of a fortune, not only escapes the insipidity of indifference, and the tediousness of inactivity, but gains enjoyments wholly unknown to those who live lazily on the toil of others; for life affords no higher pleasure than that of surmounting difficulties, passing from one step of success to another, forming new wishes, and seeing them gratified. He that labours in any great and laudable undertaking, has his fatigues first supported by hope, and afterwards rewarded by joy; he is always moving to a certain end, and when he has attained it, an end more distant invites him to a new pursuit.

It does not, indeed, always happen,

that diligence is fortunate; the wisest schemes are broken by unexpected accidents; the most constant perseverance sometimes toils through life without a recompence: but labour, though unsuccessful, is more eligible than idleness; he that prosecutes a lawful purpose by lawful means, acts always with the approbation of his own reason; he is animated through the course of his endeavours, by an expectation which, though not certain, he knows to be just; and is at last comforted in his disappointment, by the consciousness that he has not failed by his own fault.

That kind of life is most happy which affords us most opportunities of gaining our own esteem; and what can any man infer in his own favour from a condition, to which, however prosperous, he contributed nothing, and which the vilest and weakest of the species would have obtained by the same right, had he happened to be the son of the same father?

To strive with difficulties, and to conquer them, is the highest human felicity; the next, is to strive, and deserve to conquer: but he whose life has passed without a contest, and who can boast neither success nor merit, can survey himself only as a useless filler of existence; and if he is content with his own character, must owe his satisfaction to insensibility.

Thus it appears that the satirist advised rightly, when he directed us to resign ourselves to the hands of Heaven, and to leave to superior powers the determination of our lot—

*Permitte ipsis expendere Numinibus; quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris:
Carior est illis homo quam sibi.*

Intrust thy fortune to the powers above:
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want.
In goodness as in greatness they excel:
Ah! that we lov'd ourselves but half so well.

DRYDEN.

What state of life admits most happiness, is uncertain; but that uncertainty ought to repress the petulance of comparison, and silence the murmurs of discontent.

N^o CXII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1753.

—HAS FOENAS GARREULA LINGUA DEDIT.

OVID.

—SUCH WAS THE FATE OF VAIN LOQUACITY.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

TO be courteous to all, but familiar with few, is a maxim which I once despised, as originally proceeding from a mean and contracted mind; the frigid caution of weakness and timidity. A tame and indiscriminate civility I imputed to a dread of the contempt or the petulance of others, to fears from which the wit and the gentleman are exempted by a consciousness of their own dignity, by their power to repress insolence and silence ridicule; and a general shyness and reserve I considered as the reproach of our country, as the effect of an illiberal education, by which neither a polite address, an easy confidence, or a general acquaintance with public life, is to be acquired. This opinion, which continued to flatter the levity and pride that produced it, was strengthened by the example of those whose manner in the diffidence of youth I wished to imitate, who entered a mixed company with an air of serene familiarity, accosted every man like an old acquaintance, and thought only of making sport for the rest of any with whom their caprice should happen to be offended, without regard to their age, character, or condition.

But I now wish, that I had regulated my conduct by the maxim which I despised, for I should then have escaped a misfortune which I can never retrieve; and the sense of which I am now endeavouring to suspend, by relating it to you as a lesson to others, and considering my loss of happiness as an acquisition of wisdom.

While I was in France with a travelling tutor, I received a letter which acquainted me that my father, who had been long declining, was dead; and that it was necessary I should immediately return to England to take possession of his estate, which was not inconsiderable, though there were mortgages upon it to near half its value.

When I arrived, I found a letter which

the old gentleman had written and directed to me with his own hand. It contained some general rules for my conduct, and some animadversions upon his own. He took notice of the incumbrance under which he left me the paternal inheritance, which had descended through many generations, and expressed the most earnest desire, that it might yet be transmitted entire to posterity: with this view, he said he had negotiated a marriage between me and the only daughter of his old friend, Sir George Homestead of the North, an amiable young lady, whose alliance would be an honour to my family, and whose fortune would much more than redeem my estate.

He had given the knight a faithful account of his affairs, who, after having taken some time to consider the proposal and consult his friends, had consented to the match upon condition that his daughter and I should be agreeable to each other, and my behaviour should confirm the character which had been given of me. My father added, that he hoped to have lived till this alliance had taken place; but as Providence had otherwise determined, he entreated, as his last request, that as soon as my affairs should be settled and decency would permit, I would make Sir George a visit, and neglect nothing to accomplish his purpose.

I was touched with the zeal and tenderness of parental affection, which was then directing me to happiness; after the heart that felt it had ceased to beat, and the hand that expressed it was mouldering in the dust. I had also seen the lady, not indeed since we were children; but I remember that her person was agreeable, and her temper sweet: I did not therefore hesitate a moment, whether my father's injunction should be obeyed. I proceeded to settle his affairs; I took an account of his debts and credits, visited the tenants, recovered my usual gaiety, and at the end of about nine months set out for Sir George's seat in the north; having before opened an epistolary correspondence,

respondence, and expressed my impatience to possess the happiness which my father had so kindly secured.

I was better pleased to be well mounted, than to loll in a chariot, or be jumbled in a post-chaise; and I knew that Sir George was an old sportsman, a plain hearty blade, who would like me better in a pair of buckskin breeches on the back of a good hunter, than in a trimmed suit and gaudy equipage: I therefore set out on horseback with only one servant, and reached Stilton the first night.

In the morning, as I was mounting, a gentleman, who had just got on horseback before me, ordered his servant to make some enquiry about the road, which I happened to overhear, and told him with great familiarity, that I was going the same way, and if he pleased we would travel together: to this he consented, with as much frankness, and as little ceremony; and I set forward, greatly delighted that chance had afforded me a companion.

We immediately entered into conversation, and I soon found that he had been abroad; we extolled the roads and the policy of France, the cities, the palaces, and the villas; entered into a critical examination of the most celebrated seats in England, the peculiarities of the building and situation, cross ways, market towns, the imposition of innkeepers, and the sports of the field; topics by which we mutually recommended ourselves to each other, as we had both opportunities to discover equal knowledge, and to display truth with such evidence as prevented diversity of opinions.

After we had rode about two hours, we overtook another gentleman, whom we accosted with the same familiarity that we had used to each other; we asked him how far he was going and which way, at what rate he travelled, where he put up, and many other questions of the same kind. The gentleman, who appeared to be near fifty, received our addresses with great coolness, returned short and indirect answers to our enquiries, and, often looking with great attention on us both, sometimes put forward that he might get before us, and sometimes checked his horse that he might remain behind. But we were resolved to disappoint him; and, finding that his reserve increased, and he was visibly displeased, we winked at each other, and

determined the old put should afford us some sport. After we had rode together upon very ill terms more than half an hour, my companion, with an air of ceremonious gravity, asked him if he knew any house upon the road where he might be accommodated with a wench. The gentleman, who was, I believe, afraid of giving us a pretence to quarrel, did not resent this insult any otherwise than by making no reply. I then began to talk to my companion as if we had been old acquaintance, reminding him that the gentleman extremely resembled a person, from whom we had taken a girl that he was carrying to a bagnio, and, indeed, that his present reserve made me suspect him to be the same; but that as we were willing to ask his pardon, we hoped it would be forgot, and that we should still have the pleasure of dining together at the next inn. The gentleman was still silent; but as his perplexity and resentment visibly increased, he proportionably increased our entertainment, which did not however last long, for he suddenly turned down a lane; upon which we set up a horse laugh, that continued till he was out of hearing, and then pursuing our journey, we talked of our adventure, which afforded us conversation and merriment for the rest of the day.

The next morning we parted, and in the evening I arrived at Homestead Hall. The old knight received me with great affection, and immediately introduced me to his daughter, whom I now thought the finest woman I had ever seen. I could easily discover, that I was not welcome to her merely upon her father's recommendation, and I enjoyed by anticipation the felicity which I considered as within my grasp. But the pleasing scene, in which I had suffered my imagination to wander, suddenly disappeared as by the power of enchantment; without any visible motive, the behaviour of the whole family was changed, my assiduities to the lady were repressed, she was never to be found alone; the knight treated me with a cool civility, I was no longer a party in their visits, nor was I willingly attended even by the servants. I made many attempts to discover the cause of this misfortune, but without success; and one morning, when I had drawn Sir George into the garden by himself, and was about to urge him upon the subject, he prevented me by saying, that his promise to my father, for whom

ha

he had the highest regard, as I well knew, was conditional; that he had always resolved to leave his daughter a free choice, and that she had requested him to acquaint me, that her affections were otherwise engaged, and to intreat that I would therefore discontinue my addresses. My surprize and concern at this declaration were such as left me no power to reply; and I saw Sir George turn from me and go into the house, without making any attempt to stop him, or to obtain a further explanation. Afterwards, indeed, I frequently expostulated, intreated, and complained; but perceiving that all was ineffectual, I took my leave, and determined that I would still solicit by letter; for the lady had taken such possession of my heart, that I would joyfully have married her, though I had been sure that her father would immediately have left all his fortune to a stranger.

I meditated on my epistolary project all the way to London, and before I had been three days in town, I wrote a long letter to Sir George, in which I conjured him, in the strongest terms, to account for the change in his behaviour; and insisted, that, on this occasion, to conceal the truth, was in the highest degree dishonourable to himself, and injurious to me.

To this letter, after about ten days, I received the following answer—

SIR,

IT is with great reluctance that I reveal the motives of my conduct, because they are much to your disadvantage. The inclosed is a letter which I received from a worthy gentleman in this county, and contains a full answer to your enquiries, which I had rather you should receive in any hand than in mine.

I am your humble servant,

GEO. HOMESTEAD.

I immediately opened the paper inclosed, in which, with the utmost impatience, I read as follows—

SIR,

I saw a person with your family yesterday at the races, to whom, as I was soon after informed, you intended to give your daughter. Upon this oc-

casione, it is my indispensable duty to acquaint you, that if his character is to be determined by his company, he will inevitably entail diseases and beggary upon his posterity, whatever be the merit of his wife, or the affluence of his fortune. He overtook me on the road from London a few weeks ago, in company with a wretch, who by their discourse appeared to be his old and familiar acquaintance, and whom I well remember to have been brought before my friend Justice Worthy, when I was accidentally at his house, as the keeper of a brothel in Covent Garden. He has since won a considerable sum with false dice at the masquerade, for which he was obliged to leave the kingdom, and is still liable to a prosecution. Be assured that I have perfect knowledge of both; for some incidents, which it is not necessary to mention, kept me near them so long on the road, that it is impossible I should be mistaken.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

JAMES TRUEMAN.

The moment I had read this letter, the riddle was solved. I knew Mr. Trueman to be the gentleman whom I had concurred with a stranger, picked up by accident, to insult without provocation on the road. I was in a moment covered with confusion; and though I was alone, could not help hiding my face with my hands. I abhorred my folly, which appeared yet more enormous every time it was reviewed.

I courted the society of a stranger, and a stranger I persecuted with insult: thus I associated with infamy, and thus my associate became known. I hoped, however, to convince Sir George, that I had no knowledge of the wretch whose infamy I had shared, except that which I acquired from the letter of his friend. But before I had taken proper measures for my justification, I had the mortification to hear that the lady was married to a neighbouring gentleman, who had long made his addresses, and whom Sir George had before rejected, in the ardour of his friendship for my father.

How narrow, Mr. Adventurer, is the path of rectitude, and how much may be lost by the slightest deviation!

I am your humble servant,

ABULUS.

N^o CXIII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1753.

AD HUMUM MOERORE GRAVI DEDUCIT ET ANGIT. HOR.

WRINGS THE SAD SOUL, AND BENDS IT DOWN TO EARTH.

FRANCIS.

ONE of the most remarkable differences betwixt ancient and modern tragedy, arises from the prevailing custom of describing only those distresses that are occasioned by the passion of love; a passion which, from the universality of its dominion, may doubtless justly claim a large share in representations of human life; but which, by totally engrossing the theatre, had contributed to degrade that noble school of virtue into an academy of effeminacy.

When Racine persuaded the celebrated Arnaud to read his *Phædra*—‘Why,’ said that severe critic to his friend, ‘have you falsified the manners of Hippolytus, and represented him in love?’—‘Alas!’ replied the poet, ‘without that circumstance, how would the ladies and the beaux have received my piece?’ And it may well be imagined, that to gratify so considerable and important a part of his audience, was the powerful motive that induced Corneille to enervate even the matchless and affecting story of *Oedipus*, by the frigid and impertinent episode of *Theseus’s* passion for *Dircæ*.

Shakespeare has shewn us, by his *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Cæsar*, and, above all, by his *Lear*, that very interesting tragedies may be written, that are not founded on gallantry and love; and that *Boileau* was mistaken, when he affirmed—

—de l’amour la sensible peinture,
Est pour aller au cœur la route la plus sûre.

Those tender scenes that pictur’d love impart,
Insure success and best engage the heart.

The distresses in this tragedy are of a very uncommon nature, and are not touched upon by any other dramatic author. They are occasioned by a rash resolution of an aged monarch, of strong passions and quick sensibility, to resign his crown, and to divide his kingdom among his three daughters; the youngest of whom, who was his favourite, not answering his sanguine expectations in expressions of affection to him, he for ever banishes, and endows her sisters

with her allotted share. Their unnatural ingratitude, the intolerable affronts, indignities, and cruelties, he suffers from them, and the remorse he feels from his imprudent resignation of his power, at first inflame him with the most violent rage, and by degrees drive him to madness and death. This is the outline of the fable.

I shall confine myself at present to consider singly the judgment and art of the poet, in describing the origin and progress of the distraction of *Lear*; in which, I think, he has succeeded better than any other writer; even than *Euripides* himself, whom *Longinus* so highly commends for his representation of the madness of *Orestes*.

It is well contrived, that the first affront that is offered *Lear*, should be a proposal from *Gonerill*, his eldest daughter, to lessen the number of his knights, which must needs affect and irritate a person so jealous of his rank and the respect due to it. He is at first astonished at the complicated impudence and ingratitude of this design; but quickly kindles into rage, and resolves to depart instantly—

—Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses, call my train together—
Degen’rate bastard, I’ll not trouble thee.

This is followed by a severe reflection upon his own folly for resigning his crown; and a solemn invocation to Nature, to heap the most horrible curses on the head of *Gonerill*, that her own offspring may prove equally cruel and unnatural—

—that she may feel,
How sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is,
To have a thankless child!

When *Albany* demands the cause of this passion, *Lear* answers—‘I’ll tell thee!’ but immediately cries out to *Gonerill*—

—Life and death! I am ashamed,
That thou hast power to shake my manhood
thus.

—Blasts

—Blasts and fogs upon thee!
Th' untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!

He stops a little and reflects:

Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so! I have another daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable.
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flea thy wolfish visage—

He was, however, mistaken; for the first
object he encounters in the castle of the
Earl of Gloucester, whither he fled to
meet his other daughter, was his servant
in the stocks; from whence he may easily
conjecture what reception he is to
meet with:

—Death on my state! Wherefore
Should he sit here?

He adds immediately afterwards—

O me, my heart! my rising heart!—but down.

By which single line, the inexpressible
anguish of his mind, and the dreadful
conflict of opposite passions with which
it is agitated, are more forcibly expressed,
than by the long and laboured speech,
enumerating the causes of his anguish,
that Rowe and other modern tragic
writers would certainly have put into
his mouth. But Nature, Sophocles, and
Shakespeare, represent the feelings of
the heart in a different manner; by a
broken hint, a short exclamation, a
word, or a look.

They mingle not, 'mid deep-felt sighs and
groans,

Descriptions gay, or quaint comparisons,
No flowery far-fetch'd thoughts their scenes
admit;

Ill suits conceit with passion; woe with wit.
Here passion prompts each short, expressive
speech;

Or silence paints what words can never reach.

J. W.

When Jocasta, in Sophocles, has discovered
that Oedipus was the murderer
of her husband, she immediately leaves
the stage; but in Corneille and Dryden
she continues on it during a whole scene,
to bewail her destiny in set speeches. I
should be guilty of insensibility and in-
justice, if I did not take this occasion to
acknowledge, that I have been more
moved and delighted, by hearing this
single line spoken by the only actor of
the age who understands and relishes

these little touches of nature, and there-
fore the only one qualified to personate
this most difficult character of Lear, than
by the most pompous declaimer of the
most pompous speeches in Cato or Ta-
merlane.

In the next scene the old king appears
in a very distressful situation. He in-
forms Regan, whom he believes to be
still actuated by filial tenderness, of the
cruelties he had suffered from her sister
Gonerill, in very pathetic terms:

—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught—O Regan! she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here.
I scarce can speak to thee—thou'lt not believe
With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

It is a stroke of wonderful art in the
poet to represent him incapable of speci-
fying the particular ill-usage he has re-
ceived, and breaking off thus abruptly,
as if his voice was choaked by tender-
ness and resentment.

When Regan counsels him to ask her
sister forgiveness, he falls on his knees
with a very striking kind of irony, and
asks her how such supplicating language
as this becometh him:

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and
food.

But being again exhorted to sue for re-
conciliation, the advice wounds him to
the quick, and forces him into execra-
tions against Gonerill, which, though
they chill the soul with horror, are yet
well suited to the impetuosity of his
temper:

She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her
tongue,
Most serpent like, upon the very heart—
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ungrateful top! Strike her young
bones,
Ye taking airs, with lameness!—
Ye nimble lightnings, dart your blinding
flames
Into her scornful eyes!—

The wretched king, little imagining
that he is to be outcast from Regan also,
adds very movingly—

—'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my fires.—
O o —Thou

—Thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood—
Thy half o' th' kingdom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd—

That the hopes he had conceived of tender usage from Regan should be deceived, heightens his distress to a great degree. Yet it is still aggravated and increased, by the sudden appearance of Gonerill; upon the unexpected sight of whom he exclaims—

—Who comes here? O heavens!
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; tend down and take my
part!

This address is surely pathetic beyond expression; it is scarce enough to speak of it in the cold terms of criticism. There follows a question to Gonerill, that I have never read without tears:

Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?

This scene abounds with many noble turns of passion, or rather conflicts of very different passions. The inhuman daughters urge him in vain, by all the sophistical and unfilial arguments they were mistresses of, to diminish the number of his train. He answers them by only four poignant words:

I grieve you all!

When Regan at last consents to receive him, but without any attendants, for that he might be served by her own domestics, he can no longer contain his

disappointment and rage. First he appeals to the heavens, and points out to them a spectacle that is indeed inimitably affecting—

You see me here, ye Gods! a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both:
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely!

Then suddenly he addresses Gonerill and Regan in the severest terms and with the bitterest threats:

—No, you unnatural hags!
I will have such revenges on you both—
That all the world shall—I will do such
things—

What they are yet, I know not—

Nothing occurs to his mind severe enough for them to suffer, or him to inflict. His passion rises to a height that deprives him of articulation. He tells them that he will subdue his sorrow, though almost irresistible; and that they shall not triumph over his weakness:

—You think I'll weep!
Nol I'll not weep; I have full cause of weeping;
But this heart shall break into a thousand
flaws,
Or e'er I'll weep!

He concludes—

O fool—I shall go mad!

which is an artful anticipation, that judiciously prepares us for the dreadful event that is to follow in the succeeding acts.

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Nº CXIV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1753.

SPERAT INFESTIS, METUIT SECUNDUS,
ALTERAM SORTEM BENE PRÆPARATUM
PECTUS.

HOR.

WHOE'ER ENJOYS TH' UNTROUBLED BREAST,
WITH VIRTUE'S TRANQUIL WISDOM BLEST;
WITH HOPE THE GLOOMY HOUR CAN CHEER,
AND TEMPER HAPPINESS WITH FEAR.

FRANCIS.

ALMEY, the Dervise, who watched the sacred lamp in the sepulchre of the Prophet, as he one day rose up from the devotions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple with his body turned towards the east,

and his forehead on the earth, saw before him a man in splendid apparel, attended by a long retinue, who gazed steadfastly at him with a look of mournful complacency, and seemed desirous to speak, but unwilling to offend.

The

The Dervise, after a short silence, advanced, and saluting him with the calm dignity which independence confers upon humility, requested that he would reveal his purpose.

‘Almet,’ said the stranger, ‘thou seest before thee a man, whom the hand of prosperity has overwhelmed with wretchedness. Whatever I once desired as the means of happiness, I now possess; but I am not yet happy and therefore I despair. I regret the lapse of time, because it glides away without enjoyment; and as I expect nothing in the future but the vanities of the past, I do not wish that the future should arrive. Yet I tremble lest it should be cut off; and my heart sinks when I anticipate the moment, in which eternity shall close over the vacancy of my life like the sea upon the path of a ship, and leave no traces of my existence more durable than the furrow which remains after the waves have united. If in the treasures of thy wisdom there is any precept to obtain felicity, vouchsafe it to me: for this purpose am I come; a purpose which yet I feared to reveal, lest, like all the former, it should be disappointed.’ Almet listened, with looks of astonishment and pity, to this complaint of a being, in whom reason was known to be a pledge of immortality; but the serenity of his countenance soon returned; and, stretching out his hand towards Heaven—

STRANGER, said he, the knowledge which I have received from the Prophet, I will communicate to thee.

As I was sitting one evening at the porch of the temple pensive and alone, mine eye wandered among the multitude that was scattered before me; and while I remarked the weariness and solicitude which was visible in every countenance, I was suddenly struck with a sense of their condition. ‘Wretched mortals,’ said I, ‘to what purpose are you busy? If to produce happiness, by whom is it enjoyed? Do the linens of Egypt, and the silks of Persia, bestow felicity on those who wear them, equal to the wretchedness of yonder slaves whom I see leading the camels that bring them? Is the fineness of the texture, or the splendor of the tints, regarded with delight by those to

whom custom has rendered them familiar? or can the power of habit render others insensible of pain, who live only to traverse the desert; a scene of dreadful uniformity, where a barren level is bounded only by the horizon; where no change of prospect, or variety of images, relieves the traveller from a sense of toil and danger, of whirlwinds which in a moment may bury him in the sand, and of thirst which the wealthy have given half their possessions to allay? Do those on whom hereditary diamonds sparkle with unregarded lustre, gain from the possession what is lost by the wretch who seeks them in the mine; who lives excluded from the common bounties of nature; to whom even the vicissitude of day and night is not known; who sighs in perpetual darkness, and whose life is one mournful alternative of insensibility and labour? If those are not happy who possess, in proportion as those are wretched who bestow, how vain a dream is the life of man! And if there is, indeed, such difference in the value of existence, how shall we acquit of partiality the hand by which this difference has been made?’

While my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burned within me, I became sensible of a sudden influence from above. The streets and the crowds of Mecca disappeared; I found myself sitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right-hand an angel, whom I knew to be Azeran the minister of reproof. When I saw him I was afraid. I cast mine eye upon the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be silent. ‘Almet,’ said he, ‘thou hast devoted thy life to meditation, that thy counsel might deliver ignorance from the mazes of error, and deter presumption from the precipice of guilt; but the book of nature thou hast read without understanding; it is again open before thee; look up, consider it and be wise.’

I looked up, and beheld an inclosure, beautiful as the gardens of Paradise, but of a small extent. Through the middle, there was a green walk; at the end, a wild desert; and beyond, impenetrable darkness. The walk was shaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at

once with blossoms and fruit; innumerable birds were singing in the branches; the grass was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty: on one side flowed a gentle transparent stream, which was just heard to murmur over the golden sands that sparkled at the bottom; and on the other were walks and bowers, fountains, grottoes, and cascades, which diversified the scene with endless variety, but did not conceal the bounds.

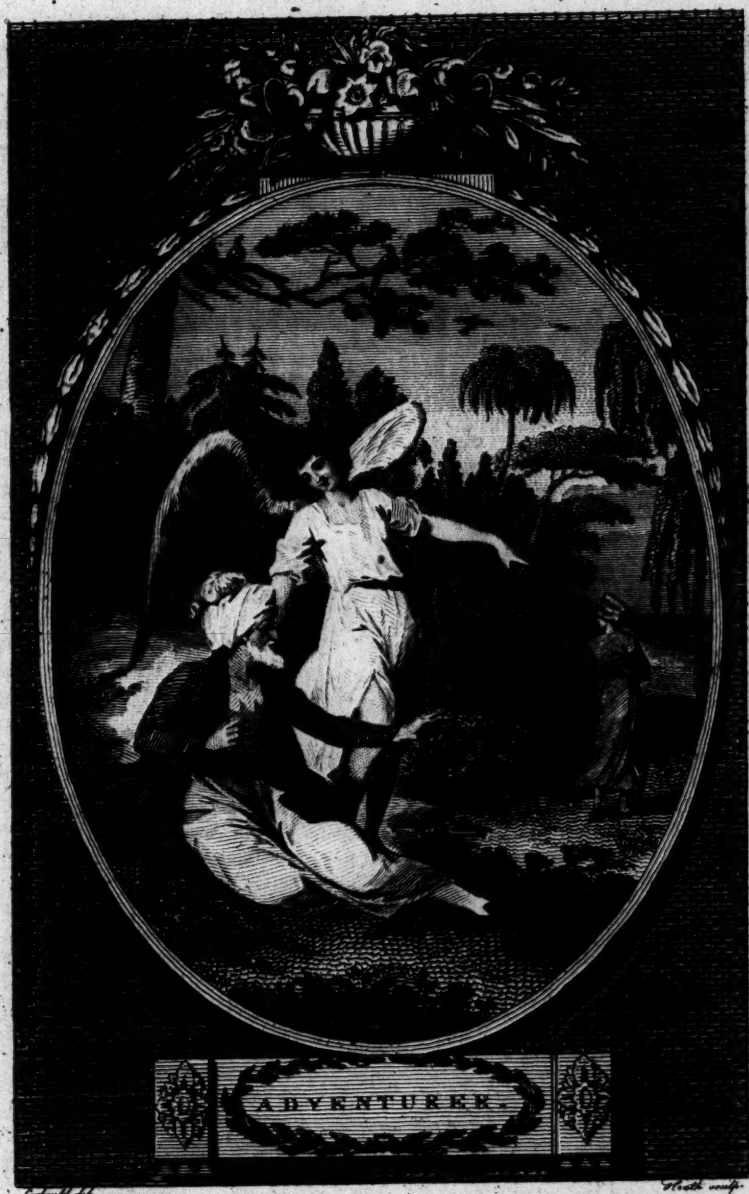
While I was gazing in a transport of delight and wonder on this enchanting spot, I perceived a man stealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace: his eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms crossed on his bosom; he sometimes started, as if a sudden pang had seized him; his countenance expressed solicitude and terror; he looked round with a sigh, and having gazed a moment on the desert that lay before him, he seemed as if he wished to stop, but was impelled forwards by some invisible power: his features, however, soon settled again into a calm melancholy; his eye was again fixed on the ground; and he went on, as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was struck with this appearance; and turning hastily to the Angel, was about to enquire what could produce such infelicity in a being, surrounded with every object that could gratify every sense; but he prevented my request: 'The book of nature,' said he, 'is before thee; look up, consider it, and be wise.' I looked, and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren; on the path there was no verdure; and the mountains afforded no shade; the sun burned in the zenith, and every spring was dried up; but the valley terminated in a country that was pleasant and fertile, shaded with woods, and adorned with buildings. At a second view, I discovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his countenance was cheerful, and his deportment active: he kept his eye fixed upon the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was restrained, as the other had been impelled, by some secret influence: sometimes, indeed, I perceived a sudden expression of pain, and sometimes he stepped short as if his foot was

pierced by the asperities of the way; but the sprightliness of his countenance instantly returned, and he pressed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

I turned again toward the Angel, impatient to enquire from what secret source happiness was derived, in a situation so different from that in which it might have been expected: but he again prevented my request. 'Almet,' said he, 'remember what thou hast seen, and let this memorial be written upon the tablets of thy heart. Remember, Almet, that the world in which thou art placed, is but the road to another; and that happiness depends not upon the path, but the end: the value of this period of thy existence is fixed by hope and fear. The wretch who wished to linger in the garden, who looked round upon its limits with terror, was destitute of enjoyment, because he was destitute of hope, and was perpetually tormented by the dread of losing that which yet he did not enjoy: the song of the birds had been repeated till it was not heard, and the flowers had so often recurred, that their beauty was not seen; the river glided by unnoticed; and he feared to lift his eye to the prospect, lest he should behold the waste that circumscribed it. But he that toiled through the valley was happy, because he looked forward with hope. Thus, to the sojourner upon earth, it is of little moment, whether the path he treads be strewn with flowers or with thorns, if he perceives himself to approach those regions, in comparison of which the thorns and the flowers of this wilderness lose their distinction, and are both alike impotent to give pleasure or pain.

What then has Eternal Wisdom unequally distributed? That which can make every station happy, and without which every station must be wretched, is acquired by Virtue, and Virtue is possible to all. Remember, Almet, the vision which thou hast seen; and let my words be written on the tablet of thy heart, that thou mayest direct the wanderer to happiness, and justify God to men.

While the voice of Azoran was yet sounding in my ear, the prospect vanished from before me, and I found myself again



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again sitting at the porch of the temple. The sun was gone down, the multitude was retired to rest, and the solemn quiet of midnight concurred with the resolution of my doubts to compleat the tranquillity of my mind.

Such, my son, was the vision which the Prophet vouchsafed me, not for my sake only, but for thine. Thou hast sought felicity in temporal things; and, therefore, thou art disappointed. Let not instruction be lost upon thee, as the

seal of Mahomet in the well of Aris: but go thy way, let thy flock cloath the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppression, and let thy conversation be Above: Thus shalt thou rejoice in Hope, and look forward to the end of life as the consummation of thy felicity.

Almet, in whose breast devotion kindled as he spake, returned into the temple, and the stranger departed in peace.

Nº CXV. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1753.

SCRIBIMUS INDOCTI DOCTIQUE.

HOR.

ALL DARE TO WRITE, WHO CAN OR CANNOT READ.

THEY who have attentively considered the history of mankind, know that every age has it's peculiar character. At one time, no desire is felt but for military honours; every summer affords battles and sieges, and the world is filled with ravage, bloodshed, and devastation: this sanguinary fury at length subsides, and nations are divided into factions; by controversies about points that will never be decided. Men then grow weary of debate and altercation, and apply themselves to the arts of profit; trading companies are formed, manufactures improved, and navigation extended; and nothing is any longer thought on, but the increase and preservation of property, the artifices of getting money, and the pleasures of spending it.

The present age, if we consider chiefly the state of our own country, may be stiled with great propriety, The Age of Authors; for, perhaps, there never was a time, in which men of all degrees of ability, of every kind of education, of every profession and employment, were positing with ardor so general to the press. The province of writing was formerly left to those who, by study or appearance of study, were supposed to have gained knowledge unattainable by the busy part of mankind; but in these enlightened days, every man is qualified to instruct every other man; and he that beats the anvil, or guides the plough, not content with supplying corporal necessities, amuses himself in the hours of

leisure with providing intellectual pleasures for his countrymen.

It may be observed, that of this, as of other evils, complaints have been made by every generation: but though it may perhaps be true, that at all times more have been willing than have been able to write, yet there is no reason for believing, that the dogmatical legions of the present race were ever equalled in number by any former period; for so widely is spread the itch of literary praise, that almost every man is an author, either in act or in purpose; has either bestowed his favours on the public, or withholds them, that they may be more seasonably offered, or made more worthy of acceptance.

In former times, the pen, like the sword, was considered as consigned by nature to the hands of men; the ladies contented themselves with private virtues and domestic excellence; and a female writer, like a female warrior, was considered as a kind of excentric being, that deviated, however illustriously, from her due sphere of motion, and was therefore rather to be gazed at with wonder, than countenanced by imitation. But as the times past are said to have been a nation of Amazons, who drew the bow and wielded the battle-axe, formed encampments and wasted nations; the revolution of years has now produced a generation of Amazons of the pen, who with the spirit of their predecessors have set masculine tyranny at defiance, asserted their claim to the regions of science,

ance, and seem resolved to contest the usurpations of virility.

Some, indeed, there are of both sexes, who are authors only in desire, but have not yet attained the power of executing their intentions; whose performances have not arrived at bulk sufficient to form a volume, or who have not the confidence, however impatient of nameless obscurity, to solicit openly the assistance of the printer. Among these are the innumerable correspondents of public papers, who are always offering assistance which no man will receive, and suggesting hints that are never taken, and who complain loudly of the perverseness and arrogance of authors, lament their insensibility of their own interest, and fill the coffee-houses with dark stories of performances by eminent hands, which have been offered and rejected.

To what cause this universal eagerness of writing can be properly ascribed, I have not yet been able to discover. It is said, that every art is propagated in proportion to the rewards conferred upon it; a position from which a stranger would naturally infer, that literature was now blessed with patronage far transcending the candour or munificence of the Augustine age, that the road to greatness was open to none but authors, and that by writing alone riches and honour were to be obtained.

But since it is true, that writers, like other competitors, are very little disposed to favour one another, it is not to be expected, that at a time when every man writes, any man will patronize; and, accordingly, there is not one that I can recollect at present, who professes the least regard for the votaries of science, invites the addresses of learned men, or seems to hope for reputation from any pen but his own.

The cause, therefore, of this epidemical conspiracy for the destruction of paper, must remain a secret: nor can I discover, whether we owe it to the influences of the constellations, or the intemperature of seasons; whether the long continuance of the wind at any single point, or intoxicating vapours exhaled from the earth, have turned our nobles and our peasants, our soldiers and traders, our men and women, all into wits, philosophers, and writers.

It is, indeed, of more importance to search out the cure than the cause of this

intellectual malady; and he would deserve well of his country, who, instead of amusing himself with conjectural speculations, should find means of persuading the peer to inspect the steward's accounts, or repair the rural mansion of his ancestors, who could replace the tradesman behind his counter, and send back the farmer to the mattock and the flail.

General irregularities are known in time to remedy themselves. By the constitution of ancient Ægypt, the priesthood was continually increasing, till at length there was no people beside themselves; the establishment was then dissolved, and the number of priests was reduced and limited. Thus, among us, writers will perhaps be multiplied, till no readers will be found, and then the ambition of writing must necessarily cease.

But as it will be long before the cure is thus gradually effected, and the evil should be stopped, if it be possible, before it rises to so great a height, I could wish that both sexes would fix their thoughts upon some salutary considerations, which might repress their ardour for that reputation which not one of many thousands is fated to obtain.

Let it be deeply impressed and frequently recollected, that he who has not obtained the proper qualifications of an author, can have no excuse for the arrogance of writing, but the power of imparting to mankind something necessary to be known. A man uneducated or unlettered may sometimes start a useful thought, or make a lucky discovery, or obtain by chance some secret of nature, or some intelligence of facts, of which the most enlightened mind may be ignorant, and which it is better to reveal, though by a rude and unskilful communication, than to lose for ever by suppressing it.

But few will be justified by his plea; for of the innumerable books and pamphlets that have overflowed the nation, scarce one has made any addition to real knowledge, or contained more than a transposition of common sentiments and a repetition of common phrases.

It will be naturally inquired, when the man who feels an inclination to write, may venture to suppose himself properly qualified; and, since every man is inclined to think well of his own intellect,

by

by what test he may try his abilities, without hazarding the contempt or resentment of the public.

The first qualification of a writer, is a perfect knowledge of the subject which he undertakes to treat; since we cannot teach what we do not know, nor can properly undertake to instruct others while we are ourselves in want of instruction. The next requisite is, that he be master of the language in which he delivers his sentiments; if he treats of science and demonstration, that he has attained a style clear, pure, nervous, and expressive; if his topics be probable and persuaſory, that he be able to recommend them by the superaddition of elegance and imagery, to display the colours of varied diction, and pour forth the music of modulated periods.

If it be again required, upon what principles any man shall conclude that he wants these powers, it may be readily answered, that no end is attained but by the proper means; he only can rationally presume that he understands a subject, who has read and compared the writers that have hitherto discussed it, familiarized their arguments to himself by long meditation, consulted the foun-

dations of different systems, and separated truth from error by a rigorous examination.

In like manner, he only has a right to suppose that he can express his thoughts, whatever they are, with perspicuity or elegance, who has carefully perused the best authors, accurately noted their diversities of style, diligently selected the best modes of diction, and familiarized them by long habits of attentive practice.

No man is a rhetorician or philosopher by chance. He who knows that he undertakes to write on questions which he has never studied, may without hesitation determine, that he is about to waste his own time and that of his reader, and expose himself to the derision of those whom he aspires to instruct: he that without forming his style by the study of the best models, hastens to obtrude his compositions on the public, may be certain, that whatever hope or flattery may suggest, he shall shock the learned ear with barbarisms, and contribute, wherever his work shall be received, to the depravation of taste and the corruption of language.

N° CXVI. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1758.

ESTUAT INGENS

IMO IN CORDE PUDOR, MIXTOQUE INSANIA LUCTU,

ET FURIBUS AGITATUS AMOR, ET CONSCIA VIRTUS.

RAGE BOILING FROM THE BOTTOM OF HIS BREAST,

AND SORROW MIXT WITH SHAME HIS SOUL OPPREST;

AND CONSCIOUS WORTH LAY LAB'RING IN HIS THOUGHTS,

AND LOVE BY JEALOUSY TO MADNESS WROUGHT.

DRYDEN.

THUNDER and a ghost have been frequently introduced into tragedy by barren and mechanical play-wrights, as proper objects to impress terror and astonishment, where the distress has not been important enough to render it probable that nature would interpose for the sake of the sufferers; and where these objects of themselves have not been supported by suitable sentiments. Thunder has, however, been made use of with great judgment and good effect by Shakespeare, to heighten and impress the distresses of Lear.

The venerable and wretched old king is driven out by both his daughters, without necessities and without attendants, not only in the night, but in the midst of a most dreadful storm, and on a bleak and barren heath. On his first appearance in this situation, he draws an artful and pathetic comparison betwixt the severity of the tempest and of his daughters.

Rumble thy belly full! spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.

Itar

Let not you, ye elements, with unkindness ;
I never gave you kingdom, called you children ;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand your
slave ;
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man !

The storm continuing with equal violence, he drops for a moment the consideration of his own miseries, and takes occasion to moralize on the terrors which such commotions of nature should raise in the breast of secret and unpunished villainy :

— Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhipt of justice ! Hide thee, thou bloody
hand ;

Thou, perjur'd, and thou similar of virtue
That art incestuous !

— Close pent-up guilts
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace !

He adds, with reference to his own case—

— I am a man
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent most earnestly intreats him to enter a hovel which he had discovered on the heath ; and on pressing him again and again to take shelter there, Lear exclaims—

Wilt break my heart ?—

Much is contained in these few words ; as if he had said—‘ The kindness and the gratitude of this servant exceeds that of my own children. Though I have given them a kingdom, yet have they basely discarded me, and suffered a head so old and white as mine to be exposed to this terrible tempest, while this fellow pities and would protect me from it’s rage. I cannot bear this kindness from a perfect stranger ; it breaks my heart.’ All this seems to be included in that short exclamation, which another writer, less acquainted with nature, would have displayed at large ; such a suppression of sentiments plainly implied, is judicious and affecting. The reflections that follow are drawn likewise from an intimate knowledge of man.

When the mind’s free,
The body’s delicate, the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.

Here the remembrance of his daughters’ behaviour rushes upon him, and he exclaims, full of the idea of it’s unparalleled cruelty—

— Filial ingratitude !

Is it not, as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to it !

He then changes his stile, and vows with impotent menaces, as if still in possession of the power he had resigned, to revenge himself on his oppressors, and to steel his breast with fortitude :

— But I’ll punish home.

No, I’ll weep no more !

But the sense of his sufferings returns again, and he forgets the resolution he had formed the moment before :

In such a night,

To shut me out—Pour on, I will endure—

In such a night as this ?—

At which, with a beautiful apostrophe, he suddenly addresses himself to his absent daughters, tenderly reminding them of the favours he had so lately and so liberally conferred upon them :

— O Regan—Gonerill—

Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave
all !

O that way madness lies ; let me shun that ;
No more of that !

The turns of passion in these few lines are so quick and so various, that thought they merited to be minutely pointed out by a kind of perpetual commentary.

The mind is never so sensibly disposed to pity the misfortunes of others, as when it is itself subdued and softened by calamity. Adversity diffuses a kind of sacred calm over the breast, that is the parent of thoughtfulness and meditation. The following reflections of Lear in his next speech, when his passion has subsided for a short interval, are equally proper and striking.

Poor

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er ye are,
That bide the pelting of this piteous storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed
sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these!

He concludes with a sentiment finely suited to his condition, and worthy to be written in characters of gold in the closet of every monarch upon earth:

O! I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp!
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the Heav'n's more just!

Lear being at last persuaded to take shelter in the hovel, the poet has artfully contrived to lodge there Edgar, the discarded son of Gloucester, who counterfeits the character and habits of a mad beggar, haunted by an evil demon, and whose supposed sufferings are enumerated with an inimitable wildness of fancy; 'Whom the foul fiend hath led through fire, and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; and hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inched bridges, to curse his own shadow for a traitor.— Bless thy five wits, Tom's a cold!' The assumed madness of Edgar, and the real distraction of Lear, form a judicious contrast.

Upon perceiving the nakedness and wretchedness of this figure, the poor king asks a question that I never could read without strong emotions of pity and admiration:

What! have his daughters brought him to this pass?
Could'st thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

And when Kent assures him, that the beggar hath no daughters, he hastily answers—

Death, traitor, nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowliness, but his unkind daughters.

Afterwards, upon the calm contempla-

tion of the misery of Edgar, he breaks out into the following serious and pathetic reflection: 'Thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool; the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated. Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more than such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! Come, unbutton here.'

Shakespeare has no where exhibited more inimitable strokes of his art, than in this uncommon scene; where he has so well conducted even the natural jargon of the beggar, and the jestings of the fool, which in other hands must have sunk into burlesque, that they contribute to heighten the pathetic to a very high degree.

The heart of Lear having been agitated and torn by a conflict of such opposite and tumultuous passions, it is not wonderful that his 'wits should now begin to unsettle.' The first plain indication of the loss of his reason, is his calling Edgar a 'learned Theban; and telling Kent, that 'he will keep still with his philosopher.' When he next appears, he imagines he is punishing his daughters. The imagery is extremely strong, and chills one with horror to read it—

To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon them!

As the fancies of lunatics have an extraordinary force and liveliness, and render the objects of their frenzy as it were present to their eyes, Lear actually thinks himself suddenly restored to his kingdom, and seated in judgment to try his daughters for their cruelties:

I'll see their trial first; bring in the evidence.
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side. You are of the commission,
Sit you too. Arraign her first, 'tis Goneril!

And here's another, whose wrapt looks proclaim

What store her heart is made of.—

P p Here

Here he imagines that Regan escapes out of his hands, and he eagerly exclaims—

—Stop her there.

Arms, arms, sword, fire—Corruption in the place!

Falſe juſticer, why haſt thou let her 'ſcape?

A circumſtance follows that is ſtrange-ly moving indeed: for he fancies that his favourite domeſtic creatures, that uſed to fawn upon and careſs him, and of which he was eminently fond, have now their tempers changed, and join to inſult him:

The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, ſee! they bark at me.

He again reſumes his imaginary power, and orders them to anatomize Regan; 'See what breeds about her heart—Is there any cauſe in nature that makes theſe hard hearts! You, Sir,' ſpeaking to Edgar, 'I entertain for one of my

'Hundred;' a circumſtance moſt artfully introduced to remind us of the firſt affront he received, and to fix our thoughts on the cauſes of his diſtraction.

General criticiſm is on all ſubjects uſeleſs and unentertaining; but is more than commonly abſurd with reſpect to Shakeſpeare, who muſt be accompanied ſtep by ſtep, and ſcene by ſcene, in his gradual developements of characters and paſſions, and whoſe finer features muſt be ſingly pointed out, if we would do complete juſtice to his genuine beauties. It would have been eaſy to have declared, in general terms, 'that the madneſs of Lear was very natural and pathetic;' and the reader might then have eſcaped, what he may, perhaps, call a multitude of well-known quotations: but then it had been impoſſible to exhibit a perfect picture of the ſecret workings and changes in Lear's mind, which vary in each ſucceeding paſſage, and which render an allegation of each particular ſentiment abſolutely neceſſary.

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Nº CXVII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1753.

NEQUICQUAM PATRIAS TENTASTI LUBRICUS ARTES.

VIRG.

CAUGHT IN THE TRAIN WHICH THOU THYSELF HAST LAID.

DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I Will not anticipate the ſubject of this letter by relating the motives from which I have written it; nor ſhall I expect it to be publiſhed, if, when you have read it, you do not think that it contains more than one topic of inſtruction.

My mother has been dead ſo long that I do not remember her; and when I was in my eighteenth year, I was left an orphan with a fortune of twenty-thouſand pounds at my own diſpoſal. I have been often told, that I am handſome; and I have ſome reaſons to believe it to be true, which are very far from gratifying my vanity or conſerring happineſs.

I was ſoon addreſſed by many lovers, from among whom I ſelected Hilario, the elder brother of a good family, whoſe

paternal eſtate was ſomething more than equivalent to my fortune.

Hilario was univerſally admired as a man of ſenſe; and, to confeſs the truth, not much leſs as a man of pleaſure. His character appeared to riſe in proportion as it was thought to endanger thoſe about him; he derived new dignity, not only from the ſilence of the men, but the bluſhes of the ladies; and thoſe whoſe wit or virtue did not ſuffer by the admiſſion of ſuch a gueſt, were honoured as perſons who could treat upon equal terms with a hero, who was become formidable by the number of his conqueſts: his company, therefore was courted by all whom their fears did not refrain; the reſt conſidered him as moving in a ſphere above them, and in proportion as they were able to imitate him, they became vicious and petulant in their own circle.

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I was myself captivated with his manner and conversation; I hoped that upon Understanding I should be able to engraft Virtue; I was rather encouraged than cautioned by my friends; and after a few months courtship I became his wife.

During a short time all my expectations were gratified, and I exulted in my choice. Hilario was at once tender and polite; present pleasures were heightened by the anticipation of future; my imagination was perpetually wandering among the scenes of poetry and romance; I appropriated every luxurious description of happy lovers; and believed, that whatever time should take from desire, would be added to complacency; and that in old age we should only exchange the tumultuous extasy of love, for the calm, rational, and exalted delights of friendship, which every year would increase by new reciprocations of kindness, more tried fidelity, and implicit confidence.

But from this pleasing dream it was not long before I awaked. Although it was the whole study of my life to unite my pleasures with those of Hilario, to regulate my conduct by his will, and thus prolong the felicity which was reflected from his bosom to mine; yet his visits abroad in which I was not a party became more frequent, and his general behaviour less kind. I perceived that when we were alone his mind was often absent, and that my prattle became irksome: my assiduities to recover his attention, and excite him to cheerfulness, were sometimes suffered with a cold civility, sometimes wholly neglected, and sometimes peevishly repressed as ill-timed officiousness, by which he was rather disturbed than obliged. I was, indeed, at length convinced, with whatever reluctance, that neither my person nor my mind had any charm that could stand in competition with variety; and though, as I remember, I never even with my looks upbraided him, yet I frequently lamented myself, and spent those hours in which I was forsaken by Hilario in solitude and tears.

But my distress still increased, and one injury made way for another. Hilario, almost as soon as he ceased to be kind, became jealous; he knew that disappointed wishes, and the resentment which they produce, concur to render beauty

less solicitous to avoid temptation, and less able to resist it; and as I did not complain of that which he knew I could not but discover, he thought he had greater reason to suspect that I made reprisals: thus his sagacity multiplied his vices, and my virtue defeated it's own purpose.

Some maxims, however, which I had gathered from novels and plays, were still uppermost in my mind. I reflected often upon the arts of Amanda, and the persevering tenderness and discretion of Lady Easy; and I believed, as I had been taught by the sequel of every story, that they could not be practised without success, but against sordid stupidity and obdurate ill-nature; against the Brutes and the Sullens, whom, on the contrary, it was scarce a crime to punish, by admitting a rake of parts to pleasures of which they were unworthy.

From such maxims, and such examples, I therefore derived some hope. I wished earnestly to detect Hilario in his infidelity; that in the moment of conviction I might rouse his sensibility of my wrongs, and exalt his opinion of my merit; that I might cover him with confusion, melt him with tenderness, and double his obligations by generosity.

The opportunity for which I had so often wished, but never dared to hope, at length arrived. I learned by accident one morning, that he intended to go in the evening to a masquerade; and I immediately conceived a design to discover his dress, and follow him to the theatre; to single him out, make some advances, and if possible bring on an assignation, where in the ardour of his first address I might strike him with astonishment by taking off my mask, reprove him without reproach, and forgive him without parade, mingling with the soft distress of violated affection the calm dignity of injured virtue.

My imagination was fired with these images, which I was impatient to realize. My pride, which had hitherto sustained me above complaint, and thrown a veil of cheerfulness over my distress, would not suffer me to employ an assistant in the project I had undertaken; because this could not be done without revealing my suspicions, and confiding my peace to the breast of another, by whose malice or caprice it might be destroyed, and to whom I should, therefore, be

brought into the most slavish subjection, without insuring the secrecy of which my dependance would be the price. I therefore resolved, at whatever risque of disappointment or detection, to trace him to the warehouse where his habit was to be hired, and discover that which he should chuse myself.

He had ordered his chariot at eleven: I, therefore, wrapped myself up in an undress, and sat alone in my room till I saw him drive from the door. I then came down, and as soon as he had turned into St. James's Street, which was not more than twenty yards, I went after him, and meeting with a hackney-coach at the end of the street, I got hastily into it, and ordered the driver to follow the chariot at some distance, and stop when it stopped.

I pulled up both the windows; and after half an hour spent in the most tormenting suspense and anxiety, it stopped at the end of Tavistock Street. I looked hastily out of the window, hiding my face with my handkerchief, and saw Hilario alight at the distance of about forty yards, and go into a warehouse of which I could easily distinguish the sign. I waited till he came out, and as soon as the chariot was out of sight, I discharged the coach, and going immediately to the warehouse that Hilario had left, I pretended to want a habit for myself. I saw many lying upon the counter, which I supposed had been brought out for Hilario's choice; about these, therefore, I was very inquisitive, and took particular notice of a very rich Turkish dress, which one of the servants took up to put away. When I saw he was about to remove it, I asked hastily whether it was hired, and learned with unspeakable satisfaction, that it had been chosen by the gentleman who had just gone. Thus far I succeeded to the utmost of my hopes, not only by discovering Hilario's dress, but by his choice of one so very remarkable; for if he had chosen a domino, my scheme would have been rendered impracticable, because in a domino I could not certainly have distinguished him from others.

As I had now gained the intelligence I wanted, I was impatient to leave the shop; which it was not difficult to do, as it was just filled with ladies from two coaches; and the people were in a hurry to accommodate them. My dress did not attract much notice, nor promise

much advantage; I was, therefore, willingly suffered to depart, upon slightly leaving my word that I would call again.

When I got into the street, I considered that it would not have been prudent to have hired a habit, where Hilario would either come to dress, or send for that which he had hired for himself; I, therefore, took another coach at the end of Southampton Street, and went to a shop near the Hay-market, where I had before purchased a capuchin, and some other trifles, and where I knew habits were to be hired, though not in so public a manner as at other places.

I now returned home; and such was the joy and expectation which my success inspired, that I had forgot I had succeeded only in an attempt, for which I could find neither motive nor apology but in my wretchedness.

During the interval between my return and the time when the doors of the theatre were to be opened, I suffered the utmost inquietude and impatience. I looked every moment at my watch, could scarce believe that it did not by some accident go too slow, and was continually listening to discover whether it had not stopped: but the lingering hour at length arrived; and though I was among the first that entered, yet it was not long before I singled out my victim, and found means to attract his regard.

I had, when I was at school, learned a way of expressing the alphabet with my fingers, which I have since discovered to be more generally known than at that time I imagined. Hilario, during his courtship, had once observed me using it to a lady who had been my school-fellow, and would never let me rest till I had taught it him. In this manner I saw my Turk conversing with a Nun, from whom he suddenly turned with an appearance of vexation and disappointment. I thought this a favourable opportunity to accost him; and, therefore, as he passed by me, I pulled him gently by the sleeve, and spelt with my fingers the words—"I understand." At first I was afraid of being discovered by shewing my art; but I reflected, that it would effectually secure me from being discovered by my voice, which I considered as the more formidable danger. I perceived that he was greatly pleased; and after a very short conversation, which he seemed to make a point of continuing in the manner I had begun, an assignation

was

was made, in consequence of which we proceeded in chairs to a bagnio near Covent Garden. During this journey my mind was in great agitation; and it is difficult to determine whether pleasure or pain was predominant. I did not,

however, fail to anticipate my triumph in the confusion of Hilario; I conceived the manner and terms in which I would address him, and exult in the superiority which I should acquire by this opposition of his character to mine.

Nº CXVIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1753.

ANIMORUM
IMPULSU, ET CÆCA MAGNAQUE CUPIDINE DUCTI.

BY BLIND IMPULSE OF EAGER PASSION DRIVEN.

JUV.

HE was ready to receive me when my chair was brought into the entry; and, giving me his hand, led me hastily up stairs. As soon as we entered the room he shut the door, and, taking off his mask, run to me with the utmost impatience to take off mine. This was the important moment; but at this moment I discovered, with inexpressible astonishment and terror, that the person with whom I was alone in a brothel was not Hilario, but Caprinus, a wretch whom I well remember to have seen among the rakes that he frequently brought to his table.

At this sight, so unexpected, and so dreadful, I shrieked aloud, and threw myself from him into an easy-chair that stood by the bed-side. Caprinus, probably believing I had fainted, hastily tore away my mask to give me air. At the first view of my face, he started back, and gazed at me with the same wonder that had fixed my eyes upon him. But our amazement was the next moment increased; for Hilario, who had succeeded in his intrigue, with whatever lady, happened to be in the next room, and either alarmed by the voice of distress, or knowing it to be mine, rushed in at the door which flew open before him; but, at the next step, stood fixed in the same stupor of astonishment which had seized us. After a moment's recollection, he came up to me; and, dragging me to the candle, gazed stedfastly in my face with a look so frightful as never to be forgotten; it was the pale countenance of rage, which contempt had distorted with a smile; his lips quivered, and he told me in a voice scarce articulate, that though I might well be frightened at having stumbled upon an acquaintance whom I doubted whether I could trust, yet I should not have

screamed so loud. After this insult he quitted me with as much negligence as he could assume; and bowing obsequiously to Caprinus, told him, he would leave me to his care. Caprinus had not sufficient presence of mind to reply, nor had I power to make any attempt, either to pacify or retain Hilario.

When he was gone I burst into tears, but was still unable to speak. From this agony Caprinus laboured to relieve me; and I began to hope, that he sincerely participated my distress: Caprinus, however, soon appeared to be chiefly solicitous to improve what, with respect to himself, he began to think a fortunate mistake. He had no conception, that I intended an assignation with my husband; but believed, like Hilario, that I had mistaken the person for whom my favours were intended: while he lamented my distress and disappointment, therefore, he pressed my hand with great ardor, wished that he had been thought worthy of my confidence and my love; and to facilitate his design upon the wife of his friend, declared himself a man of honour, and that he would maintain the character at the hazard of his life.

To such an address, in such circumstances, what could I reply? Grief had disarmed my resentment, and the pride of suspected virtue had forsaken me. I expressed myself, not in reproaches but complaints; and abruptly disengaging myself from him, I adjured him to tell me, how he had procured his habit, and whether it had not been hired by Hilario. He seemed to be struck with the question, and the manner in which I urged it: 'I hired it,' said he, 'myself, at a warehouse in Tavistock Street; but when I came to demand it, I was told it had been the subject of much confusion and dispute. When I made my agreement

ment the master was absent; and the servant neglecting to acquaint him with it at his return, he afterwards, in the absence of the servant, made the same agreement with another, but I know not with whom; and it was with great difficulty that he was brought to relinquish his claim, after he had been convinced of the mistake.

I now clearly discovered the snare in which I had been taken, and could only lament that it was impossible to escape. Whether Caprinus began to conceive my design, or whether he was indeed touched at my distress, which all his attempts to alleviate increased, I know not; but he desisted from further protestations and importunity, and at my earnest request procured me a chair, and left me to my fortune.

I now reflected, with inconceivable anguish, upon the change which a few hours had made in my condition. I had left my house in the height of expectation, that in a few hours I should add to the dignity of an untainted reputation the felicity of conjugal endearments. I returned disappointed and degraded; detected in all the circumstances of guilt, to which I had not approached even in thought; having justified the jealousy which I sought to remove, and forfeited the esteem which I hoped to improve to veneration. With these thoughts I once more entered my dressing-room, which was on the same floor with my chamber, and in less than half an hour I heard Hilario come in.

He went immediately to his chamber; and being told that I was in the next room, he locked the door, but did not go to bed, for I could hear him walk backward and forward all the night.

Early in the morning I sent a sealed billet to him by his valet; for I had not made a confidante even of my woman: it contained only a pressing intreaty to be heard, and a solemn asseveration of my innocence, which I hoped it would not be impossible to prove. He sent me a verbal answer, that I might come to him: to him therefore I went, not as a judge but a criminal; not to accuse him whom I knew to be guilty, but to justify myself whom I knew to be innocent; and, at this moment, I would have given the world to be restored to that state, which the day before I had thought intolerable.

I found him in great agitation; which

yet he laboured to conceal. I therefore hastened to relate my project, the motives from which it was undertaken, and the means by which it had been disappointed. He heard me with calmness and attention, till I related the particular of the habit, this threw him into a new fit of jealousy; and, starting from his seat—

‘What,’ said he, ‘have you paid for this intelligence? Of whom could you learn it, but the wretch with whom I left you? Did he not, when he found you were disappointed of another solicitor for himself?’ Here he paused for my reply; and as I could not deny the fact, I was silent: my inviolable regard for truth was mistaken for the confusion of guilt, and equally prevented my justification. His passion returned with yet greater violence. ‘I know,’ said he, ‘that Caprinus related this incident, only that you might be enabled to impute upon my credulity, and that he might obtain a participation of the favours which you lavished upon others: but I am not thus to be deceived by the concurrence of accident with cunning, nor reconciled to the infamy which you have brought upon my name.’ With this injurious reproach he would have left me; but I caught hold of him, and intreated that he would go with me to the warehouse, where the testimony of persons, wholly disinterested, might convince him that I was there immediately after him; and enquired which dress he had chosen. To this request he replied, by asking me, in a peremptory tone, whether Caprinus had not told me where the habit was hired? As I was struck with the suddenness and the design of the question, I had not the fortitude to confess a truth which yet I disdained to deny. Hilario again triumphed in the successful detection of my artifices; and told me, with a sneer of insupportable contempt and derision, that he, who had so kindly directed me to find my witnesses, was too able a solicitor not to acquaint them what testimony they were to give.

Expostulation was now at an end, and I disdained to intreat any mercy under the imputation of guilt. All that remained, therefore, was still to hide my wretchedness in my bosom; and, if possible, to preserve that character abroad, which I had lost at home. But this I soon found to be a vain attempt; it was immediately

Immediately whispered, as a secret, that Hilario, who had long suspected me of a criminal correspondence, had at length traced me from the masquerade to a bagnio, and surprized me with a fellow. It was in vain for me to attempt the recovery of my character by giving another turn to this report, for the principal facts I could not deny; and those who appeared to be most my friends, after they had attended to what they call nice distinctions and minute circumstances, could only say, that it was a dark affair, and they hoped I was not so guilty as was generally believed. I was avoided by my female acquaintance as infamous: if I went abroad, I was pointed out with a whisper, and a nod; and if I staid at home, I saw no face but my servants's. Those whose levity I had silently censured by declining to practise it, now revenged themselves of the virtue by which they were condemned, and thanked God they had never yet picked up fellows, though they were not so squeamish as to refuse going to a ball. But this was not the worst; every libertine, whose fortune authorized the insolence, was now making me offers of protection in nameless scrawls, and feared not to solicit me to adultery; they dared to hope I should accept their proposal by directing to AB, who declares, like Caprinus, that he is a man of honour, and will not scruple to run my husband through the body, who now, indeed, thought himself authorized to treat me with every species of cruelty but blows, at the same time that his house was a perpetual scene of lewdness and debauchery.

Reiterated provocation and insult soon became intolerable: I therefore applied to a distant relation, who so far interested himself in my behalf as to ob-

tain me a separate maintenance, with which I retired into the country, and in this world have no hope but to perpetuate my obscurity.

In this obscurity, however, your paper is known; and I have communicated an adventure to the *Adventurer*, not merely to indulge complaint, or gratify curiosity, but because I think it confirms some principles which you have before illustrated.

Those who doubt of a future retribution, may reflect, that I have been involved in all the miseries of guilt, except the reproach of conscience and the fear of hell, by an attempt which was intended to reclaim another from vice, and obtain the reward of my own virtue.

My example may deter others from venturing to the verge of rectitude, and assuming the appearance of evil. On the other hand, those who judge of mere appearances without charity, may remark, that no conduct was ever condemned with less shew of injurious severity, nor yet with less justice than mine. Whether my narrative will be believed indeed I cannot determine; but where innocence is possible, it is dangerous to impute guilt, because 'with whatsoever judgment men judge they shall be judged'; a truth which, if it was remembered and believed by all who profess to receive it upon Divine Authority, would impose silence upon the censorious, and extort candour from the selfish. And I hope that the ladies who read my story, will never hear, but with indignation, that the understanding of a Libertine is a pledge of reformation; for his life cannot be known without abhorrence, nor shared without ruin.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

DESDEMONA.

N^o CXIX. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1753.

LATIUS REGNES, AVIDUM DOMANDO
SPIRITUM, QUAM SI LYBIAM, REMOTIS
CADIBUS JUNGAS, ET UTERQUE POENUS
SERVIAT UNI. HOR.

BY VIRTUE'S PRECEPTS TO CONTOUL
THE THIRSTY CRAVINGS OF THE SOUL,
IS OVER WIDER REALMS TO REIGN
UNENVIED MONARCH, THAN IF SPAIN
YOU COULD TO DISTANT LYBIA JOIN,
AND BOTH THE CARTHAGES WERE THINE.

FRANCIS.

WHEN Socrates was asked, which of mortal men was to be accounted nearest to the GODS in happiness, he answered, 'that man who is in want of the fewest things.'

In this answer, Socrates left it to be guessed by his auditors, whether, by the exemption from want which was to constitute happiness, he meant amplitude of possessions or contradiction of desire. And, indeed, there is so little difference between them, that Alexander the Great confessed the inhabitant of a tub the next man to the master of the world; and left a declaration to future ages, that if he was not Alexander he should wish to be Diogenes.

These two states, however, though they resemble each other in their consequence, differ widely with respect to the facility with which they may be attained. To make great acquisitions can happen to very few; and in the uncertainty of human affairs, to many it will be incident to labour without reward, and to lose what they already possess by endeavours to make it more; some will always want abilities, and others opportunities to accumulate wealth. It is therefore happy, that nature has allowed us a more certain and easy road to plenty; every man may grow rich by contracting his wishes, and by quiet acquiescence in what has been given him supply the absence of more.

Yet so far is almost every man from emulating the happiness of the gods, by any other means than grasping at their power, that it seems to be the great business of life to create wants as fast as they are satisfied. It has been long observed by moralists, that every man squanders or loses a great part of that

life, of which every man knows and deplores the shortness: and it may be remarked with equal justness, that tho' every man laments his own insufficiency to his happiness, and knows himself a necessitous and precarious being, incessantly soliciting the assistance of others, and feeling wants which his own art or strength cannot supply; yet there is no man, who does not, by the superaddition of unnatural cares, render himself still more dependent; who does not create an artificial poverty, and suffer himself to feel pain for the want of that of which, when it is gained, he can have no enjoyment.

It must, indeed, be allowed, that as we lose part of our time because it steals away silent and invisible, and many an hour is passed before we recollect that it is passing; so unnatural desires insinuate themselves unobserved into the mind, and we do not perceive that they are gaining upon us, till the pain which they give us awakens us to notice. No man is sufficiently vigilant to take account of every minute of his life, or to watch every motion of his heart. Much of our time likewise is sacrificed to custom; we trifle, because we see others trifle: in the same manner we catch from example the contagion of desire; we see all about us busied in pursuit of imaginary good, and begin to bustle in the same chase, lest greater activity should triumph over us.

It is true, that to man, as a member of society, many things become necessary, which, perhaps, in a state of nature are superfluous; and that many things not absolutely necessary, are yet so useful and convenient, that they cannot easily be spared. I will make yet

more

a more ample and liberal concession. In opulent states and regular governments, the temptations to wealth and rank, and to the distinctions that follow them, are such as no force of understanding finds it easy to resist.

If, therefore, I saw the quiet of life disturbed only by endeavours after wealth and honour; by solicitude, which the world, whether justly or not, considered as important; I should scarcely have had courage to inculcate any precepts of moderation and forbearance. He that is engaged in a pursuit, in which all mankind profess to be his rivals, is supported by the authority of all mankind in the prosecution of his design, and will therefore scarcely stop to hear the lectures of a solitary philosopher. Nor am I certain, that the accumulation of honest gain ought to be hindered, or the ambition of just honours always to be repressed. Whatever can enable the possessor to confer any benefit upon others, may be desired upon virtuous principles; and we ought not too rashly to accuse any man of intending to confine the influence of his acquisitions to himself.

But if we look round upon mankind, whom shall we find among those that fortune permits to form their own manners, that is not tormenting himself with a wish for something, of which all the pleasure and all the benefit will cease at the moment of attainment? One man is beggaring his posterity to build a house, which when finished, he never will inhabit; another is levelling mountains, to open a prospect, which, when he has once enjoyed it, he can enjoy no more; another is painting ceilings, carving wainscot, and filling his apartments with costly furniture, only that some neighbouring house may not be richer or finer than his own.

That splendor and elegance are not desirable, I am not so abstracted from life as to inculcate; but if we enquire closely into the reason for which they are esteemed, we shall find them valued principally as evidences of wealth. Nothing therefore can shew greater depravity of understanding, than to delight in the shew when the reality is wanting; or voluntarily to become poor, that strangers may for a time imagine us to be rich.

But there are yet minuter objects and

more trifling anxieties. Men may be found, who are kept from sleep by the want of a shell particularly variegated! who are wasting their lives in stratagems to obtain a book in a language which they do not understand; who pine with envy at the flowers of another man's parterre; who hover like vultures round the owner of a fossil, in hopes to plunder his cabinet at his death; and who would not much regret to see a street in flames, if a box of medals might be scattered in the tumult.

He that imagines me to speak of these fables in terms exaggerated and hyperbolical, has conversed but little with the race of virtuosos. A slight acquaintance with their studies, and a few visits to their assemblies, would inform him, that nothing is so worthless, but that prejudice and caprice can give it value; nor any thing of so little use, but that, by indulging an idle competition or unreasonable pride, a man may make it to himself one of the necessities.

Desires like these, I may surely, without incurring the censure of moroseness, advise every man to repel when they invade his mind; or if he admits them, never to allow them any greater influence than is necessary to give petty employments the power of pleasing, and diversify the day with slight amusements.

An ardent wish, whatever be it's object, will always be able to interrupt tranquillity. What we believe ourselves to want, torments us not in proportion to it's real value, but according to the estimation by which we have rated it in our own minds: in some diseases, the patient has been observed to long for food, which scarce any extremity of hunger would in health have compelled him to swallow; but while his organs were thus depraved, the craving was irresistible, nor could any rest be obtained till it was appeased by compliance. Of the same nature are the irregular appetites of the mind; though they are often excited by trifles, they are equally quieting with real wants: the Roman, who wept at the death of his lamprey, felt the same degree of sorrow that extorts tears on other occasions.

Inordinate desires, of whatever kind, ought to be repressed upon yet a higher consideration; they must be considered as enemies not only to Happiness but to Virtue. There are men among those

Qq

commonly

commonly reckoned the learned and the wise, who spare no stratagems to remove a competitor at an auction, who will sink the price of a rarity at the expence of truth, and whom it is not safe to trust alone in a library or cabinet. These are faults which the fraternity seem to look upon as jocular mischiefs, or to think excused by the violence of the temptation: but I shall always fear that he who accustoms himself to fraud in little things, wants only opportunity to practise it in greater. 'He that has hardened himself by killing a sheep,' says Py-

thagoras, 'will with less reluctance shed the blood of a man.'

To prize every thing according to it's real use, ought to be the aim of a rational being. There are few things which can much conduce to Happiness, and therefore few things to be ardently desired. He that looks upon the business and bustle of the world, with the philosophy with which Socrates surveyed the fair at Athens, will turn away at last with his exclamation—'How many things are here which I do not want!'

T

N^o CXX. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1753:

ULTIMA SEMPER

EXPECTANDA DIES HOMINI, DICIQUE BEATUS
ANTE OBITUM NEMO SUPREMAQUE FUNERA DEBET. OVID.

BUT NO FRAIL MAN, HOWEVER GREAT OR HIGH,
CAN BE CONCLUDED BLEST BEFORE HE DIE. ADDISON.

THE numerous miseries of human life have extorted in all ages an universal complaint. The wisest of men terminated all his experiments in search of happiness, by the mournful confession, that 'all is vanity;' and the ancient patriarchs lamented, that, 'the days of their pilgrimage were few and evil.'

There is, indeed, no topic on which it is more superfluous to accumulate authorities, nor any assertion of which our own eyes will more easily discover, or our sensations more frequently impress the truth, than that misery is the lot of man, and that our present state is a state of danger and infelicity.

When we take the most distant prospect of life, what does it present us but a chaos of unhappiness, a confused and tumultuous scene of labour and contest, disappointment and defeat? If we view past ages in the reflection of history, what do they offer to our meditation but crimes and calamities? One year is distinguished by a famine, another by an earthquake; kingdoms are made desolate, sometimes by wars, and sometimes by pestilence; the peace of the world is interrupted at one time by the caprices of a tyrant, at another by the rage of a conqueror. The memory is stored only with vicissitudes of evil; and the happiness, such as it is, of one part of mankind, is found to arise commonly from sanguinary success, from

victories which confer upon them the power, not so much of improving life by any new enjoyment, as of inflicting misery on others, and gratifying their own pride by comparative greatness.

But by him that examines life with a more close attention, the happiness of the world will be found still less than it appears. In some intervals of public prosperity, or, to use terms more proper, in some intermissions of calamity, a general diffusion of happiness may seem to overspread a people; all is triumph and exultation, jollity and plenty, there are no public fears and dangers, and no 'complaining in the streets.' But the condition of individuals is very little mended by this general calm: pain and malice and discontent still continue their havoc; the silent depredation goes incessantly forward; and the grave continues to be filled with the victims of sorrow.

He that enters a gay assembly, beholds the cheerfulness displayed in every countenance, and finds all sitting vacant and disengaged, with no other attention than to give or to receive pleasure, would naturally imagine that he had reached at last the metropolis of felicity, the place sacred to gladness of heart, from whence all fear and anxiety were irreversibly excluded. Such, indeed, we may often find to be the opinion of those who from a lower station look up to the pomp and gaiety

gaiety which they cannot reach: but who is there of those who frequent these luxurious assemblies, that will not confess his own uneasiness, or cannot recount the vexations and distresses that prey upon the lives of his gay companions?

The world, in it's best state, is nothing more than a larger assembly of beings, combining to counterfeit happiness which they do not feel, employing every art and contrivance to embellish life, and to hide their real condition from the eyes of one another.

The species of happiness most obvious to the observation of others is that which depends upon the goods of fortune; yet even this is often fictitious. There is in the world more poverty than is generally imagined; not only because many whose possessions are large have desires still larger, and many measure their wants by the gratifications which others enjoy; but great numbers are pressed by real necessities which it is their chief ambition to conceal, and are forced to purchase the appearance of competence and cheerfulness at the expence of many comforts and conveniences of life.

Many, however, are confessedly rich, and many more are sufficiently removed from all danger of real poverty: but it has been long ago remarked, that money cannot purchase quiet; the highest of mankind can promise themselves no exemption from that discord or suspicion by which the sweetness of domestic retirement is destroyed; and must always be even more exposed, in the same degree as they are elevated above others, to the treachery of dependants, the calumny of defamers, and the violence of opponents.

Affliction is inseparable from our present state; it adheres to all the inhabitants of this world, in different proportions indeed, but with an allotment which seems very little regulated by our own conduct. It has been the boast of some swelling moralists, that everyman's fortune was in his own power, that Providence supplied the place of all other divinities, and that happiness is the un-failing consequence of virtue. But surely the quiver of Omnipotence is stored with arrows, against which the shield of human virtue, however adamantine it has been boasted, is held up in vain: we do not always suffer by our crimes; we are not always protected by our innocence.

A good man is by no means exempt from the danger of suffering by the crimes of others; even his goodness may raise him enemies of implacable malice and restless perseverance: the Good Man has never been warranted by Heaven from the treachery of friends, the disobedience of children, or the dishonesty of a wife; he may see his cares made useless by profusion, his instructions defeated by perverseness, and his kindness rejected by ingratitude; he may languish under the infamy of false accusations, or perish reproachfully by an unjust sentence.

A Good Man is subject, like other mortals, to all the influences of natural evil; his harvest is not spared by the tempest, nor his cattle by the murrain: his house flames like others in a conflagration; nor have his ships any peculiar power of resisting hurricanes: his mind, however elevated, inhabits a body subject to innumerable casualties, of which he must always share the dangers and the pains: he bears about him the seeds of disease, and may linger away a great part of his life under the tortures of the gout or stone; at one time groaning with insufferable anguish, at another dissolved in listlessness and languor.

From this general and indiscriminate distribution of misery, the moralists have always derived one of their strongest moral arguments for a Future State; for since the common events of the present life happen alike to the good and bad, it follows from the Justice of the SUPREME BEING, that there must be another state of existence, in which a just retribution shall be made, and every man shall be happy and miserable according to his works.

The miseries of life may, perhaps, afford some proof of a future state, compared as well with the Mercy as the Justice of God. It is scarcely to be imagined, that Infinite Benevolence would create a being capable of enjoying so much more than is here to be enjoyed, and qualified by nature to prolong pain by remembrance, and anticipate it by terror, if he was not designed for something nobler and better than a state, in which many of his faculties can serve only for his torment; in which he is to be importuned by desires that never can be satisfied, to feel many evils which he had no power to avoid, and to fear many which he shall never feel; there will surely come a time, when every ca-

capacity of happiness shall be filled, and none shall be wretched but by his own fault.

In the mean time, it is by affliction chiefly that the heart of man is purified, and that the thoughts are fixed upon a better state. Prosperity, allayed and imperfect as it is, has power to intoxicate the imagination, to fix the mind upon the present scene, to produce confidence and elation, and to make him who enjoys affluence and honours forget the hand by which they were bestowed. It is seldom that we are otherwise, than by affliction, awakened to a sense of our own imbecillity, or taught to know how little all our acquisitions can conduce to safety or to quiet; and how justly we may ascribe to the superintendence of a Higher Power, those blessings which in the wantonness of success we considered as the attainments of our policy or courage.

Nothing confers so much ability to resist the temptations that perpetually surround us, as an habitual considera-

tion of the shortness of life, and the uncertainty of those pleasures that solicit our pursuit; and this consideration can be inculcated only by affliction. 'O Death! how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that lives at ease in his possessions.' If our present state were one continued succession of delights, or one uniform flow of calmness and tranquillity, we should never willingly think upon it's end, death would then surely surprise us as a thief in the night; and our task of duty would remain unfinished, till the night came when no man can work.

While affliction thus prepares us for felicity, we may console ourselves under it's pressures, by remembering, that they are no particular marks of Divine Displeasure: since all the distresses of persecution have been suffered by those, of whom the world was not worthy; and the REDEEMER of MANKIND himself was 'a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.'

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N° CXXI. TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1754.

ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO, TROJÆ QUI PRIMIS AB ORIS
ITALIAM FATO PROFUGUS, LAVINAQUE VENIT
LITTORA. MULTUM ILLE ET TERRIS JACTATUS ET ALTO;

MULTA QUOQUE ET BELLO PASSUS. ————— VIR.

ARMS AND THE MAN I SING, WHO FORC'D BY FATE.

EXPELL'D AND EXIL'D, LEFT THE TROJAN SHORE.
LONG LABOURS BOTH BY SEA AND LAND HE BORE,
AND IN THE DOUBTFUL WAR. DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

A Few nights ago, after I came home from the tavern, I took up the first volume of your papers, which at present is deposited near the elbow-chair in my chamber, and happened to read the fifth number which contains the narrative of a Flea. After I fell asleep, I imagined the book still to lie open before me, and that at the bottom of the page I saw not a Flea but a Louse; who addressed me with such solemnity of accent, that it brought to my mind some orations which I had formerly heard in St. Stephen's chapel.

SIR, said he, it has been remarked by those who have enriched themselves from the mines of knowledge by deep researches and laborious study, that sub-lunary beings are all mortal, and that life is a state of perpetual peril and inquietude: such, indeed, hitherto, has been my experience; and yet I do not remember that I have brought calamity upon myself by any uncommon deviations either from virtue or prudence.

I was hatched in the head of a boy about eight years old, who was placed under the care of a parish nurse, and educated at the charity-school. In this place, as in a populous city, I soon obtained a settlement; and as our state of adolescence

adolescence is short, had in a few months a numerous family. This indeed was the happiest period of my life; I suffered little apprehension from the comb or the razor, and foresaw no misfortune, except that our country should be overstocked, and we should be compelled to wander, like the barbarians of the north, in search of another. But it happened that the lord of our soil, in an evil hour, went with some of his companions to Highgate. Just at the top of the hill was a stage and a mountebank, where several feats of wit and humour were performed by a gentleman with a grid-iron upon his back, who assisted the doctor in his vocation. We were presently in the midst of the crowd, and soon after upon the stage; which the boy was persuaded to ascend, that by a sudden stroke of conjuration, a great quantity of gold might be conveyed under his hat. Under his hat, however, the dextrous but mischievous operator, having imperceptibly conveyed a rotten egg, clapped his hand smartly upon it, and shewed the aurum potabile running down on each side, to the unspeakable delight of the beholders, but to the great disappointment of the boy, and the total ruin of our community.

It is impossible to describe the confusion and distress which this accident instantly produced among us: we were at once buried in a quag, intolerably noisome, and insuperably viscid: those who had been overturned in it's passage, found it impossible to recover their situation; and the few, who happening to lie near the borders of the suffusion, had with the utmost efforts of their strength, crawled to those parts which it had not reached, laboured in vain to free themselves from shackles, which every moment became more strong, as the substance which formed them grew more hard, and threatened in a short time totally to deprive them of all power of motion. I was myself among this number, and cannot even now recollect my situation without shuddering at my danger. In the mean time, the candidate for enchanted gold, who in the search of pleasure had found only dirt and hunger, weariness and disappointment, reflecting that his stolen holiday was at an end, returned forlorn and disconsolate to his nurse. The nose of this good woman was soon offended by an unfavourable smell, and it was not long before

she discovered whence it proceeded. A few questions, and a good thump on the back, brought the whole secret to light; and the delinquent, that he might be at once purified and punished, was carried to the next pump, where his head was held under the spout till he had received the discipline of a pickpocket. He was indeed very near being drowned; but his sufferings were nothing in comparison of ours. We were overwhelmed with a second inundation; the cataracts, which burst upon us with a noise tenfold more dreadful than thunder, swept us by hundreds before them, and the few that remained would not have had strength to keep their hold against the impetuosity of the torrent; if it had continued a few minutes longer. I was still among those that escaped; and after we had a little recovered from our fright, we found that if we had lost our friends, we were released from the viscous duration which our own strength could never have broken. We were also delivered from the dread of an emigration and a famine; and taking comfort in these reflections, we were enabled to reconcile ourselves, without murmuring, to the fate of those who had perished.

But the series of misfortune which I have been doomed to suffer, without respite, was now begun. The next day was Holy Thursday; and the stupendous being, who, without labour, carried the ruins of our state in procession to the bounds of his parish, thought fit to break his wand into a cudgel as soon as he came home. This he was impatient to use; and in an engagement with an adversary, who had armed himself with the like weapon, he received a stroke upon his head, by which my favourite wife and three children, the whole remains of my family, were crushed to atoms in a moment. I was myself so near as to be thrown down by the concussion of the blow; and the boy immediately scratching his head to alleviate the smart, was within a hair of destroying me with his nail.

I was so terrified at this accident, that I crept down to the nape of his neck, where I continued all the rest of the day; and at night, when he retired to eat his crust of bread in the chimney-corner, I concluded that I should at least be safe till the morning, and therefore began my repast, which the dangers and misfortunes of the day had prevented. Whether,

Then, having long failed, my bite was more keen than usual, or whether I had made my attack in a more sensible part, I cannot tell; but the boy suddenly thrust up his fingers with so much speed and dexterity, that he laid hold of me, and aimed with all his force to throw me into the fire: in this savage attempt he would certainly have succeeded, if I had not stuck between his finger and his nail, and fell short upon some linen that was hanging to dry.

The woman, who took in washing, was employed by a laundress of some distinction; and it happened that I had fallen on the shift-sleeve of a celebrated toast, who frequently made her appearance at court. I concealed myself with great caution in the plaits, and the next night had the honour to accompany her into the drawing-room, where she was surrounded by rival beauties, from whom she attracted every eye, and stood with the utmost compulsion of mind and countenance in the centre of admiration and desire. In this situation I became impatient of confinement, and after several efforts made my way out by her tucker, hoping to have passed on under her handkerchief to her head; but in this hope I was disappointed, for handkerchief she had none. I was not, however, willing to go back, and as my station was the principal object of the whole circle, I was soon discovered by those who stood near. They gazed at me with eager attention, and sometimes turned towards each other with very intelligent looks; but of this the lady took no notice, as it was the common effect of that profusion of beauty which she had been used to pour upon every eye: the emotion, however, at length increased till she observed it, and glancing her eye downward with a secret exultation, she discovered the cause. Pride instantly covered those cheeks with blushes which modesty had forsaken; and as I was now become sensible of my danger, I was hasting to retreat. At this instant a young nobleman, who perceived that the lady was become sensible of her disgrace, and who, perhaps, thought that it might be deemed an indecorum to approach the place where I stood with his hand in a public assembly, stooped down, and holding up his hat to his face, directed so violent a blast towards me from his mouth, that I vanished before it like an atom in a whirlwind; and the next mo-

ment found myself in the toupée of a battered beau, whose attention was engrossed by the widow of a rich citizen, with whose plumb he hoped to pay his debts and procure a new mistress.

In this place the hair was so thin that it scarce afforded me shelter, except a single row of curls on each side, where the powder and grease were insuperable obstacles to my progress: here, however, I continued near a week, but it was in every respect a dreadful situation. I lived in perpetual solicitude and danger, secluded from my species, and exposed to the cursed claws of the valet, who persecuted me every morning and every night. In the morning, it was with the utmost difficulty that I escaped from being kneaded up in a lump of pomatum, or squeezed to death between the burning forceps of a crising-iron; and at night, after I had with the utmost vigilance and dexterity evaded the comb, I was still liable to be thrust through the body with a pin.

I frequently meditated my escape, and formed many projects to effect it, which I afterwards abandoned either as dangerous or impracticable. I observed that the valet had a much better head of hair than his master, and that he sometimes wore the same bag; into the bag, therefore, one evening I descended with great circumspection, and was removed with it: nor was it long before my utmost expectations were answered, for the valet tied on my dormitory to his own hair the very next morning, and I gained a new settlement.

But the bag was not the only part of the master's dress which was occasionally appropriated by the servant, who being soon after my exploit detected in wearing a laced frock before it had been left off, was turned away at a minute's warning; and, despairing to obtain a character, returned to the occupation in which he had been bred, and became journeyman to a barber in the city, who upon seeing a specimen of his skill to dress hair *a-la-mode de la cour*, was willing to receive him without a scrupulous examination of his morals.

This change in the situation of my patron was a great advantage to me; for I began to have more company and less disturbance. But among other persons whom he attended every morning to shave, was an elderly gentleman of great repute for natural knowledge, a fellow

of many foreign societies, and a profound adept in experimental philosophy. This gentleman, having conceived a design to repeat Leuwenhoek's experiments upon the increase of our species, enquired of the proprietor of my dwelling if he could help him to a subject. The man was at first startled at the question; but it was no sooner comprehended than he pulled out an ivory comb, and produced myself and two associates, one of whom died soon after of the hurt he received.

The sage received us with thanks, and very carefully conveyed us into his stocking, where, though it was not a situation perfectly agreeable to our nature, we produced a numerous progeny. Here, however, I suffered new calamity, and was exposed to new danger. The philosopher, whom a sedentary and reclusive life had rendered extremely susceptible of cold, would often sit with his thins so near the fire, that we were almost scorched to death before we could get round to the calf for shelter. He was also subject to frequent abstractions of mind; and at these times many of us have been miserably destroyed by his broth or his tea, which he would hold so much on one side that it would run over the vessel, and overflow us with a scalding deluge from his knee to his ankle: nor was this all; for when he felt the smart he would rub the part with his hand, without reflecting upon his nursery, till he had crushed great part of those who had escaped. Still, however, it was my fortune to survive for new adventures.

The philosopher, among other visitants whose curiosity he was pleased to gratify, was sometimes favoured with the company of ladies: for the entertainment of a lady it was my misfortune to be one morning taken from my family when I least suspected it, and secured in the apparatus of a solar microscope. After I had contributed to their astonishment and diversion near an hour, I was left with the utmost inhumanity and ingratitude to perish of hunger, immured between the two pieces of insglass through which I had been exhibited. In this condition I remained three days and three nights; and should certainly have perished in the fourth, if a boy about seven years old, who was carelessly left alone in the room, had not poked his finger through the hole in which I was confined, and once more set me at liberty.

I was, however, extremely weak; and the window being open, I was blown into the street, and fell on the uncovered periwig of a doctor of physic, who had just alighted to visit a patient. This was the first time I had ever entered a periwig, a situation which I scarce less deprecate than the microscope. I found it a desolate wilderness, without inhabitants and without bounds. I continued to traverse it with incredible labour, but I knew not in what direction, and despaired of being ever restored either to food or rest. My spirits were at length exhausted, my gripe relaxed, and I fell almost in a state of insensibility from the verge of the labyrinth in which I had been bewildered, into the head of a patient in the hospital, over whom, after my fall, I could just perceive the doctor leaning to look at his tongue.

By the warmth and nourishment which this place afforded me I soon revived. I rejoiced at my deliverance, and thought I had nothing to fear but the death of the patient in whose head I had taken shelter.

I was, however, soon convinced of my mistake; for among other patients in the same ward was a child about six years old, who having been put in for a rupture, had fallen into the jaundice: for this disease the nurse, in the absence of the physician, prescribed a certain number of my species to be administered alive in a spoonful of milk. A collection was immediately made, and I was numbered among the unhappy victims which ignorance and inhumanity had thus devoted to destruction: I was immersed in the portion, and saw myself approach the horrid jaws that I expected would the next moment close over me; not but that, in this dreadful moment, I had some languid hope of passing the gulph unhurt, and finding a settlement at the bottom. My fate, however, was otherwise determined: for the child, in a fit of frowardness and anger, dashed the spoon out of the hand of the nurse; and after incredible fatigue, I recovered the station to which I had descended from the doctor's wig.

I was once more congratulating myself on an escape almost miraculous, when I was alarmed by the appearance of a barber, with all the dreadful apparatus of his trade. I soon found that the person whose head I had chosen for an asylum was become delirious, and that

that the hair was by the physician's orders to be removed for a blister.

Here my courage totally failed, and all my hopes forsook me. It happened, however, that though I was entangled in the suds, yet I was deposited unhurt upon the operator's shaving cloth; from whence as he was shaving you this night, I gained your shoulder, and have this moment crawled out from the plaits of your stock, which you have just taken off and laid upon this table. Whether this event be fortunate or unfortunate, time only can discover: but I still hope to find some dwelling, where no comb shall ever enter, and no nails shall ever scratch; which neither pincers nor razor

shall approach; where I shall pass the remainder of life in perfect security and repose, amidst the smiles of society and the profusion of plenty.

At this hope so extravagant and ridiculous, uttered with such solemnity of diction and manner, I burst into a fit of immoderate laughter that awaked me: but my mirth was instantly repressed by reflecting, that The Life of Man is not less exposed to Evil; and that all his expectations of security and happiness in Temporal possessions are equally chimerical and absurd.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

DORMITOR.

Nº CXXII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1754.

TELEPHUS ET PELEUS, CUM PAUPER ET EXUL UTERQUE,
PROJICIT AMPULLAS, ET SESQUIPEDALIA VERBA,
SI CURAT COR SPECTANTIS TETIGISSE QUERELA.

HER.

TRAGEDIANS TOO LAY BY THEIR STATE TO GRIEVE:

PELEUS AND TELEPHUS, EXIL'D AND POOR,

FORGET THEIR SWELLING AND GIGANTIC WORDS:

HE THAT WOU'D HAVE SPECTATORS SHARE HIS GRIEF,

MUST WRITE NOT ONLY WELL BUT MOVINGLY.

ROSCOMMON.

MADNESS being occasioned by a close and continued attention of the mind to a single object, Shakespeare judiciously represents the resignation of his crown to daughters so cruel and unnatural, as the particular idea which has brought on the distraction of Lear, and which perpetually recurs to his imagination, and mixes itself with all his ramblings. Full of this idea, therefore, he breaks out abruptly in the fourth act—'No, they cannot touch me for coining: I am the king himself.' He believes himself to be railing recruits, and censures the inability and unskilfulness of some of his soldiers: 'There's your press money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace: this piece of toasted cheese will do it.' The art of our poet is transcendent in thus making a passage that even borders on burlesque, strongly expressive of the madness he is painting. Lear suddenly thinks himself in the field; 'There's my gauntlet—I'll prove it on a giant:' and that he has shot his arrow successfully! 'O well

'flown barb! i' th' clout, i' th' clout: hewgh! give the word.' He then recollects the falsehood and cruelty of his daughters, and breaks out in some pathetic reflections on his old age, and on the tempest to which he was so lately exposed: 'Ha! Gonerill!—Ha! Regan!—They flattered me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs on my beard, ere the black ones were there. They say, Ay, and No, to every thing that I said—Ay and No too, was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em; there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they're not men of their words; they told me I was every thing: 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.' The impotence of royalty to exempt its possessor, more than the meanest subject, from suffering natural evils, is here finely hinted at.

His friend and adherent Gloucester, having been lately deprived of sight, enquires if the voice he hears is not the voice of the king; Lear instantly catches

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the word, and replies with great quickness—

—Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes?
I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?
Adultery? no, thou shalt not die: die for adultery!

He then makes some very severe reflections on the hypocrisy of lewd and abandoned women; and adds—'Fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination.' And as every object seems to be present to the eyes of the lunatic, he thinks he pays for the drug: 'There's money for thee!' Very strong and lively also is the imagery in a succeeding speech, where he thinks himself viewing his subjects punished by the proper officer:

Thou rascalbedel, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost lash that whore? strip thy own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whip'st her!

This circumstance leads him to reflect on the efficacy of rank and power, to conceal and palliate profligacy and injustice; and this fine satire is couched in two different metaphors, that are carried on with much propriety and elegance:

Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy straw doth pierce it.

We are moved to find that Lear has some faint knowledge of his old and faithful courtier.

If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester.

The advice he then gives him is very affecting:

Thou must be patient; we came crying hither;
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawle and cry—
When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools!

This tender complaint of the miseries of human life bears so exact a resemblance

with the following passage of Lucretius, that I cannot forbear transcribing it:

*Vagituque locum lugubri comple, ut equum est,
Cui tantum in viâ restat transire malorum.*

Then with distressful cries he fills the room,
Too sure presages of his future doom.

DRYDEN.

It is not to be imagined that our author copied from the Roman; on such a subject it is almost impossible but that two persons of genius and sensibility must feel and think alike. Lear drops his moralities and meditates revenge:

It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with felt. I'll put't in proof;
And when I've stol'n upon these sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

The expedient is well suited to the character of a lunatic, and the frequent repetitions of the word Kill forcibly represent his rage and desire of revenge, and must affect an intelligent audience at once with pity and terror. At this instant Cordelia sends one of her attendants to protect her father from the danger with which he is threatened by her sisters: the wretched king is so accustomed to misery, and so hopeless of succour, that when the messenger offers to lead him out, he imagines himself taken captive and mortally wounded:

No rescue! What? a prisoner? I am e'en
The natural fool of fortune: use me well,
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;
I am cut to the brain.

Cordelia at length arrives; an opiate is administered to the king, to calm the agonies and agitations of his mind; and a most interesting interview ensues between this daughter that was so unjustly suspected of disaffection, and the rash and mistaken father. Lear, during his slumber, has been arrayed in regal apparel, and is brought upon the stage in a chair, not recovered from his trance. I know not a speech more truly pathetic than that of Cordelia when she first sees him:

Had you not been their father, these white flakes

Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?

The dreadfulnefs of that night is expressed by a circumstance of great humanity;

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manity; for which kind of strokes Shakespeare is as eminent as for his poetry:

My very enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood
that night
Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor
father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw—

Lear begins to awake; but his imagination is still distempered, and his pain exquisite;

You do me wrong to take me out o'th grave.
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead—

When Cordelia in great affliction asks him, if he knows her, he replies—

You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?

This reply heightens her distress; but his sensibility beginning to return, he kneels to him, and begs his benediction. I hope I have no readers that can peruse his answer without tears:

—Pray do not mock me:
I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this
man;

Yet I am doubtful: for I'm mainly ignorant
What place this is.—Do not laugh at me?
For as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

The humility, calmness, and sedateness of this speech, opposed to the former rage and indignation of Lear, is finely calculated to excite commiseration. Struck with the remembrance of the injurious suspicion he had cherished against this favourite and fond daughter, the poor old man intreats her not to weep, and tells her that if she has prepared poison for him, he is ready to drink it; 'For I know,' says he, 'if you do not, you cannot love me, after my cruel usage of you. Your sisters have done me much wrong, of which I have some faint remembrance: you have some cause to hate me, they have none.'

Being told that he is not in France, but in his own kingdom, he answers hastily, and in connection with that leading idea which I have before insisted on—'Do not abuse me;' and adds, with a meekness and contrition that are very pathetic—'Pray now forget and forgive; I am old and foolish.'

Cordelia is at last slain: the lamentations of Lear are extremely tender and affecting; and this accident is so severe and intolerable, that it again deprived him of his intellect, which seemed to be returning.

His last speech, as he surveys the body, consists of such simple reflections as nature and sorrow dictate:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no
more;

Never, never, neyer, never, never!

The heaving and swelling of his heart is described by a most expressive circumstance:

Pray you undo this button. Thank you, Sir;
Do you see this? Look on her, look on her
lips:

Look there, look there— [Dies.]

I shall transiently observe, in conclusion of these remarks, that this drama is chargeable with considerable imperfections. The plot of Edmund against his brother, which distracts the attention, and destroys the unity of the fable; the cruel and horrid extinction of Gloucester's eyes, which ought not to be exhibited on the stage; the utter improbability of Gloucester's imagining, though blind, that he had leaped down Dover cliff; and some passages that are too turgid and full of strained metaphors; are faults which the warmest admirers of Shakespeare will find it difficult to excuse. I know not, also, whether the cruelty of the daughter is not painted with circumstances too savage and unnatural; for it is not sufficient to say, that this monstrous barbarity is founded on historical truth, if we recollect the just observation of Boileau—

Le vray peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable.

Some truths may be too strong to be believed,
SONNET,

N^o CXXIII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1754.JAM PROTERVA
FRONTE PETIT LALAGE MARITUM.

HOR.

THE MAID WHOM NOW YOU COURT IN VAIN,
WILL QUICKLY RUN IN QUEST OF MAN.

I Have before remarked, that to abstain from the appearance of evil, is a precept in that law, which has every characteristic of Divinity; and I have in more than one of these papers endeavoured to enforce the practice of it, by an illustration of it's excellence and importance.

Circumstances have been admitted as evidences of guilt, even when death has been the consequence of conviction; and a conduct by which evil is strongly implied, is little less pernicious than that by which it is expressed. With respect to society, as far as it can be influenced by example, the effect of both is the same; for every man encourages the practice of that vice which he commits in appearance, though he avoids it in fact: and with respect to the individual, as the esteem of the world is a motive to virtue only less powerful than the approbation of conscience, he who knows that he is already degraded by the imputation of guilt, will find himself half-disarmed when he is assailed by temptation: and as he will have less to lose, he will, indeed, be less disposed to resist. Of the sex, whose levity is most likely to provoke censure, it is eminently true, that the loss of character by imprudence frequently induces the loss of virtue: the ladies, therefore, should be proportionably circumspect; as to those, in whom folly is most likely to terminate in guilt, it is certainly of most importance to be wise.

This subject has irresistibly obtruded itself upon my mind in the silent hour of meditation, because, as often as I have reviewed the scenes in which I have mixed among the busy and the gay, I have observed that a depravity of manners, a licentious extravagance of dress and behaviour, are become almost universal; virtue seems ambitious of a resemblance to vice, as vice glories in the deformities which she has been used to hide.

A decent timidity and modest reserve have been always considered as auxilia-

ries to beauty; but an air of dissolute boldness is now affected by all who would be thought graceful or polite: chastity, which used to be discovered in every gesture and every look, is now retired to the breast, and is found only by those who intend it's destruction; as a general, when the town is surrendered, retreats to the citadel, which is always less capable of defence, when the outworks are possessed by the enemy.

There is now little apparent difference between the virgin and the prostitute: if they are not otherwise known, they may share the box and the drawing-room without distinction. The same fashion which takes away the veil of modesty, will necessarily conceal lewdness; and honour and shame will lose their influence, because they will no longer distinguish virtue from vice. General custom, perhaps, may be thought an effectual security against general censure; but it will not always lull the suspicions of jealousy; nor can it familiarise any beauty without destroying it's influence, or diminish the prerogatives of a husband without weakening his attachment to his wife.

The excess of every mode may be declined without remarkable singularity; and the ladies, who should even dare to be singular in the present defection of taste, would proportionably increase their power and secure their happiness.

I know that in the vanity and the presumption of youth, it is common to alledge the consciousness of innocence, as a reason for the contempt of censure; and a licence, not only for every freedom, but for every favour except the last. This confidence can, perhaps, only be repressed by a sense of danger: and as the persons whom I wish to warn, are most impatient of declamation, and most susceptible of pity, I will address them in a story; and I hope the events will not only illustrate, but impress the precept which they contain.

Flavilla, just as she had entered her fourteenth year, was left an orphan to

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the care of her mother, in such circumstances as disappointed all the hopes which her education had encouraged. Her father, who lived in great elegance upon the salary of a place at court, died suddenly, without having made any provision for his family, except an annuity of one hundred pounds, which he had purchased for his wife with part of her marriage portion; nor was he possessed of any property, except the furniture of a large house in one of the new squares, an equipage, a few jewels, and some plate.

The greater part of the furniture and the equipage were sold to pay his debts: the jewels, which were not of great value, and some useful pieces of the plate, were reserved; and Flavilla removed with her mother into lodgings.

But notwithstanding this change in their circumstances, they did not immediately lose their rank. They were still visited by a numerous and polite acquaintance; and though some gratified their pride by assuming the appearance of pity, and rather insulted than alleviated their distress by the whine of condolence, and minute comparison of what they had lost with what they possessed; yet from others they were continually receiving presents, which still enabled them to live with a genteel frugality; they were still considered as people of fashion, and treated by those of a lower class with distant respect.

Flavilla thus continued to move in a sphere to which she had no claim; she was perpetually surrounded with elegance and splendor, which the caprice of others, like the rod of an enchanter, could dissipate in a moment, and leave her to regret the loss of enjoyments, which she could neither hope to obtain nor cease to desire. Of this, however, Flavilla had no dread. She was remarkably tall for her age, and was celebrated not only for her beauty but her wit: these qualifications she considered, not only as securing whatever she enjoyed by the favour of others, but as a pledge of possessing them in her own right by an advantageous marriage. Thus the vision that danced before her, derived stability from the very vanity which it flattered, and she had as little apprehension of distress, as diffidence of her own power to please.

There was a fashionable levity in her carriage and discourse, which her mother,

who knew the danger of her situation, laboured to restrain, sometimes with anger, sometimes with tears, but always without success. Flavilla was ever ready to answer, that she neither did or said any thing of which she had reason to be ashamed; and therefore did not know why she should be restrained, except in mere courtesy to envy, whom it was an honour to provoke, or to slander, whom it was a disgrace to fear. In proportion as Flavilla was more flattered and caressed, the influence of her mother became less: and though she always treated her with respect from a point of good breeding, yet she secretly despised her maxims, and applauded her own conduct.

Flavilla at eighteen was a celebrated toast; and among other gay visitants who frequented her tea-table, was Clodio, a young baronet, who had just taken possession of his title and estate. There were many particulars in Clodio's behaviour, which encouraged Flavilla to hope that she should obtain him for a husband: but she suffered his assiduities with such apparent pleasure, and his familiarities with so little reserve, that he soon ventured to disclose his intention, and make her what he thought a very genteel proposal of another kind. But whatever were the artifices with which it was introduced, or the terms in which it was made, Flavilla rejected it with the utmost indignation and disdain. Clodio, who, notwithstanding his youth, had long known and often practised the arts of seduction, gave way to the storm, threw himself at her feet, imputed his offence to the phrenzy of his passion, flattered her pride by the most abject submission and extravagant praise, intreated her pardon, aggravated his crime, but made no mention of atonement by marriage. This particular, which Flavilla did not fail to remark, ought to have determined her to admit him no more: but her vanity and her ambitions were still predominant; she still hoped to succeed in her project; Clodio's offence was tacitly forgotten, his visits were permitted, his familiarities were again suffered, and his hopes revived. He had long entertained an opinion that she loved him; in which, however, it is probable, that his own vanity and her indiscretion concurred to deceive him; but this opinion, though it implied the strongest obligation to treat her with generosity

generosity and tenderness, only determined him again to attempt her ruin, as it encouraged him with a probability of success. Having, therefore, resolved to obtain her as a mistress, or at once to give her up, he thought he had little more to do, than to convince her that he had taken such a resolution, justify it by some plausible sophistry, and give her some time to deliberate upon a final determination. With this view, he went a short journey into the country; having put a letter into her hand at parting, in which he acquainted her, that he had often reflected, with inexpressible regret, upon her resentment of his conduct in a late instance; but that the delicacy and the ardour of his affection were insuperable obstacles to his marriage; that where there was no liberty, there could be no happiness: that he should become indifferent to the endearments of love, when they could no longer be distinguished from the officiousness of duty: that while they were happy in the possession of each other, it

would be absurd to suppose they would part; and that if this happiness should cease, it would not only ensure but aggravate their misery to be inseparably united: that this event was less probable in proportion as their cohabitation was voluntary; but that he would make such provision for her upon the contingency, as a wife would expect upon his death. He conjured her not to determine under the influence of prejudice and custom, but according to the rules of reason and nature. After mature deliberation, said he, 'remember that the whole value of my life depends upon your will. I do not request an explicit consent, with whatever transport I might behold the lovely confusion which it might produce. I shall attend you a few days, with the anxiety, though not with the guilt, of a criminal who waits for the decision of his judge. If my visit is admitted, we will never part; if it is rejected, I can never see you more.'

N° CXXIV. SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1754.

INCEDIS PER IGNES
SUPPOSITOS CINERI DOLOSO.

HOM.

WITH NEEDLESS FEET ON FIRES YOU GO,
THAT, HID IN TREACHEROUS ASHES, GLOW.

FLAVILLA had too much understanding as well as virtue, to deliberate a moment upon this proposal. She gave immediate orders that Clodio should be admitted no more. But his letter was a temptation to gratify her vanity, which she could not resist; she shewed it first to her mother, and then to the whole circle of her female acquaintance, with all the exultation of a hero who exposes a vanquished enemy at the wheels of his chariot in a triumph; she considered it as an indisputable evidence of her virtue, as a reproof of all who had dared to censure the levity of her conduct, and a licence to continue it without apology or restraint.

It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, was seen in one of the boxes at the play-house by Mercator, a young gentleman who had just returned from his first voyage as captain of a large ship in the Levant trade, which had been purchased for him by his fa-

ther, whose fortune enabled him to make a genteel provision for five sons, of whom Mercator was the youngest, and who expected to share his estate, which was personal, in equal proportions at his death.

Mercator was captivated with her beauty, but discouraged by the splendor of her appearance, and the rank of her company. He was urged rather by curiosity than hope, to enquire who she was; and he soon gained such a knowledge of her circumstances, as relieved him from despair.

As he knew not how to get admission to her company, and had no design upon her virtue, he wrote in the first ardour of his passion to her mother; giving a faithful account of his fortune and dependence, and intreating that he might be permitted to visit Flavilla as a candidate for her affection. The old lady, after having made some enquiries, by which the account that Mercator had

given

given her was confirmed, sent him an invitation, and received his first visit alone. She told him, that as Flavilla had no fortune, and as a considerable part of his own was dependent upon his father's will, it would be extremely imprudent to endanger the disappointment of his expectations, by a marriage which would make it more necessary that they should be fulfilled; that he ought therefore to obtain his father's consent, before any other step was taken, lest he should be embarrassed by engagements which young persons almost insensibly contract, whose complacency in each other is continually gaining strength by frequent visits and conversation. To this counsel, so salutary and perplexing Mercator was hesitating what to reply, when Flavilla came in, an accident, which he was now only solicitous to improve. Flavilla was not displeased either with his person or his address; the frankness and gaiety of her disposition soon made him forget that he was a stranger: a conversation commenced, during which they became yet more pleased with each other; and having thus surmounted the difficulty of a first visit, he thought no more of the old lady, as he believed her auspices were not necessary to his success.

His visits were often repeated, and he became every hour more impatient of delay: he pressed his suit with that contagious ardour, which is caught at every glance, and produces the consent which it solicits. At the same time, indeed, a thought of his father would intervene, but being determined to gratify his wishes at all events, he concluded with a sagacity almost universal on these occasions, that of two evils, to marry without his consent was less, than to marry against it; and one evening, after the lovers had spent the afternoon by themselves, they went out in a kind of frolic, which Mercator had proposed in the vehemence of his passion, and to which Flavilla had consented in the giddiness of her indiscretion, and were married at May Fair.

In the first interval of recollection after this precipitate step, Mercator considered, that he ought to be the first who acquainted his father of the new alliance which had been made in his family; but as he had not fortitude enough to do it in person, he expressed it in the best terms he could conceive by a letter; and

after such an apology for his conduct as he had been used to make to himself, he requested that he might be permitted to present his wife for the parental benediction, which alone was wanting to compleat his felicity.

The old gentleman, whose character I cannot better express than in the fashionable phrase which has been contrived to palliate false principles and dissolute manners, had been a gay man, and was well acquainted with the town. He had often heard Flavilla toasted by rakes of quality, and had often seen her at public places. Her beauty and her dependence, the gaiety of her dress, the multitude of her admirers, the levity of her conduct, and all the circumstances of her situation, had concurred to render her character suspected; and he was disposed to judge of it with yet less charity, when she had offended him by marrying his son, whom he considered as disgraced and impoverished, and whose misfortune, as it was irretrievable, he resolved not to alleviate, but increase; a resolution, by which fathers who have foolish and disobedient sons, usually display their own kindness and wisdom. As soon as he had read Mercator's letter, he cursed him for a fool, who had been gulled by the artifices of a strumpet to screen her from public infamy by fathering her children, and secure her from a prison by appropriating her debts. In answer to his letter, which he wrote only to gratify his resentment, he told him, that if he had taken Flavilla into keeping, he would have overlooked it; and if her extravagance had distressed him, he would have satisfied his creditors; but that his marriage was not to be forgiven; that he should never have another shilling of his money; and that he was determined to see him no more. Mercator, who was more provoked by this outrage than grieved at his loss, disdained to reply; and believing that he had now most reason to be offended, could not be persuaded to solicit a reconciliation.

He hired a genteel apartment for his wife of an upholsterer, who, with a view to let lodgings, had taken and furnished a large house near Leicester Fields, and in about two months left her to make another voyage.

He had received visits of congratulation from her numerous acquaintance, and had returned them as a pledge of his

his desire that they should be repeated. But a remembrance of the gay multitude, which while he was at home had flattered his vanity, as soon as he was absent, alarmed his suspicion: he had, indeed, no particular cause of jealousy; but his anxiety arose merely from a sense of the temptation to which she was exposed, and the impossibility of his superintending her conduct.

In the mean time, Flavilla continued to flutter round the same giddy circle, in which she had shone so long; the number of her visitants was rather increased than diminished, the gentlemen attended with yet greater assiduity, and she continued to encourage their civilities by the same indiscreet familiarity: she was one night at the masquerade, and another at an opera; sometimes at a rout, and sometimes rambling with a party of pleasure in short excursions from town; she came home sometimes at midnight, sometimes in the morning, and sometimes she was absent several nights together.

This conduct was the cause of much speculation and uneasiness to the good man and woman of the house. At first they suspected that Flavilla was no better than a woman of pleasure; and that the person who had hired the lodging for her as his wife, and had disappeared upon pretence of a voyage to sea, had been employed to impose upon them, by concealing her character, in order to obtain such accommodation for her as she could not so easily have procured if it had been known: but as these suspicions made them watchful and inquisitive, they soon discovered, that many ladies by whom she was visited were of good character and fashion. Her conduct, however, supposing her to be a wife, was still inexcusable, and still endangered their credit and subsistence; hints were often dropped by the neighbours to the disadvantage of her character; and an elderly maiden lady, who lodged in the second floor, had given warning; the family was disturbed at all hours in the night, and the door was crowded all day with messages and visitants to Flavilla.

One day, therefore, the good woman took an opportunity to remonstrate, though in the most distant and respectful terms, and with the utmost diffidence and caution. She told Flavilla, that she was a fine young lady, that her hus-

band was abroad, that she kept a great deal of company, and that the world was censorious; she wished that less occasion for scandal was given; and hoped to be excused the liberty she had taken, as she might be ruined by those slanders, which could have no influence upon the great, and which, therefore, they were not solicitous to avoid. This address, however ambiguous, and however gentle, was easily understood, and fiercely resented. Flavilla, proud of her virtue, and impatient of controul, would have despised the counsel of a philosopher, if it had implied an impeachment of her conduct; before a person so much her inferior, therefore, she was under no restraint; she answered with a mixture of contempt and indignation, that those only who did not know her would dare to take any liberty with her character; and warned her to propagate no scandalous report at her peril. Flavilla immediately rose from her seat, and the woman departed without reply, though she was scarce less offended than her lodger, and from that moment she determined when Mercator returned to give him warning.

Mercator's voyage was prosperous; and after an absence of about ten months he came back. The woman, to whom her husband left the whole management of her lodgings, and who persisted in her purpose, soon found an opportunity to put it in execution. Mercator, as his part of the contract had been punctually fulfilled, though he had some cause to be offended, and insisted to know her reasons for compelling him to leave her house. These his hostess, who was indeed a friendly woman, was very unwilling to give; and as he perceived that she evaded his question, he became more solicitous to obtain an answer. After much hesitation, which perhaps had a worse effect than any tale which malice could have invented, she told him, that madam kept a great deal of company, and often staid out very late; that she had always been used to quiet and regularity; and was determined to let her apartment to some person in a more private station.

At this account Mercator changed countenance; for he inferred from it just as much more than truth, as he believed it to be less. After some moments of suspense, he conjured her to conceal nothing from him, with an emotion which con-

convinced her that she had already said too much. She then assured him, that he had no reason to be alarmed; for that she had no exception to his lady, but these gaieties which her station and the fashion sufficiently authorized. Mercator's suspicions, however, were not wholly removed; and he began to think he had found a confidant whom it would be his interest to trust: he therefore, in the folly of his jealousy, confessed that he had some doubts concerning his wife, which it was of the utmost importance to his honour and his peace to resolve; he intreated that he might continue in the apartment another year; that, as he should again leave the kingdom in a short time, she would suffer no incident, which might confirm either his hopes or his fears, to escape her notice in his absence; and that at his return she would give him such an account as would at least deliver him from the torment of suspense, and determine his future conduct.

There is no sophistry more general than that by which we justify a busy and scrupulous enquiry after secrets, which to discover is to be wretched without hope of redress; and no service to which others are so easily engaged as to assist in the search. To communicate suspicions of matrimonial infidelity, especially to a husband, is, by a strange mixture of folly and malignity, deemed not only an act of justice but of friendship; though it is too late to prevent a evil,

which, whatever be it's guilt, can diffuse wretchedness only in proportion as it is known. It is no wonder, therefore, that the general kindness of Mercator's confidant was on this occasion overborne; she was flattered by the trust that had been placed in her, and the power with which she was invested; she consented to Mercator's proposal, and promised that she would with the utmost fidelity execute her commission.

Mercator, however, concealed his suspicions from his wife; and, indeed, in her presence they were forgotten. Her manner of life he began seriously to disapprove; but being well acquainted with her temper, in which great sweetness was blended with a high spirit, he would not embitter the pleasure of a short stay by altercation, chiding, and tears: but when her mind was melted into tenderness at his departure, he clasped her in an extasy of fondness to his bosom, and intreated her to behave with reserve and circumspection; 'Because,' said he, 'I know that my father keeps a watchful eye upon your conduct, which may, therefore, confirm or remove his displeasure, and either intercept or bestow such an increase of my fortune as will prevent the pangs of separation which must otherwise so often return, and in a short time unite us to part no more.' To this caution she had then no power to reply; and they parted with mutual protestations of unalterable love.

N^o CXXV. TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1754

— UKOREM, POSTUME, DUCIS?
DIC QUA TISIPHONE, QUIBUS EXAGITARE COLUBRIS?

JUV.

A SOBER MAN LIKE THEE, TO CHANGE HIS LIFE!
WHAT FURY COULD POSSESS THEE WITH A WIFE.

DRYDEN.

FLAVIDA, soon after she was thus left in a kind of widowhood a second time, found herself with child; and within somewhat less than eight months after Mercator's return from his foreign voyage, she happened to stumble as she was going up stairs, and being immediately taken ill, was brought to bed before the next morning. The child, though it's birth had been precipitated more than a month, was not remarkably small, nor had any infirmity which endangered it's life.

It was now necessary that the vigils of whist, and the tumults of balls and visits, should, for a while, be suspended, and in this interval of languor and retirement Flavilla first became thoughtful. She often reflected upon Mercator's caution when they last parted, which had made an indelible impression upon her mind, though it had produced no alteration in her conduct: notwithstanding the manner in which it was expressed, and the reason upon which it was founded, she began to fear that it might have

Been

been secretly prompted by jealousy. The birth, therefore, of her first child in his absence, at a time when, if it had not been premature, it could not possibly have been his, was an accident which greatly alarmed her: but there was yet another, for which it was still less in her power to account, and which, therefore, alarmed her still more.

It happened that some civilities which she received from a lady who sat next her at an opera, and whom she had never seen before, introduced a conversation, which so much delighted her, that she gave her a pressing invitation to visit her: this invitation was accepted, and in a few days the visit was paid. Flavilla was not less pleased at the second interview, than she had been at the first; and without making any other enquiry concerning the lady than where she lived, took the first opportunity to wait on her. The apartment in which she was received was the ground-floor of an elegant house, at a small distance from St. James's. It happened that Flavilla was placed near the window; and a party of the horse-guards riding through the street, she expected to see some of the royal family, and hastily threw up the sash. A gentleman who was passing by at the same instant, turned about at the noise of the window, and Flavilla no sooner saw his face than she knew him to be the father of Mercator. After looking first stedfastly at her, and then glancing his eye at the lady whom she was visiting, he affected a contemptuous sneer, and went on. Flavilla, who had been thrown into some confusion by the sudden and unexpected sight of a person, whom she knew considered her as the disgrace of his family and the ruin of his child, now changed countenance, and hastily retired to another part of the room, she was touched both with grief and anger at this silent insult, of which, however, she did not then suspect the cause. It is, indeed, probable, that the father of Mercator would no where have looked upon her with complacency; but as soon as he saw her companion, he recollected that she was the favourite mistress of an old courtier, and that this was the house in which he kept her in great splendor, though she had been by turns a prostitute to many others. It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, discovered the character of her new acquaintance; and never remem-

bered by whom she had been seen in her company, without the utmost regret and apprehension.

She now resolved to move in a less circle, and with more circumspection. In the mean time, her little boy, whom she suckled, grew very fast; and it could no longer be known by his appearance that he had been born too soon. His mother frequently gazed at him till her eyes overflowed with tears; and though her pleasures were now become domestic, yet she feared lest that which had produced should destroy them. After such deliberation, she determined that she would conceal the child's age from it's father; believing it prudent to prevent a suspicion, which, however ill founded, it might be difficult to remove, as her justification would depend wholly upon the testimony of her dependants; and her mother's and her own would necessarily become doubtful, when every one would have reason to conclude, that it would still have been the same supposing the contrary to have been true.

Such was the state of Flavilla's mind, and her little boy was six months old, when Mercator returned. She received him with joy, indeed, but it was mixed with a visible confusion; their meeting was more tender, but on her part it was less cheerful; she smiled with inexpressible complacency, but at the same time the tears gushed from her eyes, and she was seized with an universal tremor. Mercator caught the infection; and caressed first his Flavilla and then his boy, with an excess of fondness and delight that before he had never expressed. The sight of the child made him more than ever wish a reconciliation with his father; and having heard at his first landing that he was dangerously ill, he determined to go immediately and attempt to see him, promising that he would return to supper. He had, in the midst of his caresses, more than once inquired the age of his son, but the question had been always evaded; of which, however he took no notice, nor did it produce any suspicion.

He was now hasting to enquire after his father; but as he passed through the hall, he was officiously laid hold of by his landlady. He was not much disposed to enquire how she had fulfilled his charge; but perceiving by her looks that she had something to communicate, which was at least in her own opinion

of importance, he suffered her to take him into her parlour. She immediately shut the door, and reminded him, that she had undertaken an office with reluctance which he had pressed upon her; and that she had done nothing in it to which he had not bound her by a promise; that she was extremely sorry to communicate her discoveries; but that he was a worthy gentleman, and, indeed, ought to know them. She then told him, that the child was born within less than eight months after his last return from abroad; that it was said to have come before it's time, but that having pressed to see it, she was refused. This indeed was true, and confirmed the good woman in her suspicion; for Flavilla, who had still retained the freedom which she had taken in her remonstrance, had kept her at a great distance; and the servants to gratify the mistress, treated her with the utmost insolence and contempt.

At this relation Mercator turned pale. He now recollected, that his question concerning the child's birth had been evaded; and concluded, that he had been shedding tears of tenderness and joy over a strumpet and a bastard, who had robbed him of his patrimony, his honour, and his peace. He started up with the furious wildness of sudden phrenzy; but she with great difficulty prevailed upon him not to leave the room. He sat down, and remained some time motionless, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hands locked in each other. In proportion as he believed his wife to be guilty, his tenderness for his father revived; and he resolved, with yet greater zeal, to prosecute his purpose of immediately attempting a reconciliation.

In this state of confusion and distress, he went to the house; where he learned that his father had died early in the morning, and that his relations were then assembled to read his will. Fulvius, a brother of Mercator's mother, with whom he had always been a favourite, happening to pass from one room to another, heard his voice. He accosted him with great ardour of friendship; and, soothing him with expressions of condolence and affection, insisted to introduce him to the company. Mercator tacitly consented: he was received at least with civility by his brothers, and sitting down among them, the will was read. He seemed to listen like the rest; but was

indeed, musing over the story which he had just heard, and lost in the speculation of his own wretchedness. He waked as from a dream, when the voice of the person who had been reading was suspended; and finding that he could no longer contain himself, he started up, and would have left the company.

Of the will which had been read before him, he knew nothing: but his uncle believing that he was moved with grief and resentment at the manner in which he had been mentioned in it, and the bequest only of a shilling, took him into another room; and, to apologise for his father's unkindness, told him, that the resentment which he expressed at his marriage, was every day increased by the conduct of his wife, whose character was now become notoriously infamous; for that she had been seen at the lodgings of a known prostitute, with whom she appeared to be well acquainted. This account threw Mercator into another agony; from which he was, however, at length recovered by his uncle, who, as the only expedient by which he could retrieve his misfortune and soothe his distress, proposed that he should no more return to his lodgings, but go home with him; and that he would himself take such measures with his wife, as could scarce fail of inducing her to accept of separate maintenance, assume another name, and trouble him no more. Mercator, in the bitterness of his affliction consented to this proposal, and they went away together.

Mercator, in the mean time, was expected by Flavilla with the most tender impatience. She had put her little boy to bed, and decorated a small room in which they had been used to sup by themselves, and which she had shut up in his absence; she counted the moments as they passed, and listened to every carriage and every step that she heard. Supper now was ready: her impatience was increased; terror was at length mingled with regret; and her fondness was only busied to afflict her; she wished, she feared, she accused, she apologized, and she wept. In the height of these eager expectations and this tender distress, she received a billet which Mercator had been persuaded by his uncle to write, in which he upbraided her in the strongest terms with abusing his confidence and dishonouring his bed; of this, he said, he had now obtained sufficient proof to do justice

to himself, and that he was determined to see her no more.

To those whose hearts have not already acquainted them with the agony which seized Flavilla upon the sight of this billet, all attempts to describe it would be not only ineffectual but absurd. Having passed the night without sleep, and the next day without food, disappointed in every attempt to discover what was become of Mercator, and doubting, if she should have found him, whether it would be possible to convince him of her innocence; the violent agitation of her mind produced a slow fever, which, before she considered it as a disease, she communicated to the child while she cherished it at her bosom, and wept over it as an orphan, whose life she was sustaining with her own.

After Mercator had been absent about ten days, his uncle, having persuaded him to accompany some friends to a country-seat at the distance of near sixty miles, went to his lodgings in order to discharge the rent, and try what terms he could make with Flavilla, whom he hoped to intimidate with threats of a prosecution and divorce; but when he came, he found that Flavilla was sinking very fast under her disease, and that the child was dead already. The woman of the house, into whose hands she had just put her repeating-watch and some other ornaments as a security for her rent, was so touched with her distress, and so firmly persuaded of her innocence by the manner in which she had addressed her, and the calm solemnity with which she absolved those by whom she had been traduced, that as soon as she had discovered Fulvius's business, she threw herself on her knees, and intreated, that if he knew where Mercator was to be found, he would urge him to return, that if possible the life of Flavilla might be preserved, and the happiness of both be restored by her justification. Fulvius, who still suspected appearances, or at least was in doubt of the cause that had produced them, would not discover his nephew; but after much intreaty and expostulation at last engaged upon his honour for the conveyance of a letter. The woman, as soon as she had obtained this promise, ran up and communicated it to Flavilla, who, when she had recovered from the surprize and tumult which it occasioned, was supported in her bed,

and in about half an hour, after many efforts and many intervals, wrote a short billet; which was sealed and put into the hands of Fulvius.

Fulvius immediately inclosed and dispatched it by the post, resolving that in a question so doubtful and of such importance, he would no farther interpose. Mercator, who the moment he cast his eye upon the letter knew both the hand and seal, after pausing a few moments in suspense, at length tore it open, and read these words:

'Such has been my folly, that, perhaps, I should not be acquitted of guilt in any circumstances, but those in which I write. I do not, therefore, but for your sake, wish them other than they are. The dear infant, whose birth has undone me, now lies dead at my side, a victim to my indiscretion and your resentment. I am scarce able to guide my pen. But I most earnestly intreat to see you, that you may at least have the satisfaction to hear me attest my innocence with the last sigh, and seal our reconciliation on my lips while they are yet sensible of the impression.'

Mercator, whom an earthquake would less have affected than this letter, felt all his tenderness revive in a moment, and reflected with unutterable anguish upon the rashness of his resentment. At the thought of his distance from London, he started as if he had felt a dagger in his heart: he lifted up his eyes to Heaven, with a look that expressed at once an accusation of himself, and a petition for her; and then rushing out of the house, without taking leave of any, or ordering a servant to attend him, he took post horses at a neighbouring inn, and in less than six hours was in Leicester Fields. But notwithstanding his speed, he arrived too late; Flavilla had suffered the last agony, and her eyes could behold him no more. Grief and disappointment, remorse and despair, now totally subverted his reason. It became necessary to remove him by force from the body; and after a confinement of two years in a mad-house, he died.

May every lady on whose memory compassion shall record these events, tremble to assume the levity of Flavilla; for, perhaps, it is in the power of no man in Mercator's circumstances, to be less jealous than Mercator.

N° CXXVI. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1754.

STERILES NEC LEOIT ARENAS
UT CANERET PAUCIS, MERUITQUE HOC PULVERE VERUM.

LUCAN.

CANST THOU BELIEVE THE VAST ETERNAL MIND
WAS E'ER TO SYRTS AND LYBIAN SANDS CONFIN'D ?
THAT HE WOULD CHUSE THIS WASTE, THIS BARREN GROUND,
TO TEACH THE THIN INHABITANTS AROUND,
AND LEAVE HIS TRUTH IN WILDS AND DESARTS DROW'ND ?

THERE has always prevailed among that part of mankind that addict their minds to speculation, a propensity to talk much of the delights of retirement; and some of the most pleasing compositions produced in every age contain descriptions of the peace and happiness of a country life.

I know not whether those who thus ambitiously repeat the praises of solitude, have always considered, how much they depreciate mankind by declaring, that whatever is excellent or desirable is to be obtained by departing from them; that the assistance which we may derive from one another, is not equivalent to the evils which we have to fear; that the kindness of a few is overbalanced by the malice of many; and that the protection of society is too dearly purchased, by encountering its dangers and enduring its oppressions.

These specious representations of solitary happiness, however opprobrious to human nature, have so far spread their influence over the world, that almost every man delights his imagination with the hopes of obtaining some time an opportunity of retreat. Many, indeed, who enjoy retreat only in imagination, content themselves with believing, that another year will transport them to rural tranquillity, and die while they talk of doing what, if they had lived longer, they would never have done. But many likewise there are, either of greater resolution or more credulity, who in earnest try the state which they have been taught to think thus secure from cares and dangers; and retire to privacy, either that they may improve their happiness, increase their knowledge, or exalt their virtue.

The greater part of the admirers of solitude, as of all other classes of mankind, have no higher or remoter view, than the present gratification of their

passions. Of these some, haughty and impetuous, fly from society only because they cannot bear to repay to others the regard which themselves exact; and think no state of life eligible, but that which places them out of the reach of censure or controul, and affords them opportunities of living in a perpetual compliance with their own inclinations, without the necessity of regulating their actions by any other man's convenience or opinion.

There are others of minds more delicate and tender, easily offended by every deviation from rectitude, soon disgusted by ignorance or impertinence, and always expecting from the conversation of mankind more elegance, purity, and truth, than the mingled mals of life will easily afford. Such men are in haste to retire from grossness, falsehood, and brutality; and hope to find in private habitations at least a negative felicity, and exemption from the shocks and perturbations with which public scenes are continually distressing them.

To neither of these votaries will solitude afford that content, which she has been taught so lavishly to promise. The man of arrogance will quickly discover, that by escaping from his opponents he has lost his flatterers, that greatness is nothing where it is not seen, and power nothing where it cannot be felt: and he whose faculties are employed in too close an observation of failings and defects, will find his condition very little mended by transferring his attention from others to himself, he will probably soon come back in quest of new objects, and be glad to keep his captiousness employed on any character rather than his own.

Others are seduced into solitude merely by the authority of great names, and expect to find those charms in tranquillity which have allured statesmen and conquerors to the shades: these like-

wise

wife are apt to wonder at their disappointment, for want of considering, that those whom they aspire to imitate carried with them to their country-seats minds full fraught with subjects of reflection, the consciousness of great merit, the memory of illustrious actions, the knowledge of important events, and the seeds of mighty designs to be ripened by future meditation. Solitude was to such men a release from fatigue, and an opportunity of usefulness. But what can retirement confer upon him who, having done nothing, can receive no support from his own importance, who having known nothing, can find no entertainment in reviewing the past; and who, intending nothing, can form no hopes from prospects of the future: he can, surely, take no wiser course than that of losing himself again in the crowd, and filling the vacuities of his mind with the news of the day.

Others consider solitude as the parent of philosophy, and retire in expectation of greater intimacies with science, as Numa repaired to the groves when he conferred with Egeria. These men have not always reason to repent. Some studies require a continued prosecution of the same train of thought, such as is too often interrupted by the petty avocations of common life: sometimes, likewise, it is necessary, that a multiplicity of objects be at once present to the mind; and every thing, therefore, must be kept at a distance, which may perplex the memory, or dissipate the attention.

But though learning may be conferred by solitude, its application must be attained by general converse. He has learned to no purpose, that is not able to teach; and he will always teach unsuccessfully, who cannot recommend his sentiments by his diction or address.

Even the acquisition of knowledge is often much facilitated by the advantages of society: he that never compares his notions with those of others, readily acquiesces in his first thoughts, and very seldom discovers the objections which may be raised against his opinions; he, therefore, often thinks himself in possession of truth, when he is only fondling an error long since exploded. He that has neither companions nor rivals in his studies, will always applaud his own progress, and think highly of his performances, because he knows not that others have equalled or excelled

him. And I am afraid it may be added, that the student who withdraws himself from the world, will soon feel that ardour extinguished which praise or emulation had enkindled, and take the advantage of secrecy to sleep, rather than to labour.

There remains yet another set of recluses, whose intention entitles them to higher respect, and whose motives deserve a more serious consideration. These retire from the world, not merely to bask in ease or gratify curiosity; but that being disengaged from common cares, they may employ more time in the duties of religion; that they may regulate their actions with stricter vigilance, and purify their thoughts by more frequent meditation.

To men thus elevated above the mists of mortality, I am far from presuming myself qualified to give directions. On him that appears to pass through things temporary, with no other care than not to lose finally the things eternal, I look with such veneration as inclines me to approve his conduct on the whole, without a minute examination of its parts; yet I could never forbear to wish, that while vice is every day multiplying seducements, and stalking forth with more hardended effrontery, virtue would not withdraw the influence of her presence or forbear to assert her natural dignity by open and undaunted perseverance in the right. Piety practised in solitude, like the flower that blooms in the desert, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven, and delight those unbodied spirits that survey the works of GOD and the actions of men; but it bestows no assistance upon earthly beings, and however free from taints of impurity, yet wants the sacred splendor of beneficence.

Our MAKER, who, though he gave us such varieties of temper and such difference of powers, yet designed us all for happiness, undoubtedly, intended, that we should obtain that happiness by different means. Some are unable to resist the temptations of importunity, or the impetuosity of their own passions incited by the force of present temptations: of these it is undoubtedly the duty to fly from enemies which they cannot conquer, and to cultivate, in the calm of solitude, that virtue, which is too tender to endure the tempests of public life. But there are others, whose passions grow more strong and irregular in privacy;

vacy; and who cannot maintain an uniform tenor of virtue, but by exposing their manners to the public eye, and assisting the admonitions of conscience with the fear of infamy: for such it is dangerous to exclude all witnesses of their conduct, till they have formed strong habits of virtue, and weakened their passions by frequent victories. But there is a higher order of men so inspired

with ardour, and so fortified with resolution, that the world passes before them without influence or regard: these ought to consider themselves as appointed the guardians of mankind; they are placed in an evil world, to exhibit public examples of good life; and may be said, when they withdraw to solitude, to desert the station which Providence assigned them.

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N^o CXXVII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1754.

—VETERES ITA MIRATUR, LAUDATQUE!—

HOR.

THE WITS OF OLD HE PRAISES AND ADMIRES.

‘IT is very remarkable,’ says Addison, ‘that notwithstanding we fall short at present of the ancients in poetry, painting, oratory, history, architecture, and all the noble arts and sciences which depend more upon genius than experience; we exceed them as much in doggerel, humour, burlesque, and all the trivial arts of ridicule.’ As this fine observation stands at present only in the form of a general assertion, it deserves, I think, to be examined by a deduction of particulars, and confirmed by an allegation of examples, which may furnish an agreeable entertainment to those who have ability and inclination to remark the revolutions of human wit.

That Tasso, Ariosto, and Camoens, the three most celebrated of modern Epic Poets, are infinitely excelled in propriety of design, of sentiment and style, by Horace and Virgil, it would be serious trifling to attempt to prove: but Milton, perhaps, will not so easily resign his claim to equality, if not to superiority. Let it, however, be remembered, that if Milton be enabled to dispute the prize with the great champions of Antiquity, it is entirely owing to the sublime conceptions he has copied from the Book of GOD. These, therefore, must be taken away, before we begin to make a just estimate of his genius; and from what remains, it cannot, I presume, be said, with candour and impartiality, that he has excelled Homer, in the sublimity and variety of his thoughts, or the strength and majesty of his diction.

Shakespeare, Corneille, and Racine, are the only modern writers of Tragedy,

that we can venture to oppose to Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. The first is an author so uncommon and eccentric, that we can scarcely try him by dramatic rules. In strokes of nature and character, he yields not to the Greeks: in all other circumstances that constitute the excellence of the drama, he is vastly inferior. Of the three moderns, the most faultless is the tender and exact Racine: but he was ever ready to acknowledge, that his capital beauties were borrowed from his favourite Euripides; which, indeed, cannot escape the observation of those who read with attention his Phædra and Andromache. The pompous and truly Roman sentiments of Corneille are chiefly drawn from Lucan and Tacitus; the former of whom, by a strange perversion of taste, he is known to have preferred to Virgil. His diction is not so pure and mellifluous, his characters not so various and just, nor his plots so regular, so interesting and simple, as those of his pathetic rival. It is by this simplicity of fable alone, when every single act, and scene, and speech, and sentiment, and word, concur to accelerate the intended event, that the Greek tragedies kept the attention of the audience immovably fixed upon one principal object, which must be necessarily lessened, and the ends of the drama defeated, by the mazes and intricacies of modern plots.

The assertion of Addison with respect to the first particular, regarding the higher kinds of poetry, will remain unquestionably true, till nature in some distant age, for in the present enervated with luxury she seems incapable of such an

an effort, shall produce some transcendent genius, of power to eclipse the *Iliad* and the *Edipus*.

The superiority of the ancient artists in Painting, is not perhaps so clearly manifest. They were ignorant, it will be said, of light, of shade, and perspective; and they had not the use of oil colours, which are happily calculated to blend and unite without harshness and discordance, to give a boldness and relief to the figures, and to form those middle Tints which render every well-wrought piece a closer resemblance of nature. Judges of the truest taste do, however, place the merit of colouring far below that of justness of design, and force of expression. In these two highest and most important excellencies the ancient painters were eminently skilled, if we trust the testimonies of Pliny, Quintilian, and Lucian; and to credit them we are obliged, if we would form to ourselves any idea of these artists at all; for there is not one Grecian picture remaining: and the Romans, some few of whose works have descended to this age, could never boast of a Parrhasius or Apelles, a Zeuxis, Timanthes, or Protogenes, of whose performances the two accomplished critics above-mentioned speak in terms of rapture and admiration. The statues that have escaped the ravages of time, as the *Hercules* and *Laocoon* for instance, are still a stronger demonstration of the power of the Grecian artists in expressing the passions; for what was executed in marble, we have presumptive evidence to think, might also have been executed in colours. Carlo Marat, the last valuable painter of Italy, after copying the head of the *Venus* in the Medicean collection three hundred times, generously confessed, that he could not arrive at half the grace and perfection of his model. But to speak my opinion freely on a very disputable point, I must own, that if the moderns approach the ancients in any of the arts here in question, they approach them nearest in the Art of Painting. The human mind can with difficulty conceive any thing more exalted, than the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, and the Transfiguration of Raphael. What can be more animated than Raphael's Paul preaching at Athens? What more tender and delicate than Mary holding the child Jesus, in his famous Holy Family? What more graceful than

the *Aurora* of Guido? What more deeply moving than the *Massacre of the Innocents*, by Le Brun?

But no modern Orator can dare to enter the lists with Demosthenes and Tully. We have discourses, indeed, that may be admitted for their perspicuity, purity, and elegance; but can produce none that abound in a sublime which whirls away the auditor like a mighty torrent, and pierces the inmost recesses of his heart like a flash of lightning; which irresistibly and instantaneously convinces, without leaving him leisure to weigh the motives of conviction. The sermons of Bourdaloue, the funeral orations of Bossuet, particularly that on the death of Henrietta, and the pleadings of Pelisson for his disgraced patron Fouquet, are the only pieces of eloquence I can recollect, that bear any resemblance to the Greek or Roman orator; for in England we have been particularly unfortunate in our attempts to be eloquent, whether in parliament, in the pulpit, or at the bar. If it be urged, that the nature of modern politics and laws excludes the pathetic and the sublime, and confines the speaker to a cold argumentative method, and a dull detail of proof and dry matters of fact; yet, surely, the religion of the moderns abounds in topics so incomparably noble and exalted, as might kindle the flames of genuine oratory in the most frigid and barren genius: much more might this success be reasonably expected from such geniuses as Britain can enumerate; yet no piece of this sort, worthy applause or notice, has ever yet appeared.

The few, even among professed scholars, that are able to read the ancient Historians in their inimitable originals, are startled at the paradox of Bolingbroke, who boldly prefers Guicciardini to Thucydides; that is, the most verbose and tedious to the most comprehensive and concise of writers, and a collector of facts to one who was himself an eye-witness and a principal actor in the important story he relates. And, indeed, it may well be presumed, that the ancient histories exceed the modern from this single consideration, that the latter are commonly compiled by reclusé scholars, unpractised in business, war, and politics; whilst the former are many of them written by ministers, commanders, and princes themselves. We have, indeed, a few flimsy memoirs, particularly

in a neighbouring nation, written by persons deeply interested in the transactions they describe; but these I imagine will not be compared to the *Rétreat* of the Ten Thousand which Xenophon himself conducted and related; nor to the Gallic War of Cæsar, nor the Precious Fragments of Polybius, which our modern generals and ministers would not be discredited by diligently perusing, and making them the models of their conduct as well as of their style. Are the reflections of Machiavel so subtle and refined as those of Tacitus? Are the portraits of Thuanus so strong and expressive as those of Sallust and Plutarch? Are the narrations of Davila so lively and animated, or do his sentiments breathe such a love of liberty and virtue, as those of Livy and Herodotus?

The supreme excellence of the ancient Architecture, the last particular to be touched, I shall not enlarge upon, because it has never once been called in question, and because it is abundantly testified by the awful ruins of amphitheatres, aqueducts, arches and columns, that are the daily objects of veneration, though not of imitation. This art, it is observable, has never been improved in later ages in one single instance; but every just and legitimate edifice is still formed according to the five old established orders, to which human wit has never been able to add a sixth of equal symmetry and strength.

Such, therefore, are the triumphs of the Ancients, especially the Greeks, over the Moderns. They may, perhaps,

be not unjustly ascribed to a genial climate, that gave such a happy temperament of body as was most proper to produce fine sensations; to a language most harmonious, copious, and forcible; to the public encouragements and honours bestowed on the cultivators of literature; to the emulation excited among the generous youth, by exhibitions of their performances at the solemn games; to an inattention to the arts of lucre and commerce, which engross and debase the minds of the moderns; and above all, to an exemption from the necessity of overloading their natural faculties with learning and languages, with which we in these later times are obliged to qualify ourselves for writers, if we expect to be read.

It is said by Voltaire, with his usual liveliness—‘We shall never again behold the time, when a Duke la Rochefoucault might go from the conversation of a Pascal or Arnauld, to the theatre of Corneille.’ This reflection may be more justly applied to the ancients, and it may with much greater truth be said, ‘The age will never again return, when a Pericles, after walking with Plato in a portico built by Phidias, and painted by Apelles, might repair to hear a pleading of Demosthenes, or a tragedy of Sophocles.’

I shall next examine the other part of Addison’s assertion, that the moderns excel the ancients in all the arts of Ridicule, and assign the reasons of this supposed excellence.

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Nº CXXVIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1754.

ILLE SINISTROSUM, HIC DEXTROSUM ABIT; UNUS UTRIQUE
ERROR, SED VARIIS ILLUDIT PARTIBUS.

HOR.

WHEN IN A WOOD WE LEAVE THE CERTAIN WAY,
ONE ERROR FOOLS US, THO’ WE VARIOUS STRAY,
SOME TO THE LEFT, AND SOME TO T’OTHER SIDE.

FRANCIS.

IT is common among all the classes of mankind, to charge each other with trifling away life; every man looks on the occupation or amusement of his neighbour, as something below the dignity of our nature, and unworthy of the attention of a rational being.

A man who considers the paucity of the wants of nature, and who, being

acquainted with the various means by which all manual occupations are now facilitated, observes what numbers are supported by the labour of a few, would, indeed, be inclined to wonder, how the multitudes who are exempted from the necessity of working either for themselves or others, find business to fill up the vacuities of life. The greater part
of

of mankind neither card the fleece, dig the mine, fell the wood, nor gather in the harvest; they neither tend herds, nor build houses; in what then are they employed?

This is certainly a question, which a distant prospect of the world will not enable us to answer. We find all ranks and ages mingled together in a tumultuous confusion, with haste in their motions, and eagerness in their looks; but what they have to pursue or avoid, a more minute observation must inform us.

When we analyse the crowd into individuals, it soon appears that the passions and imaginations of men will not easily suffer them to be idle: we see things coveted merely because they are rare, and pursued because they are fugitive; we see men conspire to fix an arbitrary value on that which is worthless in itself, and then contend for the possession. One is a collector of fossils, of which he knows no other use than to shew them; and when he has stocked his own repository, grieves that the stones which he has left behind him should be picked up by another. The florist nurses a tulip, and repines that his rival's beds enjoy the same showers and sun-shine with his own. This man is hurrying to a concert, only lest others should have heard the new musician before him; another bursts from his company to the play, because he fancies himself the patron of an actress; some spend the morning in consultations with their tailor, and some in directions to their cook; some are forming parties for cards, and some laying wagers at a horse-race.

It cannot, I think, be denied, that some of these lives are passed in trifles, in occupations by which the busy neither benefit themselves nor others, and by which no man could be long engaged, who seriously considered what he was doing, or had knowledge enough to compare what he is with what he might be made. However, as people who have the same inclination generally flock together, every trifler is kept in countenance by the sight of others as unprofitably active as himself; by kindling the heat of competition, he in time thinks himself important, and by having his mind intensely engaged, he is secured from weariness of himself.

Some degree of self-approbation is

always the reward of diligence; and I cannot, therefore, but consider the laborious cultivation of petty pleasures, as a more happy and more virtuous disposition, than that universal contempt and haughty negligence, which is sometimes associated with powerful faculties, but is often assumed by indolence when it disowns its name, and aspires to the appellation of greatness of mind.

It has been long observed, that drollery and ridicule is the most easy kind of wit: let it be added, that contempt and arrogance is the easiest philosophy. To find some objection to every thing, and to dissolve in perpetual laziness under pretence that occasions are wanting to call forth activity, to laugh at those who are ridiculously busy without setting an example of more rational industry, is no less in the power of the meanest than of the highest intellects.

Our present state has placed us at once in such different relations, that every human employment, which is not a visible and immediate act of goodness, will be in some respect or other subject to contempt; but it is true likewise, that almost every act, which is not directly vicious, is in some respect beneficial and laudable. 'I often,' says Bruyère, 'observe from my window, two beings of erect form and amiable countenance, endowed with the powers of reason, able to cloath their thoughts in language, and convey their notions to each other. They rise early in the morning, and are every day employed in rubbing two smooth stones together, or, in other terms, in polishing marble.'

'If lions could paint,' says the fable, 'in the room of those pictures which exhibit men vanquishing lions, we should see lions feeding upon men.' If the stone-cutter could have written like Bruyère, what would he have replied?

'I look up,' says he, 'every day from my shop, upon a man whom the idlers, who stand still to gaze upon my work, often celebrate as a wit and a philosopher. I often perceive his face clouded with care, and am told that his taper is sometimes burning at midnight. The sight of a man who works so much harder than myself, excited my curiosity, I heard no sound of tools in his apartment, and, therefore, could not imagine what he

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was

• was doing; but was told at last, that
 • he was writing descriptions of man-
 • kind, who when he had described
 • them would live just as they had lived
 • before; that he sat up whole nights to
 • change a sentence, because the sound
 • of a letter was too often repeated;
 • that he was often disquieted with
 • doubt, about the propriety of a word
 • which every body understood; that
 • he would hesitate between two expres-
 • sions equally proper, till he could not
 • fix his choice but by consulting his
 • friend; that he will run from one end
 • of Paris to the other, for an opportu-
 • nity of reading a period to a nice ear;
 • that if a single line is heard with cold-
 • ness and inattention he returns home
 • dejected and disconsolate; and that by
 • all this care and labour, he hopes only
 • to make a little book, which at last
 • will teach no useful art, and which
 • none who has it not will perceive him-
 • self to want. I have often wondered
 • for what end such a being as this was
 • sent into the world; and should be
 • glad to see those who live thus fool-
 • ishly, seized by an order of the go-
 • vernment, and obliged to labour at
 • some useful occupation.

Thus, by a partial and imperfect re-
 presentation, may every thing be made
 equally ridiculous. He that gazed with
 contempt on human beings rubbing
 stones together, might have prolonged
 the same amusement by walking through
 the city, and seeing others with looks of
 importance heaping one brick upon
 another; or by rambling into the coun-
 try, where he might observe other crea-
 tures of the same kind driving pieces
 of sharp iron into the clay, or, in the
 language of men less enlightened
 ploughing the field.

As it is thus easy, by a detail of mi-
 nute circumstances, to make every thing
 little, so it is not difficult, by an aggre-
 gation of effects, to make every thing
 great. The polisher of marble may be
 forming ornaments for the palaces of
 virtue, and the schools of science; or pro-
 viding tables, on which the actions of
 heroes and the discoveries of sages shall
 be recorded, for the incitement and in-
 struction of future generations. The
 mason is exercising one of the principal
 arts by which reasoning beings are dis-
 tinguished from the brute, the art to
 which life owe's much of it's safety and
 all it's conveniences, by which we are

secured from the inclemency of the sea-
 sons, and fortified against the ravages
 of hostility; and the ploughman is
 changing the face of nature, diffusing
 plenty and happiness over kingdoms,
 and compelling the earth to give food
 to her inhabitants?

Greatness and littleness are terms
 merely comparative: and we err in our
 estimation of things, because we measure
 them by some wrong standard. The
 trifler proposes to himself only to equal
 or excel some other trifler, and is happy
 or miserable as he succeeds or miscar-
 ries: the man of sedantry desire and
 unactive ambition sits comparing his
 power with his wishes; and makes his
 inability to perform things impossible,
 an excuse to himself for performing no-
 thing. Man can only form a just esti-
 mate of his own actions, by making his
 power the test of his performance, by
 comparing what he does with what he
 can do. Whoever steadily perseveres
 in the exertion of all his faculties, does
 what is great with respect to himself; and
 what will not be despised by Him, who
 has given to all created beings their dif-
 ferent abilities: he faithfully performs
 the task of life, within whatever limits
 his labours may be confined, or how soon
 so ever they may be forgotten.

We can conceive so much more than
 we can accomplish, that whoever tries
 his own actions by his imagination, may
 appear despicable in his own eyes. He
 that despises for it's littleness any thing
 really useful, has no pretensions to ap-
 plaud the grandeur of his conceptions;
 since nothing but narrowness of mind
 hinders him from seeing, that by pur-
 suing the same principles every thing
 limited will appear contemptible.

He that neglects the care of his fami-
 ly, while his benevolence expands itself
 in scheming the happiness of imaginary
 kingdoms, might with equal reason sit
 on a throne dreaming of universal em-
 pire, and of the diffusion of blessings
 over all the globe: yet even this globe is
 little, compared with the system of mat-
 ter within our view; and that system
 barely something more than non-entity,
 compared with the boundless regions of
 space, to which neither eye nor imagi-
 nation can extend.

From conceptions, therefore, of what
 we might have been, and from wishes
 to be what we are not, conceptions that
 we know to be foolish, and wishes which

we feel to be vain, we must necessarily descend to the consideration of what we are. We have powers very scanty in their utmost extent, but which in different men are differently proportioned. Suitably to these powers we have duties prescribed, which we must neither decline for the sake of delighting ourselves with easier amusements, nor overlook in idle contemplation of greater excellence or more extensive comprehension.

In order to the right conduct of our lives, we must remember, that we are

not born to please ourselves. He that studies simply his own satisfaction will always find the proper business of his station too hard or too easy for him. But if we bear continually in mind our relation to the FATHER of Being, by whom we are placed in the world, and who has allotted us the part which we are to bear in the general system of life, we shall be easily persuaded to resign our own inclinations to Unerring Wisdom, and do the work decreed for us with cheerfulness and diligence.

N° CXXIX. TUESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1754.

QUICQUID AGUNT HOMINES, VOTUM, TIMOR, IRA, VOLUP-TAS
GAUDIA— JUV.

WHAVE'ER EXCITES OUR HATRED, LOVE, OR JOY,
OR HOPE, OR FEAR, THESE THEMES MY MUSE EMPLOY.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

BATH, DEC. 29.

L EONARDO Da Vinci, one of the most accomplished masters in the art of painting, was accustomed to delineate instantly in his pocket-book every face in which he discovered any singularity of air or feature. By this method he obtained a vast collection of various countenances; and escaped that barren uniformity and resemblance, so visible in the generality of history pieces, that the spectator is apt to imagine all the figures are of one family.

As a moralist should imitate this practice, and sketch characters from the life, at the instant in which they strike him; I amused myself yesterday in the Pump-room, by contemplating the different conditions and characters of the persons who were moving before me, and particularly the various motives that influenced them to crowd to this city.

Aphrodisius, a young nobleman of great hopes and large property, fell into a course of early debauchery at Westminster school, and at the age of sixteen privately kept an abandoned woman of the town, to whose lodgings he stole in the intervals of school-hours, and who soon communicated to him a disease of peculiar power to poison the springs of life, and prevent the maturity of manhood. His body is enervated and emaciated, his cheek yellow and bloodless, his hand palsied, and his mind gloomy

and dejected. It being thought, however, absolutely necessary for the welfare of his family that he should marry, he has been betrothed, in this dreadful condition, to a lady whose beauty and vivacity are in their meridian: and his physicians have ordered him to these salutary waters to try if it be possible for him to recover a little health before the marriage is celebrated. Can we wonder at the diminished race of half-formed animals, that crawl about our streets in the shape of men, when matches so unequal and so unnatural are not only permitted, but enjoined as a test of filial duty, and the condition of parental favour:

Invalidique patrum referant jejunia nati.

VIRG.

From the faint embrace,
Unmanly sons arise, a puny race:

Inertio is a plump and healthy old bachelor, a senior fellow of a rich society in one of our universities, whose chief business in life is to ride before dinner for a good appetite, and after it for a good digestion. Not only his situation but his taste has determined him to continue in a state of celibacy; 'For,' says he, 'at present I can afford to drink port, and keep a couple of geldings; but if I should rashly encumber myself with madam and her brats, I must descend to walk on foot and drink ale.' He was much alarmed at missing his regular annual fit of the gout, and, on that ac-

count, having waited for it with impatience and uneasiness a month longer than the expected time, he hurried to this city, in hopes of acquiring it by the efficacy of the waters. I found him yesterday extremely dejected; and, on my entering his chamber—'Life,' said he, 'is full of vexations and disappointments: what a dreadful accident! I imagined that some selected friend, some brother of his choice was dead, or that the college treasury was burnt: but he immediately undeceived me by adding—'I was presented with the finest, the fattest collar of brawn, and expected it at dinner this day: but the rascally carrier has conveyed it to a wrong place, fifty miles off, and before I can receive it, it will be absolutely unfit for eating.'

Here likewise is the learned and ingenious Crito. Crito is a genius of a superior order, who hath long instructed and entertained his country by many incomparable works of literature and morality; and who, in a Grecian commonwealth, would have had a statue erected, and have been maintained at the public expence; but in this kingdom he has with great difficulty gained a precarious competence, by incessant labour and application. These uninterrupted and unrewarded studies have at length impaired his health, and undermined a constitution naturally vigorous and happy: and as Crito has never been able to lay up a sum sufficient to procure him the assistance which the debility of sickness and age require, he was obliged to insure his life, and borrow at exorbitant interest a few pounds to enable him to perform this journey to Bath, which alone could restore his health and spirits; and now, as his money and credit are exhausted, he will be compelled to abandon this place, when his cure is only half affected; and must retire to languish in a little lodging in London, while his readers and admirers content themselves with lamenting his distress, and wondering how it comes to pass that nothing has been done for a man of such distinguished abilities and integrity.

Doctor Pamper is possessed of three large ecclesiastical preferments: his motive for coming hither is somewhat singular; it is, because his parishes cannot furnish him with a set of persons that are equal to him in the knowledge of whist; he is, therefore, necessitated every season

to frequent this place; where alone he can meet with gamesters that are worth contending with.

Spumofus, who is one of the liveliest of free-thinkers, had not been three months at the Temple before he became irresistibly enamoured of the beauty of virtue. He always carried a Shaftesbury in his pocket, and used to read and explain the striking passages to large circles at the coffee-house; he was of opinion, that for purity and perspicuity, elegance of style, and force of reasoning, the Characteristics were incomparable, and were models equally proper for regulating our taste and our morals. He discovered a delicate artificial connection in these discourses, which to vulgar eyes appear to be loose and incoherent rhapsodies; nay, he clearly perceived, that each treatise depended on the foregoing, and altogether composed one uniform whole, and the noblest system of truth and virtue that had been imparted to mankind. He quarrelled irreconcilably with his dearest friend, who happened to hint, that the style was affected and unharmonious, the metaphors far-fetched and violent, and frequently coarse and illiberal, the arguments inconclusive and unfair, the rallery frigid and insipid, and totally different from the Attic irony of Socrates, which the author presumed to propose for his pattern. Spumofus always disdained to practise virtue on the mean and mercenary motives of reward and punishment; and was convinced, that so excellent a creature as man might be kept in order by the silken cords of delicacy and decorum. He, therefore, frequently sneered at the priestly notions of heaven and hell, as fit only to be entertained by vulgar and sordid minds. But being lately attacked by a severe distemper, he betrayed fears that were not compatible with the boldness of his former professions; and terrified at the approach of death, he had recourse to various remedies, and is at last arrived here, as full of doubt as of disease, but feeling more acute pains in his mind than can possibly be inflicted on his body.

Mr. Gull was lately a soap-boiler at Chester; but having accumulated a vast fortune by trade, he is now resolved to be polite, and enjoy his money with taste. He has brought his numerous family of awkward girls hither, only because he has heard that people of fashion do at this

this time of the year generally take a trip to Bath; and for the same reason he attends in the spring to make a journey to Paris, and will, I dare say, commence virtuoso on his return, and be a professed judge of dress, pictures, and furniture.

I must not forget to inform you that we have the company of Captain Garrish, a wit and a critic, who pretends he is perfectly acquainted with the best writers of the age, and whose opinion on every new work is deemed decisive in the Pump-room. The prefaces of Dryden, and the French critics, are the sources from which his immense literature is derived. Dacier's Plutarch has enabled him to talk familiarly of the most celebrated Greeks and Romans, and Bayle's Dictionary finished him for a scholar. Sometimes he vouchsafes to

think the Adventurer tolerable; but he generally exclaims—'How grave and sententious! Good Heavens! what, more Greek! This circumstance will ruin the credit of the paper. They will not take my advice, for you must know I am intimate with all the authors of it; they are ten in number; and some of them——But as I have been entrusted with their secrets, I must disclose no more. To tell you the truth, I have given them a few essays myself, which I have written for my amusement upon guard.'

If these portraits, which are faithfully copied from the life, should amuse you, I may perhaps take an opportunity of adding to the collection.

I am, Mr. Adventurer, yours,

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PHILOMEDES.

N° CXXX. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1754.

QUI NON EST HODIE, CRAS MINUS APTUS ERIT.

MART.

THE MAN WILL SURELY FAIL WHO DARES DELAY,
AND LOSE TO-MORROW THAT HAS LOST TO-DAY.

IT was said by Raleigh, when some of his friends lamented his confinement under a sentence of death, which he knew not how soon he might suffer, that the world itself was only a larger prison, out of which some were every day selected for execution. That there is a time when every man is struck with the sense of this awful truth, I do not doubt; and, perhaps, a hasty speculatist would conclude, that its influence would be stronger in proportion as it more frequently occurred; but upon every mind that is become familiar with calamity, calamity loses its force; and misery grows less only by its continuance, because those who have long suffered, lose their sensibility.

If he who lies down at night in the vigour and health of five-and-twenty, should rise in the morning with the infirmities of four-score, it is not improbable that he would sink under a sense of his condition; regret of enjoyments which could never return, would preclude all that remained, and the last mournful effects of decay would be hastened and aggravated by anticipation. But those who have been enfeebled by degrees, who have been shaken ten years

by the palsy, or crippled by the gout, frequently totter about upon their crutches with an air of waggish jocularity, are always ready to entertain their company with a jest, meet their acquaintance with a toothless grin, and are the first to toast a young beauty when they can scarce lift the glass to their lips. Even criminals, who knew that in the morning they were to die, have often slept in the night; though very few of those who have been committed for a capital offence, which they knew would be easily proved, have slept the first night after they were confined. Danger so sudden and so imminent alarms, confounds and terrifies; but after a time stupor supplies the want of fortitude; and as the evil approaches, it is in effect less terrible, except in the moment when it arrives; and then, indeed, it is common to lament that insensibility, which before perhaps was voluntarily increased by drunkenness or dissipation; by solitary intemperance, or tumultuous company.

There is some reason to believe, that 'this power of the world to come,' as it is expressed in the sublimity of Eastern metaphor, is generally felt at the same age. The dread of death has seldom been

been found to intrude upon the cheerfulness, simplicity, and innocence of children; they gaze at a funeral procession with as much vacant curiosity as at any other shew, and see the world change before them without the least sense of their own share in the vicissitude. In youth, when all the appetites are strong, and every gratification is heightened by novelty, the mind resists mournful impressions with a kind of elastic power, by which the signature that is forced upon it is immediately effaced: when this tumult first subsides, while the attachment to life is yet strong, and the mind begins to look forward, and concert measures by which those enjoyments may be secured which it is solicitous to keep, or others obtained to atone for the disappointments that are past, then death starts up like a spectre in all his terrors, the blood is chilled at his appearance, he is perceived to approach with a constant and irresistible pace, retreat is impossible, and resistance is vain.

The terror and anguish which this image produces whenever it first rushes upon the mind, are always complicated with a sense of guilt and remorse; and generally produce some hasty and zealous purposes of more uniform virtue and ardent devotion, of something that may secure us not only from the worm that never dies and the fire that is not quenched, but from total mortality, and admit hope to the regions beyond the grave.

This purpose is seldom wholly relinquished, though it is not always executed with vigour and perseverance; the reflection which produced it often recurs, but it still recurs with less force; desire of immediate pleasure becomes predominant; appetite is no longer restrained; and either all attempts to secure future happiness are deferred 'to a more convenient season,' or some expedients are sought to render sensuality and virtue compatible, and to obtain every object of hope without lessening the treasures of possession. Thus vice naturally becomes the disciple of infidelity; and the wretch who dares not aspire to the heroic virtue of a Christian, listens with eagerness to every objection against the authority of that law by which he is condemned, and labours in vain to establish another that will acquit him: he forms many arguments to justify natural desires; he learns at length to impose upon himself; and assents to princi-

ples which yet in his heart he does not believe; he thinks himself convinced, that virtue must be happiness, and then dreams that happiness is virtue.

These frauds, though they would have been impossible in the hour of conviction and terror, are yet practised with great ease when it is past, and contribute very much to prevent it's return. It is, indeed, scarce possible, that it should return with the same force, because the power of novelty is necessarily exhausted in the first onset. Some incidents, however, there are, which renew the terror; and they seldom fail to renew the purpose: upon the death of a friend, a parent, or a wife, the comforts and the confidence of sophistry are at an end; the moment that suspends the influence of temptation, restores the power of conscience, and at once rectifies the understanding. He who has been labouring to explain away those duties which he had not fortitude to practise, then sees the vanity of the attempt; he regrets the time that is past, and resolves to improve that which remains: but if the first purpose of reformation has been ineffectual, the second is seldom executed; as the sense of danger by which it is produced is not so strong, the motive is less; and as the power of appetite is increased by habitual gratification, the opposition is more: the new conviction wears off; the duties are again neglected as unnecessary which are found to be unpleasant; the lethargy of the soul returns, and as the danger increases she becomes less susceptible of fear.

Thus the dreadful condition of him, 'who looks back after having put his hand to the plough,' may be resolved into natural causes; and it may be affirmed, upon mere philosophical principles, that there is a call which is repeated no more, and an apostacy from which it is extremely difficult to return.

Let those who still delay that which yet they believe to be of eternal moment, remember, that their motives to effect it will still grow weaker, and the difficulty of the work perpetually increase; to neglect it now, therefore, is a pledge that it will be neglected for ever: and if they are roused by this thought, let them instantly improve it's influence; for even this thought, when it returns, will return with less power, and though it should rouse them now, will perhaps rouse them no more. But let them not confide in such

such virtue as can be practised without a struggle, and which interdicts the gratification of no passion but malice; nor adopts principles which could never be believed at the only time when they could be useful; like arguments which men sometimes form when they slumber, and the moment they awake discover to be absurd.

Let those who in the anguish of an awakened mind have regretted the past,

and resolved to redeem it in the future, persist invariably to do whatever they then wished to have done. Let this be established as a constant rule of action; and opposed to all the cavils of sophistry and sense; for this wish will inevitably return when it must for ever be ineffectual, at that awful moment when 'the shadow of death shall be stretched over them, and that night commence in which no man can work.'

N° CXXXI. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1754:

MISCE

ERGO ALIQUID NOSTRIS DE MORIBUS.

JUV.

AND MINGLE SOMETHING OF OUR TIMES TO PLEASE.

DRYDEN JUN.

FONTENELLE, in his panegyric on Sir Isaac Newton, closes a long enumeration of that great philosopher's virtues and attainments, with an observation, that he was not distinguished from other men by any singularity either natural or affected.

It is an eminent instance of Newton's superiority to the rest of mankind, that he was able to separate knowledge from those weaknesses by which knowledge is generally disgraced; that he was able to excel in science and wisdom, without purchasing them by the neglect of little things; and that he stood alone, merely because he had left the rest of mankind behind him, not because he deviated from the beaten track.

Whoever, after the example of Plutarch, should compare the lives of illustrious men, might set this part of Newton's character to view with great advantage, by opposing it to that of Bacon, perhaps the only man of later ages who has any pretensions to dispute with him the palm of genius or science.

Bacon, after he had added to a long and careful contemplation of almost every other object of knowledge a curious inspection into common life, and, after having surveyed nature as a philosopher, had examined men's business and manners as a statesman; yet failed so much in the conduct of domestic affairs, that, in the most lucrative post to which a great and wealthy kingdom could advance him, he felt all the miseries of distressful poverty, and committed all the crime to which poverty incites.

Such were at once his negligence and rapacity, that, as it is said, he would gain by unworthy practices that money, which, when so acquired, his servants might steal from one end of the table, while he sat studious and abstracted at the other.

As scarcely any man has reached the excellence, very few have sunk to the weakness of Bacon; but almost all the studious tribe, as they obtain any participation of his knowledge, feel likewise some contagion of his defects; and obstruct the veneration which learning would procure, by follies greater or less to which only learning could betray them.

It has been formerly remarked by The Guardian, that the world punishes with too great severity the errors of those who imagine that the ignorance of little things may be compensated by the knowledge of great; for so it is, that as more can detect petty failings than can distinguish or esteem great qualifications, and as mankind is in general more easily disposed to censure than to admiration, contempt is often incurred by slight mistakes, which real virtue or usefulness cannot counterbalance.

Yet such mistakes and inadvertencies, it is not easy for a man deeply immersed in study to avoid; no man can become qualified for the common intercourses of life by private meditation; the manners of the world are not a regular system, planned by philosophers upon settled principles, in which every cause has a congruous effect; and one part has a just

just reference to another. Of the fashions prevalent in every country, a few have arisen, perhaps, from particular temperatures of the climate; a few more from the constitution of the government; but the greater part have grown up by chance, been started by caprice, been contrived by affectation, or borrowed without any just motives of choice from other countries.

Of all these, the savage that hunts his prey upon the mountains, and the sage that speculates in his closet, must necessarily live in equal ignorance; yet by the observation of these trifles it is, that the ranks of mankind are kept in order. that the address of one to another is regulated, and the general business of the world carried on with facility and method.

These things, therefore, though small in themselves, become great by their frequency; and he very much mistakes his own interest, who, to the unavoidable unskilfulness of abstraction and retirement, adds a voluntary neglect of common forms, and increases the disadvantages of a studious course of life by an arrogant contempt of those practices, by which others endeavour to gain favour and multiply friendships.

A real and interior disdain of fashion and ceremony is, indeed, not very often to be found: much the greater part of those who pretend to laugh at foppery and formality, secretly wish to have possessed those qualifications which they pretend to despise; and because they find it difficult to wash away the tincture which they have so deeply imbibed, endeavour to harden themselves in a sullen approbation of their own colour. Neutrality is a state into which the busy passions of man cannot easily subside; and he who is in danger of the pangs of envy, is generally forced to recreate his imagination with an effort of comfort.

Some, however, may be found, who, supported by the consciousness of great abilities, and elevated by a long course of reputation and applause, voluntarily consign themselves to singularity, affect to cross the roads of life because they know that they shall not be jostled, and indulge a boundless gratification of will because they perceive that they shall be quietly obeyed. Men of this kind are generally known by the name of Humourists, an appellation by which he that has obtained it, and can be con-

tented to keep it, is set free at once from the shackles of fashion; and can go in or out, sit or stand, be talkative or silent, gloomy or merry, advance absurdities or oppose demonstration, without any other reprehension from mankind, than that it is his way, that he is an odd fellow, and must be let alone.

This seems to many an easy passport through the various factions of mankind; and those on whom it is bestowed appear too frequently to consider the patience with which their caprices are suffered, as an undoubted evidence of their own importance, of a genius to which submission is universally paid, and whose irregularities are only considered as consequences of its vigour. These peculiarities, however, are always found to spot a character, though they may not totally obscure it; and he who expects from mankind, that they should give up established customs in compliance with his single will, and exacts that deference which he does not pay, may be endured, but can never be approved.

Singularity is, I think, in its own nature universally and invariably displeasing. In whatever respect a man differs from others, he must be considered by them as either worse or better: by being better, it is well known that a man gains admiration oftener than love, since all approbation of his practice must necessarily condemn him that gives it; and though a man often pleases by inferiority, there are few who desire to give such pleasure. Yet the truth is, that singularity is almost always regarded as a brand of slight reproach; and where it is associated with acknowledged merit, serves as an abatement or an allay of excellence, by which weak eyes are reconciled to its lustre, and by which, though kindness is not gained, at least envy is averted.

But let no man be in haste to conclude his own merit so great or conspicuous, as to require or justify singularity: it is as hazardous for a moderate understanding to usurp the prerogatives of genius, as for a common form to play over the airs of uncontestable beauty. The pride of men will not patiently endure to see one, whose understanding or attainments are but level with their own, break the rules by which they have consented to be bound, or forsake the direction which they submissively follow.

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All violation of established practice implies in it's own nature a rejection of the common opinion, a defiance of common censure, and an appeal from general laws to private judgment: he, therefore, who differs from others without apparent advantage, ought not to be angry if his arrogance is published with ridicule; if those, whose example he superciliously overlooks, point him out to derision, and hoot him back again into the common road.

The pride of singularity is often exerted in little things, where right and wrong are indeterminable, and where, therefore, vanity is without excuse. But there are occasions on which it is noble to dare to stand alone. To be pious among infidels, to be disinterested in a time of general venality, to lead a life of virtue and reason in the midst of sensualists, is a proof of a mind intent on nobler things than the praise or blame of men, of a soul fixed in the contemplation of the highest good, and superior to the tyranny of custom and example.

In moral and religious questions only, a wise man will hold no consultations with fashion, because these duties are constant and immutable, and depend not on the notions of men, but the commands of Heaven: yet even of these, the external mode is to be in some mea-

sure regulated by the prevailing taste of the age in which we live; for he is certainly no friend to virtue, who neglects to give it any lawful attraction, or suffers it to deceive the eye or alienate the affections for want of innocent compliance with fashionable decorations.

It is yet remembered of the learned and pious Nelson, that he was remarkably elegant in his manners, and splendid in his dress. He knew, that the eminence of his character drew many eyes upon him; and he was careful not to drive the young or the gay away from religion, by representing it as an enemy to any distinction or enjoyment in which human nature may innocently delight.

In this censure of singularity, I have, therefore, no intention to subject reason or conscience to custom or example. To comply with the notions and practices of mankind is in some degree the duty of a social being; because by compliance only he can please, and by pleasing only he can become useful: but as the end is not to be lost for the sake of the means, we are not to give up virtue to complaisance; for the end of complaisance is only to gain the kindness of our fellow-beings, whose kindness is desirable only as instrumental to happiness, and happiness must be always lost by departure from virtue.

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N° CXXXII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1754.

FERIMUR PER OPACA LOCORUM.

VIRG.

DRIV'N THRO' THE PALPABLE OBSCURE.

CARAZAN, the merchant of Bagdat, was eminent throughout all the East for his avarice and his wealth: his origin was obscure, as that of the spark which by the collision of steel and adamant is struck out of darkness; and the patient labour of persevering diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inexorably just. But whether in his dealings with men he discovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his trust in gold, or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth he discovered his own importance to increase, Carazan prized it more as he used it less; he gradually lost the in-

clination to do good, as he acquired the power; and as the hand of time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

But though the door of Carazan was never opened by hospitality, nor his hand by compassion, yet fear led him constantly to the mosque at the stated hours of prayer; he performed all the rites of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the Temple of the Prophet. That devotion which arises from the Love of God, and necessarily includes the Love of Man, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was moral to divine, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the ob-

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ject not only of affection but reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to avert the punishment which every one wishes to be inflicted, or to insure it by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. Carazan, therefore, when he had locked his door, and turning round with a look of circumspective suspicion, proceeded to the mosque, was followed by every eye with silent malignity; the poor suspended their supplication when he passed by; and though he was known by every man, no man saluted him.

Such had long been the life of Carazan, and such was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the center of the city, that his table should be spread for the public, and that the stranger should be welcome to his bed: the multitude soon rushed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry and apparel to the naked, his eye softened with compassion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the prodigy; and the murmur of innumerable voices increasing like the sound of approaching thunder, Carazan beckoned with his hand; attention suspended the tumult in a moment, and he thus gratified the curiosity which had procured him audience.

TO Him who touches the mountains and they smoke. The Almighty and The Most Merciful, be everlasting honour! He has ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, and his visions have reprov'd me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my haram, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandize, and exulting in the increase of my wealth, I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of Him who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the Angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the same moment I felt myself lifted from the ground, and transported with astonishing rapidity through the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom beneath; and the stars glowed round me with a lustre that obscured the sun. The gate of

Paradise was now in sight; and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness which no human eye could behold: the irrevocable sentence was now to be pronounced; my day of probation was past; and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was cast, which not all the powers of nature could reverse, my confidence totally forsook me; and while I stood trembling and silent, covered with confusion and chilled with horror, I was thus addressed by the radiance that flamed before me.

‘Carazan, thy worship has not been accepted, because it was not prompted by Love of God: neither can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by Love of Man: for thy own sake only hast thou rendered to every man his due; and thou hast approached the ALMIGHTY only for thyself. Thou hast not looked up with gratitude, nor round thee with kindness. Around thee, thou hast indeed beheld vice and folly; but if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony, would they not condemn the bounty of Heaven? If not upon the foolish and the vicious, where shall the sun diffuse his light, or the clouds distil their dew? Where shall the lips of the spring breathe fragrance, or the hand of autumn diffuse plenty? Remember, Carazan, that thou hast shut compassion from thine heart, and grasped thy treasures with a hand of iron: thou hast lived for thyself: and therefore, henceforth for ever, thou shalt subsist alone. From the light of heaven, and from the society of all beings shalt thou be driven; solitude shall protract the lingering hours of eternity, and darkness aggravate the horrors of despair.’ At this moment I was driven by some secret and irresistible power through the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the shadows of total and boundless vacuity deepen before me, a dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude, and darkness! Unutterable horror seized me at the prospect, and this exclamation burst from me with all the vehemence of desire: ‘O! that I had been doomed for ever to the common receptacle of impenitence’

‘tence and guilt! there society would have alleviated the torment of despair, and the rage of fire could not have excluded the comfort of light. Or if I had been condemned to reside in a comet, that would return but once in a thousand years to the regions of light and life; the hope of these periods, however distant, would cheer me in the dread interval of cold and darkness, and the vicissitude would divide eternity into time.’ While this thought passed over my mind, I lost sight of the remotest star, and the last glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkness. The agonies of despair every moment increased, as every moment augmented my distance from the last habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguish, that when ten thousand thousand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that Power who fills infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense abyss of darkness, through which I should still drive without succour and without society, farther and farther still, for ever and

for ever. I then stretched out my hand towards the regions of existence, with an emotion that awaked me. Thus have I been taught to estimate society, like every other blessing, by its loss. My heart is warmed to liberality; and I am zealous to communicate the happiness which I feel, to those from whom it is derived; for the society of one wretch, whom in the pride of prosperity I would have spurned from my door, would, in the dreadful solitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized than the gold of Afric, or the gems of Golconda.

At this reflection upon his dream, Carazan became suddenly silent, and looked upward in extasy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude were struck at once with the precept and example; and the Caliph to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of posterity.

N° CXXXIII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1754.

AT NOSTRI PROAVI PLAUTINOS ET NUMEROS ET
LAUDAVERES SALES; NIMIUM PATIENTER UTRUMQUE,
NE DICAM STULTE, MIRATI; SI MODO EGO ET VOS
SCIMUS INURBANUM LEPIDO SEPONERE DICTO.

HOR.

‘AND YET OUR SIRS WITH JOY COULD PLAUTUS HEAR;
‘GAY WERE HIS JESTS, HIS NUMBERS CHARM’D THEIR EAR.’
LET ME NOT SAY TOO LAVISHLY THEY PRAIS’D;
BUT SURE THEIR JUDGMENT WAS FULL CHEAPLY PLEAS’D,
IF YOU OR I WITH TASTE ARE HAPPY BLEST,
TO KNOW A CLOWNISH FROM A COURTLY JEST.

FRANCIS.

THE fondness I have so frequently manifested for the ancients, has not so far blinded my judgment, as to render me unable to discern, or unwilling to acknowledge the superiority of the moderns, in pieces of Humour and Ridicule. I shall, therefore, confirm the general assertion of Addison, part of which hath already been examined.

Comedy, Satire, and Burlesque, being the three chief branches of ridicule, it is necessary for us to compare together the most admired performances of the ancients and moderns in these three kinds of writing, to qualify us justly to censure or commend, as the beauties or blemishes of each party may deserve.

As Aristophanes wrote to please the multitude, at a time when the licentiousness of the Athenians was boundless, his pleasantries are coarse and unpolite, his characters extravagantly forced, and distorted with unnatural deformity, like the monstrous caricatures of Callet. He is full of the grossest obscenity, indecency, and inurbanity; and as the populace always delight to hear their superiors abused and misrepresented, he scatters the rankest calumnies on the wisest and worthiest personages of his country. His style is unequal, occasioned by a frequent introduction of parodies on Sophocles and Euripides. It is, however, certain, that he abounds

in artful allusions to the state of Athens at the time when he wrote; and, perhaps, he is more valuable, considered as a political satirist, than a writer of comedy.

Plautus has adulterated a rich vein of genuine wit and humour, with a mixture of the basest buffoonry. No writer seems to have been born with a more forcible or more fertile genius for comedy. He has drawn some characters with incomparable spirit: we are indebted to him for the first good miser, and for that worn-out character among the Romans, a boastful Thrafo. But his love degenerates into lewdness; and his jests are insupportably low and illiberal, and fit only for 'the dregs of Romulus' to use and to hear; he has furnished examples of ever species of true and false wit, even down to a quibble and a pun. Plautus lived in an age when the Romans were but just emerging into politeness; and I cannot forbear thinking, that if he had been reserved for the age of Augustus, he would have produced more perfect plays than even the elegant disciple of Menander.

Delicacy, sweetness, and correctness, are the characteristics of Terence. His polite images are all represented in the most clear and perspicuous expression; but his characters are too general and uniform, nor are they marked with those discriminating peculiarities that distinguish one man from another; there is a tedious and disgusting sameness of incidents in his plots, which, as hath been observed in a former paper, are too complicated and intricate. It may be added, that he superabounds in soliloquies; and that nothing can be more inartificial or improper, than the manner in which he hath introduced them.

To these three celebrated ancients I venture to oppose singly the matchless Moliere, as the most consummate master of comedy that former or later ages have produced. He was not content with painting obvious and common characters, but set himself closely to examine the numberless varieties of human nature: he soon discovered every difference, however minute; and by a proper management could make it striking: his portraits, therefore, though they appear to be new, are yet discovered to be just. The Tartuffe and the Misanthrope are the most singular, and yet, perhaps, the most proper and perfect

characters that comedy can represent; and his Miser excels that of any other nation. He seems to have hit upon the true nature of comedy; which is, to exhibit one singular and unfamiliar character, by such a series of incidents as may best contribute to shew it's singularities. All the circumstances in the Misanthrope tend to manifest the peevish and captious disgust of the hero; all the circumstances in the Tartuffe are calculated to shew the treachery of an accomplished hypocrite. I am sorry that no English writer of comedy can be produced as a rival to Moliere: although it must be confessed, that Falstaff and Morose are two admirable characters, excellently supported and displayed; for Shakespeare has contrived all the incidents to illustrate the gluttony, lewdness, cowardice, and boastfulness of the fat old knight: and Johnson has with equal art displayed the oddity of a whimsical humourist, who could endure no kind of noise.

Will it be deemed a paradox to assert that Congreve's dramatic persons have no friking and natural characteristic? His Fondlewife and Foresight are but faint portraits of common characters, and Ben is a forced and unnatural caricatura. His plays appear not to be legitimate comedies, but strings of repartees and sallies of wit, the most poignant and polite, indeed, but unnatural and ill placed. The trite and trivial character of a fop hath strangely engrossed the English stage, and given an insipid similarity to our best comic pieces: originals can never be wanting in such a kingdom as this, where each man follows his natural inclinations and propensities, if our writers would really contemplate nature, and endeavour to open those mines of humour which have been so long and so unaccountably neglected.

If we proceed to consider the Satirists of antiquity, I shall not scruple to prefer Boileau and Pope to Horace and Juvenal; the arrows of whose ridicule are more sharp, in proportion as they are more polished. That reformers should abound in obscenities, as is the case of the two Roman poets, is surely an impropriety of the most extraordinary kind; the courtly Horace also sometimes sinks into mean and farcical abuse, as in the first lines of the seventh satire of the first book; but Boileau

leau and Pope have given to their Satire the Cestus of Venus; their ridicule is concealed and oblique; that of the Romans direct and open. The tenth satire of Boileau on women is more bitter, and more decent and elegant, than the sixth of Juvenal on the same subject; and Pope's epistle to Mrs. Blount far excels them both, in the artfulness and delicacy with which it touches female foibles. I may add, that the imitations of Horace by Pope, and of Juvenal by Johnson, are preferable to their originals in the appoliteness of their examples, and in the poignancy of their ridicule. Above all, the *Lutrin*, the *Rape of the Lock*, the *Dispensary*, and the *Dunciad*, cannot be paralleled by any works that the wittiest of the ancients can boast of: for by assuming the form of the epopee, they have acquired a dignity and gracefulness, which all satires delivered merely in the poet's own person must want, and with which the satirists of antiquity were wholly unacquainted; for the *Batrachomyomachia* of Homer cannot be considered as the model of these admirable pieces.

Lucian is the greatest master of Burlesque among the ancients: but the travels of Gulliver, though indeed evidently copied from his *True History*, do as evidently excel it. Lucian sets out with informing his readers, that he is in jest, and intends to ridicule some of the incredible stories in Ctesias and Herodotus: this introduction surely enfeebles his satire, and defeats his purpose. The true history consists only of the most wild, monstrous, and miraculous persons and accidents: Gulliver has a concealed meaning, and his dwarfs and giants convey tacitly some moral and political instruction. The *Charon*, or the *Prospect* (*ἡμισκοπότης*), one of the dialogues of Lucian, has likewise given occasion to that agreeable French satire, entitled, 'Le Diable Boiteux,' or 'The Lame Devil,' which has highly improved on it's original by a greater variety of characters and descriptions, lively remarks, and interesting adventures. So if a parallel be drawn between Lucian and Cervantes, the ancient will still appear to disadvantage: the burlesque of Lu-

cian principally consists in making his gods and philosophers speak and act like the meanest of the people; that of Cervantes arises from the solemn and important air with which the most idle and ridiculous actions are related; and is, therefore, much more striking and forcible. In a word, *Don Quixote*, and it's copy *Hudibras*, the *Splendid Shilling*, the *Adventures of Gil Blas*, the *Tale of a Tub*, and the *Rehearsal*, are pieces of humour which antiquity cannot equal, much less excel.

Theophrastus must yield to La Bruyere for his intimate knowledge of human nature; and the Athenians never produced a writer whose humour was so exquisite as that of Addison, or who delineated and supported a character with so much nature and true pleasantry as that of Sir Roger de Coverly. It ought, indeed, to be remembered, that every species of wit written in distant times and in dead languages, appears with many disadvantages to present readers, from their ignorance of the manners and customs alluded to and exposed; but the grossness, the rudeness, and indelicacy of the ancients will, notwithstanding, sufficiently appear, even from the sentiments of such critics as Cicero and Quintilian, who mention corporal defects and deformities as proper objects of raillery.

If it be now asked, to what can we ascribe this superiority of the moderns in all the species of Ridicule? I answer, to the improved state of conversation. The great geniuses of Greece and Rome were formed during the times of a republican government: and though it be certain, as Longinus asserts, that democracies are the nurseries of true sublimity, yet monarchies and courts are more productive of politeness. The arts of civility, and the decencies of conversation, as they unite men more closely, and bring them more frequently together, multiply opportunities, of observing those incongruities and absurdities of behaviour, on which Ridicule is founded. The ancients had more Liberty and Seriousness; the moderns have more Luxury and Laughter.

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N^o CXXXIV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1754.VIRTUTIBUS OBSTAT
RES ANGSTI DOMI.

JUVENAL.

RARELY THEY RISE BY VIRTUE'S AID, WHO LIE
PLUNG'D IN THE DEPTH OF HELPLESS POVERTY.

DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,
AS I was informed by your book-feller, upon whom I called a few days ago to make a small purchase for my daughter, that your whole work would be comprised in one hundred and forty papers, I can no longer delay to send you the account of her life, which I gave you some reason to expect when I related my own*. This account she gave in that dreadful night, the remembrance of which still freezes me with horror; the night in which I had hired her as prostitute, and could not have been deterred from incest, but by an event so extraordinary that it was almost miraculous. I have, indeed, frequently attempted to relate a story which I can never forget, but I was always dissatisfied with my own expressions; nor could I ever produce in writing a narrative which appeared equal to the effect that it wrought upon my mind when I heard it. I have, therefore, prevailed upon the dear injured girl to relate it in her own words, which I shall faithfully transcribe.

THE first situation that I remember was in a cellar; where, I suppose, I had been placed by the parish officers with a woman who kept a little dairy. My nurse was obliged to be often abroad, and I was then left to the care of a girl, who was just old enough to lug me about in her arms, and who, like other pretty creatures in office, knew not how to shew her authority but by the abuse of it. Such was my dread of her power and resentment, that I suffered almost whatever she inflicted, without complaint; and when I was scarcely four years old, had learnt so far to surmount the sense of pain, and suppress my passions, that I have been pinched black and blue without wincing, and patiently suffer her to impute to me many tri-

vial mischiefs which her own perverseness or carelessness had produced.

This situation, however, was notwithstanding its advantages; for instead of a hard crust and small beer, which would probably have been the principal part of my subsistence if I had been placed with a person of the same rank, but of a different employment, I had always plenty of milk; which, though it had been skimmed for cream, was not sour, and which indeed was wholesome food; upon which I throve very fast, and was taken notice of by every body, for the freshness of my looks, and the clearness of my skin.

Almost as soon as I could speak plain, I was sent to the parish-school to learn to read; and thought myself as fine in my blue gown and badge, as a court beauty in a birth-night suit. The mistress of the school was the widow of a clergyman, whom I have often heard her mention with tears, though he had been long dead when I first came under her tuition, and left her in such circumstances as made her solicit an employment, of which before she would have dreaded the labour, and scorned the meanness. She had been very genteelly educated, and had acquired a general knowledge of literature after her marriage; the communication of which enlivened their hours of retirement, and afforded such a subject of conversation, as added to every other enjoyment the pleasures of beneficence and gratitude.

There was something in her manner, which won my affection and commanded my reverence. I found her a person very different from my nurse; and I watched her looks with such ardour and attention, that I was sometimes able, young as I was, to anticipate her commands. It was natural that she should love the virtue which she had produced, nor was it incongruous that she should reward it. I perceived with inexpressible delight, that she treated me with pe-

entiar tenderness; and when I was about eight years old, she offered to take my education wholly upon herself, without putting the parish to any farther charge for my maintenance. Her offer was readily accepted, my nurse was discharged, and I was taken home to my mistress, who called me her little maid, a name which I was ambitious to deserve, because she did not, like a tyrant, exact my obedience as a slave, but like a parent invited me to the duty of a child. As our family consisted only of my mistress and myself, except sometimes a chair-woman, we were always alone in the intervals of business; and the good matron amused herself by instructing me, not only in reading, writing, and the first rules of arithmetic, but in various kinds of needlework; and, what was yet of more moment, in the principles of virtue and religion, which in her life appeared to be so amiable, that I wanted neither example nor motive. She gave me also some general notions of the decorum practised among persons of a higher class; and I was thus acquainted, while I was yet a child, and in an obscure station, with some rudiments of good breeding.

Before I was fifteen, I began to assist my benefactress in her employment, and by some plain-work which she had procured me, I furnished myself with decent cloaths. By an insensible and spontaneous imitation of her manner, I had acquired such a carriage, as gained me more respect in a yard-wide stuff, than is often paid by strangers to an upper-servant in a rich silk.

Such was now the simplicity and innocence of my life, that I had scarce a wish unsatisfied; and I often reflected upon my own happiness with a sense of gratitude that increased it. But, alas! this felicity was scarce sooner enjoyed than lost: the good matron, who was in the most endearing sense my parent and my friend, was seized with a fever, which in a few days put an end to her life, and left me alone in the world without alliance or protection, overwhelmed with grief, and distracted with anxiety. The world, indeed, was before me; but I trembled to enter it alone. I knew no art by which I could subsist myself; and I was unwilling to be condemned to a state of servitude, in which no such art could be learned. I therefore applied again to the officers of the pa-

rish, who, as a testimony of respect to my patroness, condescended still to consider me as their charge, and with the usual sum bound me apprentice to a mantua-maker; whose business, of which indeed she had but little, was among persons that were something below the middle class, and who, as I verily believe, had applied to the church-wardens for an apprentice, only that she might silence a number of petty duns, and obtain new credit with the money that is given as a consideration for necessary cloaths.

The dwelling of my new mistress was two back rooms in a dirty street near the Seven Dials. She received me, however, with great appearance of kindness; we breakfasted, dined, and supped together; and though I could not but regret the alteration of my condition, yet I comforted myself with reflecting, that in a few years I should be mistress of a trade by which I might become independent, and live in a manner more agreeable to my inclinations. But my indentures were no sooner signed, than I suffered a new change of fortune. The first step my mistress took was to turn away her maid, a poor slave who was covered only with rags and dirt, and whose ill qualities I foolishly thought were the only cause of her ill treatment. I was now compelled to light fires, go on errands, wash linen, and dress victuals, and, in short, to do every kind of household drudgery, and to sit up half the night, that the task of hemming and running seams, which had been assigned me, might be performed.

Though I suffered all this without murmur or complaint, yet I became pensive and melancholy; the tears would often steal silently from my eyes, and my mind was sometimes so abstracted in the contemplation of my own misery, that I did not hear what was said to me. But my sensibility produced resentment, instead of pity; my melancholy drew upon me the reproach of sullenness; I was stormed at for spoiling my work with sniveling I knew not why, and threatened that it should not long be without cause; a menace which was generally executed the moment it was uttered; my arms and neck continually bore the marks of the yard, and I was in every respect treated with the most brutal unkindness.

In the mean time, however, I applied myself

myself to learn the business as my last resource, and the only foundation of my hope. My diligence and assiduity atoned for the want of instruction; and it might have been truly said, that I stole the knowledge which my mistress had engaged to communicate. As I had a taste for dress, I recommended myself to the best customers, and frequently corrected a fault of which they complained, and which my mistress was not able to discover. The countenance and courtesy which this gained, though it encouraged my hope of the future, yet it made the present less tolerable. My tyrant treated me with yet more inhumanity, and my sufferings were so great, that I frequently meditated an escape, though I knew not whither to go, and though I foresaw that the moment I became a fugitive, I should forfeit all my interest, justify every complaint, and incur a disgrace which I could never obliterate.

I had now groaned under the most cruel oppression something more than four years; the cloaths which had been the purchase of my own money I had worn out, and my mistress thought it her interest not to furnish me with any better than would just serve me to go out on her errands, and follow her with a bundle. But as so much of my time was past, I thought it highly reasonable, and indeed necessary, that I should make a more decent appearance, that I should attend the customers, take their orders and their measure, or at least sit on the work. After much premeditation, and many attempts, I at length surmounted

my fears; and in such terms and manner as I thought least likely to give offence, I entreated that I might have such cloaths as would answer the purpose, and proposed to work so many hours extraordinary as would produce the money they should cost. But this request, however modest, was answered only with reproaches and insult. I wanted, forsooth, to be a gentlewoman: yes, I should be equipped to set up for myself. This she might have expected, for taking a beggar from the parish; but I should see that she knew how to mortify my pride, and disappoint my cunning. I was at once grieved and angered at this treatment: and I believe, for the first time, expressed myself with some indignation and resentment. My resentment, however, she treated with derision and contempt, as an impotent attempt to throw off her authority; and declaring that she would soon shew me who was mistress, she struck me so violent a blow, that I fell from my chair. Whether she was frightened at my fall, or whether she suspected I should alarm the house, she did not repeat her blow, but contented herself with reviling the poverty and wretchedness which she laboured to perpetuate.

I burst into tears of anguish and resentment, and made no reply: but from this moment my hatred became irreconcilable, and I secretly determined at all events to escape from a slavery, which I accused myself for having already endured too long.

N^o CXXXV. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1754.

—LATET ANGUIS IN HERBA.

VIRG.

BENEATH THE GRASS CONCEAL'D A SERPENT LIES.

IT happened that the next morning I was sent with some work as far as Chelsea: it was about the middle of May. Upon me, who had long toiled in the smoke and darkness of London, and had seen the sun shine only upon a chimney or a wall, the freshness of the air, the verdure of the fields, and the songs of the birds, had the power of enchantment. I could not forbear lingering in my walk: and every moment of delay made me less willing to return; not indeed by increasing my enjoyment, but my fear: I

was tenacious of the present, because I dreaded the future; and increased the evil which I approached at every step, by a vain attempt to retain and possess that which at every step I was leaving behind. I found, that not to look forward with hope, was not to look round with pleasure; and yet I still loitered away the hours which I could not enjoy, and returned in a state of anxious irresolution, still taking the way home, because I knew not where else to go, but still neglecting the speed which alone could

could make home less dreadful. My torment increased as my walk became shorter; and when I had returned as far as the lower end of the Mall in St. James's Park, I was quite overwhelmed with regret and despair; and, sitting down on one of the benches, I burst into tears.

As my mind was wholly employed on my own distress, and my apron held up to my eyes, it was some time before I discovered an elderly lady who had sat down by me. The moment I saw her, such is the force of habit, all thoughts of my own wretchedness gave way to a sense of indecorum; and as she appeared by her dress to be a person in whose company it was presumption in me to sit, I started up in great confusion, and would have left the seat. This, however, she would not suffer; but taking hold of my gown, and gently drawing me back, addressed me with an accent of tenderness, and soothed me with pity before she knew my distress. It was so long since I had heard the voice of kindness, that my heart melted as she spoke with gratitude and joy. I told her all my story; to which she listened with great attention, and often gazed steadfastly in my face. When my narrative was ended, she told me, that the manner in which I had related it was alone sufficient to convince her that it was true; that there was an air of simplicity and sincerity about me, which had prejudiced her in my favour as soon as she saw me; and that, therefore, she was determined to take me home; that I should live with her till she had established me in my business, which she could easily do by recommending me to her acquaintance; and that, in the mean time, she would take care to prevent my mistress from being troublesome.

It is impossible to express the transport that I felt at this unexpected deliverance. I was utterly unacquainted with the artifices of those who are hackneyed in the ways of vice; and the remembrance of the disinterested kindness of my first friend, by whom I had been brought up, came fresh into my mind: I therefore indulged the hope of having found such another without scruple; and uttering some incoherent expressions of gratitude, which was too great to be formed into compliment, I accepted the offer, and followed my conductress home. The house was such as I had never entered before; the rooms were spacious,

and the furniture elegant. I looked round with wonder; and blushing with a sense of my own meanness, would have followed the servant who opened the door into the kitchen, but her mistress prevented me. She saw my confusion; and, encouraging me with a smile, took me up stairs into a kind of dressing-room, where she immediately furnished me with clean shoes and stockings, a cap, handkerchief, ruffles and apron, and a night-gown of genteel Irish stuff, which had not been much worn, though it was spotted and stained in many places: they belonged, she said, to her cousin, a young lady for whom she had undertaken to provide; and insisted upon my putting them on, that I might sit down with her family to dinner; 'For,' said she, 'I have no acquaintance to whom I could recommend a mantua-maker that I kept in my kitchen.'

I perceived that she watched me with great attention while I was dressing, and seemed to be greatly delighted with the alteration in my appearance when I had done. 'I see,' said she, 'that you was made for a gentlewoman; and a gentlewoman you shall be, or it shall be your own fault.' I could only curtsy in answer to this complement: but notwithstanding the appearance of diffidence and modesty in the blush which I felt burn upon my cheek, yet my heart secretly exulted in a proud confidence that it was true. When I came down stairs, I was introduced by my patroness (who had told me that her name was Wellwood) to the young lady her cousin, and three others; to whom, soon after we were seated, she related my story, intermixing much invective against my mistress; and much flattery to me; with neither of which, if the truth be confessed, I was much displeased.

After dinner, as I understood that company was expected, I entreated leave to retire, and was shewn up stairs into a small chamber very neatly furnished, which I was desired to consider as my own. As the company staid till it was very late, I drank tea and supped alone, one of the servants being ordered to attend me.

The next morning, when I came down stairs to breakfast, Mrs. Wellwood presented me with a piece of printed cotton sufficient for a sack and coat, and about twelve yards of slight silk for a night-gown, which, she said, I should make

up myself as a specimen of my skill. I attempted to excuse myself from accepting this benefaction, with much hesitation and confusion; but I was commanded with a kind frown, and in a peremptory tone, to be silent. I was told, that, when business came in, I should pay all my debts; that in the mean time, I should be solicitous only to set up; and that a change of genteel apparel might be considered as my stock in trade, since without it my business could neither be procured nor transacted.

To work, therefore, I went; my cloaths were made and worn; many encomiums were lavished upon my dexterity and my person; and thus I was entangled in the snare that had been laid for me, before I discovered my danger. I had contracted debts which it was impossible I should pay; the power of the law could now be applied to effect the purposes of guilt; and my creditor could urge me to her purpose, both by hope and fear.

I had now been near a month in my new lodging; and great care had hitherto been taken to conceal whatever might shock my modesty, or acquaint me with the danger of my situation. Some incidents, however, notwithstanding this caution, had fallen under my notice, that might well have alarmed me; but as those who are waking from a pleasing dream shut their eyes against the light, and endeavour to prolong the delusion by slumbering again, I checked my suspicions the moment they rose, as if danger that was not known would not exist, without considering that enquiry alone could confirm the good, and enable me to escape the evil.

The house was often filled with company, which divided into separate rooms, the visits were frequently continued till midnight, and sometimes till morning; I had, however, always desired leave to retire, which had hitherto been permitted, though not without reluctance; but at length I was pressed to make tea, with an importunity that I could not resist. The company was very gay, and some familiarities passed between the gentlemen and ladies which threw me into confusion and covered me with blushes; yet I was still zealous to impose upon myself, and, therefore, was contented with the supposition, that they were liberties allowed among persons of fashion, many of whose polite levities I

had heard described and censured by the dear monitor of my youth, to whom I owed all my virtue and all my knowledge. I could not, however, reflect without solicitude and anxiety, that since the first week of my arrival I had heard no more of my business. I had, indeed, frequently ventured to mention it; and still hoped, that when my patroness had procured me a little set of customers among her friends, I should be permitted to venture into a room of my own; for I could not think of carrying it on where it would degrade my benefactress, of whom it could not without an affront be said, that she let lodgings to a mantua-maker; nor could I without indecorum distribute directions where I was to be found, till I had removed to another house. But whenever I introduced this subject of conversation, I was either rallied for my gravity, or gently reproached with pride, as impatient of obligation: sometimes I was told, with an air of merriment, that my business should be pleasure; and sometimes I was entertained with amorous stories, and excited by licentious and flattered descriptions, to a relish of luxurious idleness and expensive amusements. In short, my suspicions gradually increased; and my fears grew stronger, till my dream was at an end, and I could slumber no more. The terror that seized me, when I could no longer doubt into what hands I had fallen, is not to be expressed, nor, indeed, could it be concealed: the effect which it produced in my aspect and behaviour, afforded the wretch who attempted to seduce me no prospect of success; and as she despaired of exciting me, by love of pleasure to voluntary guilt, she determined to effect her purpose by surprize, and drive me into her toils by desperation.

It was not less my misfortune than reproach, that I did not immediately quit a place, in which I knew myself devoted to destruction. This, indeed, Mrs. Wellwood was very assiduous to prevent: the morning after I had discovered her purpose, the talk about my business was renewed, and as soon as we had breakfasted, she took me out with her in a hackney-coach, under pretence of procuring me a lodging; but she had still some plausible objection against all that we saw. Thus she contrived to busy my mind, and keep me with her the greatest part of the day; at

three we returned to dinner, and passed the evening, being uncommonly drowsy, I the afternoon without company. I went to bed near two hours sooner than drank tea with the family; and in the usual.

N^o CXXXVI. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1754.

—QUIS TALIA FANDO
TEMPERET A LACHRYMIS?

Vfr.

AND WHO CAN HEAR THIS TALE WITHOUT A TEAR?

TO the transactions of this night I was not conscious; but what they had been, the circumstances of the morning left me no room to doubt. I discovered with astonishment, indignation, and despair, which for a time suspended all my faculties, that I had suffered irreparable injury in a state of insensibility; not so much to gratify the wretch by whom I had been abused, as that I might with less scruple admit another, and by reflecting that it was impossible to recover what I had lost, become careless of all that remained. Many artifices were used to soothe me; and when these were found to be ineffectual, attempts were made to intimidate me, with menaces. I knew not exactly what passed in the first fury of my distraction, but at length it quite exhausted me. In the evening, being calm through mere languor and debility, and no precaution having been taken to detain me, because I was not thought able to escape, I found means to steal down stairs, and got into the street without being missed. Wretched as I was, I felt some emotions of joy when I first found myself at liberty; though it was no better than the liberty of an exile in a desert, where, having escaped from the dungeon and the wheel, he must yet, without a miracle, be destroyed by savages or hunger. It was not long, indeed, before I reflected, that I knew no house that would receive me, and that I had no money in my pocket. I had not, however, the least inclination to go back. I sometimes thought of returning to my old mistress, the mantua-maker; but the moment I began to anticipate the malicious inference she would draw from my absence and appearance, and her triumph in the mournful necessity that urged me to return, I determined rather to suffer any other evil that could befall me.

Thus destitute and forlorn, feeble and dispirited, I continued to creep along till the shops were all shut, and the deserted streets became silent. The busy crowds, which had almost borne me before them, were now dissipated, and every one was retired home, except a few wretched outcasts like myself, who were either huddled together in a corner, or strolling about not knowing whither they went. It is not easy to conceive the anguish with which I reflected on my condition; and, perhaps, it would scarcely have been thought possible that a person who was not a fugitive from justice, nor an enemy to labour, could be thus destitute even of the little that is essential to life, and in danger of perishing for want in the midst of a populous city, abounding with accommodations for every rank, from the peer to the beggar. Such, however, was my lot. I found myself compelled by necessity to pass the night in the streets, without hope of passing the next in any other place, or, indeed, of procuring food to support me till it arrived. I had now fasted the whole day; my languor increased every moment; I was weary and fainting; my face was covered with a cold sweat, and my legs trembled under me: but I did not dare to sit down, or to walk twice along the same street, lest I should have been seized by the watch, or insulted by some voluntary vagabond in the rage or wantonness of drunkenness or lust. I knew not, indeed, well how to vary my walk; but imagined that, upon the whole, I should be more safe in the city, than among the brothels in the Strand, or in streets, which being less frequented are less carefully watched: for though I scarce ventured to consider the law as my friend, yet I was more afraid of those who should attempt to break the peace, than those who were appointed

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to keep it. I went forward, therefore, as well as I was able, and passed through St. Paul's Church-yard as the clock struck one; but such was my misfortune, that the calamity which I dreaded overtook me in the very place to which I had fled to avoid it. Just as I was crossing at the corner into Cheapside, I was laid hold on by a man not meanly dressed, who would have hurried me down toward the Old Change. I knew not what he said, but I strove to disengage myself from him without making any reply: my struggles, indeed, were weak; and the man still keeping his hold, and perhaps mistaking the feebleness of my resistance for some inclination to comply, proceeded to indecencies, for which I struck him with the sudden force that was supplied by rage and indignation; but my whole strength was exhausted in the blow, which the brute instantly returned, and repeated till I fell. Instinct is still ready in the defence of life, however wretched; and though the moment before I had wished to die, yet in this distress I spontaneously cried out for help. My voice was heard by a watchman, who immediately ran towards me; and, finding me upon the ground, lifted up his lantern, and examined me with an attention, which made me reflect with great confusion upon the disorder of my dress, which before had not once occurred to my thoughts: my hair hung loosely about my shoulders, my stays were but half-laced, and the rest of my cloaths were carelessly thrown on in the tumult and distraction of mind, which prevented my attending to trivial circumstances when I made my escape from Wellwood's. My general appearance, and the condition in which I was found, convinced the watchman that I was a strolling prostitute; and finding that I was not able to rise without assistance, he also concluded that I was drunk; he, therefore, set down his lantern, and calling his comrade to assist him, they lifted me up. As my voice was faltering, my looks wild, and my whole frame too feeble that I tottered as I stood, the man was confirmed in his first opinion; and seeing my face bloody, and my eyes swelled, he told me with a sneer, that to secure me from farther ill treatment, he would provide a lodging for me till the morning; and accordingly they dragged me between them to

the Compter, without any regard to my entreaties or distress.

I passed the night in agonies, upon which even now I shudder to look back; and in the morning I was carried before a magistrate. The watchman gave an account of his having found me very drunk, crying out murder, and breeding a riot in the street at one o'clock in the morning: I was scarcely yet sober, he said, as his worship might see, and had been pretty handsomely beaten: but he supposed it was for an unsuccessful attempt to pick a pocket, at which I must have been very dextrous, indeed, to have succeeded in that condition.

This account, however injurious, was greatly confirmed by my appearance: I was almost covered with kennel dirt, my face was discoloured, my speech was inarticulate, and I was to oppressed with faintness and terror, that I could not stand without a support. The magistrate, however, with great kindness, called upon me to make my defence, which I attempted by relating the truth: but the story was told with so much hesitation, and was in itself so wild and improbable, so like the marvellous tales that are hastily formed as an apology for detected guilt, that it could not be believed; and I was told, that except I could support my character by some credible witness, I should be committed to Bridewell.

I was thunderstruck at this menace; and had formed ideas so dreadful of the place to which I was to be sent, that my dungeon at the mantua-maker's became a palace in the comparison; and to return thither, with whatever disadvantages, was now the utmost object of my hope. I, therefore, desired that my mistress might be sent for, and flattered myself that she would at least take me out of a house of correction, if it were only for the pleasure of tormenting me herself.

In about two hours the messenger returned, and with him my tyrant, who eyed me with such malicious pleasure, that my hopes failed me the moment I saw her, and I almost repented that she was come. She was, I believe, glad of an opportunity effectually to prevent my obtaining any part of her business, which she had some reason to fear; and, therefore, told the justice who examined her that she had taken me a beggar from the parish four years ago, and taught

taught me her trade: but that I had been always fullen, mischievous, and idle; that it was more than a month since I had clandestinely left her service, in decent and modest apparel fitting my condition; and that she would leave his worship to judge, whether I came honestly by the tawdry rags which I had on my back. This account, however correspondent with my own, served only to confirm those facts which condemned me: it appeared incontestably, that I had deserted my service; and been debauched in a brothel, where I had been furnished with cloaths, and continued more than a month. That I had been ignorant of my situation, prostituted without my consent, and at last had escaped to avoid farther injury, appeared to be fictitious circumstances, invented to palliate my offence: the person whom I had accused lived in another county; and it was necessary, for the present, to bring the matter to a short issue: my mistress, therefore, was asked, whether she would receive me again, upon my promise of good behaviour; and upon her peremptory refusal, my mittimus was made out, and I was committed to hard labour. The clerk, however, was ordered to take a memorandum of my charge against Wellwood, and I was told that enquiry should be made about her.

After I had been confined about a week, a note was brought me without date or name, in which I was told, that my malice against those who would have been my benefactors was disappointed; that if I would return to them, my discharge should be procured, and I should still be kindly received; but that if I persisted in my ingratitude, it should not be unrevengeed. From this note I conjectured, that Wellwood had found means to stop an enquiry into her conduct, which she had discovered to have been begun upon my information, and had thus learnt where I was to be found: I therefore returned no answer, but that I was contented with my situation, and prepared to suffer whatever Providence should appoint.

During my confinement, I was not treated with great severity; and at the next court, as no particular crime was alledged against me, I was ordered to be discharged. As my character was now irretrievably lost, as I had no friend who would afford me shelter, nor

any business to which I could apply, I had no prospect but again to wander about the streets, without a lodging and without food. I therefore entreated, that the officers of the parish to which I belonged, might be ordered to receive me into the work-house, till they could get me a service, or find me some employment by which my labour would procure me a subsistence. This request, so reasonable, and so uncommon, was much commended, and immediately granted; but as I was going out at the gate with my pails in my hand, I was met by a bailiff, with an emissary of Wellwood's, and arrested for a debt of twenty pounds. As it was no more in my power to procure bail, than to pay the money I was immediately dragged to Newgate. It was soon known that I had not a farthing in my pocket, and that no money either for fees or accommodations could be expected. I was, therefore, turned over to a place called the Common-side, among the most wretched and the most profligate of human beings. In Bridewell, indeed, my associates were wicked; but they were over-awed by the presence of their task-master, and restrained from licentiousness by perpetual labour: but my ears were now violated every moment by oaths, execrations and obscenity; the conversation of Mother Wellwood, her inmates, and her guests, was chaste and holy to that of the inhabitants of this place; and in comparison with their life, that to which I had been solicited was innocent. Thus I began insensibly to think of mere incontinence without horror; and, indeed, became less sensible of more complicated enormities, in proportion as they became familiar. My wretchedness, however, was not alleviated, though my virtue became less. I was without friends and without money; and the misery of confinement in a noisome dungeon was aggravated by hunger and thirst, and cold and nakedness. In this hour of trial, I was again assailed by the wretch who had produced it only to facilitate her success. And let not those before whom the path of virtue has been strewn with flowers, and every thorn removed by prosperity, too severely censure me, to whom it was a barren and a rugged road, in which I had long toiled with labour and anguish, if at last, when I was benighted in a storm, I turned at the

the first light, and hastened to the nearest shelter: let me not be too severely censured, if I now accepted liberty and ease and plenty, upon the only terms on which they could be obtained. I consented, with whatever reluctance and compunction, to return, and complete my ruin in the place where it was begun. The action of debt was immediately withdrawn, my fees were paid, and I was once more removed to my lodging near Covent Garden. In a short time I recovered my health and beauty; I was again dressed and adorned at the expence of my tyrant, whose power increased in proportion to my debt: the terms of prostitution were prescribed me; and out of the money which was the price not only of my body but my soul, I scarce received more than I could have earned by weeding in a field. The will of my creditor was my law, from which I knew not how to appeal. My slavery was most deplorable, and my employment most odious; for the principles of virtue and religion, which had been implanted in my youth, however they had been choaked by weeds, could never be plucked up by the root; nor did I ever admit a dishonourable visit, but my heart sunk, my lips

quivered, and my knees smote each other.

From this dreadful situation I am at length delivered. But while I lift up my heart in gratitude to Him, who alone can bring good out of evil, I desire it may be remembered, that my deviation to ill was natural, and my recovery almost miraculous. My first step to vice was the desertion of my service; and of this, all my guilt and misery were the consequence. Let none, therefore, quit the post that is assigned them by Providence, or venture out of the strait way; the bye-path, though it may invite them by it's verdure, will inevitably lead them to a precipice; nor can it, without folly and presumption, be pronounced of any, that their first deviation from rectitude will produce less evil than mine.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the story of my child, and such are her reflections upon it; to which I can only add, that he who abandons his offspring, or corrupts them by his example, perpetrates greater evil than a murderer, in proportion as immortality is of more value than life. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

AGAMUS.

N^o CXXXVII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1754.

T. & J. B. A.

PYTH.

WHAT HAVE I BEEN DOING?

AS man is a being very sparingly furnished with a power of prescience, he can provide for the future only by considering the past: and as futurity is all in which he has any real interest, he ought very diligently to use the only means by which he can be enabled to enjoy it, and frequently to revolve the experiments which he has hitherto made upon life, that he may gain wisdom from his mistakes, and caution from his miscarriages.

Though I do not so exactly conform to the precepts of Pythagoras, as to practise every night this solemn recollection, yet I am not so lost in dissipation as wholly to omit it; nor can I forbear sometimes to enquire of myself, in what employment my life has passed away. Much of my time has sunk into

nothing, and left no trace by which it can be distinguished; and of this I now only know, that it was once in my power, and might once have been improved.

Of other parts of life memory can give some account; at some hours I have been gay, and at others serious; I have sometimes mingled in conversation, and sometimes meditated in solitude; one day has been spent in consulting the ancient sages, and another in writing Adventurers.

At the conclusion of any undertaking, it is usual to compute the loss and profit. As I shall soon cease to write Adventurers, I could not forbear lately to consider what has been the consequence of my labours; and whether I am to reckon the hours laid out in these compositions,

positions, as applied to a good and laudable purpose, or suffered to fume away in useless evaporations.

That I have intended well, I have the attestation of my own heart: but good intentions may be frustrated, when they are executed without suitable skill, or directed to an end unattainable in itself.

Somewhere are, who leave writers very little room for self-congratulation; some who affirm, that books have no influence upon the public, that no age was ever made better by it's authors, and that to call upon mankind to correct their manners, is like Xerxes, to scourge the wind or shackle the torrent.

This opinion they pretend to support by unfailling experience. The world is full of fraud and corruption, rapine, or malignity; interest is the ruling motive of mankind, and every one is endeavouring to increase his own stores of happiness by perpetual accumulation, without reflecting upon the numbers whom his superfluity condemns to want: in this state of things a book of morality is published, in which charity and benevolence are strongly enforced; and it is proved beyond opposition, that men are happy in proportion as they are virtuous, and rich as they are liberal. The book is applauded, and the author is preferred; he imagines his applause deserved, and receives less pleasure from the acquisition of reward than the consciousness of merit. Let us look again upon mankind: interest is still the ruling motive, and the world is yet full of fraud and corruption, malevolence and rapine.

The difficulty of confuting this assertion arises merely from it's generality and comprehension: to overthrow it by a detail of distinct facts, requires a wider survey of the world than human eyes can take; the progress of reformation is gradual and silent, as the extension of evening shadows; we know that they were short at noon, and are long at sunset, but our senses were not able to discern their increase: we know of every civil nation, that it was once savage; and how was it reclaimed but by precept and admonition?

Mankind are universally corrupt, but corrupt in different degrees; as they are universally ignorant, yet with greater or less irradiations of knowledge. How has knowledge or virtue been increased and preserved in one place beyond ano-

ther, but by diligent inculcation and rational inforcement?

Books of morality are daily written, yet it's influence is still little in the world; so the ground is annually ploughed, and yet multitudes are in want of bread. But, surely, neither the labours of the moralist nor of the husbandman are vain: let them for a while neglect their tasks, and their usefulness will be known; the wickedness that is now frequent would become universal, the bread that is now scarce would wholly fail.

The power, indeed, of every individual is small, and the consequence of his endeavours imperceptible in a general prospect of the world. Providence has given no man ability to do much, that something might be left for every man to do. The business of life is carried on by a general co-operation; in which the part of any single man can be no more distinguished, than the effect of a particular drop when the meadows are floated by a summer shower; yet every drop increases the inundation, and every hand adds to the happiness or misery of mankind.

That a writer, however zealous or eloquent, seldom works a visible effect upon cities or nations, will readily be granted. The book which is read most, is read by few, compared with those that read it not; and of those few, the greater part peruse it with dispositions that very little favour their own improvement.

It is difficult to enumerate the several motives which procure to books the honour of perusal: spite, vanity, and curiosity, hope and fear, love and hatred, every passion which incites to any other action, serves at one time or other to stimulate a reader.

Some are fond to take a celebrated volume into their hands, because they hope to distinguish their penetration, by finding faults which have escaped the public; others eagerly buy it in the first bloom of reputation, that they may join the chorus of praise, and not lag, as Falstaff terms it, in 'the rearward of the fashion.'

Some read for style, and some for argument: one has little care about the sentiment, he observes only how it is expressed; another regards not the conclusion, but is diligent to mark how it is inferred; they read for other purposes than the attainment of practical knowledge;

ledge; and are no more likely to grow wise by an examination of a treatise of moral prudence, than an architect to inflame his devotion by considering attentively the proportions of a temple.

Some read that they may embellish their conversation; or shine in dispute; some that they may not be detected in ignorance, or want the reputation of literary accomplishments: but the most general and prevalent reason of study is the impossibility of finding another amusement equally cheap or constant, equally dependent on the hour or the weather. He that wants money to follow the chase of pleasure through her yearly circuit, and is left at home when the gay world rolls to Bath or Tunbridge; he whose gout compels him to hear from his chamber the rattle of chariots transporting happier beings to plays and assemblies, will be forced to see in books a refuge from himself.

The author is not wholly useless, who provides innocent amusements for minds like these. There are in the present state of things so many more incitations to evil, than incitements to good, that he who keeps me in a neutral state, may be justly considered as a benefactor to life.

But, perhaps, it seldom happens that study terminates in mere pastime. Books have always a secret influence on the understanding; we cannot at pleasure obliterate ideas; he that reads books of science, though without any fixed desire of improvement, will grow more knowing; he that entertains himself with moral or religious treatises, will imperceptibly advance in goodness; the ideas which are often offered to the mind, will at last find a lucky moment when it is disposed to receive them.

It is, therefore, urged without reason, as a discouragement to writers, that there are already books sufficient in the world; that all the topics of persuasion have been discussed, and every important ques-

tion clearly stated and justly decided; and that, therefore, there is no room to hope that pigmies should conquer where heroes have been defeated, or that the petty copiers of the present time should advance the great work of reformation, which their predecessors were forced to leave unfinished.

Whatever be the present extent of human knowledge, it is not only finite, and therefore in its own nature capable of increase; but so narrow, that almost every understanding may, by a diligent application of its powers, hope to enlarge it. It is, however, not necessary, that a man should forbear to write, till he has discovered some truth unknown before; he may be sufficiently useful, by only diversifying the surface of knowledge, and luring the mind by a new appearance to a second view of those beauties which it had passed over inattentively before. Every writer may find intellects correspondent to his own, to whom his expressions are familiar, and his thoughts congenial; and, perhaps, truth is often more successfully propagated by men of moderate abilities, who, adopting the opinions of others, have no care but to explain them clearly, than by subtle speculatists and curious searchers, who exact from their readers powers equal to their own, and if their fabrics of science be strong, take no care to render them accessible.

For my part, I do not regret the hours which I have laid out in these little compositions. That the world has grown apparently better, since the publication of the *Adventurer*, I have not observed; but am willing to think, that many have been affected by single sentiments, of which it is their business to renew the impressions; that many have caught hints of truth, which it is now their duty to pursue; and that those who have received no improvement, have wanted not opportunity but intention to improve.

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N^o CXXXVIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1754.

QUID PURE TRANQUILLET? HONOS, AN DULCE LUCELLUM,
AN SECRETUM ITER, ET FALLENTIS SEMITA VITÆ? HOR.

WHETHER THE TRANQUIL MIND AND PURE,
HONOURS OR WEALTH OUR BLISS INSURE;
OR DOWN THROUGH LIFE UNKNOWN TO STRAY,
WHERE LONELY LEADS THE SILENT WAY. FRANCIS.

HAVING considered the importance of authors to the welfare of the public, I am led by a natural train of thought, to reflect on their condition with regard to themselves; and to enquire what degree of happiness or vexation is annexed to the difficult and laborious employment of providing instruction or entertainment for mankind.

In estimating the pain or pleasure of any particular state, every man, indeed, draws his decisions from his own breast, and cannot with certainty determine, whether other minds are affected by the same causes in the same manner. Yet by this criterion we must be content to judge, because no other can be obtained; and, indeed, we have no reason to think it very fallacious, for excepting here and there an anomalous mind, which either does not feel like others, or dissembles its sensibility, we find men unanimously concur in attributing happiness or misery to particular conditions, as they agree in acknowledging the cold of winter and the heat of Autumn.

If we apply to authors themselves for an account of their state, it will appear very little to deserve envy; for they have in all ages been addicted to complaint. The neglect of learning, the ingratitude of the present age, and the absurd preference by which ignorance and dullness often obtain favour and rewards, have been from age to age topics of invective; and few have left their names to posterity, without some appeal to future candour from the perverseness and malice of their own times.

I have, nevertheless, been often inclined to doubt, whether authors, however querulous, are in reality more miserable than their fellow mortals. The present life is to all a state of infelicity; every man, like an author, believes himself to merit more than he obtains, and solaces the present with the prospect of the future; others, indeed, suffer those

disappointments in silence, of which the writer complains, to shew how well he has learnt the art of lamentation.

There is at least one gleam of felicity, of which few writers have missed the enjoyment: he whose hopes have so far overpowered his fears, as that he has resolved to stand forth a candidate for fame, seldom fails to amuse himself, before his appearance, with pleasing scenes of affluence or honour; while his fortune is yet under the regulation of fancy, he easily models it to his wish, suffers no thoughts of critics or rivals to intrude upon his mind; but counts over the bounties of patronage, or listens to the voice of praise.

Some there are, that talk very luxuriously of the second period of an author's happiness, and tell of the tumultuous raptures of invention, when the mind riots in imagery, and the choice stands suspended between different sentiments.

These pleasures, I believe, may sometimes be indulged to those who come to a subject of disquisitions with minds full of ideas, and with fancies so vigorous, as easily to excite, select, and arrange them. To write is, indeed, no unpleasing employment, when one sentiment readily produces another, and both ideas and expressions present themselves at the first summons: but such happiness the greatest genius does not always obtain; and common writers know it only to such a degree, as to credit its possibility. Composition is, for the most part, an effort of slow diligence and steady perseverance, to which the mind is dragged by necessity or resolution, and from which the attention is every moment starting to more delightful amusements.

It frequently happens, that a design which, when considered at a distance, gave flattering hopes of facility, mocks us in the execution with unexpected difficulties; the mind which, while it con-

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sidered it in the gross, imagined itself amply furnished with materials, finds sometimes an unexpected barrenness and vacuity, and wonders whither all those ideas are vanished, which a little before seemed struggling for emission.

Sometimes many thoughts present themselves; but so confused and unconnected, that they are not without difficulty reduced to method, or concatenated in a regular and dependent series: the mind falls at once into a labyrinth, of which neither the beginning nor end can be discovered, and toils and struggles without progress or extrication.

It is asserted by Horace, that if matter be once got together, words will be found with very little difficulty; a position which, though sufficiently plausible to be inserted in poetical precepts, is by no means strictly and philosophically true. If words were naturally and necessarily consequential to sentiments, it would always follow, that he who has most knowledge must have most eloquence, and that every man would clearly express what he fully understood: yet we find, that to think and discourse are often the qualities of different persons: and many books might surely be produced, where just and noble sentiments are degraded and obscured by unsuitable diction.

Words, therefore, as well as things, claim the care of an author. Indeed of many authors, and those not useless or contemptible, words are almost the only care: many make it their study, not so much to strike out new sentiments, as to recommend those which are already known to more favourable notice by fairer decorations; but every man, whether he copies or invents, whether he delivers his own thoughts or those of another, has often found himself deficient in the power of expression, big with ideas which he could not utter, obliged to ransack his memory for terms adequate to his conceptions, and at last unable to impress upon his reader the image existing in his own mind.

It is one of the common distresses of a writer, to be within a word of a happy period, to want only a single epithet to give amplification its full force, to require only a correspondent term in order to finish a paragraph with elegance, and make one of its members answer to the other: but these deficiencies cannot always be supplied; and after a long study

and vexation, the passage is turned anew, and the web unwoven that was so nearly finished.

But when thoughts and words are collected and adjusted, and the whole composition at last concluded, it seldom gratifies the author, when he comes coolly and deliberately to review it, with the hopes which had been excited in the fury of the performance: novelty always captivates the mind; as our thoughts rise fresh upon us, we readily believe them just and original, which, when the pleasure of production is over, we find to be mean and common, or borrowed from the works of others, and supplied by memory rather than invention.

But though it should happen that the writer finds no such faults in his performance, he is still to remember, that he looks upon it with partial eyes: and when he considers how much men who could judge of others with great exactness, have often failed of judging of themselves, he will be afraid of deciding too hastily in his own favour, or of allowing himself to contemplate with too much complacency, treasure that has not yet been brought to the test, nor passed the only trial that can stamp its value.

From the public, and only from the public, is he to await a confirmation of his claim, and a final justification of self-esteem; but the public is not easily persuaded to favour an author. If mankind were left to judge for themselves, it is reasonable to imagine, that of such writings, at least, as describe the movements of the human passions, and of which every man carries the archetype within him, a just opinion would be formed; but whoever has remarked the fate of books, must have found it governed by other causes than general consent arising from general conviction. If a new performance happens not to fall into the hands of some, who have courage to tell, and authority to propagate their opinion, it often remains long in obscurity, and perhaps perishes unknown and unexamined. A few, a very few, commonly constitute the taste of the time; the judgment which they have once pronounced, some are too lazy to discuss, and some too timorous to contradict: it may, however, be, I think, observed, that their power is greater to depress than exalt, as mankind are more credulous of censure than of praise.

This perversion of the public judgment

It is not to be rashly numbered amongst the miseries of an author; since it commonly serves, after miscarriage, to reconcile him to himself. Because the world has sometimes passed an unjust sentence, he readily concludes the sentence unjust by which his performance is condemned; because some have been

exalted above their merits by partiality, he is sure to ascribe the success of a rival, not to the merit of his work, but the zeal of his patrons. Upon the whole, as the author seems to share all the common miseries of life, he appears to partake likewise of it's lenitives and abatements.

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N^o CXXXIX. TUESDAY, MARCH 5, 1754.

IPSE VIAM TANTUM POTUI DOCUISSE REPERTAM
AGNAS AD MONTES, LONGÆQUE OSTENDERE MUSAS,
FLAUDENTES CELSÆ CHOREAS IN VERTICE RUPIS.

VIDA.

I ONLY POINTED OUT THE PATHS THAT LEAD
THE PANTING YOUTH TO STEEP PARNASSUS' HEAD,
AND SHEW'D THE TUNEFUL MUSES FROM AFAR,
MIX'D IN A SOLEMN CHOIR AND DANCING THERE.

PITT.

HE that undertakes to superintend the morals and the taste of the public, should attentively consider what are the peculiar irregularities and defects that characterize the times: for though some have contended, that men have always been vicious and foolish in the same degree, yet their vices and follies are known to have been not only different but opposite in their kind. The disease of the time has been sometimes a fever, and sometimes a lethargy; and he, therefore, who should always prescribe the same remedy, would be justly scorned as a quack, the dispenser of a nostrum, which, however efficacious, must, if indiscriminately applied, produce as much evil as good. There was a time, when every man, who was ambitious of religion or virtue, enlisted himself in a crusade, or buried himself in a hermitage: and he who should then have declaimed against lukewarmness and scepticism, would have acted just as absurdly as he who should warn the present age against priestcraft and superstition, or set himself gravely to prove the lawfulness of pleasure, to lure the hermit from his cell, and deliver the penitent from suicide.

But as vicious manners have not differed more than vicious taste, there was a time when every literary character was disgraced by an impertinent ostentation of skill in abstruse science, and an habitual familiarity with books written in the dead languages; every man, therefore, was a pedant, in proportion as he desired to be thought a scholar. The preacher and the pleader strung together

classical quotations with the same labour, affectation, and insignificance; truths however obvious, and opinions however indisputable, were illustrated and confirmed by the testimonies of Tully or Horace; and Seneca and Epictetus were solemnly cited, to evince the certainty of death or the fickleness of fortune. The discourses of Taylor are crowded with extracts from the writers of the porch and the academy; and it is scarcely possible to forbear smiling at a marginal note of Lord Coke, in which he gravely acquaints his reader with an excellence that he might otherwise have overlooked: 'This,' says he, 'is the thirty-third time that Virgil hath been quoted in this work.' The mixture, however, is so preposterous, that to those who can read Coke with pleasure, these passages will appear like a dancer who should intrude on the solemnity of a senate; and to those who have a taste only for polite literature, like a fountain or a palm-tree in the deserts of Arabia.

It appears by the essays of Montaigne and La Motte le Vayer, that this affectation extended to France; but the absurdity was too gross to remain long after the revival of literature. It was ridiculed here so early as the Silent Woman of Ben Jonson; and afterwards more strongly and professedly in the character of Hudibras, who decorates his flimsy orations with gawdy patches of Latin, and scraps of tissue from the schoolmen. The same task was also undertaken in France by Balzac, in a satire called Barbon.

Wit is more rarely disappointed of it's

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purpose than wisdom; and it is no wonder that this species of pedantry, in itself so ridiculous and despicable, was soon brought into contempt by these powers, against which truth and rectitude have not always maintained their dignity. The features of learning began insensibly to lose their austerity, and her air became engaging and easy: philosophy was now decorated by the graces.

The abstruse truths of astronomy were explained by Fontenelle to a lady by moonlight; justness and propriety of thought and sentiment were discussed by Bouhours amid the delicacies of a garden; and Algarotti introduced the Newtonian theory of light and colours to the toilet. Addison remarks, that Socrates was said to have brought philosophy down from Heaven to inhabit among men: 'And I,' says he, 'shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables, and in coffee-houses.'

But this purpose has in some measure been defeated by its success; and we have been driven from one extreme with such precipitation, that we have not stopped in the medium, but gone on to the other.

Learning has been divested of the peculiarities of a college dress, that she might mix in polite assemblies, and be admitted to domestic familiarity; but by this means she hath been confounded with ignorance and levity. Those who before could distinguish her only by the singularity of her garb, cannot now distinguish her at all; and whenever she asserts the dignity of her character, she has reason to fear that ridicule which is inseparably connected with the remembrance of her dress; she is, therefore, in danger of being driven back to the college, where, such is her transformation, she may at last be refused admittance; for, instead of learning's having elevated conversation, conversation has degraded learning; and the barbarous and inaccurate manner in which an extemporary speaker expresses a hasty conception, is now contented to be the rule by which an author should write. It seems, therefore, that to correct the taste of the present generation, literary subjects should be again introduced among the polite and gay, without labouring too much to disguise them like common prattle; and

that conversation should be weeded of folly and impertinence, of commonplace rhetoric, jingling phrases, and trite repartee, which are echoed from one visitor to another without the labour of thought, and have been suffered by better understandings in the dread of an imputation of pedantry. I am of opinion, that with this view Swift wrote his *Polite Conversation*: and where he has plucked up a weed, the writers who succeed him should endeavour to plant a flower. With this view, Criticism has in this paper been intermixed with subjects of greater importance; and it is hoped that our fashionable conversation will no longer be the disgrace of rational beings; and that men of genius and literature will not give the sanction of their example to popular folly, and suffer their evenings to pass in hearing or in telling the exploits of a pointer, discussing a method to prevent wines from being pricked, or solving a difficult case in backgammon.

I would not, however, be thought solicitous to confine the conversation even of scholars to literary subjects, but only to prevent such subjects from being totally excluded. And it may be remarked, that the present insignificance of conversation has a very extensive effect: excellence that is not understood will never be rewarded, and without hope of reward few will labour to excel; every writer will be tempted to negligence, in proportion as he despises the judgment of those who are to determine his merit; and as it is no man's interest to write that which the public is not disposed to read, the productions of the press will always be accommodated to popular taste, and in proportion as the world is inclined to be ignorant, little will be taught them. Thus the Greek and Roman architecture are discarded for the novelties of China; the Ruins of Palmyra, and the copies of the capital pictures of Correggio, are neglected for gothic designs, and burlesque political prints; and the tinsel of a *Burletta* has more admirers than the gold of *Shakespeare*, though it now receives new splendor from the mint, and like a medal, is illustrious, not only for intrinsic worth, but for beauty of expression.

Perhaps it may be thought, that if this be indeed the state of learning and taste, an attempt to improve it by a private hand is romantic, and the hope of success

success chimerical: but to this I am not solicitous to give other answer, than that such an attempt is consistent with the character in which this paper is written;

and that the Adventurer can assert, upon classical authority, that in brave attempts it is glorious even to fail.

Z

N^o CXL. SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1754.

DESINE MÆNALIOS, MÆA TIBIA, DESINE CANTUS.

VIRG.

NOW CEASE, MY PIPE, NOW CEASE, MÆNALIAN STRAINS.

WARTON.

WHEN this work was first planned, it was determined that whatever might be the success, it should not be continued as a paper, till it became unwieldy as a book: for no immediate advantage would have induced the Adventurer to write what, like a newspaper, was designed but for a day; and he knew, that the pieces of which it would consist, might be multiplied till they were thought too numerous to collect, and too costly to purchase, even by those who should allow them to be excellent in their kind. It was soon agreed, that four volumes, when they should be printed in a pocket size, would circulate better than more, and that scarce any of the purposes of publication could be affected by less; the work, therefore, was limited to four volumes, and four volumes are now completed.

A moral writer, of whatever abilities, who labours to reclaim those to whom vice is become habitual, and who are become veterans in infidelity, must surely labour to little purpose. Vice is a gradual and easy descent, where it first deviates from the level of innocence; but the declivity at every pace becomes more steep, and those who descend, descend every moment with greater rapidity. As a moralist, therefore, I determined to mark the first insensible gradation to ill; to caution against those acts which are not generally believed to incur guilt, but of which indubitable vice and hopeless misery are the natural and most necessary consequences.

As I was upon these principles to write for the Young and the Gay, for those who are entering the path of life, I knew that it would be necessary to amuse the imagination while I was approaching the heart; and that I could not hope to fix the attention, but by

engaging the passions. I have, therefore, sometimes led them into the regions, of fancy, and sometimes held up before them the mirror of life; I have concatenated events, rather than deduced consequences by logical reasoning; and have exhibited scenes of prosperity and distress, as more forcibly persuasive than the rhetoric of declamation.

In the story of Melissa, I have endeavoured to represent romantic hopes, by which the reward of laborious industry is despised; and have founded affluence and honour upon an act of generous integrity, to which few would have thought themselves obliged. In the life of Opifinus, I have shewn the danger of the first speculative defection, and endeavoured to demonstrate the necessary dependence of virtue upon Religion. Amurath's first advance to cruelty was striking a dog. The wretchedness of Hassan was produced merely by the want of positive virtue; and that of Mirza by the solitariness of his devotion. The distress of Lady Freeman arises from a common and allowed deviation from truth; and in the two papers upon marriage, the importance of minute particulars is illustrated and displayed. With this clue, the reader will be able to discover the same design in almost every paper that I have written, which may easily be known from the rest, by having no signature* at the bottom. Among these, however, Number forty-four was the voluntary contribution of a stranger, and Number forty-two the gift of a friend; so were the first hints on which I wrote the story of Eugenio, and the letter signed Tim Cogdie.

I did not, however, undertake to execute this scheme alone; not only because I wanted sufficient leisure, but

* By signature is meant the letter, or mark, placed on the left hand side of the page; not the subscribed names of the assumed characters in which several of the papers are written. because

because some degree of sameness is produced by the peculiarities of every writer; and it was thought that the conceptions and expressions of another, whose pieces should have a general coincidence with mine, would produce variety, and by encreasing entertainment facilitate instruction.

With this view the pieces that appear in the beginning of the work signed A were procured; but this resource soon failing, I was obliged to carry on the publication alone, except some casual supplies, till I obtained from the gentlemen who have distinguished their pieces by the letters T and Z * such assistance as I most wished. Of their views and expectations, some account has been already given in Number one hundred and thirty-seven, and Number one hundred and thirty-nine. But there is one particular, in which the critical pieces concur in the general design of this paper, which has not been mentioned: those who can judge of literary excellence, will easily discover the Sacred Writings to have a divine origin by their manifest superiority; he therefore, who displays the beauties and defects of a classic author, whether ancient or modern, puts into the hands of those to whom he communicates critical knowledge, a new testimonial of the truth of Christianity.

Besides the assistance of these gentlemen, I have received some voluntary contributions which would have done honour to any collection: the allegorical letter, from Night signed S; the story of Fidelia, in three papers signed Y; the letter signed Tim Wildgoose; Number forty-four and Number ninety marked with an &, were sent by unknown hands.

But whatever was the design to which I directed my part of this work, I will not pretend, that the view with which I undertook it was wholly disinterested; or that I would have engaged in a periodical paper, if I had not considered,

that though it would not require deep researches and abstracted speculation, yet it would admit much of that novelty which nature can now supply, and afford me opportunity to excel, if I possessed the power; as the pencil of a master is as easily distinguished in still-life, as in a Hercules or a Venus, a landscape or a battle. I confess, that in this work I was incited, not only by a desire to propagate virtue, but to gratify myself; nor has the private wish which was involved in the public, been disappointed. I have no cause to complain, that the *Adventurer* has been injuriously neglected; or that I have been denied that praise, the hope of which animated my labour and cheered my weariness: I have been pleased, in proportion as I have been known in this character; and as the fears in which I made the first experiment are past, I have subscribed this paper with my name. But the hour is hasting, in which, whatever praise or censure I have acquired by these compositions, if they are remembered at all, will be remembered with equal indifference, and the tenour of them only will afford me comfort. Time, who is impatient to date my last paper, will shortly moulder the hand that is now writing it in the dust, and still the breast that now throbs at the reflection: but let not this be read as something that relates only to another; for a few years only can divide the eye that is now reading from the hand that has written. This awful truth, however obvious, and however reiterated, is yet frequently forgotten; for, surely, if we did not lose our remembrance, or at least our sensibility, that view would always predominate in our lives, which alone can afford us comfort when we die.

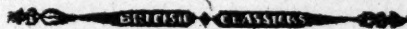
JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

BROMLEY, IN KENT,
MARCH 4, 1754.

* The pieces signed Z are by the Rev. Mr. Warton, whose translation of Virgil's *Pastorals* and *Georgics* would alone sufficiently distinguish him as a genius and a scholar.

FINIS.

X
HARRISON'S COLLECTION.



THE
GUARDIAN.

IN FOUR VOLUMES,

VOLUME THE FIRST.



LONDON:

Printed for J. WALKER, N^o 16, Rosomans Street,

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T O

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL CADOGAN.

SIR,

IN the character of Guardian, it behoves me to do honour to such as have deserved well of society, and laid out worthy and manly qualities in the service of the public. No man has more eminently distinguished himself this way, than Mr. Cadogan: with a contempt of pleasure, rest, and ease, when called to the duties of your glorious profession, you have lived in a familiarity with dangers; and, with a strict eye upon the final purpose of the attempt, have wholly disregarded what should befall yourself in the prosecution of it. Thus has life risen to you as fast as you resigned it; and every new hour, for having so frankly lent the precedent moments to the cause of justice and of liberty, has come home to you improved with honour. This happy distinction, which is so very peculiar to you, with the addition of industry, vigilance, patience of labour, thirst and hunger, in common with the meanest soldier, has made your present fortune unenvied; for the public always reap greater advantage from the example of successful merit, than the deserving man himself can possibly be possessed of. Your country knows how eminently you excel in the several parts of military skill, whether in assigning the encampment, accommodating the troops, leading to the charge, or pursuing the enemy: the retreat being the only part of the profession which has not fallen within the experience of those who learned their warfare under the Duke of Marlborough. But the true and honest purpose of this epistle is to desire a place in your friendship, without pretending to add any thing to your reputation; who, by your own gallant actions, have acquired that your name through all ages shall be read with honour, wherever mention shall be made of that illustrious captain.

I am SIR,

Your most obedient

And most humble Servant,

THE GUARDIAN.

THE
PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

IT is a justice which Mr. Ironside owes gentlemen who have sent him their assistances from time to time, in the carrying on of this Work, to acknowledge that obligation, though at the same time he himself dwindles into the character of a mere publisher, by making the acknowledgment. But whether a man does it out of justice or gratitude, or any other virtuous reason or not, it is also a prudential act to take no more upon a man than he can bear. Too large a credit has made many a bankrupt; but taking even less than a man can answer with ease, is a sure fund for extending it whenever his occasions require. All those papers which are distinguished by the mark of an Hand, were written by a gentleman who has obliged the world with productions too sublime to admit that the author of them should receive any addition to his reputation from such loose occasional thoughts as make up these little treatises; for which reason his name shall be concealed. Those which are marked with a Star, were composed by Mr. Budgell. That upon Dedications, with the Epistle of an Author to Himself, the Club of little Men, the Receipt to make an Epic Poem, the Paper of the Gardens of Alcinous, and the Catalogue of Greens, that against Barbarity to Animals, and some others; have Mr. Pope for their author. Now I mention this gentleman, I take this opportunity, out of the affection I have for his person, and respect to his merit, to let the world know, that he is now translating Homer's Iliad by subscription. He has given good proof of his ability for the work; and the men of greatest wit and learning of this nation, of all the parties, are, according to their different abilities, zealous encouragers or solicitors for the work.

But to my present purpose. The letter from Gnatho of the Cures performed by Flattery, and that of Comparing Dress to Criticism, are Mr. Gay's. Mr. Martin, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Tickell, Mr. Carey, Mr. Eusden, Mr. Ince, and Hughes, have obliged the town with entertaining discourses in these volumes; and Mr. Berkeley of Trinity College in Dublin has embellished them with many excellent arguments in honour of religion and virtue. Mr. Parnelle will, I hope, forgive me that, without his leave, I mention, that I have seen his hand on the like occasion. There are some discourses of a less pleasing nature, which relate to the divisions amongst us; and such (lest any of these gentlemen should suffer from unjust suspicion) I must impute to the right author of them, who is one Mr. Steele of Llangunnor, in the county of Carmarthen in South Wales.

SH 7

[illegible]

but to the great surprise of the
 people of the city, and of the
 world, the result was a
 complete success. The
 people of the city, and
 the world, were
 completely
 surprised.



THE
GUARDIAN.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

Nº I. THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1713.

—ILLE QUEM REQUIRIS.

MART. EPIG. 2. l. i. v. l.

—HE, WHOM YOU SEEK.

THERE is no passion so universal, however diversified or disguised under different forms and appearances, as the vanity of being known to the rest of mankind, and communicating a man's parts, virtues, or qualifications, to the world. This is so strong upon men of great genius, that they have a restless fondness for satisfying the world in the mistakes they might possibly be under, with relation even to their physiognomy. Mr. Airs, that excellent penman, has taken care to affix his own image opposite to the title-page of his learned treatise, wherein he instructs the youth of this nation to arrive at a flourishing hand. The author of 'The Key to Interest, both simple and compound, containing practical Rules plainly expressed in words at length for all rates of interest and times of payment, for what time soever,' makes up to us the misfortune of his living at Chester, by following the example of the above-mentioned Airs, and coming up to town, over-against his title-page, in a very becoming periwig, and a flowing robe or mantle, inclosed in a circle of foliage; below his portraiture, for our farther satisfaction as to the age of that useful writer, is subscribed 'Johannes Ward de Civitat. Cestrie, ætat, sup

58..An. Dom. 1706.' The serene aspect of these writers, joined with the great encouragement I observe is given to another, or, what is indeed to be suspected, in which he indulges himself, confirmed me in the notion I have of the prevalence of ambition this way. The author whom I hint at shall be nameless; but his countenance is communicated to the public in several views and aspects drawn by the most eminent painters, and forwarded by engravers, artists by way of mezzotinto, etchers, and the like. There was, I remember, some years ago, one John Gale, a fellow that played upon a pipe, and diverted the multitude by dancing in a ring they made about him, whose face became generally known, and the artists employed their skill in delineating his features, because every man was judge of the similitude of them. There is little else than what this John Gale arrived at in the advantages men enjoy from common fame; yet do I fear it has always a part in moving us to exert ourselves in such things as ought to derive their beginnings from nobler considerations. But I think it is no great matter to the public what is the incentive which makes men bestow time in their service, provided there be any

B thing

thing useful in what they produce. I shall proceed, therefore, to give an account of my intended labours, not without some hope of having my vanity, at the end of them, indulged in the sort above-mentioned.

I should not have assumed the title of Guardian, had I not maturely considered, that the qualities necessary for doing the duties of that character proceed from the integrity of the mind, more than the excellence of the understanding: the former of these qualifications it is in the power of every man to arrive at; and the more he endeavours that way, the less will he want the advantages of the latter. To be faithful, to be honest, to be just, is what you will demand in the choice of your Guardian; or if you find added to this, that he is pleasant, ingenious, and agreeable, there will overflow satisfactions which make for the ornament, if not so immediately to the use, of your life. As to the diverting part of this paper, by what assistance I shall be capacitated for that, as well as what proofs I have given of my behaviour as to integrity in former life, will appear from my history to be delivered in ensuing discourses. The main purpose of the work shall be to protest the modest, the industrious; to celebrate the wise, the valiant; to encourage the good, the pious; to confront the impudent, the idle; to condemn the vain, the cowardly; and to disappoint the wicked and profane. This work cannot be carried on but by preserving a strict regard, not only to the duties but civilities of life, with the utmost impartiality towards things and persons. The unjust application of the advantages of breeding and fortune is the source of all calamity both public and private; the correction, therefore, or rather admonition, of a guardian in all the occurrences of a various being, if given with a benevolent spirit, would certainly be of general service.

In order to contribute as far as I am able to it, I shall publish in respective papers whatever I think may conduce to the advancement of the conversation of gentlemen, the improvement of ladies, the wealth of traders, and the encouragement of artificers. The circumstance relating to those who excel in mechanics, shall be considered with particular application. It is not to be immediately conceived by such as have

not turned themselves to reflections of that kind, that Providence, to enforce and endear the necessity of social life, has given one man's hands to another man's head; and the carpenter, the smith, the joiner, are as immediately necessary to the mathematician, as my amanuensis will be to me, to write much fairer than I can myself. I am so well convinced of this truth, that I shall have a particular regard to mechanics; and to shew my honour for them, I shall place at their head the Painter. This gentleman is, as to the execution of his work, a mechanic; but, as to his conception, his spirit and design, he is hardly below even the poet, in liberal art. It will be from these considerations useful to make the world see the affinity between all works which are beneficial to mankind is much nearer than the illiberal arrogance of scholars will, at all times, allow. But I am from experience convinced of the importance of mechanic heads, and shall therefore take them all into my care, from Rowley, who is improving the globes of the earth and heaven in Fleet Street, to Bat. Pigeon the hair-cutter in the Strand.

But it will be objected upon what pretensions I take upon me to put in for the *prochain ami*, or nearest friend of all the world. How my head is accomplished for this employment towards the public, from the long exercise of it in a private capacity, will appear by reading me the two or three next days with diligence and attention. There is no other paper in being which tends to this purpose. They are most of them histories, or advices of public transactions; but as those representations affect the passions of my readers, I shall sometimes take care, the day after a foreign mail, to give them an account of what it has brought. The parties amongst us are too violent to make it possible to pass them by without observation. As to these matters, I shall be impartial, though I cannot be neuter: I am, with relation to the government of the church, a Tory; with regard to the state, a Whig.

The charge of intelligence, the pain in compiling and digesting my thoughts in proper style, and the like, oblige me to value my paper a halfpenny above all other half-sheets. And all persons who have any thing to communicate to me, are desired to direct their letters (postage paid) to Nestor Ironside, Esq. at Mr.

Tonson's

Tonson's in the Strand. I declare beforehand, that I will at no time be conversed with any other way than by letter: for as I am an ancient man, I shall find enough to do to give orders proper for their service, to whom I am by will of their parents Guardian, though I take that to be too narrow a scene for me to pass my whole life in. But I have got my wards so well off my hands, and they are so able to act for themselves, that I have little to do but give an hint, and all that I desire to be amended is altered accordingly.

My design, upon the whole, is not less than to make the pulpit, the bar, and the stage, all act in concert in the care of piety, justice, and virtue; for I am

past all the regards of this life, and have nothing to manage with any person or party, but to deliver myself as becomes an old man, with one foot in the grave, and one who thinks he is passing to eternity. All sorrows which can arrive at me are comprehended in the sense of guilt and pain: if I can keep clear of these two evils, I shall not be apprehensive of any other. Ambition, lust, envy, and revenge, are excrescences of the mind which I have cut off long ago: but as they are excrescences which do not only deform, but also torment those on whom they grow, I shall do all I can to persuade all others to take the same measures for their cure which I have.

Nº II. FRIDAY, MARCH 13.

THE readiest way to proceed in my great undertaking, is to explain who I am myself that promise to give the town a daily half-sheet: I shall therefore enter into my own history, without losing any time in preamble. I was born in the year 1642, at a lone house within half a mile of the town of Brentford, in the county of Middlesex: my parents were of ability to bestow upon me a liberal education, and of an humour to think that a great happiness even in a fortune which was but just enough to keep me above want. In my sixteenth year I was admitted a commoner of Magdalen Hall in Oxford. It is one great advantage, among many more, which men educated at our universities do usually enjoy above others, that they often contract friendships there, which are of service to them in all the parts of their future life. This good fortune happened to me; for during the time of my being an under-graduate, I became intimately acquainted with Mr. Ambrose Lizard, who was a fellow-commoner of the neighbouring college. I have the honour to be well known to Mr. Joseph Pullen, of our hall above-mentioned; and attribute the florid old age I now enjoy, to my constant morning-walks up Hedington-Hill in his chearful company. If the gentleman be still living, I hereby give him my humble service. But, as I was going to say, I contracted in my early youth an intimate friendship with young Mr.

Lizard of Northamptonshire. He was sent for a little before he was of bachelor's standing, to be married to Mrs. Jane Lizard, an heiress, whose father would have it so for the sake of the name. Mr. Ambrose knew nothing of it till he came to Lizard Hall on the Saturday night, saw the young lady at dinner the next day, and was married by order of his father Sir Ambrose, between eleven and twelve the Tuesday following. Some years after, when my friend came to be Sir Ambrose himself, and finding upon proof of her, that he had lighted upon a good wife, he gave the curate who joined their hands the parsonage of Welt, not far off Wellingborough. My friend was married in the year 62; and every year following, for eighteen years together, I left the college, (except that year wherein I was chosen fellow of Lincoln) and sojourned at Sir Ambrose's for the months of June, July, and August. I remember very well, that it was on the 4th of July, in the year 1674, that I was reading in an arbour to my friend, and stopt of a sudden, observing he did not attend. 'Lay by your book,' said he, 'and let us take a turn in the grass.' 'walk, for I have something to say to you.' After a silence for above forty yards, walking both of us with our eyes downward, one big to hear, the other to speak, a matter of great importance, Sir Ambrose expressed himself to this effect: 'My good friend,' said he, 'you

‘ may have observed that from the first moment I was in your company at Mr. Willis’s chambers at University College, I ever after sought and courted you: that inclination towards you has improved from similitude of manners, if I may so say, when I tell you I have not observed in any man a greater candour and simplicity of mind than in yourself. You are a man that are not inclined to launch into the world, but prefer security and ease in a collegiate or single life, to going into the cares which necessarily attend a public character, or that of a master of a family. You see within my son Marmaduke, my only child; I have a thousand anxieties upon me concerning him; the greater part of which I would transfer to you; and when I do so, I would make it, in plain English, worth your while.’ He would not let me speak, but proceeded to inform me, that he had laid the whole scheme of his affairs upon that foundation. As soon as we went into the house, he gave me a bill upon his goldsmith in London, of two thousand pounds, and told me with that he had purchased me, with all the talents I was master of, to be of his family, to educate his son, and to do all that should ever lie in my power for the service of him and his to my life’s end, according to such powers, trusts and instructions, as I should hereafter receive.

The reader will here make many speeches for me, and without doubt suppose I told my friend he had retained me with a fortune to do that which I should have thought myself obliged to by friendship; but, as he was a prudent man, and acted upon rules of life, which were least liable to the variation of humour, time or season, I was contented to be obliged by him his own way, and believed I should never enter into any alliance which should divert me from pursuing the interests of his family, of which I should hereafter understand myself a member. Sir Ambrose told me he should lay no injunction upon me, which should be inconsistent with any inclination I might have hereafter to change my condition. All he meant was, in general, to insure his family from that pest of great estates, the mercenary men of business who act for them, and in a few years become creditors to their masters in greater sums than half

the income of their lands amounts to, though it is visible all which gave rise to their wealth was a slight salary, for turning all the rest, both estate and credit of that estate, to the use of their principals. To this purpose we had a very long conference that evening, the chief point of which was, that his only child Marmaduke was from that hour under my care, and I was engaged to turn all my thoughts to the service of the child in particular, and all the concerns of the family in general. My most excellent friend was so well satisfied with my behaviour, that he made me his executor, and guardian to his son. My own conduct during that time, and my manner of educating his son Marmaduke to manhood, and the interest I had in him to the time of his death also, with my present conduct towards the numerous descendents of my old friend, will make, possibly, a series of history of common life, as useful as the relations of the more pompous passages in the lives of princes and statesmen. The widow of Sir Ambrose, and the no less worthy relict of Sir Marmaduke, are both living at this time.

I am to let the reader know, that his chief entertainment will arise from what passes at the tea-table of my Lady Lizard. The lady is now in the forty-sixth year of her age, was married in the beginning of her sixteenth, is blessed with a numerous offspring of each sex, no less than four sons and five daughters. She was the mother of this large family before she arrived at her thirtieth year; about which time she lost her husband Sir Marmaduke Lizard, a gentleman of great virtue and generosity: he left behind him an improved paternal estate of six thousand pounds a year to his eldest son, and one year’s revenue in ready-money as a portion to each younger child. My lady’s christian name is Aspasia; and as it may give a certain dignity to our style to mention her by that name, we beg leave at discretion to say Lady Lizard or Aspasia, according to the matter we shall treat of: when she shall be consulting about her cash, her rents, her household affairs, we will use the more familiar name; and when she is employed in the forming the minds and sentiments of her children, exerting herself in the acts of charity, or speaking of matters of religion or piety, for the elevation of style we will use

use the word *Aspasia*. *Aspasia* is a lady of a great understanding and noble spirit. She has passed several years in widowhood with that abstinent enjoyment of life, which has done honour to her deceased husband, and devolved reputation upon her children. As she has both sons and daughters marriageable, she is visited by many on that account, but by many more for her own merit. As there is no circumstance in human life, which may not directly or indirectly concern a woman thus related, there will be abundant matter offer itself from passages in this family, to supply my

readers with diverting, and perhaps useful, notices for their conduct in all the incidents of human life. Placing money on mortgages, in the funds, upon bottomry, and almost all other ways of improving the fortune of a family, are practised by my Lady Lizard with the best skill and advice.

The members of this family, their cares, passions, interests, and diversions, shall be represented from time to time, as news from the tea-table of so accomplished a woman as the intelligent and discreet Lady Lizard.

N^o III. SATURDAY, MARCH 14.

QUICQUID EST ILLUD, QUOD SENTIT, QUOD SAPIT, QUOD VULT, QUOD VIGET,
COLLESTE ET DIVINUM EST, OB EAMQUE REM AETERNUM SIC NECESSA EST.

CICERO.

WHATEVER THAT BE, WHICH THINKS, WHICH UNDERSTANDS, WHICH WILLS,
WHICH ACTS, IT IS SOMETHING CELESTIAL AND DIVINE; AND, UPON THAT
ACCOUNT, MUST NECESSARILY BE ETERNAL.

I Am diverted from the account I was giving the town of my particular concerns, by casting my eye upon a treatise, which I could not overlook without an inexcusable negligence, and want of concern for all the civil, as well as religious interests of mankind. This piece has for it's title—'A Discourse of Free-thinking, occasioned by the Rise and Growth of a Sect called Free-thinkers.' The author very methodically enters upon his argument, and says—'By Free-thinking I mean the use of the understanding in endeavouring to find out the meaning of any proposition whatsoever, in considering the nature of the evidence for or against, and in judging of it according to the seeming force or weakness of the evidence.' As soon as he has delivered this definition, from which one would expect he did not design to shew a particular inclination for or against any thing before he had considered it, he gives up all title to the character of a Free-thinker, with the most apparent prejudice against a body of men, whom, of all other, a good man would be most careful not to violate; I mean men in holy orders. Persons who have devoted themselves to the service of God, are venerable to all who fear him; and it is a certain characteristic of a dissolute and

ungoverned mind, to rail or speak disrespectfully of them in general. It is certain, that in so great a crowd of men, some will intrude, who are of tempers very unbecoming their function: but because ambition and avarice are sometimes lodged in that bosom, which ought to be the dwelling of sanctity and devotion, must this unreasonable author vilify the whole order? He has not taken the least care to disguise his being an enemy to the persons against whom he writes, nor any where granted that the institution of religious men to serve at the altar, and instruct such who are not as wise as himself, is at all necessary or desirable; but proceeds, without the least apology, to undermine their credit, and frustrate their labours. Whatever clergymen, in disputes against each other, have unguardedly uttered, is here recorded in such a manner as to affect religion itself, by wresting concessions to it's disadvantage from it's own teachers. If this be true, as sure any man that reads the discourse must allow it is; and if religion is the strongest tie of human society, in what manner are we to treat this our common enemy, who promotes the growth of such a sect as he calls Free-thinkers? He that should burn a house, and justify the action by asserting he is a free-agent, would be more

more excusable than this author in uttering what he has from the right of a Free-thinker. But there are a set of dry, joyless, dull fellows, who want capacities and talents to make a figure amongst mankind, upon benevolent and generous principles, that think to surmount their own natural meanness, by laying offences in the way of such as make it their endeavour to excel upon the received maxims and honest arts of life. If it were possible to laugh at so melancholy an affair as what hazards salvation, it would be no unpleasant enquiry to ask what satisfactions they reap, what extraordinary gratification of sense, or what delicious libertinism this sect of Free-thinkers enjoy, after getting loose of the laws which confine the passions of other men? Would it not be a matter of mirth to find, after all, that the heads of this growing sect are sober wretches, who prate whole evenings over coffee, and have not themselves fire enough to be any further debauchees, than merely in principle? These sages of iniquity are, it seems, themselves only speculatively wicked, and are contented that all the abandoned young men of the age are kept safe from reflection by dabbling in their rhapsodies, without tasting the pleasures for which their doctrines leave them unaccountable. Thus do heavy mortals, only to gratify a dry pride of heart, give up the interests of another world, without enlarging their gratifications in this; but it is certain there are a sort of men that can puzzle truth, but cannot enjoy the satisfaction of it. This same Free-thinker is a creature unacquainted with the emotions which possess great minds when they are turned for religion; and it is apparent that he is untouched with any such sensation as the rapture of devotion. Whatever one of these scorers may think, they certainly want parts to be devout; and a sense of piety towards Heaven, as well as the sense of any thing else, is lively and warm in proportion to the faculties of the head and heart. This gentleman may be assured he has not a taste for what he pretends to decry, and the poor man is certainly more a blockhead than an atheist. I must repeat, that he wants capacity to relish what true piety is; and he is as capable of writing an heroic poem, as making a fervent prayer. When men are thus low and narrow in their apprehensions of things, and at

the same time vain, they are naturally led to think every thing they do not understand, not to be understood. Their contradiction to what is urged by others, is a necessary consequence of their incapacity to receive it. The atheistical fellows who appeared the last age did not serve the devil for nought, but revelled in excesses suitable to their principles; while in these unhappy days mischief is done for mischief's sake. These Free-thinkers, who lead the lives of recluse students, for no other purpose but to disturb the sentiments of other men, put me in mind of the monstrous recreation of those late wild youths, who, without provocation, had a wantonness in stabbing and defacing those they met with. When such writers as this, who have no spirit but malice, pretend to inform the age, mohocks and cut-throats may well set up for wits and men of pleasure.

It will be perhaps expected, that I should produce some instances of the ill intention of this Free-thinker, to support the treatment I here give him. In his 32d page he says—

‘ Secondly. The priests throughout the world differ about scriptures, and the authority of scriptures. The Bramins have a book of scripture called the Shaster. The Perses have their Zundavastaw. The Bonzes of China have books written by the disciples of Fo-he, whom they call the God and Saviour of the world, who was born to teach the way of salvation, and to give satisfaction for all mens sins.’ The Talapoints of Siam have a book of scripture written by Sommonocodom, who, the Siamese say, was born of a virgin, and was the god expected by the universe. The Dervises have their Alcoran.

I believe there is no one will dispute the author's great impartiality in setting down the accounts of these different religions. And I think it is pretty evident he delivers the matter with an air which betrays that the history of ‘ one born of a virgin’ has as much authority with him from St. Sommonocodom as from St. Matthew. Thus he treats revelation. Then as to philosophy, he tells you, p. 136—‘ Cicero produces this as an instance of a probable opinion, that they who study philosophy do not believe there are any gods; and then, from consideration of various notions, he affirms Tully concludes,

cludes, that there can be nothing after death.

As to what he misrepresents of Tully, the short sentence on the head of this paper is enough to oppose; but who can have patience to reflect upon the assemblage of impostures among which our author places the religion of his country? As for my part, I cannot see any possible interpretation to give this work,

but a design to subvert and ridicule the authority of Scripture. The peace and tranquillity of the nation, and regards even above those, are so much concerned in this matter, that it is difficult to express sufficient sorrow for the offender, or indignation against him. But if ever man deserved to be denied the common benefits of air and water, it is the author of 'A Discourse of Free-thinking.'

Nº. IV. MONDAY, MARCH 16.

IT MATTERS NOT HOW FALSE OR FORC'D,
SO THE BEST THINGS BE SAID O' TH' WORST;
IT GOES FOR NOTHING WHEN 'TIS SAID,
ONLY THE ARROW'S DRAWN TO TH' HEAD,
WHETHER IT BE A SWAN OR GOOSE
THEY LEVEL AT: SO SHEPHERDS USE
TO SET THE SAME MARK ON THE HIP
BOTH OF THEIR SOUND AND ROTTEN SHEEP.

HUDIBRAS.

THOUGH most things which are wrong in their own nature are at once confessed and absolved in that single word Custom; yet there are some, which as they have a dangerous tendency, a thinking man will the less excuse on that very account. Among these I cannot but reckon the common practice of Dedications, which is of so much the worse consequence, as it is generally used by people of politeness, and whom a learned education for the most part ought to have inspired with nobler and juster sentiments. This prostitution of praise is not only a deceit upon the grofs of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the learned; but also the better sort must by this means lose some part at least of that desire of fame which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiscuously bestowed on the meritorious and undeserving: nay, the author himself, let him be supposed to have ever so true a value for the patron, can find no terms to express it, but what have been already used, and rendered suspected by flatterers. Even truth itself in a dedication is like an honest man in a disguise, or vizor-mask, and will appear a cheat by being dressed so like one. Though the merit of the person is beyond dispute, I see no reason that because one man is eminent, therefore another has a right to be impertinent, and throw praises in his face.

It is just the reverse of the practice of the ancient Romans, when a person was advanced to triumph for his services: as they hired people to rail at him in that circumstance to make him as humble as they could, we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Supposing the writer not to be mercenary, yet the great man is no more in reason obliged to thank him for his picture in a dedication, than to thank a painter for that on a sign-post; except it be a less injury to touch the most sacred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I should think nothing justified me in this point, but the patron's permission before-hand, that I should draw him as like as I could; whereas most authors proceed in this affair just as a dawber I have heard of, who not being able to draw portraits after the life, was used to paint faces at random, and look out afterwards for people whom he might persuade to be like them. To express my notion of the thing in a word: to say more to a man than one thinks, with a prospect of interest, is dishonest; and, without it, foolish. And whoever has had success in such an undertaking, must of necessity, at once, think himself in his heart a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

I have sometimes been entertained with

with considering dedications in no very common light. By observing what qualities our writers think it will be most pleasing to others to compliment them with, one may form some judgment which are most so to themselves; and, in consequence, what sort of people they are. Without this view, one can read very few dedications but will give us cause to wonder, either how such things came to be said at all, or how they were said to such persons. I have known an hero complimented upon the decent majesty and state he assumed after victory, and a nobleman of a different character applauded for his condescension to inferiors. This would have seemed very strange to me; but that I happened to know the authors. He who made the first compliment was a lofty gentleman, whose air and gait discovered when he had published a new book; and the other tippled every night with the fellows who laboured at the press, while his own writings were working off. It is observable of the female poets and ladies dedicatory, that here (as elsewhere) they far exceed us in any strain or rant. As beauty is the thing that sex are piqued upon, they speak of it generally in a more elevated style than is used by the men. They adore in the same manner as they would be adored. So when the authoress of a famous modern romance begs a young nobleman's permission to pay him her kneeling adorations, I am far from censuring the expression, as some critics would do, as deficient in grammar or sense; but I reflect, that adorations paid in that posture are what a lady might expect herself, and my wonder immediately ceases. These, when they flatter most, do but as they would be done unto: for as none are so much concerned at being injured by calumnies, as they who are readiest to cast them upon their neighbours; so it is certain none are so guilty of flattery to others, as those who most ardently desire it themselves.

What led me into these thoughts, was a dedication I happened upon this morning. The reader must understand that I treat the least instances or remains of ingenuity with respect, in what places soever found, or under whatever circumstances of disadvantage. From this love to letters I have been so happy in my searches after knowledge, that I have found unvalued repositories of learning

in the lining of band-boxes. I look upon these pasteboard edifices, adorned with the fragments of the ingenious, with the same veneration as antiquaries upon ruined buildings, whose walls preserve divers inscriptions and names, which are no where else to be found in the world. This morning, when one of Lady Lizard's daughters was looking over some hoods and ribbands, brought by her tire-woman, with great care and diligence, I employed no less in examining the box which contained them; it was lined with certain scenes of a tragedy, written (as appeared by part of the title there extant) by one of the fair-sex. What was most legible was the dedication; which, by reason of the largeness of the characters, was least defaced by those Gothic ornaments of flourishes and foliage, wherewith the compilers of these sort of structures do often industriously obscure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any ease, I shall communicate to the reader, as follows:

“ * * * Though it is a kind of profanation to approach your grace with so poor an offering, yet when I reflect how acceptable a sacrifice of first-fruits was to Heaven, in the earliest and purest ages of religion, that they were honoured with solemn feasts, and consecrated to altars by a divine command, * * * upon that consideration, as an argument of particular zeal, I dedicate * * * It is impossible to behold you without adoring; yet dazzled and awed by the glory that surrounds you, men feel a sacred power, that refines their flames, and renders them pure as those we ought to offer to the Deity. * * * The shrine is worthy the divinity that inhabits it. In your grace we see what woman was before she fell, how nearly allied to the purity and perfection of angels. And we adore AND BLESS THE GLORIOUS WORK!”

Undoubtedly these, and other periods of this most pious dedication, could not but convince the dutchess of what the eloquent authoress assures her at the end, that she was her servant with most ardent devotion. I think this a pattern of a new sort of style, not yet taken notice of by the critics; which is above the sublime, and may be called the Celestial; that is, when the most sacred phrases appropriated to the honour of the Deity are applied to a mortal of good quality.

As

As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this lady, to be the inventor, or, at least, the first producer, of a new kind of dedication, very different from her's and most others, since it has not a word but what the author religiously thinks in it. It may serve for almost any book, either prose or verse, that has, is, or shall be published, and might run in this manner.

THE AUTHOR TO HIMSELF.

MOST HONOURED SIR,

THESE labours, upon many considerations, so properly belong to none as to you: first, as it was your most earnest desire alone that could prevail upon me to make them public; then as I am secure (from that constant indulgence you have ever shewn to all which is mine) that no man will so readily take them into protection, or so zealously defend them. Moreover, there is none can so soon discover the beauties; and there are some parts which, it is possible, few besides yourself are capable of understanding. Sir, the honour, affection, and value, I have for you, are beyond expression;

as great, I am sure, or greater, than any man else can bear you. As for any defects, which others may pretend to discover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but those persons are actuated purely by a spirit of malice or envy, the inseparable attendants on shining merit and parts, such as I have always esteemed yours to be. It may, perhaps, be looked upon as a kind of violence to modesty, to say this to you in public; but you may believe me, it is no more than I have a thousand times thought of you in private. Might I follow the impulse of my soul, there is no subject I could launch into with more pleasure than your panegyric. But since something is due to modesty, let me conclude by telling you, that there is nothing so much I desire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happiness of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you some real service; but till then can only assure you that I shall continue to be, as I am, more than any man alive,

Dearest Sir, your affectionate friend,
And the greatest of your admirers.

N^O V. TUESDAY, MARCH 17.

LAUDANTUR SIMILI PROLE PUERPERÆ.

HOR. OD. v. l. 4. v. 23.

THE MOTHER'S VIRTUES IN THE DAUGHTERS SHINE.

I Have in my second paper mentioned the family into which I was retained by the friend of my youth; and given the reader to understand, that my obligations to it are such as might well naturalize me into the interests of it. They have, indeed, had their deserved effect; and if it were possible for a man who has never entered into the state of marriage to know the instincts of a kind father to an honourable and numerous house, I may say I have done it. I do not know but my regards, in some considerations, have been more useful than those of a father; and as I wanted all that tenderness, which is the bias of inclination in men towards their own offspring, I have had a greater command of reason when I was to judge of what concerned my wards, and consequently was not prompted, by my partiality and fondness towards their persons, to transgress against their interests.

As the female part of a family is the

more constant and immediate object of care and protection, and the more liable to misfortune or dishonour, as being in themselves more sensible of the former, and from custom and opinion for less offences more exposed to the latter; I shall begin with the more delicate part of my guardianship, the women of the family of Lizard. The ancient and religious lady, the dowager of my friend Sir Ambrose, has for some time estranged herself from conversation, and admits only of the visits of her own family. The observation, that old people remember best those things which entered into their thoughts when their memories were in their full strength and vigour, is very remarkably exemplified in this good lady and myself when we are in conversation; I chuse indeed to go thither, to divert any anxiety or weariness, which at any time I find grow upon me from any present business or care. It is said, that a little mirth and diversion are what re-

create the spirits upon those occasions; but there is a kind of sorrow from which I draw a consolation that strengthens my faculties and enlarges my mind beyond any thing that can flow from merriment. When we meet, we soon get over any occurrence which passed the day before, and are in a moment hurried back to those days which only we call good ones: the passages of the times when we were in fashion, with the countenances, behaviour, and jollity, so much, forsooth, above what any appear in now, are present to our imaginations, and almost to our very eyes. This conversation revives to us the memory of a friend, that was more than my brother to me; of a husband, that was dearer than life to her: discourses about that dear and worthy man generally send her to her closet, and me to the dispatch of some necessary business, which regards the remains, I would say the numerous descendants, of my generous friend. I am got, I know not how, out of what I was going to say of this lady; which was, that she is far gone towards a better world; and I mention her (only with respect to this) as she is the object of veneration to those who are derived from her; whose behaviour towards her may be an example to others, and make the generality of young people apprehend, that when the ancient are past all offices of life, it is then the young are to exert themselves in their most laudable duties towards them.

The widow of Sir Marnaduke is to be considered in a very different view. My lady is not in the shining bloom of life, but at those years wherein the gratifications of an ample fortune, those of pomp and equipage, of being much esteemed, much visited, and generally admired, are usually more strongly pursued than in younger days; in this condition she might very well add the pleasures of courtship, and the grateful persecution of being followed by a crowd of lovers; but she is an excellent mother and great oeconomist; which considerations, joined with the pleasure of living her own way, preserve her against the intrusion of love. I will not say that my lady has not a secret vanity in being still a fine woman, and neglecting those addresses to which, perhaps, we in part owe her constancy in that her neglect.

Her daughter Jane, her eldest child of that sex, is in the twenty-third year of

her age, a lady who forms herself after the pattern of her mother; but in my judgment, as she happens to be extremely like her, she sometimes makes her court unskillfully, in affecting that likeness in her very mien, which gives the mother an uneasy sense, that Mrs. Jane really is what her parent has a mind to continue to be: but it is possible I am too observing in this particular, and this might be overlooked in them both, in respect to greater circumstances; for Mrs. Jane is the right-hand of her mother; it is her study and constant endeavour to assist her in the management of her household, to keep all idle whispers from her, and discourage them before they can come at her from any other hand; to enforce every thing that makes for the merit of her brothers and sisters towards her, as well as the diligence and cheerfulness of her servants. It is by Mrs. Jane's management, that the whole family is governed, neither by love nor fear, but a certain reverence which is composed of both. Mrs. Jane is what one would call a perfect good young woman; but neither strict piety, diligence in domestic affairs, or any other avocation, have preserved her against love, which she bears to a young gentleman of great expectation but small fortune; at the same time, that men of very great estates ask her of her mother. My lady tells her, that prudence must give way to passion; so that Mrs. Jane, if I cannot accommodate the matter, must conquer more than one passion, and out of prudence banish the man she loves, and marry the man she hates.

The next daughter is Mrs. Annabella, who has a very lively wit, a great deal of good sense, is very pretty, but gives me much trouble for her, from a certain dishonest cunning I know in her; she can seem blind and careless, and full of herself only, and entertain with twenty affected vanities, whilst she is observing all the company, laying up store for ridicule; and, in a word, is selfish, and interested under all the agreeable qualities in the world. Alas! what shall I do with this girl?

Mrs. Cornelia passes away her time very much in reading, and that with so great an attention, that it gives her the air of a student, and has an ill effect upon her, as she is a fine young woman: the giddy part of the sex will have it she is in love; none will allow that she affects

so much being alone, but for want of particular company. I have railed at romances before her, for fear of her falling into those deep studies: she has fallen in with my humour that way for the time; but I know not how, my imprudent prohibition has, it seems, only excited her curiosity; and I am afraid she is better read than I know of, for she said of a glass of water, in which she was going to wash her hands after dinner, dipping her fingers with a pretty lovely air—'It is crystalline.' I shall examine further, and wait for clearer proofs.

Mrs. Betty is (I cannot by what means or methods imagine) grown mightily acquainted with what passes in the town; she knows all that matter of my lord such-a-one's leading my lady such-a-one out from the play; she is prodigiously acquainted, all of a sudden, with the world; and asked her sister Jane the other day in an argument—'Dear sister, how should you know any thing, that hear nothing but what we do in our own family?' I do not much like her maid.

Mrs. Mary, the youngest daughter, whom they railly and call Mrs. Ironside, because I have named her the Sparkler, is the very quintessence of good-nature and generosity; she is the perfect picture of her grandfather; and if one can imagine all good qualities which adorn human life become feminine, the seeds, nay, the blossom of them, are apparent in Mrs. Mary. It is a weakness I cannot get over, (for how ridiculous is a regard to the bodily perfections of a man who is dead) but I cannot resist my partiality to this child, for being so like her grandfather: how often have I turned from her, to hide the melting of my heart when she has been talking to me!

NO VI. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18.

I Have dispatched my young women, and the town has them among them. It is necessary for the elucidation of my future discourses, which I desire may be denominated, as they are the precepts of a Guardian, Mr. Ironside's Precautions: I say it is, after what has been already declared, in the next place necessary to give an account of the males of this worthy family, whose annals I am writing. The affairs of women being chiefly domestic, and not made up of so many circumstances as the duties of men are,

I am sure the child has no skill in it, for artifice could not dwell under that visage; but if I am absent a day from the family, she is sure to be at my lodging the next morning to know what is the matter. At the head of these children, who have very plentiful fortunes, provided they marry with mine and their mother's consent, is my Lady Lizard; who, you cannot doubt, is very well visited. Sir William Oger, and his son almost at age, are frequently at our house on a double consideration. The knight is willing (for so he very gallantly expresses himself) to marry the mother, or he will consent, whether that be so or not, that his son Oliver shall take any one of the daughters Noll likes best.

Mr. Rigburt of the same county, who gives in his estate much larger, and his family more ancient, offers to deal with us for two daughters.

Sir Harry Pandolf has writ word from his seat in the country, that he also is much inclined to an alliance with the Lizards, which he has declared in the following letter to my lady; she shewed it me this morning.

MADAM,

I Have heard your daughters very well spoken of: and though I have very great offers in my own neighbourhood, and heard the small-pox is very rife at London, I will send my eldest son to see them, provided that by your ladyship's answer, and your liking of the rent-roll which I send herewith, your ladyship assures me he shall have one of them, for I do not think to have my son refused by any woman; and so, Madam, I conclude, Your most humble servant,

HENRY PANDOLF.

I fear I cannot dispatch the account of the males under my care in so few words as I did the explanation which regarded my women.

Sir Harry Lizard, of the county of Northampton, son and heir of the late Sir Marmaduke, is now entered upon the twenty-sixth year of his age, and is now at his seat in the country.

The estate at present in his hands is above three thousand a year after payment of taxes, and all necessary charges whatsoever. He is a man of good un-

C 2 derstanding,

derstanding, but not at all what is usually called a man of shining parts. His virtues are much greater than his accomplishments, as to his conversation. But when you come to consider his conduct with relation to his manners and fortune, it would be a very great injury not to allow him a very fine gentleman. It has been carefully provided in his education, that he should be very ready at calculations. This gives him a quick alarm inwardly upon all undertakings; and in a much shorter time than is usual with men who are not versed in business, he is master of the question before him, and can instantly inform himself with great exactness in the matter of profit or loss that shall arise from anything proposed to him. The same capacity, joined to an honest nature, makes him very just to other men, as well as to himself. His payments are very punctual; and I dare answer he never did, or ever will, undertake any piece of building, or any ornamental improvement of his house, garden, park, or lands, before the money is in his own pocket, where-with he is to pay for such undertaking. He is too good to purchase labourers or artificers (as by this means he certainly could) at an under rate; but he has by this means what I think he deserves from his superior prudence, the choice of all who are most knowing and able to serve him. With his ready-money the builder, mason, and carpenter, are enabled to make their market of gentlemen in his neighbourhood, who inconsiderately employ them; and often pay their undertakers by sale of some of their land: whereas, were the lands on which those improvements are made, sold to the artificers, the buildings would be rated as lumber in the purchase. Sir Harry has for ever a year's income, to extend his charity, serve his pleasures, or regale his friends. His servants, his cattle, his goods, speak their master a rich man. Those about his person, as his bailiff, the groom of his chamber, and his butler, have a cheerful, not a gay air; the servants below them seem to live in plenty, but not in wantonness. As Sir Henry is a young man, and of an active disposition, his best figure is on horseback. But before I speak of that, I should acquaint you, that during his infancy all the young gentlemen of the neighbourhood were welcome to a part of the house, which was called the school,

where, at the charge of the family, there was a grammar master, a plain sober man, maintained (with a salary, besides his diet, of fifty pounds a year) to instruct all such children of gentlemen, or lower people, as would partake of his education. As they grew up, they were allowed to ride out with him upon his horses. There were always ten or twelve for the saddle in readiness to attend him and his favourites; in the choice of whom he shewed a good disposition, and distributed his kindness among them, by turns, with great good-nature. All horses, both for the saddle and swift draught, were very well bitted, and a skilful rider, with a riding-house, wherein he (the riding-master) commanded, had it in orders to teach any gentleman's son of the county that would please to learn that exercise. We found our account in this proceeding, as well in real profit, as in esteem and power in the country; for as the whole shire is now possessed by gentlemen, who owe Sir Harry a part of education, which they all value themselves upon, (their horsemanship) they prefer his horses to all others, and it is 10 per cent. in the price of a steed, which appears to come out of his riding-house.

By this means it is that Sir Harry, as I was going to say, makes the best figure on horseback, for his usual hours of being in the field are well known; and at those seasons the neighbouring gentlemen, his friends and schoolfellows, take a pleasure in giving him their company, with their servants well behaved, and horses well commanded.

I cannot enough applaud Sir Harry for a particular care in his horses. He not only bitts all which are ridden, but also all which are for the coach or swift draught; for grace adds mightily to the price of strength; and he finds his accounts in it at all markets, more especially for the coach or troop horses, of which that county produces the most strong and ostentatious. To keep up a breed for any use whatever, he gives plates for the best performing horse in every way in which that animal can be serviceable. There is such a prize for him that trots best, such for the best walker, such for the best galloper, such for the best pacer; then for him who draws most in such a time to such a place; then to him that carries best such a load on his back. He delights in this, and has an admirable fancy

fancy in the drags of the riders: some admired country girl is to hold the prize, her lovers to trot, and not to mend their pace into a gallop, when they are out-trotted by a rival; some known country wit to come upon the best pacer. These and the like little joyful arts gain him the love of all who do not know his worth, and the esteem of all who do. Sir Harry is no friend to the race-horse; he is of opinion, it is inhumane that animals should be put upon their utmost strength and mettle for our diversion only. However, not to be particular, he puts in for the Queen's plate every year, with orders to his rider never to win or be distanced; and, like a good country gentleman, says it is a fault in all minitries that they encourage no kind of horses but those which are swift.

As I write lives, I dwell upon small matters, being of opinion with Plutarch, that little circumstances shew the real man better than things of greater moment. But good economy is the characteristic of the Lizards. I remember a circumstance about six years ago, that gave me hopes he would one time or other make a figure in parliament; for he is a landed man, and considers his interest, though he is such, to be impaired or promoted according to the state of trade. When he was but twenty years old, I took an opportunity in his presence, to ask an intelligent woollen-draper, what he gave for his shop, the corner of 'Change-Alley. The shop is, I believe, fourteen feet long, and eight

broad. I was answered—'Ninety pound a year.' I took no notice; but the thought descended into the breast of Sir Harry, and I saw on his table the next morning a computation of the value of land in an island, consisting of so many miles, with so many good ports; the value of each part of the said island, as it lay to such ports, and produced such commodities. The whole of his working was to know why so few yards, near the 'Change, was so much better than so many acres in Northamptonshire, and what those acres in Northamptonshire would be worth, were there no trade at all in this island.

It makes my heart ache, when I think of this young man, and consider upon what plain maxims, and in what ordinary methods men of estate may do good wherever they are seated; that so many should be what they are! It is certain, that the arts which purchase wealth or fame will maintain them; and I attribute the splendor and long continuance of this family, to the felicity of having the genius of the founder of it run through all his male line. Old Sir Harry, the great grandfather of this gentleman, has written in his own hand upon all the deeds which he ever signed, in the humour of that sententious age, this sentence—'There are four good mothers; of whom are often born four unhappy daughters; truth begets hatred, happiness pride, security danger, and familiarity contempt.'

N^o VII. THURSDAY, MARCH 19.

PROPRAT CURSU

VITA CESTAT

WITH SPEEDY STEP LIFE POSTS AWAY.

I This morning did myself the honour to visit Lady Lizard; and took my chair at the tea-table, at the upper end of which that graceful woman, with her daughters about her, appeared to me with greater dignity than ever any figure, either of Venus attended by the Graces, Diana with her nymphs, or any other celestial who owes her being to poetry.

The discourse we had there, none being present but our own family, consisted of private matters, which tended to the establishment of these young ladies in the world. My lady, I observed, had

a mind to make mention of the proposal to Mrs. Jane, of which she is very fond; and I as much avoided, as being equally against it; but it is by no means proper the young ladies should observe we ever dissent; therefore I turned the discourse by saying, it was time enough to think of marrying a young lady, who was but three and twenty, ten years hence. The whole table was alarmed at the assertion, and the Sparkler scalded her fingers by leaning suddenly forward to look in my face; but my business at present was to make my court to the mother; therefore, without regarding the resent-

repentment in the looks of the children—
 ‘Madam,’ said I, ‘there is a petulant
 and hasty manner practised in this age,
 in hurrying away the life of woman,
 and confining the grace and principal
 action of it to those years wherein reason
 and discretion are most feeble, humour
 and passion most powerful. From
 the time a young woman of quality
 has first appeared in the drawing-
 room, raised a whisper and curiosity
 of the men about her, had her health
 drank in gay companies, and been
 distinguished at public assemblies; I
 say, Madam, if within three or four
 years of her first appearance in town,
 she is not disposed of, her beauty is
 grown familiar, her eyes are disarmed,
 and we seldom after hear her men-
 tioned but with indifference. What
 doubles my grief on this occasion is,
 that the more discreetly the lady be-
 haves herself, the sooner is her glory
 extinguished. Now, Madam, if merit
 had a greater weight in our thoughts,
 when we form to ourselves agreeable
 characters of women, men would
 think, in making their choices, of such
 as would take care of, as well as sup-
 ply children for, the nursery. It was
 not thus in the illustrious days of good
 Queen Elizabeth. I was this morning
 turning over a folio, called The Com-
 plete Ambassador, consisting chiefly of
 letters from Lord Burleigh, Earl of
 Leicester, and Sir Thomas Smith. Sir
 Thomas writes a letter to Sir Francis
 Walsingham, full of learned gal-
 lantry, wherein you may observe he
 promises himself the French king’s
 brother (who it seems was but a cold
 lover) would be quickened by seeing
 the queen in person, who was then in
 the thirty-ninth year of her age. A
 certain sobriety in thoughts, words,
 and action, which was the praise of
 that age, kept the fire of love alive;
 and it burnt so equally, that it warmed
 and preserved, without tormenting and
 consuming our beings. The letter I
 mention is as follows.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL MR.
 FRANCIS WALSHINGHAM, AMBAS-
 SADOR, RESIDENT IN FRANCE.

SIR,

I Am sorry that so good a matter should,
 upon so nice a point, be deferred.
 We may say that the lover will do little,
 if he will not take the pains once to see

his love; but she must first say ‘Yea,’ be-
 fore he see her, or she him: twenty ways
 might be devised why he might come
 over, and be welcome, and possibly do
 more in an hour than he may in two years.
*Cupido ille qui vincit omnia, in oculos in-
 cidet, et ex oculis ejaculatur, et in oculos
 utriusque videndo non solum, ut ait poeta,
 fœmina virum, sed vir fœminam*—that
 powerful being Cupid, who conquers all
 things, resides in the eyes, he sends out
 all his darts from the eyes: by throwing
 glances at the eyes, (according to the
 poet) not only the woman captivates the
 man, but also the man the woman. What
 force, I pray you, can hearsay, and I
 think, and I trust, do in comparison of
 that—*cum præsens præsentem amoris duc-
 tus amplectitur*—when they face to face
 see and converse with each other, and
 the lover, in an extasy not to be com-
 manded, snatches an embrace, and saith
 to himself, and openly that she may hear
 —*Teneone te, an etiamnum somno vo-
 lunt fœmina videri cogi ad id quod maxi-
 mum capiunt?*—Are you in my arms,
 my fair-one, or do we both dream; and
 will women, even in their sleep, seem
 forced to what they most desire? If we
 be cold, it is our part, besides the per-
 son, the sex requireth it. Why are you
 cold? Is it not a young man’s part to
 be bold, courageous, and to adventure?
 If he should have, he should have but
honorificam repulsam—even a repulse
 here is glorious: the worst that can be
 said of him is but as of Phaeton—*Quam
 si non tenuit magnis tamen excidit ausis*
 —though he could not command the
 chariot of the sun, his fall from it was
 illustrious. So far as I conceive, *Hæc
 est sola nostra anchora, hæc jacenda est
 in nobis alea*—this is our only anchor,
 this die must be thrown. In our insta-
 bility, *Unam momentum est uno momento
 perfectum factum; ac dictam stabilitatem
 facere potest*—one lucky moment would
 crown and fix all. This, or else nothing
 is to be looked for but continual dal-
 liance and doubtfulness, so far as I can
 see. Your assured friend,

THOMAS SMITH.

FROM KILLINGWORTH,
 AUG. 22, 1572.

Though my lady was in very good
 humour upon the insinuation that, ac-
 cording to the Elizabeth scheme, she was
 but just advanced above the character
 of

of a girl; I found the rest of the company as much disheartened, that they were still but mere girls: I went on, therefore, to attribute the immature marriages which are solemnized in our days to the importunity of the men, which made it impossible for young ladies to remain virgins so long as they wished from their own inclinations, and the freedom of a single life.

There is no time of our life, under what character soever, in which men can wholly divest themselves of an ambition to be in the favour of women. Cardan, a grave philosopher and physician, confesses, in one of his chapters, that though he had suffered poverty, repulses, calumnies, and a long series of afflictions, he never was thoroughly dejected, and impatient of life itself, but under a calamity which he suffered from the beginning of his twenty-first to the end of his thirtieth year. He tells us, that the raillery he suffered from others, and the contempt which he had of himself, were afflictions beyond expression. I mention this only as an argument extorted from this good and grave man, to support my opinion of the irresistible power of women. He adds in the same chapter, that there are ten thousand afflictions and disasters attend the passion itself; that an idle word imprudently repeated by a fair woman, and vast expences to support her folly and vanity, every day reduce

men to poverty and death; but he makes them of little consideration to the miserable and insignificant condition of being incapable of their favour.

I make no manner of difficulty of professing I am not surprized that the author has expressed himself after this manner, with relation to love: the heroic chastity so frequently professed by humourists of the fair-sex, generally ends in an unworthy choice, after having overlooked overtures to their advantage. It is for this reason that I would endeavour to direct, and not pretend to eradicate, the inclinations of the sexes to each other. Daily experience shews us, that the most rude rustic grows humane as soon as he is inspired by this passion; it gives a new grace to our manners, a new dignity to our minds, a new visage to our persons: whether we are inclined to liberal arts, to arms, or address in our exercise, our improvement is hastened by a particular object whom we would please. Cheerfulness, gentleness, fortitude, liberality, magnificence, and all the virtues which adorn men, which inspire heroes, are most conspicuous in lovers: I speak of love as when such as are in this company are the objects of it, who can bestow upon their husbands (if they follow their excellent mother) all it's joys without any of it's anxieties.

Nº VIII. FRIDAY, MARCH 20.

ANIMUS REGE

HOR. EP. 2. L. I. v. 62.

GOVERN THE MIND.

A Guardian cannot bestow his time in any office more suitable to his character, than in representing the disasters to which we are exposed by the irregularity of our passions. I think I speak of this matter in a way not yet taken notice of, when I observe that they make men do things unworthy of those very passions. I shall illustrate this by a story I have lately read in the Royal Commentaries of Peru, wherein you behold an oppressor a most contemptible creature after his power is at an end; and a person he oppressed so wholly intent upon revenge till he had obtained it, that in the pursuit of it he utterly neglected his own safety; but

when that motive of revenge was at an end, returned to a sense of danger, in such a manner, as to be unable to lay hold of occasions which offered themselves for certain security, and exposed himself from fear to apparent hazard. The motives which I speak of are not indeed so much to be called passions, as ill habits arising from passions, such as pride and revenge, which are improvements of our infirmities, and are methinks but scorn and anger regularly conducted. But to my story.

Licenciado Esquivel, governor of the city Potocsi, commanded two hundred men to march out of that garrison towards the kingdom of Tucuman, with strict orders

to use no Indians in carrying their baggage; and placed himself at a convenient station without the gates, to observe how his orders were put in execution: he found they were wholly neglected; and that Indians were laden with the baggage of the Spaniards; but thought fit to let them march by till the last rank of all came up, out of which he seized one man, called Aguire, who had two Indians laden with his goods. Within a few days after he was taken in arrest, he was sentenced to receive two hundred stripes: Aguire represented by his friends, that he was the brother of a gentleman, who had in his country an estate, with vassalage of Indians, and hoped his birth would exempt him from a punishment of so much indignity. Licenciado persisted in the kind of punishment he had already pronounced; upon which Aguire petitioned that it might be altered to one that he should not survive; and, though a gentleman, and from that quality not liable to suffer so ignominious a death, humbly besought his excellency that he might be hanged. But though Licenciado appeared all his life, before he came into power, a person of an easy and tractable disposition, he was so changed by his office, that these applications from the unfortunate Aguire did but the more gratify his insolence; and during the very time of their mediation for the prisoner, he insulted them also, by commanding, with a haughty tone, that his orders should be executed that very instant. This, as it is usual on such occasions, made the whole town flock together; but the principal inhabitants, abhorring the severity of Licenciado, and pitying a gentleman in the condition of Aguire, went in a body, and besought the governor to suspend, if not remit the punishment. Their importunities prevailed on him to defer the execution for eight days; but when they came to the prison with his warrant, they found Aguire already brought forth, stripped, and mounted on an ass, which is the posture wherein the basest criminals are whipped in that city. His friends cried out—'Take him off, take him off!' and proclaimed their order for suspending his punishment; but the youth, when he heard that it was only put off for eight days, rejected the favour, and said—'All my endeavours have been to keep myself from mounting this beast, and from the shame of

being seen naked; but since things are come thus far, let the sentence proceed, which will be less than the fears and apprehensions I shall have in these eight days ensuing: besides, I shall not need to give farther trouble to my friends for intercession on my behalf, which is as likely to be ineffectual as what hath already passed.' After he had said this, the ass was whipped forward, and Aguire ran the gantlet according to the sentence. The calm manner in which he resigned himself, when he found his disgrace must be, and the scorn of dallying with it under a suspension of a few days, which mercy was but another form of the governor's cruelty, made it visible that he took comfort in some secret resolution to avenge the affront.

After this indignity, Aguire could not be persuaded (though the inhabitants of Potocsi often importuned him from the spirit they saw in him) to go upon any military undertaking, but excused himself with a modest sadness in his countenance, saying, that after such a shame as his was, death must be his only remedy and consolation, which he would endeavour to obtain as soon as possible.

Under this melancholy he remained in Peru, until the time in which the office of Esquivel expired; after which, like a desperate man, he pursued and followed him, watching an opportunity to kill him, and wipe off the shame of the late affront. Esquivel being informed of this desperate resolution by his friends, endeavoured to avoid his enemy, and took a journey of three or four hundred leagues from him, supposing that Aguire would not pursue him at such a distance; but Esquivel's flight did but increase Aguire's speed in following. The first journey which Esquivel took was to the city of Los-Reyes, being three hundred and twenty leagues distant; but in less than fifteen days Aguire was there with him: whereupon Esquivel took another flight, as far as to the city of Quito, being four hundred leagues distant from Los-Reyes; but in a little more than twenty days Aguire was again with him; which being intimated to Esquivel, he took another leap as far as Cuzco, which is five hundred leagues from Quito; but in a few days after he arrived there, came also Aguire, travelling all the way on foot.



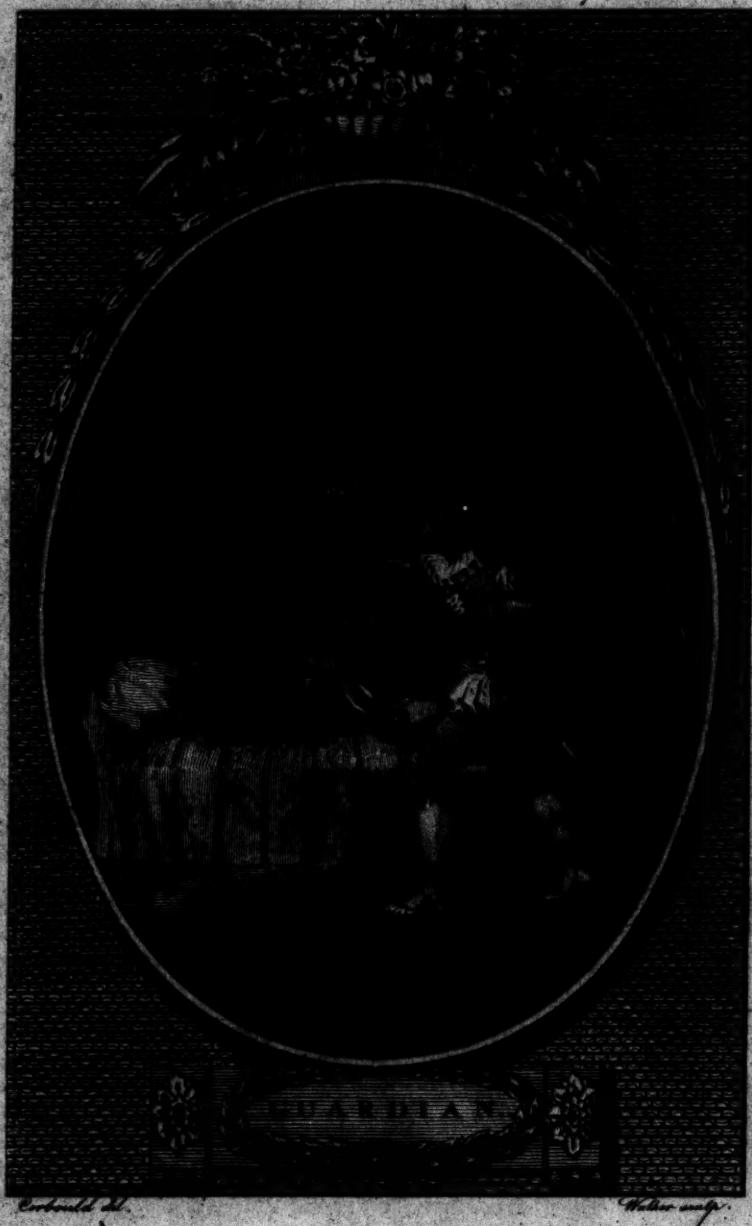


Plate VII.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. July 30. 1785.

foot, without shoes or stockings, saying, that it became not the condition of a whipt rascal to travel on horseback, or appear amongst men. In this manner did Aguiré haunt and pursue Esquivel for three years and four months; who being now tired and wearied with so many long and tedious journeys, resolved to fix his abode at Cozco, where he believed that Aguiré would scarce adventure to attempt any thing against him, for fear of the judge who governed that city, who was a severe man, impartial and inflexible in all his proceedings; and accordingly took a lodging in the middle of the street of the great church, where he lived with great care and caution, wearing a coat of mail under his upper coat, and went always armed with his sword and dagger, which were weapons not agreeable to his profession. However, Aguiré followed him, and having in vain dogged him from place to place, day after day, he resolved to make the attempt upon him in his own house, which he entered, and wandered from room to room, till

at last he came into his study, where Licenciado lay on a couch asleep. Aguiré stabbed him with his dagger with great tranquillity, and very leisurely wounded him in other parts of the body, which were not covered with his coat of mail. He went out of the house in safety; but as his resentment was sated, he now began to reflect upon the inexorable temper of the governor of the place. Under this apprehension he had not composure enough to fly to a sanctuary, which was near the place where he committed the fact; but ran into the street, flutt'ring and distracted, proclaiming himself a criminal, by crying out—'Hide me, hide me!'

The wretched fate and poor behaviour of Licenciado, in flying his country to avoid the same person whom he had before treated with so much insolence, and the high resentment of a man so inconsiderable as Aguiré, when much injured, are good admonitions to little spirits in exalted stations, to take care how they treat brave men in low conditions.

Nº IX. SATURDAY, MARCH 21.

IN TANTALIS BRUYI CHEVRANT ORE, SEU NASCITUR SEU TERRATISSIMA FRUCTIBUS, SEU MULTITUDINIS INCREMENTO, SEU SANCTITATE DISCIPLINÆ.

THEY RISE IN A SHORT TIME TO THAT PITCH OF WEALTH AND GRANDEUR, BY MEANS OF AN EXTENSIVE COMMERCE BOTH BY SEA AND LAND, BY AN INCREASE OF THE PEOPLE, AND BY THE RIGOUR OF THEIR LAWS AND DISCIPLINE.

MANY of the subjects of my papers will consist of such things as I have gathered from the conversation, or learned from the conduct, of a gentleman, who has been very conversant in our family, by name Mr. Charwell. This person was formerly a merchant in this city, who by exact oeconomy, great frugality, and very fortunate adventures, was about twenty years since, and the fortieth year of his age, arrived to the estate which we usually call a Plumb. This was a sum so much beyond his first ambition, that he then resolved to retire from the town, and the business of it together. Accordingly he laid out one half of his money upon the purchase of a nobleman's estate, not many miles distant

from the country seat of my Lady Lizard. From this neighbourhood our first acquaintance began, and has ever since been continued with equal application on both sides. Mr. Charwell visits very few gentlemen in the country; his most frequent airings in the summer time are visits to my Lady Lizard. And if ever his affairs bring him up to town during the winter, as soon as these are dispatched, he is sure to dine at her house, or to make one at her tea-table, to take her commands for the country.

I shall hardly be able to give an account how this gentleman has employed the twenty years since he made the purchase I have mentioned, without first describing the conditions of the estate.

The estate then consisted of a good large

large old house, a park of two thousand acres, eight thousand acres more of land divided into farms. The land not barren, but the country very thin of people, and these the only consumers of the wheat and barley that grew upon the premises. A river running by the house, which was in the centre of the estate, but the same not navigable, and the rendering it navigable had been opposed by the generality of the whole country. The roads excessive bad, and no possibility of getting off the tenants corn, but at such a price of carriage as would exceed the whole value when it came to market. The underwoods all destroyed to lay the country open to my lord's pleasures; but there was indeed the less want of this fuel, there being large coal-pits in the estate, within two miles of the house, and such a plenty of coals as was sufficient for whole counties. But then the want of water-carriage made these also a mere drug, and almost every man's for fetching. Many timber trees were still standing only for want of chapmen, very little being used for building in a country so thin of people, and those at a greater distance being in no likelihood of buying pennyworths, if they must be at the charge of land carriage. Yet every tree was valued at a much greater price than would be given for it in the place; so was every acre of land in the park; and, as for the tenants, they were all racked to extremity, and almost every one of them beggars. All these things Mr. Charwell knew very well, yet was not discouraged from going on with his purchase.

But in the first place, he resolved that a hundred in family should not ruin him, as it had done his predecessor. Therefore pretending to dislike the situation of the old house, he made choice of another at a mile distance higher up the river, at a corner of the park, where, at the expence of 4 or 5000l. and all the ornaments of the old house, he built a new one, with all convenient offices more suitable to his revenues, yet not much larger than my lord's dog-kennel, and a great deal less than his lordship's stables.

The next thing was to reduce his park. He took down a great many pales, and with these inclosed only two hundred acres of it near adjoining to his new house. The rest he converted to

breeding cattle, which yielded greater profit.

The tenants began now to be very much dissatisfied with the loss of my lord's family, which had been a constant market for great quantities of their corn; and with the disparting so much land, by which provisions were likely to be increased in so dispeopled a country. They were afraid they must be obliged themselves to consume the whole product of their farms, and that they should be soon undone by the economy and frugality of this gentleman.

Mr. Charwell was sensible their fears were but too just; and that if neither their goods could be carried off to distant markets, nor the markets brought home to their goods, his tenants must run away from their farms. He had no hopes of making the river navigable, which was a point that could not be obtained by all the interest of his predecessor, and was therefore not likely to be yielded up to a man who was not yet known in the country. All that was left for him was to bring the market home to his tenants, which was the very thing he intended before he ventured upon his purchase. He had even then projected in his thoughts the plan of a great town just below the old house; he therefore presently set himself about the execution of his project.

The thing has succeeded to his wish. In the space of twenty years he is so fortunate as to see a thousand new houses upon his estate, and at least five thousand new people, men, women, and children, inhabitants of those houses, who are comfortably subsisted by their own labour, without charge to Mr. Charwell, and to the great profit of his tenants.

It cannot be imagined that such a body of people can be subsisted at less than 5l. per head, or 25000l. per annum, the greatest part of which sum is annually expended for provisions among the farmers of the next adjacent lands. And as the tenants of Mr. Charwell are nearest of all others to the market, they have the best prices for their goods by all that is saved in the carriage.

But some provisions are of that nature, that they will not bear a much longer carriage than from the extreme parts of his lands; and I think I have been told, that for the single article of milk,

milk, at a pint every day for every house, his tenants take from this town not much less than 500l. per annum.

The soil of all kinds, which is made every year by the consumption of so great a town, I have heard has been valued at 200l. per annum. If this be true, the estate of Mr. Charwell is so much improved in this very article, since all this is carried out upon his lands by the back carriage of those very carts which were laden by his tenants with provisions and other necessaries for the people.

A hundred thousand bushels of coals are necessary to supply so great a multitude with yearly fuel. And as these are taken out of the coal-pits of Mr. Charwell, he receives a penny for every bushel; so that this very article is an addition of 400l. per annum to his revenues. And as the town and people are every year increasing, the revenues in the above-mentioned, and many other articles, are increasing in proportion.

There is now no longer any want of the family of the predecessor. The consumption of five thousand people is greater than can be made by any fifty of the greatest families in Great Britain. The tenants stand in no need of distant markets, to take off the product of their farms. The people so near their own doors are already more than they are able to supply; and what is wanting at home for this purpose is supplied from places at greater distance, at whatsoever price of carriage.

All the farmers every where near the river are now, in their turn, for an act of parliament to make it navigable, that they may have an easy carriage for their corn to so good a market. The tenants of Mr. Charwell, that they may have the whole market to themselves, are almost the only persons against it. But they will not be long able to oppose it: their leases are near expiring; and as they are grown very rich, there are many other persons ready to take their farms at more than double the present rents, even though the river should be made navigable, and distant people let in to sell their provisions together with these farmers.

As for Mr. Charwell himself, he is in no manner of pain lest his lands should fall in their value by the cheap carriage of provisions from distant places to his town. He knows very well that

cheapness of provisions was one great means of bringing together so great numbers, and that they must be held together by the same means. He seems to have nothing more in his thoughts, than to increase his town to such an extent, that all the country for ten miles round about shall be little enough to supply it. He considers that, at how great a distance soever provisions shall be brought thither, they must end at last in so much soil for his estate, and that the farmers of other lands will by this means contribute to the improvement of his own.

But by what encouragement and rewards, by what arts and policies, and what sort of people he has invited to live upon his estate, and how he has enabled them to subsist by their own labour, to the great improvement of his lands, will be the subjects of some of my future Precautions.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

MARCH 16.

BY your paper of Saturday last, you give the town hopes that you will dedicate that day to religion. You could not begin it better than by warning your pupils of the poison vented under a pretence to free-thinking. If you can spare room in your next Saturday's paper for a few lines on the same subject, these are at your disposal.

I happened to be present at a public conversation of some of the defenders of this Discourse of Free-thinking, and others that differed from them; where I had the diversion of hearing the same man in one breath persuade us to freedom of thought, and in the next offer to demonstrate that we had no freedom in any thing. One would think men should blush to find themselves entangled in a greater contradiction than any the Discourse ridicules. This principle of free fatality, or necessary liberty, is a worthy fundamental of the new sect; and indeed this opinion is an evidence and clearness so nearly related to Transubstantiation, that the same genius seems requisite for either. It is fit the world should know how far reason abandons men that would employ it against religion; which intention, I hope, justifies this trouble from, Sir,

Your hearty well-wisher,

MISATHEUS.

N^o X. MONDAY, MARCH 23.

VENIT AD ME SEPE CLAMITANS

VESTITU NIMIUM INDULGES, NIMIUM INEPTUS ES,

NIMIUM IPSE EST DUKUS PRATER EQUUMQUE ET BONUM.

PER. ADELPH. ACT I. SC. I.

IT IS PERPETUALLY COMING TO ME, AND RINGING IN MY EARS, THAT I
 HAD WRONG TO INDULGE HIM SO MUCH IN THE ARTICLE OF DRESS; BUT THE
 FAULT LIES IN HIS OWN EXCESSIVE AND UNREASONABLE SEVERITY.

WHEN I am in deep meditation in order to give my wards proper Precautions, I have a principal regard to the prevalence of things which people of merit neglect, and from which those of no merit raise to themselves an esteem. Of this nature is the business of dress. It is weak in a man of thought and reflection to be either depressed or exalted from the perfections or disadvantages of his person. However, there is a respective conduct to be observed in the habit, according to the eminent distinction of the body, either way. A gay youth in the possession of an ample fortune, could not recommend his understanding to those who are not of his acquaintance more suddenly, than by sobriety in his habit; as this is winning at first sight, so a person gorgeously fine, which in itself should avoid the attraction of the beholders eyes, gives as immediate offence.

I make it my business when my Lady Lizard's youngest daughter, Miss Molly, is making cloaths, to consider her from head to foot, and cannot be easy when there is any doubt lies upon me concerning the colour of a knot, or any other part of her head-dress, which by its darkness or liveliness might too much allay or brighten her complexion. There is something loose in looking as well as you possibly can; but it is also a vice not to take care how you look.

The indiscretion of believing that great qualities make up for the want of things less considerable, is punished too severely in those who are guilty of it. Every day's experience shews us, among variety of people with whom we are not acquainted, that we take impressions too favourable and too disadvantageous of men at first sight from their habit. I take this to be a point of great consideration, and I shall consider it in my future Precautions as such. As to the

female world, I shall give them my opinion at large by way of comment upon a new suit of the Sparkler's, which is to come home next week. I design it a model for the ladies; she and I have had three private meetings about it. As to the men, I am very glad to hear, being myself a fellow of Lincoln College, that there is at last in one of our universities risen a happy genius for little things. It is extremely to be lamented, that hitherto we come from the college as unable to put on our own cloaths as we do from nurse. We owe many misfortunes, and an unhappy backwardness in urging our way in the world, to the neglect of these less matters. For this reason I shall authorise and support the gentleman who writes me the following letter; and though out of diffidence of the reception his proposal should meet with from me, he has given himself too ludicrous a figure, I doubt not but from his notices to make men who cannot arrive at learning in that place, come from thence without appearing ignorant; and such as can, to be truly knowing without appearing bookish.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR, OXFORD, MARCH 18, 1712-13.

I Foresee that you will have many correspondents in this place; but as I have often observed, with grief of heart, that scholars are wretchedly ignorant in the science I profess, I flatter myself that my letter will gain a place in your papers. I have made it my study, Sir, in these feats of learning, to look into the nature of dress, and am what they call an academical beau. I have often lamented that I am obliged to wear a grave habit, since by that means I have not an opportunity to introduce fashions amongst our young gentlemen; and so am forced, contrary to my own inclinations, and the expectation of all who

know

know me, to appear in print. I have indeed met with some success in the projects I have communicated to some sparks with whom I am intimate; and I cannot without a secret triumph confess, that the sleeves turned up with green velvet, which now flourish throughout the university, sprung originally from my invention.

As it is necessary to have the head clear, as well as the complexion, to be perfect in this part of learning, I rarely mingle with the men, (for I abhor wine) but frequent the tea-tables of the ladies. I know every part of their dress, and can name all their things by their names. I am consulted about every ornament they buy; and, I speak it without vanity, have a very pretty fancy to knots and the like. Sometimes I take a needle, and spot a piece of muslin for pretty Patty Crows-fitch, who is my present favourite, which, she says, I do neatly enough; or read one of your papers, and explain the motto, which they all like mightily. But then I am a sort of petty tyrant amongst them; for I own I have my humours. If any thing be amiss, they are sure Mr. Sleek will find fault; if any hoity-toity things make a fuss, they are sure to be taken to pieces the next visit. I am the dread of poor Celia, whose wrapping-gown is not right India; and am avoided by Thais in her second-hand mantua, which several masters of arts think very fine, whereas I perceived it had been scoured with half an eye.

Thus have I endeavoured to improve my understanding, and am desirous to communicate my innocent discoveries to those who, like me, may distinguish themselves more to advantage by their bodies than their minds. I do not think the pains I have taken, in these my studies, thrown away, since by these means, though I am not very valuable, I am however not disagreeable. Would gentlemen but reflect upon what I say, they would take care to make the best of themselves; for I think it intolerable that a blockhead should be a slob. Though every man cannot fill his head

with learning, it is in any one's power to wear a pretty periwig; let him who cannot say a witty thing, keep his teeth white at least; he who hath no knack at writing sonnets, may however have a soft hand; and he may arch his eyebrows, who hath not strength of genius for the mathematics.

After the conclusion of the peace we shall undoubtedly have new fashions from France; and I have some reason to think that some particularities in the garb of their Abbés may be transplanted hither to advantage. What I find becoming in their dress, I hope I may, without the imputation of being popishly inclined, adopt into our habits; but would willingly have the authority of the Guardian to countenance me in this harmless design. I would not hereby assume to myself a jurisdiction over any of our youth, but such as are incapable of improvement any other way. As for the awkward creatures that mind their studies, I look upon them as irreclaimable. But over the aforementioned order of men, I desire a commission from you to exercise full authority. Hereby I shall be enabled from time to time to introduce several pretty oddnesses in the taking and tucking up of gowns, to regulate the dimensions of wigs, to vary the tufts upon caps, and to enlarge or narrow the hems of bands, as I shall think most for the public good.

I have prepared a treatise against the Cravat and Berdash, which I am told is not ill done; and have thrown together some hasty observations upon stockings, which my friends assure me I need not be ashamed of. But I shall not offer them to the public, until they are approved of at our female club; which I am the more willing to do, because I am sure of their praise; for they own I understand these things better than they do. I shall herein be very proud of your encouragement; for, next to keeping the university clean, my greatest ambition is to be thought, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,
SIMON SLEEK.

N^o XI. TUESDAY, MARCH 24.

HUC PROPIUS ME,
DUM DOCEO INSANIRE OMNES, VOS ORDINE ADITE.

HOR. SAT. 3. L. 2. V. 80.

ATTEND MY LECTURE, WHILST I PLAINLY SHOW,
THAT ALL MANKIND ARE MAD, FROM HIGH TO LOW.

THERE is an oblique way of reproof, which takes off from the sharpness of it; and an address in flattery, which makes it agreeable though never so gross: but of all flatterers, the most skilful is he who can do what you like, without saying any thing which argues he does it for your sake; the most winning circumstance in the world being the conformity of manners. I speak of this as a practice necessary in gaining people of sense, who are not yet given up to self-conceit; those who are far gone in admiration of themselves need not be treated with so much delicacy. The following letter puts this matter in a pleasant and uncommon light; the author of it attacks this vice with an air of compliance, and alarms us against it by exhorting us to it.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

AS you profess to encourage all those who any way contribute to the public good, I flatter myself I may claim your countenance and protection. I am by profession a mad doctor, but of a peculiar kind, not of those whose aim it is to remove phrenzies, but one who make it my business to confer an agreeable madness on my fellow-creatures, for their mutual delight and benefit. Since it is agreed by the philosophers, that happiness and misery consist chiefly in the imagination, nothing is more necessary to mankind in general than this pleasing delirium, which renders every one satisfied with himself, and persuades him that all others are equally so.

I have for several years, both at home and abroad, made this science my particular study, which I may venture to say I have improved in almost all the courts of Europe; and have reduced it into so safe and easy a method, as to practise it on both sexes, of what disposition, age or quality soever, with suc-

cess. What enables me to perform this great work, is the use of my Obsequium Catholicon, or the Grand Elixir to support the spirits of human nature. This remedy is of the most grateful flavour in the world, and agrees with all tastes whatever. It is delicate to the senses, delightful to the operation, may be taken at all hours without confinement, and is as properly given at a ball or play-house as in a private chamber. It restores and vivifies the most dejected minds, corrects and extracts all that is painful in the knowledge of a man's self. One dose of it will instantly disperse itself through the whole animal system, dissipate the first motions of distrust so as never to return, and so exhilarate the brain and rarify the gloom of reflection, as to give the patients a new flow of spirits, a vivacity of behaviour, and a pleasing dependence upon their own capacities.

Let a person be ever so far gone, I advise him not to despair; even though he has been troubled many years with restless reflections, which by long neglect have hardened into settled consideration. Those that have been stung with satire may here find a certain antidote, which infallibly disperses all the remains of poison that has been left in the understanding by bad cures. It fortifies the heart against the rancour of pamphlets, the inveteracy of epigrams, and the mortification of lampoons; as has been often experienced by several persons of both sexes, during the seasons of Tunbridge and the Bath.

I could, as farther instances of my success, produce certificates and testimonials from the favourites and ghostly fathers of the most eminent princes of Europe; but shall content myself with the mention of a few cures, which I have performed by this my Grand Universal Restorative, during the practice of one month only since I came to this city.

CURES

CURES IN THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY 1713.

George Spondee, Esq. poet, and inmate of the parish of St. Paul's Covent Garden, fell into violent fits of the spleen upon a thin third night. He had been frightened into a vertigo by the sound of cat-calls on the first day; and the frequent hissings on the second made him unable to endure the bare pronunciation of the letter S. I searched into the causes of his distemper; and by the prescription of a dose of my Obsequium, prepared secundum artem, recovered him to his natural state of madness. I cast in at proper intervals the words—'Ill 'taste of the town, envy of critics, bad 'performance of the actors,' and the like. He is so perfectly cured that he has promised to bring another play upon the stage next winter.

A lady of professed virtue, of the parish of St. James's, Westminster, who hath desired her name may be concealed, having taken offence at a phrase of double meaning in conversation, undiscovered by any other in the company, suddenly fell into a cold fit of modesty. Upon a right application of praise of her virtue, I threw the lady into an agreeable waking dream, settled the fermentation of her blood into a warm charity, so as to make her look with patience on the very gentleman that offended.

Hilaria, of the parish of St. Giles's in the Fields, a coquette of long practice, was by the reprimand of an old maiden reduced to look grave in company, and deny herself the play of the fan. In short, she was brought to such melancholy circumstances, that she would sometimes unawares fall into devotion at church. I advised her to take a few innocent freedoms with occasional kisses, prescribed her the exercise of the eyes, and immediately raised her to her former state of life. She on a sudden recovered her dimples, furled her fan, threw round her glances, and for these two Sundays last past has not once been seen in an attentive posture. This the churchwardens are ready to attest upon oath.

Andrew Terror, of the Middle-Temple, mohock, was almost induced by an aged bencher of the same house to leave off bright conversation, and pore over Coke upon Lyttleton. He was so ill that his hat began to flap, and he was seen one day in the last term at Westminster

Hall. This patient had quite lost his spirit of contradiction; I, by the distillation of a few of my vivifying drops in his ear, drew him from his lethargy, and restored him to his usual vivacious misunderstanding. He is at present very easy in his condition.

I will not dwell upon the recital of the innumerable cures I have performed within twenty days last past; but rather proceed to exhort all persons, of whatever age, complexion, or quality, to take as soon as possible of this my intellectual oil; which applied at the ear, seizes all the senses with a most agreeable transport, and discovers its effects, not only to the satisfaction of the patient, but all who converse with, attend upon, or any way relate to him or her that receives the kindly infection. It is often administered by chamber-maids, valets, or any the most ignorant domestic; it being one peculiar excellence of this my oil, that it is most prevalent, the more unskilful the person is or appears who applies it. It is absolutely necessary for ladies to take a dose of it just before they take coach to go a visiting.

But I offend the public, as Horace said, when I trespass on any of your time. Give me leave then, Mr. Ironside, to make you a present of a drachm or two of my oil; though I have cause to fear my prescriptions will not have the effect upon you I could wish: therefore I do not endeavour to bribe you in my favour by the present of my oil, but wholly depend upon your public spirit and generosity; which, I hope, will recommend to the world the useful endeavours of, Sir,

Your most obedient, most faithful,
most devoted, most humble servant
and admirer,

GNATHO.

. Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

N.B. I teach the arcana of my art at reasonable rates to gentlemen of the universities; who desire to be qualified for writing dedications; and to young lovers and fortune-hunters, to be paid at the day of marriage. I instruct persons of bright capacities to flatter others; and those of the meanest to flatter themselves.

I was the first inventor of pocket looking-glasses,

N^o XII. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25.

VEL QUIA NIL RECTUM, NISI QUOD PLACUIT SIBI, DUCUNT:

VEL QUIA TURPE PUTANT FACERE MINORIBUS.

HOR. EP. I. L. 2. V. 84.

IMITATED.

YOU'D THINK NO FOOLS DISGRAC'D THE FORMER REIGNS;
 DID NOT SOME GRAVE EXAMPLES YET REMAIN,
 WHO SCORN A LAD SHOULD MATCH HIS FATHER'S SKILL,
 AND HAVING ONCE BEEN WRONG, WILL BE SO STILL.

POPE.

WHEN a poem makes it's first appearance in the world, I have always observed, that it gives employment to a greater number of critics than any other kind of writing. Whether it be that most men, at some time of their lives, have tried their talent that way, and thereby think they have a right to judge; or whether they imagine, that their making shrewd observations upon the polite arts, gives them a pretty figure; or whether there may not be some jealousy and caution in bestowing applause upon those who write chiefly for fame: whatever the reasons be, we find few discouraged by the delicacy and danger of such an undertaking.

I think it certain, that most men are naturally not only capable of being pleased with that which raises agreeable pictures in the fancy, but willing also to own it. But then there are many, who, by false applications of some rules ill understood, or out of deference to men whose opinions they value, have formed to themselves certain schemes and systems of satisfaction, and will not be pleased out of their own way. These are no critics themselves, but readers of critics, who, without the labour of perusing authors, are able to give their characters in general; and know just as much of the several species of poetry, as those who read books of geography do of the genius of this or that people or nation. These gentlemen deliver their opinions sententiously, and in general terms; to which it being impossible readily to frame complete answers, they have often the satisfaction of leaving the board in triumph. As young persons, and particularly the ladies, are liable to be led aside by these tyrants in wit, I shall examine two or three of the many stratagems they use, and subjoin such precautions as may hinder candid readers from being deceived thereby.

The first I shall take notice of is an objection commonly offered, viz. 'That such a poem hath indeed some good lines in it, but it is not a regular piece.' This, for the most part, is urged by those whose knowledge is drawn from some famous French critics, who have written upon the epic poem, the drama, and the great kinds of poetry, which cannot subsist without great regularity; but ought by no means to be required in odes, epistles, panegyrics, and the like, which naturally admit of greater liberties. The enthusiasm in odes, and the freedom of epistles, is rarely disputed: but I have often heard the poems upon public occasions written in heroic verse, which I chuse to call panegyrics, severely censured upon this account; the reason whereof I cannot guess, unless it be, that because they are written in the same kind of numbers and spirit as an epic poem, they ought therefore to have the same regularity. Now an epic poem consisting chiefly in narration, it is necessary that the incidents should be related in the same order that they are supposed to have been transacted. But in works of the above-mentioned kind, there is no more reason that such order should be observed, than that an oration should be as methodical as an history. I think it sufficient that the great hints, suggested from the subject, be so disposed, that the first may naturally prepare the reader for what follows, and so on; and that their places cannot be changed without disadvantage to the whole. I will add further, that sometimes gentle deviations, sometimes bold and even abrupt digressions, where the dignity of the subject seems to give the impulse, are proofs of a noble genius; as winding about and returning artfully to the main design, are marks of address and dexterity.

Another artifice made use of by pretenders

tenders to criticism, is an insinuation, that all that is good is borrowed from the ancients. This is very common in the mouths of pedants, and perhaps in their hearts too; but is often urged by men of no great learning, for reasons very obvious. Now nature being still the same, it is impossible for any modern writer to paint her otherwise than the ancients have done. If, for example, I was to describe the general's horse at the battle of Blenheim as my fancy represented such a noble beast, and that description should resemble what Virgil hath drawn for the horse of his hero, it would be almost as ill-natured to urge that I had stolen my description from Virgil, as to reproach the Duke of Marlborough for fighting only like *Aeneas*. All that the most exquisite judgment can perform is, out of that great variety of circumstances, wherein natural objects may be considered, to select the most beautiful; and to place images in such views and lights, as will affect the fancy after the most delightful manner. But over and above a just painting of nature, a learned reader will find a new beauty superadded in a happy imitation of some famous ancient, as it revives in his mind the pleasure he took in his first reading such an author. Such copyings as these give that kind of double delight which we perceive when we look upon the children of a beautiful couple; where the eye is not more charmed by the symmetry of the parts, than the mind by observing the resemblance transmitted from parents to their offspring, and the mingled features of the father and mother. The phrases of Holy Writ, and

allusions to several passages in the inspired writings, (though not produced as proofs of doctrine) add majesty and authority to the noblest discourses of the pulpit: in like manner, an imitation of the air of Homer and Virgil raises the dignity of modern poetry, and makes it appear stately and venerable.

The last observation I shall make at present is upon the disgust taken by those critics, who put on their cloaths prettily, and dislike every thing that is not written With Ease. I hereby, therefore, give the genteel part of the learned world to understand, that every thought which is agreeable to nature, and expressed in language suitable to it, is written with Ease. There are some things which must be written with strength, which nevertheless are easy. The statue of the gladiator, though represented in such a posture as strains every muscle, is as easy as that of Venus; because the one expresses strength and fury as naturally as the other doth beauty and softness. The passions are sometimes to be roused, as well as the fancy to be entertained; and the soul to be exalted and enlarged, as well as soothed. This often requires a raised figurative style; which readers of low apprehensions, or soft and languid dispositions, (having heard of the words Fustian and Bombast) are apt to reject as stiff and affected language. But nature and reason appoint different garbs for different things; and since I write this to the men of dress, I will ask them, if a soldier, who is to mount a breach, should be adorned like a beau, who is spruced up for a ball?

Nº XIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 26.

SUDORE ET LIBERALITATE LIBEROS

RETINERE, SATIUS ESSE CREDO, QUAM METU.

TER. ADELPH. ACT I. SC. I.

ESTEEM IT BETTER TO KEEP CHILDREN IN AWE BY A SENSE OF SHAME, AND A CONDESCENSION TO THEIR INCLINATIONS, THAN BY FEAR.

THE reader has had some account of the whole family of the Lizards, except the younger sons. These are the branches which ordinarily spread themselves, when they happen to be hopeful, into other houses, and new generations, as honourable, numerous, and wealthy, as those from whence they are derived.

For this reason it is that a very peculiar regard is to be had to their education.

Young men, when they are good for any thing, and left to their own inclinations, delight either in those accomplishments we call their exercise, in the sports of the field, or in letters. Mr. Thomas, the second son, does not follow any of

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these

these with too deep an attention, - but took to each of them enough never to appear ungraceful or ignorant. This general inclination makes him the more agreeable, and saves him from the imputation of pedantry. His carriage is so easy, that he is acceptable to all with whom he converses; he generally falls in with the inclination of his company, is never assuming, or prefers himself to others. Thus he always gains favour without envy, and has every man's good wishes. It is remarkable, that from his birth to this day, though he is now four and twenty, I do not remember that he has ever had a debate with any of his playfellows or friends.

His thoughts, and present applications, are to get into a court-life; for which, indeed, I cannot but think him peculiarly formed. For he has joined to this complacency of manners a great natural sagacity, and can very well distinguish between things and appearances. That way of life, wherein all men are rivals, demands great circumspection to avoid controversies arising from different interests; but he who is by nature of a flexible temper, has his work half done. I have been particularly pleased with his behaviour towards women; he has the skill, in their conversation, to converse with them as a man would with those from whom he might have expectations, but without making requests. I do not know that I ever heard him make what they call a compliment, or be particular in his address to any lady; and yet I never heard any woman speak of him but with a peculiar regard. I believe he has been often beloved, but know not that he was ever yet a lover. The great secret among them is to be amiable without design. He has a voluble speech, a vacant countenance, and easy action, which represents the fact which he is relating with greater delight than it would have been to have been present at the transaction he recounts: for you see it not only your own way by the bare narration, but have the additional pleasure of his sense of it by this manner of representing it. There are mixed in his talk so many pleasant ironies, that things which deserve the severest language are made ridiculous instead of odious, and you see every thing in the most good-natured aspect it can bear. It is wonderfully entertaining to me to hear him so exquisitely pleasant, and never say an

ill-natured thing. He is with all his acquaintance the person generally chosen to reconcile any difference; and if it be capable of accommodation, Tom Lizard is an unexceptionable referee. It has happened to him more than once, that he has been employed, by each opposite in a private manner, to feel the pulse of the adversary; and when each has proposed the decision of the matter by any whom the other should name, he has taken hold of the occasion, and put on the authority assigned by them both, so seasonably, that they have begun a new correspondence with each other, fortified by his friendship to whom they both owe the value they have for one another, and consequently confer a greater measure of their good-will upon the interpoler. I must repeat, that, above all, my young man is excellent at raising the subject on which he speaks, and casting a light upon it more agreeable to his company, than they thought the subject was capable of. He avoids all emotion and violence, and never is warm but on an affectionate occasion. Gentleness is what peculiarly distinguishes him from other men, and it runs through all his words and actions.

Mr. William, the next brother, is not of this smooth make, nor so ready to accommodate himself to the humours and inclinations of other men, but to weigh what passes with some severity. He is ever searching into the first springs and causes of any action or circumstance, insomuch that if it were not to be expected that experience and conversation would allay that humour, it must inevitably turn him to ridicule. But it is not proper to break in upon an inquisitive temper, that is of use to him in the way of life which he proposes to himself, to wit, the study of the law, and the endeavour to arrive at a faculty in pleading. I have been very careful to kill in him any pretensions to follow men already eminent, any farther than as their success is an encouragement; but make it my endeavour to cherish, in the principal and first place, his eager pursuit of solid knowledge in his profession: for I think that clear conception will produce clear expression, and clear expression proper action: I never saw a man speak very well, where I could not apparently observe this, and it shall be a maxim with me, till I see an instance to the contrary. When young and un-

experienced

experienced men take any particular person for their pattern, they are apt to imitate them in such things, to which their want of knowledge makes them attribute success; and not to the real causes of it. Thus one may have an air, which proceeds from a just sufficiency and knowledge of the matter before him, which may naturally produce some motion of his head and body, which might become the bench better than the bar. How painfully wrong would this be in a youth at his first appearance, when it is not well even for the serjeant of the greatest weight and dignity. But I will, at this time, with an hint only of his way of life, leave Mr. William at his study in the Temple.

The youngest son, Mr. John, is now in the twentieth year of his age, and has had the good fortune and honour to be chosen last election fellow of All-Souls college in Oxford. He is very graceful in his person; has height, strength, vigour, and a certain cheerfulness and serenity that creates a sort of love, which people at first sight observe is ripening into esteem. He has a sublime vein in poetry, and a warm manner in recommending, either in speech or writing,

whatever he has earnestly at heart. This excellent young man has devoted himself to the service of his Creator, and with an aptitude to every agreeable quality, and every happy talent that could make a man shine in a court, or command in a camp, he is resolved to go into holy orders. He is inspired with a true sense of that function, when chosen from a regard to the interests of piety and virtue, and a scorn of whatever men call great in a transitory being, when it comes in competition with what is unchangeable and eternal. Whatever men would undertake from a passion to glory, whatever they would do for the service of their country, this youth has a mind prepared to achieve for the salvation of souls. What gives me great hopes that he will one day make an extraordinary figure in the Christian world, is, that his invention, his memory, judgment, and imagination, are always employed in this one view; and I do not doubt but in my future Precautions to present the youth of this age with more agreeable narrations, compiled by this young man on the subject of heroic piety, than any they can meet with in the legends of love and honour.

Nº XIV. FRIDAY, MARCH 27.

NEC SCIT, QUA SIT ITER, NEC SCSCIAT IMPERIT.

OVID. MET. L. 2. V. 176.

NOR DID HE KNOW

WHICH WAY TO TURN THE REINS, OR WHERE TO GO;

NOR WOULD THE HORSES, HAD HE KNOWN, OBEY.

ADDISON.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

YOU having, in your first paper, declared, among other things, that you will publish whatever you think may conduce to the advancement of the conversation of gentlemen, I cannot but hope you will give my young masters, when I have told you their age, condition, and how they lead their lives; and who, though I say it, are as docile as any youths in Europe; a lesson which they very much want, to restrain them from the infection of bad company, and squandering away their time in idle and unworthy pursuits. A word from you, I am very well assured, will prevail more with them than any remonstrance they will meet with at home. The eldest is

now about seventeen years of age, and the younger fifteen, born of noble parentage, and to plentiful fortunes. They have a very good father and mother, and also a governor, but come very seldom (except against their wills) in the sight of any of them. That which I observe they have most relish to is, horses and cock-fighting, which they too well understand, being almost positive at first sight to tell you which horse will win the match, and which cock the battle; and if you are of another opinion, will lay you what you please on their own, and it is odds but you lose. What I fear to be the greatest prejudice to them, is their keeping much closer to their horses heels than their books, and conversing more with their stablemen and lacqueys than with their relations

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and

and gentlemen: and, I apprehend, are at this time better skilled how to hold the reins, and drive a coach, than to translate a verse in Virgil or Horace. For the other day, taking a walk abroad, they met accidentally in the fields with two young ladies, whose conversation they were very much pleased with; and being desirous to ingratiate themselves further into their favour, prevailed with them, though they had never seen them before in their lives, to take the air in a coach of their father's, which waited for them at the end of Grays-Inn-Lane. The youths ran with the wings of love, and ordered the coachman to wait at the town's end till they came back. One of our young gentlemen got up before, and the other behind, to act the parts they had long, by the direction and example of their comrades, taken much pains to qualify themselves for, and so galloped off. What these mean entertainments will end in, it is impossible to foresee; but a Precaution upon that subject might prevent very great calamities in a very worthy family, who take in your papers, and might, perhaps, be alarmed at what you lay before them upon this subject. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

T. S.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

I Writ to you on the 21st of this month, which you did not think fit to take notice of: it gives me the greater trouble that you did not, because I am confident the father of the young lads whom I mentioned, would have considered how far what was said in my letter concerned himself; upon which it is now too late to reflect. His ingenious son, the coachman, aged seventeen years, has since that time ran away with and married one of the girls I spoke of in my last. The manner of carrying on the intrigue, as I have picked it out of the younger brother, who is almost sixteen, still a bachelor, was as follows: one of the young women, whom they met in the fields, seemed very much taken with my master the elder son, and was prevailed with to go into a cake-house not far off the town. The girl, it seems, acted her part so well, as to enamour the boy, and make him inquisitive into her place of abode, with all other questions which were necessary toward further intimacy. The

matter was so managed, that the lad was made to believe there was no possibility of conversing with her, by reason of a very severe mother, but with the utmost caution. What, it seems, made the mother, forsooth, the more suspicious was, that because the men said her daughter was pretty, somebody or other would persuade her to marry while she was too young to know how to govern a family. By what I can learn from pretences as shallow as this, she appeared so far from having a design upon her lover, that it seemed impracticable to him to get her, except it were carried on with much secrecy and skill. Many were the interviews these lovers had in four and twenty hours time: for it was managed by the mother, that he should run in and out as unobserved by her, and the girl be called in every other instant into the next room, and rated (that she could not stay in a place) in his hearing. The young gentleman was at last so much in love, as to be thought by the daughter engaged far enough to put it to the venture that he could not live without her. It was now time for the mother to appear, who surprized the lovers, together in private, and banished the youth her house. What is not in the power of love! the charioteer, attended by his faithful friend the younger brother, got out the other morning a little earlier than ordinary, and having made a sudden friendship with a lad of their own age by the force of ten shillings, who drove an hackney-coach, the elder brother took his post in the coach-box, where he could act with a great deal of skill and dexterity, and waited at the corner of the street where his mistress lived, in hopes of carrying her off under that disguise. The whole day was spent in expectation of an opportunity; but in many parts of it he had kind looks from a distant window, which was answered by a brandish of his whip, and a compass taken to drive round and shew his activity and readiness to convey her where she should command him. Upon the approach of the evening, a note was thrown into his coach by a porter, to acquaint him that his mistress and her mother should take coach exactly at seven o'clock; but that the mother was to be set down, and the daughter to go further, and call again. The happy minute came at last, when our hack had the happiness to take in his expected fare,

fare, attended by her mother, and the young lady with whom he had first met her. The mother was set down in the Strand, and her daughter ordered to call on her when she came from her cousin's an hour afterwards. The mother was not so unskilful as not to have instructed her daughter whom to send for, and how to behave herself when her lover should urge her consent. We yet know no further particulars, but that my young master was married that night at Knightsbridge, in the presence of his brother and two or three other persons; and that just before the ceremony, he took his brother aside, and asked him to

marry the other young woman. Now, Sir, I will not harangue upon this adventure, but only observe, that if the education of this compound creature had been more careful as to his rational part, the animal life in him had not, perhaps, been so forward, but he might have waited longer before he was a husband. However, as the whole town will in a day or two know the names, persons, and other circumstances, I think this properly lies before your guardianship to consider for the admonition of others; but my young master's fate is irrevocable. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

Nº XV. SATURDAY, MARCH 28.

SIBI QUIVIS

SPIRET IDEM, SUDET MULTUM, FRUSTRAQUE LABORET,
AUSUS IDEM

HOR. ARS POET. V. 120.

ALL MEN WILL TRY, AND HOPE TO WRITE AS WELL,
AND (NOT WITHOUT MUCH PAINS) BE UNDECEIV'D.

ROSCOMMON.

I Came yesterday into the parlour, where I found Mrs. Cornelia, my lady's third daughter, all alone, reading a paper, which, as I afterwards found, contained a copy of verses upon love and friendship. She, I believe, apprehended that I had glanced my eye upon the paper, and by the order and disposition of the lines might distinguish that they were poetry; and therefore, with an innocent confusion in her face, she told me that I might read them if I pleased, and so withdrew. By the hand, at first sight, I could not guess whether they came from a beau or a lady; but having put on my spectacles, and perused them carefully, I found by some peculiar modes in spelling, and a certain negligence in grammar, that it was a female sonnet. I have since learned, that she hath a correspondent in the country who is as bookish as herself; that they write to one another by the names of Aitrea and Dorinda, and are mightily admired for their easy lines. As I should be loth to have a poetess in our family, and yet am unwilling harshly to cross the bent of a young lady's genius, I chose rather to throw together some thoughts upon that kind of poetry which is distinguished by the name of Easy, than to risque the fame of Mrs. Cornelia's friend, by exposing her work to public view.

I have said, in a foregoing paper, that every thought which is agreeable to nature, and expressed in a language suitable to it, is written with Ease: which I offered in answer to those who ask for Ease in all kinds of poetry; and it is so far true, as it states the notion of easy writing in general, as that is opposed to what is forced or affected. But as there is an easy mien, and easy dress, peculiarly so called; so there is an easy sort of poetry. In order to write easily, it is necessary, in the first place, to think easily. Now, according to different subjects, men think differently; anger, fury, and the rough passions, awaken strong thoughts; glory, grandeur, power, raise great thoughts; love, melancholy, solitude, and whatever gently touches the soul, inspire easy thoughts.

Of the thoughts suggested by these gentle subjects, there are some which may be set off by style and ornaments; others there are, which the more simply they are conceived, and the more clearly they are expressed, give the soul proportionably the more pleasing emotions. The figures of style added to them serve only to hide a beauty, however gracefully they are put on, and are thrown away like paint upon a fine complexion. But here not only liveliness of fancy is requisite to exhibit a great variety of images;

images; but also niceness of judgment to cull out those, which, without the advantage of foreign art, will shine by their own intrinsic beauty. By these means, whatsoever seems to demand labour being rejected, that only which appears to be easy and natural will come in; and so art will be hid by art, which is the perfection of easy writing.

I will suppose an author to be really possessed with the passion which he writes upon; and then we shall see how he would acquit himself. This I take to be the safest way to form a judgment of him; since, if he be not truly moved, he must at least work up his imagination as near as possible to resemble reality. I chuse to instance in love, which is observed to have produced the most finished performances in this kind. A lover will be full of sincerity, that he may be believed by his mistress; he will therefore think simply; he will express himself perspicuously, that he may not perplex her; he will therefore write unaffectedly. Deep reflections are made by a head undisturbed; and points of wit and fancy are the work of an heart at ease: these two dangers then, into which poets are apt to run, are effectually removed out of the lover's way. The selecting proper circumstances, and placing them in agreeable lights, are the finest secrets of all poetry; but the recollection of little circumstances is the lover's sole meditation, and relating them pleasantly, the business of his life. Accordingly we find that the most celebrated authors of this rank excel in love verses. Out of ten thousand instances I shall name one, which I think the most delicate and tender I ever saw.

To myself I sigh often, without knowing why,
And when absent from Phyllis, methinks I
could die.

N^o XVI. MONDAY, MARCH 30.

SIT TIBI MUSA LYRAS SOLENS, ET CANTOR APOLLO.

HON. AGR. POST. V. 406.

BLUSH NOT TO PATRONISE THE MUSE'S SKILL.

TWO mornings ago a gentleman came in to my Lady Lizard's tea-table, who is distinguished in town by the good taste he is known to have in polite writings, especially such as relate

A man who hath ever been in love will be touched at the reading of these lines; and every one who now feels that passion, actually feels that they are true.

From what I have advanced, it appears how difficult it is to write easily. But when easy writings fall into the hand of an ordinary reader, they appear to him so natural and unlaboured, that he immediately resolves to write, and fancies that all he hath to do is to take no pains. Thus he thinks, indeed, simply; but the thoughts, not being chosen with judgment, are not beautiful; he, it is true, expresses himself plainly, but flatly withal. Again, if a man of vivacity takes it in his head to write this way, what self-denial must he undergo, when bright points of wit occur to his fancy? How difficult will he find it to reject florid phrases, and pretty embellishments of style? So true it is, that simplicity of all things is the hardest to be copied, and ease to be acquired with the greatest labour. Our family knows very well how ill Lady Flame looked, when she imitated Mrs. Jane in a plain black suit. And I remember, when Frank Courtly was saying the other day, that any man might write easy, I only asked him, if he thought it possible that Squire Hawthorn should ever come into a room as he did; he made me a very handsome bow, and answered with a smile—'Mr. Ironside, you have convinced me.'

I shall conclude this paper by observing, that Pastoral poetry, which is the most considerable kind of easy writing, has the ofttest been attempted with ill success of any sort whatsoever. I shall, therefore, in a little time, communicate my thoughts upon that subject to the public.

TO THE PUBLIC.

TO THE PUBLIC.

TO THE PUBLIC.

TO THE PUBLIC.

to love and gallantry. The figure of the man had something odd and grotesque in it, though his air and manner were genteel and easy, and his wit agreeable. The ladies, in complaisance to him,

him, turned the discourse to poetry. This soon gave him an occasion of producing two new songs to the company; which, he said, he would venture to recommend as compleat performances. 'The first,' continued he, 'is by a gentleman of an unrivalled reputation in every kind of writing; and the second by a lady who does me the honour to be in love with me, because I am not handsome.' Mrs. Annabella upon this (who never lets slip an occasion of doing sprightly things) gives a twitch to the paper with a finger and a thumb, and snatches it out of the gentleman's hands: then casting her eye over it with a seeming impatience, she read us the songs; and in a very obliging manner, desired the gentleman would let her have a copy of them, together with his judgment upon songs in general; 'That I may be able,' said she, 'to judge of gallantries of this nature, if ever it should be my fortune to have a poetical lover.' The gentleman complied; and accordingly Mrs. Annabella, the very next morning, when she was at her toilet, had the following packet delivered to her by a spruce valet de chambre.

THE FIRST SONG.

I.

ON Belvidera's bosom lying,
Wishing, panting, sighing, dying,
The cold, regardless maid, to move,
With unavailing pray'rs I sue:
'You first have taught me how to love;
'Ah, teach me to be happy too!

II.

But she, alas! unkindly wife,
To all my sighs and tears replies,
'Tis every prudent maid's concern
'Her lover's fondness to improve;
'If to be happy you shall learn,
'You quickly would forget to love.'

THE SECOND SONG.

I.

BOAST not, mistaken swain, thy art
To please my partial eyes;
The charms that have subdu'd my heart,
Another may despise.

II.

Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright:
Perhaps by some fond whim betray'd,
In oddness I delight.

III.

Vain youth, to your confusion know,
'Tis to my love's excess
You all your fancy'd beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows less.

IV.

For your own sake, if not for mine,
You should preserve my fire:
Since you, my swain, no more will shine,
When I no more admire.

V.

By me, indeed, you are allow'd
The wonder of your kind;
But be not of my judgment proud,
Whom love has render'd blind.

TO MRS. ANNABELLA LIZARD.

MADAM,

TO let you see how absolute your commands are over me, and to convince you of the opinion I have of your good sense, I shall, without any preamble of compliments, give you my thoughts upon Song-writing, in the same order as they have occurred to me. Only allow me, in my own defence, to say, that I do not remember ever to have met with any piece of criticism upon this subject; so that if I err, or seem singular in my opinions, you will be the more at liberty to differ from them, since I do not pretend to support them by any authority.

In all ages, and in every nation where poetry has been in fashion, the tribe of sonneteers hath been very numerous. Every pert young fellow that has a moving fancy, and the least gingle of verse in his head, sets up for a writer of songs, and resolves to immortalize his bottle or his mistress. What a world of insipid productions in this kind have we been pestered with since the Revolution, to go no higher! This, no doubt, proceeds in a great measure from not forming a right judgment of the nature of these little compositions. It is true, they do not require an elevation of thought, nor any extraordinary capacity, nor an extensive knowledge; but then they demand great regularity, and the utmost nicety; an exact purity of style, with the most easy and flowing numbers; an elegant and unaffected turn of wit, with one uniform and simple design. Greater works cannot well be without some inequalities and oversights, and they are in them pardonable; but a song

song loses all its lustre if it be not polished with the greatest accuracy. The smallest blemish in it, like a flaw in a jewel, takes off the whole value of it. A song is, as it were, a little image in enamel, that requires all the nice touches of the pencil, a gloss and a smoothness, with those delicate finishing strokes, which would be superfluous and thrown away upon larger figures, where the strength and boldness of a masterly hand gives all the grace.

Since you may have recourse to the French and English translations, you will not accuse me of pedantry, when I tell you that Sappho, Anacreon, and Horace in some of his short lyrics, are the completest models for little odes or sonnets. You will find them generally pursuing a single thought in their songs, which is driven to a point, without those interruptions and deviations so frequent in the modern writers of this order. To do justice to the French, there is no living language that abounds so much in good songs. The genius of the people, and the idiom of their tongue, seems adapted to compositions of this sort. Our writers generally crowd into one song materials enough for several; and so they starve every thought, by endeavouring to nurse up more than one at a time. They give you a string of imperfect sonnets, instead of one finished piece, which is a fault Mr. Waller (whose beauties cannot be too much admired) sometimes falls into. But, of all our countrymen, none are more defective in their songs, through a redundancy of wit, than Dr. Donne, and Mr. Cowley. In them, one point of wit flashes so fast upon another, that the reader's attention is dazzled by the continual sparkling of their imagination; you find a new design started al-

most in every line, and you come to the end without the satisfaction of seeing any one of them executed.

A song should be conducted like an epigram; and the only difference between them is, that one does not require the lyric numbers, and is usually employed upon satirical occasions; whereas the business of the other, for the most part, is to express, (as my Lord Roscommon translates it from Horace)

Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine.

I shall conclude what I have to say upon this subject, by observing, that the French do very often confound the song and the epigram, and take the one reciprocally for the other. An instance of which I shall give you in a remarkable epigram which passes current abroad for an excellent song.

Tu parles mal par tout de moi,
Je dis du bien par tout de toi;
Quel malheur est le nôtre?
L'on ne croit ni l'un, ni l'autre.

For the satisfaction of such of your friends as may not understand the original, I shall venture to translate it after my fashion, so as to keep strictly to the turn of thought, at the expence of losing something in the poetry and versification.

Thou speakest always ill of me,
I speak always well of thee:
But, spite of all our noise and pother,
The world believes nor one nor t'other.

Thus, Madam, I have endeavoured to comply with your commands; not out of vanity of erecting myself into a critic, but out of an earnest desire of being thought, upon all occasions,

Your most obedient servant.

NO XVII. TUESDAY, MARCH 31.

MINIMUMQUE LIBIDINE PECCANT.

JUV. SAT. 6. V. 134.

LUST IS THE SMALLEST SIN THEY OWN.

DRYDEN.

IF it were possible to bear up against the force of ridicule, which fashion has brought upon people for acknowledging a veneration for the most sacred

things, a man might say that the time we now are in * is set apart for humiliation; and all our actions should at present more particularly tend that way.

* Viz. Lent.

I re-

I remember, about thirty years ago, an eminent divine, who was also most exactly well-bred, told his congregation at Whitehall, that if they did not vouchsafe to give their lives a new turn, they must certainly go to a place which he did not think fit to name in that courtly audience. It is with me as with that gentleman; I would, if possible, represent the errors of life, especially those arising from what we call gallantry, in such a manner as the people of pleasure may read me. In this case I must not be rough to gentlemen and ladies, but speak of sin as a gentleman. It might not perhaps be amiss, if, therefore, I should call my present Precaution 'A

Criticism upon Fornication; and by representing the unjust taste they have who affect that way of pleasure, bring a distaste upon it among all those who are judicious in their satisfactions. I will be bold then to lay it down for a rule, that he who follows this kind of gratification, gives up much greater delight in pursuing it, than he can possibly enjoy from it. As to the common women and the stewes, there is no one but will allow this assertion at first sight; but if it will appear, that they who deal with those of the sex who are less profligate, descend to greater basenesses than if they frequented brothels, it should; methinks, bring this iniquity under some discountenance. The rake who, without sense of character or decency, wallows and ranges in common houses, is guilty no farther than of prostituting himself, and exposing his health to diseases; but the man of gallantry cannot pursue his pleasures without treachery to some man he ought to love, and making despicable the woman he admires. To live in a continual deceit, to reflect upon the dishonour you do some husband, father, or brother, who does not deserve this of you, and whom you would destroy did you know they did the like towards you, are circumstances which pall the appetite, and give a man of any sense of honour very painful mortification. What more need be said against a gentleman's delight, than that he himself thinks himself a base man in pursuing it? when it is thoroughly considered, he gives up his very being as a man of integrity who commences gallant. Let him or her who is guilty this way but weigh the matter a little, and the criminal will find that those whom

they most esteemed are of a sudden become the most disagreeable companions; nay, their good qualities are grown odious and painful. It is said, people who have the plague have a delight in communicating the infection; in like manner, the sense of shame, which is never wholly overcome, inclines the guilty this way to contribute to the destruction of others. And women are pleased to introduce more women into the same condition, though they can have no other satisfaction from it, than that the infamy is shared among greater numbers, which they flatter themselves eases the burden of each particular person.

It is a most melancholy consideration, that for momentary sensations of joy, obtained by stealth, men are forced into a constraint of all their words and actions in the general and ordinary occurrences of life. It is an impossibility in this case to be faithful to one person, without being false to all the rest of the world: the gay figures in which poetical men of loose morals have placed this kind of stealth are but feeble consolations, when a man is inclined to soliloquy or meditation upon his past life; flashes of wit can promote joy, but they cannot allay grief.

Disease, sickness, and misfortune, are what all men living are liable to; it is therefore ridiculous and mad to pursue, instead of shunning, what must add to our anguish under disease, sickness, or misfortune. It is possible there may be those whose blood is too warm to admit of these compunctions: if there are such, I am sure they are laying up store for them; but I have better hopes of those who have not yet erased the impressions and advantages of a good education and fortune; they may be assured, that whoever wholly give themselves up to lust, will find it the least fault they are guilty of.

Irreconcilable hatred to those they have injured, mean shifts to cover their offences, envy and malice to the innocent, and a general sacrifice of all that is good-natured or praise-worthy when it interrupts them, will possess all their faculties, and make them utter strangers to the noble pleasures which flow from honour and virtue. Happy are they who, from the visitation of sickness, or any other accident, are awakened from a course which leads to an insensibility of the greatest enjoyments in human life.

A French author, giving an account of a very agreeable man, in whose character he mingles good qualities and infirmities, rather than vices or virtues, tells the following story:

Our knight, says he, "was pretty much addicted to the most fashionable of all faults. He had a loose rogue for a lackey, not a little in his favour, though he had no other name for him when he spoke of him, but *The Rascal*, or to him, but *Sirrah*. One morning when he was dressing—" *Sirrah*, says he, "be sure you bring home this evening a pretty wench." The fellow was a person of diligence and capacity, and had for some time addressed himself to a decayed old gentlewoman, who had a young maiden to her daughter, beautiful as an angel, not yet sixteen years of age. The mother's extreme poverty, and the insinuations of this artful lackey concerning the soft disposition and generosity of his master, made her consent to deliver up her daughter. But many were the intreaties and representations of the mother to gain her child's consent to an action, which she said she abhorred, at the same time she exhorted her to it; "but child," says she, "can you see your mother die for hunger?" The virgin argued no longer, but, bursting into tears, said she would go any where. The lackey conveyed her with great obsequiousness and secrecy to his master's lodging, and placed her in a commodious apartment till he came home. The knight, who knew his man never failed of bringing in his prey, indulged his genius at a banquet, and was in high humour at an entertainment with ladies, expecting to be received in the evening by one as agreeable as the best of them. When he came home, his lackey met him with a saucy and joyful familiarity, trying out, "She is as handsome as an angel," (for there is no other simile on these occasions;) but the tender fool has wept till her eyes are swelled and bloated; for she is a maid, and a gentlewoman." With that he conducted his master to the room where she was, and retired. The knight, when he saw her bathed in tears, said in some surprise—"Do not you know, young woman, why you are brought hither?" The unhappy maid fell on her knees, and with many

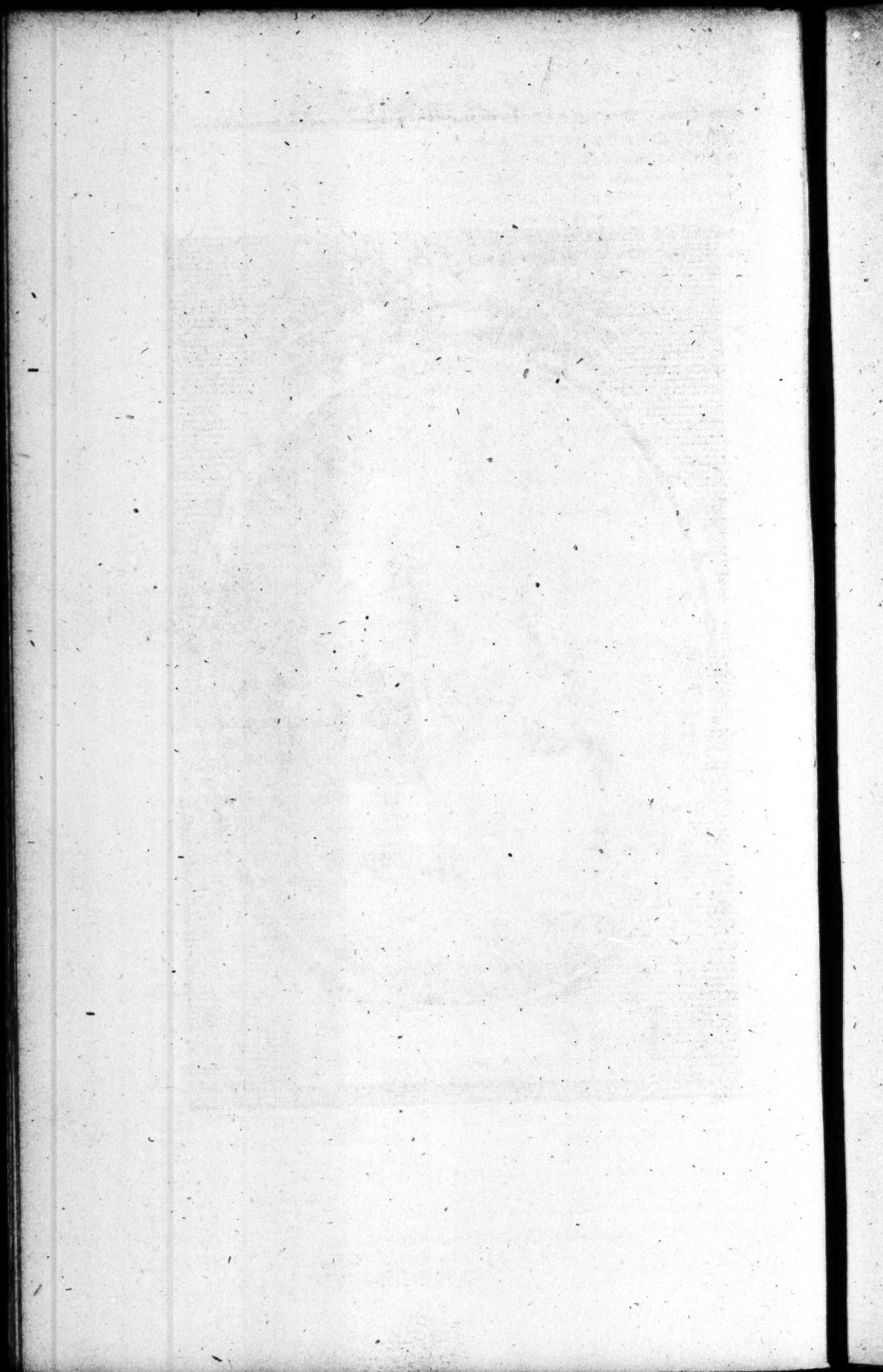
interruptions of sighs and tears, said to him—"I know, alas too well why I am brought hither. My mother, to get bread for her and myself, has sent me to do what you pleased; but would it would please Heaven I could die, before I am added to the number of those miserable wretches who live without honour!" With this reflection she went anew, and beat her bosom. The knight, stepping back from her said—"I am not so abandoned as to hurt your innocence against your will."

The novelty of the accident surprized him into virtue; and covering the young maid with a cloak, he led her to a relation's house, to whose care he recommended her for that night. The next morning he sent for her mother, and asked her if her daughter was a maid. The mother assured him, that when she delivered her to his servant, she was a stranger to man. "Are not you then," replied the knight, "a wicked woman to contrive the debauchery of your own child?" She held down her face with fear and shame, and in her confusion uttered some broken words concerning her poverty. "Far be it," said the gentleman, "that you should relieve yourself from want by a much greater evil: your daughter is a fine young creature; do you know of none that ever spoke of her for a wife?" The mother answered—"There is an honest man in our neighbourhood that loves her, who has often said he would marry her with two hundred pounds." The knight ordered his man to reckon out that sum, with an addition of fifty to buy the bride cloaths, and fifty more as a help to her mother.

I appeal to all the gallants in the town, whether possessing all the beauties in Great Britain could give half the pleasure as this young gentleman had in the reflection of having relieved a miserable parent from guilt and poverty, an innocent virgin from public shame, and bestowing a virtuous wife upon an honest man?

Though all men who are guilty this way have not fortunes or opportunities for making such atonements for their vices, yet all men may do what is certainly in their power at this good season. For my part, I do not care how ridiculous the mention of it may be, provided





vided I hear it has any good consequence upon the wretched, that I recommend the most abandoned and miserable of mankind to the charity of all in prosperous conditions under the same guilt with those wretches. The Lock hospital in Kent-Street, Southwark, for men; that in Kingland for women, is a receptacle for all sufferers mangled by this iniquity. Penitents should in their own hearts take upon them all the shame and sorrow they have escaped; and it would become them to make an oblation for

their crimes, by charity to those upon whom vice appears in that utmost misery and deformity, which they themselves are free from by their better fortune, rather than greater innocence. It would quicken our compassion in this case, if we considered there may be objects there, who would now move horror and loathing, that we have once embraced with transport: and as we are men of honour, (for I must not speak as we are christians) let us not desert our friends for the loss of their noses.

N^o XVIII. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1.

—ANIMÆQUE CAPACES
MORTIS—

LUCAN.

SOULS, UNDISMAY'D BY DEATH.

THE prospect of Death is so gloomy and dismal, that if it were constantly before our eyes, it would imbitter all the sweets of life. The gracious Author of our being hath therefore so formed us, that we are capable of many pleasing sensations and reflections, and meet with so many amusements and sollicitudes, as divert our thoughts from dwelling upon an evil, which, by reason of it's seeming distance, makes but languid impressions upon the mind. But how distant soever the time of our death may be, since it is certain that we must die, it is necessary to allot some portion of our life to consider the end of it; and it is highly convenient to fix some stated times to meditate upon the final period of our existence here. The principle of self-love, as we are men, will make us enquire what is like to become of us after our dissolution; and our conscience, as we are Christians, will inform us, that according to the good or evil of our actions here, we shall be translated to the mansions of eternal bliss or misery. When this is seriously weighed, we must think it madness to be unprepared against the black moment; but when we reflect that perhaps that black moment may be to-night, how watchful ought we to be!

I was wonderfully affected with a discourse I had lately with a clergyman of my acquaintance upon this head, which was to this effect: 'The consideration,' said the good man, 'that my being is precarious, moved me many years ago to make a resolution, which I have

' diligently kept, and to which I owe
' the greatest satisfaction that a mortal
' man can enjoy. Every night, before I
' address myself in private to my Crea-
' tor, I lay my hand upon my heart, and
' ask myself, whether, if God should
' require my soul of me this night, I
' could hope for mercy from him? The
' bitter agonies I underwent in this my
' first acquaintance with myself, were
' so far from throwing me into despair
' of that mercy which is over all God's
' works, that they rather proved mo-
' tives to greater circumspection in my
' future conduct. The oftner I exer-
' cised myself in meditations of this
' kind, the less was my anxiety; and by
' making the thoughts of death fami-
' liar, what was at first so terrible and
' shocking, is become the sweetest of my
' enjoyments. These contemplations
' have indeed made me serious, but not
' sullen; nay, they are so far from hav-
' ing soured my temper, that as I have
' a mind perfectly composed, and a se-
' cret spring of joy in my heart, so my
' conversation is pleasant, and my coun-
' tenance serene. I taste all the inno-
' cent satisfactions of life pure and sin-
' cere; I have no share in pleasures that
' leave a sting behind them; nor am I
' cheated with that kind of mirth, "in
' the midst of which there is heaviness."

Of all the professions of men, a sol-
dier's chiefly should put him upon this
religious vigilance. His duty exposes
him to such hazards, that the evil which
to men in other stations may seem far

distant, to him is instant, and ever before his eyes. The consideration, that what men in a martial life purchase is gained with danger and labour, and must, perhaps, be parted with very speedily, is the cause of much licence and riot. As moreover it is necessary to keep up the spirits of those who are to encounter the most terrible dangers, offences of this nature meet with great indulgence. But there is a courage better founded than this animal fury—the secret assurance, that all is right within; that if he falls in battle, he will the more speedily be crowned with true glory, will add strength to a warrior's arm, and intrepidity to his heart.

One of the most successful stratagems whereby Mahomet became formidable, was the assurance that impostor gave his votaries, that whoever was slain in battle should be immediately conveyed to that luxurious paradise his wanton fancy had invented. The ancient Druids taught a doctrine which had the same effect, though with this difference from Mahomet's, that the souls of the slain should transmigrate into other bodies; and in them be rewarded according to the degrees of their merit. This is told by Lucan with his usual spirit.

You teach that souls, from fleshy chains unbound,

Seek not pale shades and Erebus profound,
But fleeting hence to other regions stray,
Once more to mix with animated clay;
Hence death's a gap (if men may trust the lore)
Twixt lives behind and ages yet before.
A bliss mistake! which fate's dread pow'r disarms,

And spurs it's vot'ries on to war's alarms;
Lavish of life, they rush with fierce delight
Amidst the legions, and provoke the fight;
O'er-matching death, and freely cast away
That loan of life the gods are bound to pay.

Our gallant countryman, Sir Philip Sidney, was a noble example of courage and devotion. I am particularly pleased to find that he hath translated the whole book of Psalms into English verse. A friend of mine informs me, that he hath the manuscript by him, which is

said in the title to have been done 'By the most noble and virtuous Gent. Sir Philip Sidney, Knight.' They having been never printed, I shall present the public with one of them, which my correspondent assures me he hath faithfully transcribed, and wherein I have taken the liberty only to alter one word.

PSALM CXXXVII.

I.
NIGH seated where the river flows,
That wat' reth Babel's thankful plain,
Which then our tears, in pearly rows,
Did help to water with the rain:
The thought of Sion bred such woes,
That though our harps we did retain,
Yet useless and untouched there,
On willows only hang'd they were.

II.
Now while our harps were hanged so,
The men whose captives then we lay,
Did on our griefs insulting go,
And more to grieve us thus did say—
'You that of music make such shew,
'Come, sing us now a Sion's lay:
Oh no! we have no voice nor hand,
For such a song in such a land.

III.
Though far I be, sweet Sion hill,
In foreign soil exil'd from thee,
Yet let my hand forget his skill
If ever thou forgotten be;
And let my tongue fast gleaved still
Unto my roof, lie mute in me;
If thy neglect within me spring,
Or ought I do but Salem sing.

IV.
But thou, O Lord, shalt not forget
To quit the pains of Edom's race,
Who causelessly, yet hotly set
Thy holy city to deface;
Did thus the bloody victors whet,
What time they enter'd first the place—
'Down, down with it at any hand,
'Make all a waste, let nothing stand.'

V.
And Babylon, that didst us waste,
Thyself shalt one day wasted be.
And happy he, who what thou hast
Unto us done, shall do to thee;
Like bitterness shall make thee taste,
Like woeful objects make thee see:
Yea, happy who thy little ones
Shall take and dash against the stones.

N° XIX.

N^o XIX. THURSDAY, APRIL 2.

NE TE SEMPER INOPS AGITET VEXETQUE CUPIDO;
NE FAVOR, ET ARUM MEDIOCRITER UTILIUM SPES.

HOR. EP. 18. L. I. v. 98.

LEST AVARICE, STILL POOR, DISTURB THINE EASE;
OR FEAR SHOULD SHAKE, OR CARES THY MIND ABUSE,
OR ARDENT HOPE FOR THINGS OF LITTLE USE. CREECH.

IT was prettily observed by somebody concerning the great vices, that there are three which give pleasure, as covetousness, gluttony, and lust; one which tastes of nothing but pain, as envy; the rest have a mixture of pleasure and pain, as anger and pride. But when a man considers the state of his own mind, about which every member of the christian world is supposed at this time to be employed, he will find that the best defence against vice is preserving the worthiest part of his own spirit pure from any great offence against it. There is a magnanimity which makes us look upon ourselves with disdain, after we have been betrayed by sudden desire, opportunity of gain, the absence of a person who excels us, the fault of a servant, or the ill fortune of an adversary, into the gratification of lust, covetousness, envy, rage, or pride; when the more sublime part of our souls is kept alive, and we have not repeated infirmities until they are become vicious habits.

The vice of covetousness is what enters deepest into the soul of any other; and you may have seen men, otherwise the most agreeable creatures in the world, so seized with the desire of being richer, that they shall startle at indifferent things, and live in a continual guard and watch over themselves from a remote fear of expence. No pious man can be so circumspect in the care of his conscience, as the covetous man is in that of his pocket.

If a man would preserve his own spirit, and his natural approbation of higher and more worthy pursuits, he could never fall into this littleness; but his mind would be still open to honour and virtue, in spite of infirmities and relapses. But what extremely discourages me in my Precautions as a Guardian, is, that there is an universal defection from the admiration of virtue. Riches and outward splendor have taken up the place of it; and no man thinks he is mean, if he is not poor. But, alas! this

despicable spirit debases our very being, and makes our passions take a new turn from their natural bent.

It was a cause of great sorrow and melancholy to me some nights ago at a play, to see a crowd in the habits of the gentry of England stupid to the noblest sentiments we have. The circumstance happened in the scene of distress betwixt Piercy and Anna Bullen: one of the centinels who stood on the stage, to prevent the disorders which the most unmannerly race of young men that ever were seen in any age frequently raise in public assemblies, upon Piercy's beseeching to be heard, burst into tears; upon which the greatest part of the audience fell into a loud and ignorant laughter; which others, who were touched with the liberal compassion in the poor fellow, could hardly suppress by their clapping. But the man, without the least confusion or shame in his countenance for what had happened, wiped away the tears, and was still intent upon the play. The distress still rising, the soldier was so much moved, that he was obliged to turn his face from the audience, to their no small merriment. Piercy had the gallantry to take notice of his honest heart; and, as I am told, gave him a crown to help him in his affliction. It is certain this poor fellow, in his humble condition, had such a lively compassion as a soul unwedded to the world; were it otherwise, gay lights and dresses, with appearances of people of fashion and wealth, to which his fortune could not be familiar, would have taken up all his attention and admiration.

It is every thing that is praise-worthy, as well as pure religion, (according to a book too sacred for me to quote) 'to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.' Every step that a man makes beyond moderate and reasonable provision, is taking so much from the worthiness of his own spirit; and he that is entirely set upon making a for-

a fortune, is all that while undoing the man. He must grow deaf to the wretched, estrange himself from the agreeable, learn hardness of heart, disrelish every thing that is noble, and terminate all in his despicable self. Indulgence in any one immoderate desire or appetite engrosses the whole creature, and his life is sacrificed to that one desire or appetite; but how much otherwise is it with those that preserve alive in them something that adorns their condition, and shews the man, whether a prince or a beggar, above his fortune.

I have just now recorded a foot-soldier for the politest man in a British audience, from the force of nature, untainted with the singularity of an ill-applied education. A good spirit, that is not abused, can add new glories to the highest state in the world, as well as give beauties to the meanest. I shall exemplify this by inserting a prayer of Harry the Fourth of France just before a battle, in which he obtained an entire victory.

O LORD of hosts, who canst see through the thickest veil and closest disguise, who viewest the bottom of my heart, and the deepest designs of my enemies, who hast in thy hands, as well as before thine eyes, all the events which concern human life, if thou knowest that my reign will promote thy glory and the safety of thy people, if thou knowest that I have no other ambition in my soul, but to advance the honour of thy holy name, and the good of this state, favour, O great God, the justice of my arms, and

reduce all the rebels to acknowledge him whom thy sacred decrees, and the order of a lawful succession, have made their sovereign; but if thy good providence has ordered it otherwise, and thou seest that I should prove one of those kings whom thou givest in thine anger, take from me, O merciful God, my life and my crown, make me this day a sacrifice to thy will, let my death end the calamities of France, and let my blood be the last that is spilt in this quarrel!

The king uttered this generous prayer in a voice, and with a countenance, that inspired all who heard and beheld him with like magnanimity: then turning to the squadron, at the head of which he designed to charge—"My fellow-soldiers," said he, "as you run my fortune, so do I yours; your safety consists in keeping well your ranks; but if the heat of the action should force you to disorder, think of nothing but rallying again; if you lose the sight of your colours and standards, look round for the white plume in my beaver; you shall see 't wherever you are, and it shall lead you to glory and to victory."

The magnanimity of this illustrious prince was supported by a firm reliance on Providence, which inspired him with a contempt of life, and an assurance of conquest. His generous scorn of royalty, but as it consisted with the service of God, and good of his people, is an instance, that the mind of man, when it is well disposed, is always above it's condition, even though it be that of a monarch.

Nº XX. FRIDAY, APRIL 3.

MINUTI
SEMPER ET INFIRMI EST ANIMI EXIGUQUE VOLUPTAS
ULTIO.

JUV. SAT. 13. v. 189.

REVENGE, WHICH STILL WE FIND
THE WEAKEST EQUALITY OF A FEIBLE MIND. CREECH.

ALL gallantry and fashion, one would imagine, should rise out of the religion and laws of that nation wherein they prevail; but, alas! in this kingdom, gay characters, and those which lead in the pleasure and inclinations of the fashionable world, are such as are readiest to practise crimes the most abhorrent to nature, and contradictory to our faith. A christian and a gentle-

man are made inconsistent appellations of the same person; you are not to expect eternal life, if you do not forgive injuries, and your mortal life is uncomfortable, if you are not ready to commit a murder in resentment for an affront; for good sense as well as religion is so utterly banished the world, that men glory in their very passions, and pursue trifles with the utmost vengeance; so

so little do they know that to forgive is the most arduous pitch human nature can arrive at: a coward has often fought, a coward has often conquered, but 'a coward never forgave.' The power of doing that flows from a strength of soul conscious of it's own force; whence it draws a certain safety, which it's enemy is not of consideration enough to interrupt; for it's peculiar in the make of a brave man to have his friends seem much above him, his enemies much below him.

Yet though the neglect of our enemies may, so intense a forgiveness as the love of them is not to be in the least accounted for by the force of constitution, but is a more spiritual and refined moral, introduced by him who died for those that persecuted him; yet very justly delivered to us, when we consider ourselves offenders, and to be forgiven on the reasonable terms of forgiving, for who can ask what he will not bestow? Especially when that gift is attended with a redemption from the cruellest slavery to the most acceptable freedom: for when the mind is in contemplation of revenge, all it's thoughts must surely be tortured with the alternate pangs of rancour, envy, hatred, and indignation; and they who profess a sweet in the enjoyment of it, certainly never felt the consummate bliss of reconciliation: at such an instant the false ideas we received unravel, and the shyness, the distrust, the secret scorns, and all the base satisfactions men had in each others faults and misfortunes, are dispelled, and their sou's appear in their native whiteness, without the least streak of that malice or distaste which sullied them: and perhaps those very actions, which (when we looked at them in the oblique glance with which hatred doth always see things) were horrid and odious, when observed with honest and open eyes, are beauteous and ornamental.

But if men are averse to us in the most violent degree, and we can never bring them to an amicable temper, then indeed we are to exert an obstinate opposition to them; and never let the malice of our enemies have so effectual an advantage over us, as to escape our good-will: for the neglected and despised tenets of religion are so generous, and in so transcendent and heroic a manner disposed for public good, that it is not in a man's

power to avoid their influence; for the christian is as much inclined to your service when your enemy, as the moral man when your friend.

But the followers of a crucified Saviour must root out of their hearts all sense that there is any thing great and noble in pride or haughtiness of spirit; yet it will be very difficult to fix that idea in our souls, except we can think as worthily of ourselves, when we practise the contrary virtues; we must learn and be convinced, that there is something sublime and heroic in true meekness and humility; for they arise from a great, not a grovelling idea of things; for as certainly as pride proceeds from a mean and narrow view of the little advantages about a man's self, so meekness is founded on the extended contemplation of the place we bear in the universe, and a just observation how little, how empty, how wavering are our deepest resolves and counsels. And as (to a well-taught mind) when you have said an haughty and proud man, you have spoke a narrow conception, little spirit, and despicable carriage; so when you have said a man is meek and humble, you have acquainted us that such a person has arrived at the hardest task in the world, in an universal observation round him, to be quick to see his own faults, and other men's virtues, and at the height of pardoning every man sooner than himself; you have also given us to understand, that to treat him kindly, sincerely, and respectfully, is but a mere justice to him that is ready to do us the same offices. This temper of soul keeps us always awake to a just sense of things, teaches us that we are as well akin to worms as to angels; and as nothing is above these, so nothing below these. It keeps our understanding tight about us, so that all things appear to us great or little, as they are in nature and the sight of heaven, not as they are gilded or sullied by accident or fortune.

It were to be wished that all men of sense would think it worth their while to reflect upon the dignity of christian virtues, it would possibly enlarge their souls into such a contempt of what fashion and prejudice have made honourable, that their duty, inclination, and honour, would tend the same way, and make all their lives an uniform act of religion, and virtue.

As

As to the great catastrophe of this day*, on which the Mediator of the world suffered the greatest indignities and death itself for the salvation of mankind, it would be worth gentlemen's consideration, whether from his example it would not be proper to kill all inclinations to revenge, and examine whether it would not be expedient to receive new notions of what his great and honourable.

This is necessary against the day wherein he who died ignominiously for us 'shall descend from Heaven to be our judge, in majesty and glory.' How will the man who shall die by the sword of pride and wrath, and in contention with his brother, appear before him; at whose presence nature shall be in an agony, and the great and glorious bodies of light be obscured; when the sun shall be darkened, the moon turned into blood, and all the powers of Heaven shaken; when the heavens themselves shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements dissolve with fervent heat; when the earth also, and all the works that are therein shall be burnt up?

What may justly damp in our minds the diabolical madness, which prompts us to decide our petty animosities by the hazard of eternity, is, that in that one act the criminal does not only highly

offend, but forces himself into the presence of his judge; that is certainly his case who dies in a duel. I cannot but repeat it, he that dies in a duel knowingly offends God, and in that very action rushes into his offended presence. Is it possible for the heart of man to conceive a more terrible image than that of a departed spirit in this condition? Could we but suppose it has just left its body, and struck with the terrible reflection, that to avoid the laughter of fools, and being the by-word of idiots, it has now precipitated itself into the din of demons, and the howlings of eternal despair, how willingly now would it suffer the imputation of fear and cowardice, to have one moment left not to tremble in vain?

The Scriptures are full of pathetic and warm pictures of the condition of an happy or miserable futurity; and, I am confident, that the frequent reading of them would make the way to an happy eternity so agreeable and pleasant, that he who tries it will find the difficulties, which he before suffered in shunning the allurements of vice, absorbed in the pleasure he will take in the pursuit of virtue: and how happy must that mortal be, who thinks himself in the favour of an Almighty, and can think of death as a thing which it is an infirmity not to desire?

Nº XXI. SATURDAY, APRIL 4.

MUNERE ————— FUNGAR INANI

VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 885.

AN EMPTY OFFICE I'LL DISCHARGE.

DOCTOR Tillotson, in his discourse concerning the 'Danger of all known sin, both from the light of nature and revelation,' after having given us the description of the last-day out of Holy Writ, has this remarkable passage.

'I appeal to any man, whether this be not a representation of things very proper and suitable to that great day, wherein he who made the world shall come to judge it? And whether the wit of man ever devised any thing so awful, and so agreeable to the majesty of God, and the solemn judg-

ment of the whole world? The description which Virgil makes of the Elysian Fields, and the Infernal Regions, how infinitely do they fall short of the majesty of the Holy Scripture, and the description there made of Heaven and Hell, and of the great and terrible day of the Lord! so that in comparison they are childish and trifling; and yet perhaps he had the most regular and most governed imagination of any man that ever lived, and observed the greatest decorum in his characters and descriptions. But who can declare the great things of

* Viz. Good-Friday.

' God,

God, but he to whom God shall reveal them?

This observation was worthy a most polite man, and ought to be of authority with all who are such, so far as to examine whether he spoke that as a man of a just taste and judgment, or advanced it merely for the service of his doctrine as a clergyman.

I am very confident, whoever reads the Gospels with a heart as much prepared in favour of them as when he sits down to Virgil or Homer, will find no passage there which is not told with more natural force, than any episode in either of those wits, which were the chief of mere mankind.

The last thing I read was the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Luke, which gives an account of the manner in which our blessed Saviour, after his resurrection, joined with two disciples on the way to Emmaus as an ordinary traveller, and took the privilege as such to enquire of them what occasioned a sadness he observed in their countenances; or whether it was from any public cause. Their wonder that any man so near Jerusalem should be a stranger to what had passed there; their acknowledgment to one they met accidentally that they had believed in this prophet; and that now, the third day after his death, they were in doubt as to their pleasing hope which occasioned the heaviness he took notice of; are all represented in a style which men of letters call 'the great and noble simplicity.' The attention of the disciples when he expounded the Scriptures concerning himself, his offering to take his leave of them, their fondness of his stay, and the manifestation of the great guest whom they had entertained while he was yet at meat with them, are all incidents which wonderfully please the imagination of a christian reader; and give to him something of that touch of mind which the brethren felt, when they said one to another—'Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?'

I am very far from pretending to treat these matters as they deserve; but I hope those gentlemen who are qualified for it, and called to it, will forgive me, and consider that I speak as a mere secular man, impartially considering the effect which the Sacred Writings will have upon the soul of an intelligent

reader; and it is some argument, that a thing is the immediate work of God, when it so infinitely transcends all the labours of man. When I look upon Raphael's picture of our Saviour appearing to his disciples after his resurrection, I cannot but think the last disposition of that piece has in it the force of many volumes on the subject: the evangelists are easily distinguished from the rest by a passionate zeal and love which the painter has thrown in their faces; the huddled group of those who stand most distant, are admirable representations of men abashed with their late unbelief and hardness of heart. And such endeavours as this of Raphael, and of all men not called to the altar, are collateral helps not to be despised by the ministers of the gospel.

It is with this view that I presume upon subjects of this kind, and men may take up this paper, and be caught by an admonition under the disguise of a diversion.

All the arts and sciences ought to be employed in one confederacy against the prevailing torrent of vice and impiety; and it will be no small step in the progress of religion, if it is as evident as it ought to be, that he who has the best taste and best sense a man can have, who is cold to the beauty of holiness.

As for my part, when I have happened to attend the corpse of a friend to his interment, and have seen a graceful man at the entrance of a church-yard, who became the dignity of his function, and assumed an authority which is natural to truth, pronounce—'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' I say, upon such an occasion, the retrospect upon past actions between the deceased whom I followed and myself, together with the many little circumstances that strike upon the soul, and alternately give grief and consolation, have vanished like a dream; and I have been relieved as by a voice from Heaven, when the solemnity has proceeded, and after a long pause I again heard the servant of God utter—'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and my eyes shall behold,

'behind, and not another.' How have I been raised above this world and all its regards, and now well prepared to receive the sentence which the holy man has spoken!—'We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.' The Lord gave; and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!

There are many men of heavy temper without genius who can read these expressions of Scripture with as much indifference as they do the rest of these loose papers; however, I can not despair but to bring men of wit into a love and admiration of Sacred Writings; and, old as I am, I promise myself to

see the day when it shall be as much in fashion among men of polite life to admire a rapture of St. Paul, as any fine expression in Virgil or Horace; and to see a well-dressed young man produce an evangelist out of his pocket, and be no more out of countenance than if it were a classic printed by Elzevir.

It is a gratitude that ought to be paid to Providence by men of distinguished faculties, to praise and adore the Author of their being with a spirit suitable to those faculties, and rouse slower men by their words, actions, and writings to a participation of their transports and thanksgivings.

XXI. MONDAY, APRIL 6.

PA MIHI ET RIGUI PLACEANT IN VALLIBUS AMNES,
SILVASQUE INCEPERUNT.

VIRG. GEORG. 2. V. 485.

MY NEXT DESIRE IS, VOID OF CARE AND STRIFE,
TO LEAD A SOFT, SILENT, AND GLOUGIOUS LIFE;
A COTTAGE NEAR A CRYSTAL FLOOD,
A WOOD VALLEY, AND A LONELY WOOD. DAYDEN.

PASTORAL Poetry not only pleases the fancy the most delightfully, but is like wise made useful to it than any other sort whatsoever. It transports us into a kind of Fairy-land, where our ears are soothed with the melody of birds, bleating flocks, and babbling streams; our eyes enchanted with flowery meadows and springing greens; we are laid under cool shades, and entertained with all the sweets and freshness of nature. It is a dream, it is a vision, which we wish may reveal, and we believe that it is true.

Mrs. Cornelia Lizard's head was so far turned with these imaginations, when we were last in the country, that she lost her rest by listening to nightingales; she kept a pair of turtles cooing in her chamber, and had a tame lamb running after her up and down the house. I used all gentle methods to bring her to herself; as having had a design heretofore of turning the herd myself, when I read Virgil or Theocritus at Oxford. But as my age and experience has armed me against any temptation to the pastoral life, I can now with the greatest safety consider, and shall lay down such rules, as those of my readers who

have the aforesaid design, ought to observe, if they would follow the steps of the shepherds and shepherdesses of ancient times.

In order to form a right judgment of Pastoral Poetry, it will be necessary to cast back our eyes on the first ages of the world: for since that way of life is not now in being, we must enquire into the manner of it when it actually did exist. Before mankind was formed into large societies, or cities were built, and commerce established, the wealth of the world consisted chiefly in flocks and herds. The tending of these, we find to have been the employment of the first princes, whose subjects were sheep and oxen, and their dominions the adjoining vales. As they lived in great affluence and ease, we may presume that they enjoyed such pleasure as that condition afforded, free and uninterrupted. Their manner of life gave them vigour of body, and serenity of mind. The abundance they were possessed of secured them from avarice, ambition, or envy; they could not have any anxieties or contentions, where every one had more than he could tell what to do with. Love, indeed, might occasion

cation some rivalships amongst them, because many lovers fix upon one object, for the loss of which they will be satisfied with no compensation. Other wise it was a state of ease, innocence, and contentment, where plenty begot pleasure, and pleasure begot singing, and singing begot poetry, and poetry begot pleasure again.

Thus happy was the first race of men, but rude withal and uncultivated: for because they could make any considerable progress in arts and sciences, the tranquillity of the rural life was destroyed by turbulent and ambitious spirits; who, having built cities, raised armies, and studied policies of state, made vassals of the defenceless shepherds, and rendered that which was before easy and unstrained, a mean, laborious, miserable condition. Hence, if we consider the pastoral period before learning, we shall find it unpolished; if after, we shall find it unpleasant.

The use that I would make of this short review of the country life shall be this. An author that would amuse himself by writing Pastorals, should raise in his fancy a rural scene of perfect ease and tranquillity, where innocence, simplicity, and joy, abound. It is not enough that he writes about the country; he must give us what is agreeable in that scene, and hide what is wretched. Poets, indeed, commonly affirmed, that truth well painted will certainly please the imagination; but it is sometimes convenient not to discover the whole truth, but that part only which is delightful. We must sometimes show only half an image to the fancy; which if we display in a lively manner, the mind is so dextrously deluded, that it doth not readily perceive that the other half is concealed. Thus in writing Pastorals, let the tranquillity of that life appear full and plain, but hide the meanneis of it; represent it's simplicity as clear as you please, but cover it's misery. I would not hereby be so understood, as if I thought nothing that is irksome or unpleasant should have a place in these writings; I only mean that this sort of life in general should be supposed agreeable. But as there is no condition exempt from misery, I will allow shepherds to be afflicted with such misfortunes, as the loss of a favorite lamb, or a favorite mistress. He may, if you please, pick a thorn out of his

foot, or vent his grief for losing the prize in dancing; but these being small misfortunes, they recommend that state which only produces such trifling evils. Again, I should not seem to stoop in my notions of innocence and simplicity; as to deny the use of a little railing, or the liberty of a sheep-kid or a sheep-hook. For we are like all such petty stormies; that we must think the country happy where there are the greatest transgressions.

When a reader is placed in such a scene as I have described, and introduced into such company as I have chosen, he gives himself up to the pleasing delusion; and since every one doth not know how it comes to pass, I will venture to tell him why he is pleased.

The first reason is, because all mankind love ease. Though ambition and avarice employ most mens thoughts, they are such uneasy habits, that we do not indulge them out of choice, but from some necessity, real or imaginary. We seek happiness in which ease is the principal ingredient; and the end proposed in our most restless pursuits is tranquillity. We are therefore soothed and delighted with the representation of it, and fancy we partake of the pleasure.

A second reason is, our secret apprehension of innocence and simplicity. Human nature is not so much depraved, as to hinder us from respecting goodness in others, though we ourselves want it. This is the reason why we are so much charmed with the pretty prattle of children, and even the expressions of pleasure or uneasiness in some part of the brute creation. They are without artifice or guile; and we love truth too well to resist the charms of simplicity.

A third reason is, our love of the country. Health, tranquillity, and pleasing objects, are the growth of the country; and though men, for the general good of the world, are made to love populous cities, the country hath the greatest share in an uncorrupted heart. When we paint, describe, or any way indulge our fancy, the country is the scene which appears with the most lovely images. This state was that wherein God placed Adam when in Paradise; nor could the malicious wits of antiquity imagine any thing that could administer more exquisite delight in their Elysium.

N^o XXII TUESDAY, APRIL 7.

—EXTREMA PER IDIOS
JUSTIUS—LEADER'S TERRIS VESTIGIA PECTUS
VIRG. GEORG. 2. v. 473.

FROM THENCE ALCEA TOOK HER FLIGHT, AND HERE
THE PRINCE OF HER DEPARTING STEPS APPEARS. DRYDEN.

HAVING already conveyed my reader into the Fairy or Arcadian Land, and informed him what manner of life the inhabitants of that region lead; I shall, in this day's paper, give him some marks whereby he may discover whether he is imposed upon by those who pretend to be of that country; or, in other words, what are the characteristics of a true Arcadian.

From the foregoing account of the pastoral life, we may discover that simplicity is necessary in the character of shepherds. Their minds must be supposed to be rude and uncultivated, and nothing but what is plain and unaffected can come from them. Nevertheless, we are not obliged to represent them dull and stupid, since fine spirits were undoubtedly in the world before arts were invented to polish and adorn them. We may therefore introduce shepherds with good sense, and even with wit, provided their manner of speaking be not too gallant or refined: for all men, both rude and polite, think and conceive things the same way (truth being eternally the same to all) though they express them very differently. For here lies the difference: men who, by long study and experience, have reduced their ideas to certain classes, and consider the general nature of things abstracted from particulars, express their thoughts after a more concise, and, in a surprising manner. Those who have little experience, or cannot abstract, deliver their sentiments in plain descriptions, by circumstances, and those observations which either strike upon the senses, or are the first motions of the mind. And though the former raises our admiration more, the latter gives more pleasure, and to the poet more natural. Thus a courtly lover may say to his mistress—

With this fore ever, the woods could rest,
Where never human foot the ground hath
press'd.

Thou art in such dungeons darkness could
include,
And from a desert faith could fade.

A shepherd will content himself to say the same thing more simply—

Come, Rosalind, Oh, come! for without thee
What pleasure can the country have for me!

Again, since shepherds are not allowed to make deep reflections, the address required is so to relate an action, that the circumstances put together shall cause the reader to reflect. Thus, by one delicate circumstance, Corydon tells Alexis that he is the finest son of the country—

Of seven smooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
Which with his dying breath Demeas gave;
And said—'This, Corydon, I leave to thee,
'For only thou deserve it after me.'

As in another pastoral writer, after the same manner, a shepherd informs us how much his mistress likes him—

As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay,
The waeton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste
to fly,
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.

If ever a reflection be pardonable in pastorals, it is where the thought is so obvious, that it seems to come easily to the mind; as in the following admirable improvement of Virgil and Theocritus:

Fair is my flock, nor yet uncomely I,
If liquid fountains better not. And why
should liquid fountains flatter us, yet shew
The ordering flowers less beautiful than
they grow.

A second characteristic of a true shepherd is simplicity of manners, or innocence. This is so obvious from what I have before advanced, that it would be but repetition to insist long upon it. I shall only remind the reader, that as the

the pastoral life is supposed to be, its nature is not much depraved; sincerity and truth will generally run through it. Some slight transgressions for the sake of variety may be admitted, which in effect will only serve to set off the simplicity of it in general. I cannot better illustrate this rule than by the following example of a swain who found his mistress asleep:

Once Delia slept, on easy moss reclin'd,
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind;
I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss:
Condemn me, shepherd, if I did amiss.

A third sign of a swain is, that something of religion, and even superstition, is part of his character. For we find that those who have lived easy lives in the country, and contemplate the works of nature, live in the greatest awe of their Author. Nor doth this humour prevail less now than of old: our peasants as sincerely believe the tales of goblins and fairies, as the heathens those of fauns, nymphs, and satyrs. Hence

we find the works of Virgil and Theocritus sprinkled with left-handed ravens, blasted oaks, witchcrafts, evil eyes, and the like. And I have with great pleasure, that our English author of the pastorals I have quoted hath practised this secret with admirable judgment.

I will yet add another mark, which may be observed very often in the above-named poets, which is agreeable to the character of shepherds, and nearly allied to superstition; I mean the use of proverbial sayings. I take the common similitudes as pastoral to be of the proverbial order, which are so frequent, that it is needless and would be tiresome to quote them. I shall only take notice upon this head, that it is a nice piece of art to raise a proverb above the vulgar style, and still keep it easy and unaffected. Thus the old wif—'God rest 'his soul,' is finely turned—

Then gentle Sidney lived, the shepherd's friend;
Eternal blessings on his shade attend.

N^o XXIV. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3.

— DICENDA TACENDAQUE CALLES? —

PERS. SAT. 4. V. 5.

— DOST THOU, SO YOUNG, —

KNOW WHEN TO SPEAK, AND WHEN TO HOLD THE TONGUE? —

DRYDEN.

JACK Lizard was about fifteen when he was first entered in the university; and being a youth of a great deal of fire, and a more than ordinary application to his studies, it gave his conversation a very particular turn. He had too much spirit to hold his tongue in company; but, at the same time, so little acquaintance with the world, that he did not know how to talk like other people.

After a year and a half's stay at the university, he came down among us to pass away a month or two in the country. The first night after his arrival, as we were at supper, we were all of us very much improved by Jack's table talk. He told us, upon the appearance of a dish of wild fowl, that, according to the opinion of some natural philosophers, they might belatedly come from the moon. Upon which the Sparkles barling out into a laugh, he insulted her with several questions relating to the greatness and distance of the moon and stars; and after

every interrogatory, would be winking upon me, and smiling at his sister's ignorance. Jack gained his point; for the mother was pleased, and all the servants stared at the learning of their young master. Jack was so encouraged at this success, that for the first week he dealt wholly in paradoxes. It was a common jest with him to pinch one of his sister's lap-dogs, and afterwards prove he could not feel it. When the girls were sorting a set of lessons, he would demonstrate to them that all the ribbons were of the same colour, or rather, says Jack, of no colour at all. My Lady Lizard herself, though she was not a little pleased with her son's improvements, was one day almost angry with him for having accidentally burnt her fingers as he was lighting the lamp for her tea-party in the middle of her apartment. Jack laid hold of the opportunity to instruct her that there was no such thing as heat in fire. In short, no day passed over our heads, in which

which Jack did not imagine he made the whole family wiser than they were before.

That part of his conversation which gave me the most pleasure was that passed among those country gentlemen that came to visit us. On such occasions Jack usually took upon him to be the mouth of the company; and thinking himself obliged to be very merry, would entertain us with a great many odd sayings and absurdities of their college-cook. I found this fellow had made a very strong impression upon Jack's imagination; which he never considered was not the case of the rest of the company, until after many repeated trials he found that his stories seldom made any body laugh but himself.

All this while looked upon Jack as a young tree shooting up into blossoms before it's time; the redundancy of which, though it was a little unreasonable, seemed to foretel an uncommon fruitfulness.

In order to wear out the vein of pedantry which ran through his conversation, I took him out with me one evening, and first of all insinuated to him this rule, which I had myself learned from a very great author. — 'To think of the wife, but talk with the vulgar.' Jack's good sense soon made him reflect that he had exposed himself to the laughter of the ignorant, by a contrary behaviour; upon which he told me that he would take care for the future to keep his notions to himself, and converse in the common received sentiments of mankind. He at the same time desired me to give him any other Rules of Conversation which I thought might be for his improvement. I told him I would think of it; and accordingly, as I have a particular affection for the young man, I gave him the next morning the following Rules in writing, which may perhaps have contributed to make him the agreeable man he is now.

THE faculty of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we express by the word Conversation, has always been represented by most writers as one of the greatest privileges of reason; and which more particularly sets mankind above the brute part of the creation.

Though nothing so much gales upon the affections as this extensive co-

versation, which we have constantly occasion for, and are obliged to practise every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

The conversation of most men is disagreeable, not so much for want of wit and learning, as of good breeding and discretion.

If you resolve to please, never speak to gratify any particular vanity or passion of your own, but always with a design either to divert or inform the company. A man who only aims at one of these, is always faulty in his discourse. He is never out of humour at being interrupted; because he considers that those who hear him are the best judges whether what he was saying could either divert or inform them.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the good-will of those he converses with; because nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

We should talk extremely little of ourselves. Indeed what can we say? it would be as imprudent to discover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. Our private and domestic affairs are no less improper to be introduced in conversation. What does it concern the company how many horses you keep in your stable? Or whether your servant is more knave or fool?

A man may equally affront the company he is in, by engrossing all the talk, or observing a contemptuous silence.

Before you tell a story, it may be generally not amiss to draw a short character, and give the company a true idea of the principal persons concerned in it: the beauty of most things consisting not so much in their being said or done, as in their being said or done by such a particular person, or on such a particular occasion.

Notwithstanding all the advantages of youth, few young people please in conversation; the reason is, that want of experience makes them positive, and what they say is rather with a design to please themselves than any one else.

It is certain that age itself shall make many things pass well enough, which would have been laughed at in the mouth of one much younger.

Nothing, however, is more insupportable to men of sense, than an empty formal man who speaks in proverbs, and decides on controversies with a short sentence.

sentence. This piece of stupidity is the more insufferable, as it puts on the air of wisdom.

A prudent man will avoid talking much of any particular science, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not, I think, an handsomer thing said of Tom, Cowley, in his whole life, than that none but his intimate friends ever discovered he was a great poet by his discourse: besides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded in good policy. A man who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great deal to lose. I might add, that he who is sometimes silent on a subject where every one is satisfied he could speak well, will often be thought no less knowing in other matters, where, perhaps, he is wholly ignorant.

Women are frightened at the name of argument, and are sooner convinced by an happy turn, or witty expression, than by demonstration.

Whenever you commend, add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants, and admiration of fools.

Raillery is no longer agreeable, when while the whole company is pleased with it. I would least of all be understood to except the person raillied.

Though good-humour, sense, and discretion, can seldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy, sometimes to procure yourself in a particular manner for conversation, by looking a little further than your neighbours into whatever is become a reigning subject. If our armies are besieging a place of importance abroad, or our House of Commons debating a bill of consequence at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with pleasure, if you have nicely informed yourself of the strength, situation, and history of the first, or of the reasons for and against the latter. It

will have the same effect if, when any single person begins to make a noise in the world, you can learn some of the smallest accidents in his life or conversation, which, though they are too fine for the observation of the vulgar, give more satisfaction to men of sense, (as they are the best openings to a real character,) than the recital of his most glaring actions. I know but one ill consequence to be feared from this method, namely, that coming full charged into company, you should resolve to unfold whether an handsome opportunity offers itself or no.

Though the asking of questions may plead for itself the specious names of modesty, and a desire of information; it affords little pleasure to the rest of the company who are not troubled with the same doubts; besides which, he who asks a question would do well to consider that he lies wholly in the mercy of another before he receives an answer.

Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people take in what they call 'speaking their minds.' A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.

It is not impossible for a man to form to himself as exquisite a pleasure in complying with the humour and sentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; since it is the certain sign of a superior genius, that can take and become whatever dress it pleases.

I shall only add, that besides what I have here said, there is something which can never be learnt but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching as well as their vices; and your own observations added to these, will soon discover, that it is that commands attention in one man, and makes you tired and displeased with the discourse of another.

N^o XXV. THURSDAY, APRIL 9.

— QVIV VARI VCVI VAVTOR INEPTI EST,
 VT NON H. STATEATV —

HOK. SAT. 10. 1. 1. V. 2.

— WHAT FRIEND OF HIS
 — SO BLINDLY PARTIAL TO DENY THIS? CASCEN.

THE prevailing humour of crying up authors that have writ in the days of our forefathers, and of passing slightly over the merit of our contemporaries, is a grievance that men of free and unprejudiced thought have complained of through all ages in their writings.

I went home last night full of reflections from a coffee-house, where a great many excellent writings were assigned, and as many very indifferent ones applauded more (as it seemed to me) upon the account of their date, than upon any intrinsic value or demerit. The conversation ended with great encomiums upon my Lord Verulam's History of Henry the Seventh. The company were unanimous in their approbation of it. I was too well acquainted with the traditional vogue of that book throughout the whole nation, to venture my thoughts upon it. Neither would I now offer my judgment upon that work to the public, (so great a veneration have I for the memory of a man whose writings are the glory of our nation) but that the authority of so leading a name may perpetuate a vicious taste amongst us, and betray future historians to copy after a model, which I cannot help thinking far from complete.

As to the fidelity of the History, I have nothing to say; to examine it impartially in that view would require much pains and leisure; but as to the composition of it, and sometimes the choice of matter, I am apt to believe it will appear a little faulty to an unprejudiced reader. A complete historian should be endowed with the essential qualifications of a great poet. His style must be majestic and grave, as well as simple and unaffected; his narration should be animated, short, and clear, and so as even to out-run the impatience of the reader, if possible. This can only be done by being very sparing and choice in words, by restraining all cold and

superfluous circumstances in an action, and by dwelling upon such alone as are material, and fit to delight or instruct a serious reader. This is what we find in the great models of antiquity; and in a more particular manner in Livy, whom it is impossible to read without the warmest emotions.

But my Lord Verulam, on the contrary, is ever, in the tedious style of declaimers, using two words for one; ever endeavouring to be witty, and as fond of out-of-the-way families as some of our old play-writers. He abounds in low phrases, beneath the dignity of History, and often condescends to little conceits and quibbles. His political reflections are frequently false, almost every where trivial and puerile. His whole manner of expressing his thoughts is full of affectation and pedantry; and there appears throughout his whole work more the air of a recluse scholar, than of a man versed in the world.

After passing so free a censure upon a book which for these hundred years and upwards has met with the most universal approbation, I am obliged, in my own defence, to transcribe some of the many passages I formerly collected for the use of my first charge, Sir Marmaduke Lizard. It would be useless should I point out the frequent tautologies and circumlocutions that occur in every page, which do (as it were) rarify instead of condensing his thoughts and matter. It was in all probability his application to the law that gave him a habit of being so wordy; of which I shall put down two or three examples.

That all records, wherein there was any memory or mention of the king's attainder, should be defaced, cancelled, and taken off the file—Divers secret and nimble scouts and spies, &c. to learn, search and discover all the circumstances and particulars—To assail, sap, and work into the constancy of Sir Robert Clifford.

• Of the poet Lucilius.

I leave

I leave the following passages to every one's consideration, without making any farther remarks upon them.

He should be well enough able to scatter the Irish as a flight of birds, and rattle away this swarm of bees with their king.—The rebels took their way towards York, &c. but their snow-ball did not gather as it went.—So that (in a kind of mattacing of human fortune) he turned a brooch that had worn a crown; whereas fortune commonly doth not bring in a comedy or farce after a tragedy.—The queen was crowned, &c. about two years after the marriage, like an old christening that had staid long for godfathers.—Desirous to trouble the waters in Italy, that he might fish the better, casting the net not out of St. Peter's, but out of Borgia's bark.—And therefore, upon the first grain of incense that was sacrificed upon the altar of peace at Bulloigne, Perkin was smoked away.—This was the end of this little cockatrice of a king, that was able to destroy those that did not espy him first.—It was observed, that the great tempest, which drove Philip into England, blew down the golden eagle from the spire of St. Paul's; and in the fall it fell upon a sign of the Black Eagle, which was in Paul's Church-yard, in the place where the school-house now standeth, and battered it, and broke it down; which was a strange stooping of a hawk upon a fowl.—The king began to find where his shoe did wring him.—In whose bosom or budget most of Perkins's secrets were laid up.—One might know afar off where the owl was by the flight of birds.—Bold men, and careless of fame, and that took toll of their master's grist.—Empson and Dudley would have cut another chop out of him.—Peter Hialas, some call him Elias; surely he was the forerunner of, &c.—Lionel, Bishop of Concordia, was sent as nuncio, &c. but notwithstanding he had a good ominous name to have made a

peace, nothing followed.—Taxing him for a great taxer of his people.—Not by proclamations, but by court-fames, which commonly print better than printed proclamations.—Sir Edward Moynings was enforced to make a wild chace upon the wild Irish.—In sparing of blood by the bleeding of so much treasure.—And although his own case had both steel and parchment more than the other; that is to say, a conquest in the field, and an act of parliament.—That Pope knowing that King Henry the Sixth was reputed in the world abroad but for a simple man, was afraid it would but diminish the estimation of that kind of honour, if there were not a distance kept between innocents and saints.

Not to trouble my reader with any more instances of the like nature, I must observe, that the whole work is ill-conducted, and the story of Perkin Warbeck (which should have been only like an episode in a poem) is spun out to near a third part of the book. The character of Henry the Seventh, at the end, is rather an abstract of his history than a character. It is tedious, and diversified with so many particulars as confound the resemblance, and make it almost impossible for the reader to form any distinct idea of the person. It is not thus the ancients drew their characters; but in a few just and bold strokes gave you the distinguishing features of the mind, (if I may be allowed the metaphor) in so distinct a manner, and in so strong a light, that you grew intimate with your man immediately, and knew him from an hundred.

After all, it must be considered in favour of my Lord Verulam, that he lived in an age wherein chaste and correct writing was not in fashion, and when pedantry was the mode even at court: so that it is no wonder if the prevalent humour of the times bore down his genius, though superior in force, perhaps, to any of our countrymen that have either gone before or succeeded him.

N^o XXVI. FRIDAY, APRIL 10.

NON EGO ILLAM MIHI DOTEM ESSE FUTO, QUAE DOS DICITUR;
SED FUDICITIAM ET FUDOREM ET SEDATAM CUPIDINEM. PLAUT.

A WOMAN'S TRUE DOWRY, IN MY OPINION, IS VIRTUE, MODESTY, AND DESIRES
RESTRAINED; NOT THAT WHICH IS USUALLY SO CALLED.

A N healthy old fellow, that is not a fool, is the happiest creature living. It is at that time of life only men enjoy their faculties with pleasure and satisfaction. It is then we have nothing to manage, as the phrase is; we speak the downright truth; and whether the rest of the world will give us the privilege or not, we have so little to ask of them that we can take it. I shall be very free with the women from this one consideration; and, having nothing to desire of them, shall treat them as they stand in nature, and as they are adorned with virtue, and not as they are pleased to form and disguise themselves. A set of fops, from one generation to another, has made such a pother with 'Bright eyes, the fair-fex, the charms, the air,' and something so incapable to be expressed but with a sigh, that the creatures have utterly gone out of their very being, and there are no Women in all the world. If they are not nymphs, shepherdesses, graces, or goddesses, they are to a woman all of them The Ladies. Get to a christening at any alley in the town, and at the meanest artificer's, and the word is, 'Well, who takes care of the Ladies?' I have taken notice, that ever since the word Forsooth was banished for Madam, the word Woman has been discarded for Lady. And as there is now never a woman in England, I hope I may talk of Women without offence to the Ladies. What puts me in this present disposition to tell them their own, is, that in the holy week I very civilly desired all delinquents in point of chastity to make some atonement for their freedoms, by bestowing a charity upon the miserable wretches who languish in the Lock hospital. But I hear of very little done in that matter; and I am informed they are pleased, instead of taking notice of my Precaution, to call me an ill-bred old fellow; and say I do not understand the world. It is not, it seems, within the rules of good-breeding to tax the vices of people of

quality, and the commandments were made for the vulgar. I am indeed informed of some oblations sent into the house, but they are all come from the servants of criminals of condition. A poor chamber-maid has sent in ten shillings out of her hush-money, to expiate her guilt of being in her mistress's secret; but says she dare not ask her ladyship for any thing, for she is not to suppose that she is locked up with a young gentleman, in the absence of her husband, three hours together, for any harm; but as my lady is a person of great sense, the girl does not know but that they were reading some good book together; but because she fears it may be otherwise, she has sent her ten shillings for the guilt of concealing it. We have a thimble from a country girl that owns she has had dreams of a fine gentleman who comes to their house, who gave her half a crown, and bid her have a care of the men in this town; but she thinks he does not mean what he says, and sends the thimble, because she does not hate him as she ought. The ten shillings, this thimble, and an occamy spoon from some other unknown poor sinner, are all the atonement which is made for the body of sin in London and Westminster. I have computed that there is one in every three hundred who is not chaste; and if that be a modest computation, how great a number are those who make no account of my admonition. It might be expected one or two of the two hundred and ninety-nine honest, might, out of mere charity and compassion to iniquity, as it is a misfortune, have done something upon so good a time as that wherein they were solicited. But Major Crabtree, a four pot-companion of mine, says, the two hundred ninety and nine are one way or other as little virtuous as the three hundredth unchaste Woman, I would say Lady. It is certain, that we are infested with a parcel of jilfirts, who are not capable of being mothers of brave men, for

for the infant partakes of the temper and disposition of it's mother. We see the unaccountable effects which sudden frights and longings have upon the offspring; and it is not to be doubted but the ordinary way of thinking of the mother has it's influence upon what she bears about her nine months. Thus from the want of care in this particular of chusing wives, you see men, after much care, labour, and study, surprized with prodigious starts of ill-nature and passion, that can be accounted for no otherwise but from hence, that it grew upon them in embryo, and the man was determined, surly, peevish, froward, sul- len, or outrageous, before he saw the light. The last time I was in a public place, I fell in love by proxy for Sir Harry Lizard. The young woman happens to be of quality: her father was a gentleman of as noble a disposition as any I ever met with. The widow, her mother, under whose wing she loves to appear, and is proud of it, is a pattern to persons of condition. Good sense, heightened and exerted with good breeding, is the parent's distinguishing character; and if we can get this young woman into our family, we shall think we have a much better purchase than others, who, without her good qualities, may bring into theirs the greatest accession of riches. I sent Sir Harry by last night's post the following letter on the subject.

DEAR SIR HARRY,

UPON our last parting, and as I had just mounted the little roan I am so fond of, you called me back; and when I stooped to you, you squeezed me by the hand, and with allusion to some pleasant discourse we had a day or two before in the house, concerning the present mercantile way of contracting marriages, with a smile and a blush you bid me look upon some women for you, and send word how they went: I did not see one to my mind till the last opera before Easter. I assure you, I have been as unquiet ever since, as I wish you were till you had her: her height, her complexion, and every thing but her age,

which is under twenty, are very much to my satisfaction; there is an ingenuous shame in her eyes, which is to the mind what the bloom of youth is to the body; neither implies that there are virtuous habits and accomplishments already attained by the possessor, but they certainly shew an unprejudiced capacity towards them. As to the circumstance of this young woman's age, I am reconciled to her want of years, because she pretends to nothing above them; you do not see in her the odious forwardness to I know not what, as in the assured countenances, naked bosoms, and confident glances, of her cotemporaries.

I will vouch for her, that you will have her whole heart, if you can win it; she is in no familiarities with the fops; her fan has never been yet out of her own hand; and her brother's face is the only man's she ever looked in stedfastly.

When I have gone thus far, and told you that I am very confident of her as to her virtue and education, I may speak a little freely to you as you are a young man: there is a dignity in the young lady's beauty, when it shall become her to receive your friends with a good air, and affable countenance; when she is to represent that part of you, which you must delight in, the frank and chearful reception of your friends, her beauty will do as much honour to your table, as it will give you pleasure in your bed.

It is no small instance of felicity to have a woman from whose behaviour your friends are more endeared to you; and for whose sake your children are as much valued as for your own.

It is not for me to celebrate the lovely height of her forehead, the soft pulp of her lips, or to describe the amiable profile which her fine hair, cheeks, and neck, made to the beholders that night, but shall leave them to your own observation when you come to town; which you may do at your leisure, and be time enough, for there are many in town richer than her whom I recommend. I am, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

N^o XXVII. SATURDAY, APRIL II.

MULTA PUTANS, SORTEMQVE ANIMO MISERATUS INIQUAM.

VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 332.

STRUCK WITH COMPASSION OF SO SAD A STATE.

IN compassion to those gloomy mortals, who by their unbelief are rendered incapable of feeling those impressions of joy and hope, which the celebration of the late glorious festival naturally leaves on the mind of a Christian, I shall in this paper endeavour to evince that there are grounds to expect a Future State, without supposing in the reader any faith at all, not even the belief of a deity. Let the most steadfast unbeliever open his eyes, and take a survey of the sensible world, and then say if there be not a connexion, and adjustment, and exact and constant order discoverable in all the parts of it. Whatever be the cause, the thing itself is evident to all our faculties. Look into the animal system, the passions, senses, and locomotive powers; is not the like contrivance and propriety observable in these too? Are they not fitted to certain ends; and are they not by nature directed to proper objects?

Is it possible, then, that the smallest bodies should, by a management superior to the wit of man, be disposed in the most excellent manner agreeable to their respective natures; and yet the spirits or souls of men be neglected, or managed by such rules as fall short of man's understanding? Shall every other passion be rightly placed by nature, and shall that appetite of immortality, natural to all mankind, be alone misplaced, or designed to be frustrated? Shall the industrious application of the inferior animal powers in the meanest vocations be answered by the ends we propose, and shall not the generous efforts of a virtuous mind be rewarded? In a word, shall the corporeal world be all order and harmony; the intellectual, discord and confusion? He who is bigot enough to believe these things, must bid adieu to that natural rule, of reasoning from analogy; must run counter to that maxim of common sense, that men ought to form their judgments of things un-

experienced from what they have experienced.

If any thing looks like a recompence of calamitous virtue on this side the grave, it is either an assurance that thereby we obtain the favour and protection of Heaven, and shall, whatever befalls us in this, in another life meet with a just return; or else that applause and reputation, which is thought to attend virtuous actions. The former of these, our Free-thinkers, out of their singular wisdom and benevolence to mankind, endeavour to erase from the minds of men. The latter can never be justly distributed in this life, where so many ill actions are reputable, and so many good actions disesteemed or misinterpreted; where subtle hypocrisy is placed in the most engaging light, and modest virtue lies concealed; where the heart and the soul are hid from the eyes of men, and the eyes of men are dimmed and vitiated. Plato's sense in relation to this point is contained in his *Gorgias*, where he introduces Socrates speaking after this manner:

'It was in the reign of Saturn provided by a law, which the gods have since continued down to this time, that they who had lived virtuously and piously upon earth, should after death enjoy a life full of happiness, in certain islands appointed for the habitation of the blessed; but that such as have lived wickedly should go into the receptacle of damned souls, named Tartarus, there to suffer the punishments they deserved. But in all the reign of Saturn, and in the beginning of the reign of Jove, living judges were appointed, by whom each person was judged in his life-time in the same day on which he was to die. The consequence of which was, that they often passed wrong judgments. Pluto, therefore, who presided in Tartarus, and the guardians of the blessed islands, finding that on the other side many

' unfit persons were sent to their respec-
 ' tive dominions, complained to Jove,
 ' who promised to redress the evil. He
 ' added, the reason of these unjust pro-
 ' ceedings is, that men are judged in
 ' the body. Hence many conceal the
 ' blemishes and imperfections of their
 ' minds by beauty, birth, and riches;
 ' not to mention, that at the time of
 ' trial there are crowds of witnesses to
 ' attest their having lived well. These
 ' things mislead the judges, who being
 ' themselves also of the number of the
 ' living, are surrounded each with his
 ' own body, as with a veil thrown over
 ' his mind. For the future, therefore,
 ' it is my intention that men do not
 ' come on their trial till after death,
 ' when they shall appear before the
 ' judge, disrobed of all their corporeal
 ' ornaments. The judge himself, too,
 ' shall be a pure unveiled spirit, be-
 ' holding the very soul, the naked soul
 ' of the party before him. With this
 ' view I have already constituted my
 ' sons, Minos and Rhadamanthus,
 ' judges, who are natives of Asia; and
 ' Æacus, a native of Europe. These,
 ' after death, shall hold their court in a
 ' certain meadow, from which there are
 ' two roads, leading the one to Tarta-
 ' rus, the other to the islands of "the
 ' blessed."

From this, as from numberless other
 passages of his writings, may be seen
 Plato's opinion of a future state. A
 thing, therefore, in regard to us so com-
 fortable, in itself so just and excellent;
 a thing so agreeable to the analogy of na-
 ture, and so universally credited by all or-
 ders and ranks of men, of all nations and
 ages, what is it that should move a few
 men to reject? Surely there must be
 something of prejudice in the case. I
 appeal to the secret thoughts of a Free-
 thinker, if he does not argue within
 himself after this manner: 'The senses
 ' and faculties I enjoy at present, are
 ' visibly designed to repair, or preserve
 ' the body from the injuries it is liable
 ' to in it's present circumstances. But
 ' in an eternal state, where no decays
 ' are to be repaired, no outward inju-
 ' ries to be fenced against; where there
 ' are no flesh and bones, nerves or

' blood-vessels, there will certainly be
 ' none of the senses: and that there
 ' should be a state of life without the
 ' senses, is inconceivable.'

But as this manner of reasoning pro-
 ceeds from a poverty of imagination, and
 narrowness of soul in those that use it, I
 shall endeavour to remedy those defects,
 and open their views, by laying before
 them a case which, being naturally pos-
 sible, may perhaps reconcile them to
 the belief of what is supernaturally re-
 vealed.

Let us suppose a person blind and deaf
 from his birth, who being grown to
 man's estate, is by the dead palsy, or
 some other cause, deprived of his feeling,
 tasting, and smelling; and at the same
 time has the impediment of his hearing
 removed, and the film taken from his eyes.
 What the five senses are to us, that the
 touch, taste, and smell, were to him. And
 any other ways of perception of a more
 refined and extensive nature, were to
 him as inconceivable, as to us those are
 which will one day be adapted to per-
 ceive those things which 'eye hath not
 ' seen, nor ear heard; neither hath it
 ' entered into the heart of man to con-
 ' ceive.' And it would be just as rea-
 sonable in him to conclude, that the loss
 of those three senses could not possibly
 be succeeded by any new inlets of per-
 ception; as in a modern Free-thinker
 to imagine there can be no state of life
 and perception without the senses he en-
 joys at present. Let us further suppose
 the same person's eyes, at the first open-
 ing, to be struck with a great variety of
 the most gay and pleasing objects, and
 his ears with a melodious concert of
 vocal and instrumental music; behold
 him amazed, ravished, transported; and
 you have some distant representation,
 some faint and glimmering idea, of the
 extatic state of the soul in that article in
 which she emerges from this sepulchre
 of flesh, into life and immortality.

N. B. It has been observed by the
 Christians, that a certain ingenious Fo-
 reigner, who has published many exem-
 plary Jest's for the use of persons in the
 article of death, was very much out of
 humour in a late fit of sickness, till he
 was in a fair way of recovery.

N^o XXVIII. MONDAY, APRIL 13.

ETAS PARENTUM PEJOR AVIS TULIT
 NOS NEQUIORES, MOX DATUROS
 PROGENIEM VITIOSIOREM.

HOR. OD. 6. L. 5. v. 46.

OUR FATHERS HAVE BEEN WORSE THAN THEIRS,
 AND WE THAN OURS: NEXT AGE WILL SEE
 A RACE MORE PROFLIGATE THAN WE. RosCOMMON.

THEOCRITUS, Bion, and Moschus, are the most famous amongst the Greek writers of Pastorals. The two latter of these are judged to be far short of Theocritus, whom I shall speak of more largely, because he rivals the greatest of all poets, Virgil himself. He hath the advantage confessedly of the Latin, in coming before him, and writing in a tongue more proper for Pastoral. The softness of the Doric dialect, which this poet is said to have improved beyond any who came before him, is what the ancient Roman writers owned their language could not approach. But besides this beauty, he seems to me to have had a soul more softly and tenderly inclined to this way of writing than Virgil, whose genius led him naturally to sublimity. It is true, that the great Roman, by the niceness of his judgment, and great command of himself, has acquitted himself dextrously this way. But a penetrating judge will find there the seeds of that fire which burned afterwards so bright in the Georgics, and blazed out in the Æneid. I must not, however, dissemble that these bold strokes appear chiefly in those eclogues of Virgil, which ought not to be numbered amongst his Pastorals, which are indeed generally thought to be all of the pastoral kind; but by the best judges are only called his select poems, as the word Eclogue originally means.

Those who will take the pains to consult Scaliger's comparison of these two poets, will find that Theocritus hath outdone him in those very passages which the critic hath produced in honour of Virgil. There is, in short, more innocence, simplicity, and whatever else hath been laid down as the distinguishing marks of Pastoral, in the Greek than the Roman; and all arguments from the exactness, propriety, conciseness, and nobleness of Virgil, may very well

be turned against him. There is, indeed, sometimes a grossness and clownishness in Theocritus; which Virgil, who borrowed his greatest beauties from him, hath avoided. I will, however, add, that Virgil, out of the excellence of genius only, hath come short of Theocritus; and had possibly excelled him, if in greater subjects he had not been born to excel all mankind.

The Italians were the first, amongst the moderns, that fell into Pastoral writing. It is observed, that the people of that nation are very profound and abstruse in their poetry as well as politics; fond of surprising conceits and far-fetched imaginations, and labour chiefly to say what was never said before. From persons of this character, how can we expect that air of simplicity and truth which hath been proved so essential to shepherds? There are two pastoral plays in this language, which they boast of as the most elegant performances in poetry that the latter ages have produced; the *Aminta* of Tasso, and Guarini's *Pastor Fido*. In these the names of the persons are indeed pastoral, and the Sylvan gods, the Dryads, and the Satyrs appointed with the equipage of antiquity; but neither the language, sentiments, passions, or designs, like those of the pretty triflers in Virgil and Theocritus. I shall produce an example out of each, which are commonly taken notice of, as patterns of the Italian way of thinking in Pastoral. Sylvia, in Tasso's poem, enters adorned with a garland of flowers, and views herself in a fountain with such self-admiration, that she breaks out into a speech to the flowers on her head, and tells them, she doth not wear them to adorn herself, but to make them ashamed. In the *Pastor Fido*, a shepherdess reasons after an abstruse philosophical manner about the violence of love, and expostulates with

with the gods—: for making laws so rigorous to restrain us, and at the same time giving us invincible desires. Whoever can bear these, may be assured he hath no taste for Pastoral.

When I am speaking of the Italians, it would be unpardonable to pass by Sannazarius. He hath changed the scene in this kind of poetry from woods and lawns, to the barren beach and boundless ocean; introduces sea-calves in the room of kids and lambs; sea-mews for the lark and the linnet; and presents his mistress with oysters instead of fruits and flowers. How good soever his style and thoughts may be, yet who can pardon him for his arbitrary change of the sweet manners and pleasing objects of the country, for what in their own nature are uncomfortable and dreadful? I think he hath few or no followers, or if any, such as knew little of his beauties, and only copied his faults, and are so lost and forgotten.

The French are so far from thinking

abstrusely, that they often seem not to think at all. It is all a run of numbers, common-place descriptions of woods, floods, groves, loves, &c. Those who write the most accurately fall into the manner of their country; which is Gallantry. I cannot better illustrate what I would say of the French, than by the dress in which they make their shepherds appear in their pastoral interludes upon the stage, as I find it described by a celebrated author. 'The shepherds,' saith he, 'are all embroidered, and acquit themselves in a ball better than our English dancing-masters. I have seen a couple of rivers appear in red stockings; and Alpheus, instead of having his head covered with sedges and bull-rushes, making love in a fair full-bottomed periwig and a plume of feathers; but with a voice so full of shakes and quavers, that I should have thought the murmurs of a country brook the much more agreeable music.'

Nº. XXIX. TUESDAY, APRIL 14.

RIDE SI SAPIS—

MART. EPIG. 41. L. 2. V. 1.

LAUGH, IF YOU'RE WISE.

IN order to look into any person's temper, I generally make my first observation upon his laugh, whether he is easily moved, and what are the passages which throw him into that agreeable kind of convulsion: People are never so much unguarded, as when they are pleased: and Laughter being a visible symptom of some inward satisfaction, it is then, if ever, we may believe the face. There is, perhaps, no better index to point us to the particularities of the mind than this, which is in itself one of the chief distinctions of our rationality. For, as Milton says—

—Smiles from reason flow, to brutes deny'd,

And are of love the food.—

It may be remarked in general under this head, that the Laugh of men of wit is for the most part but a faint constrained kind of half-laugh, as such persons are never without some diffidence about them; but that of fools is the most honest, natural, open laugh in the world.

I have often had thoughts of writing a treatise upon this faculty, wherein I would have laid down rules for the better regulation of it at the theatre; I would have criticised on the Laughs now in vogue, by which our comic writers might the better know how to transport an audience into this pleasing affection. I had set apart a chapter for a dissertation on the talents of some of our modern comedians; and as it was the manner of Plutarch to draw comparisons of his heroes and orators, to set their actions and eloquence in a fairer light; so I would have made the parallel of Pinkethman, Norris, and Bullock; and so far shown their different methods of raising mirth, that any one should be able to distinguish whether the jest was the poet's or the actor's.

As the play-house affords us the most occasions of observing upon the behaviour of the face, it may be useful (for the direction of those who would be critics this way) to remark, that the virgin ladies usually dispose themselves

in the front of the boxes; the young married women compose the second row; while the rear is generally made up of mothers of long standing, undesigning maids, and contented widows. Whoever will cast his eye upon them under this view, during the representation of a play, will find me so far in the right, that a double entendre strikes the first row into an affected gravity, or careless indolence; the second will venture at a smile; but the third take the conceit entirely, and express their mirth in a downright laugh.

When I descend to particulars, I find the reserved prude will relapse into a smile at the extravagant freedoms of the coquette; the coquette in her turn laughs at the starchness and awkward affectation of the prude; the man of letters is tickled with the vanity and ignorance of the fop; and the fop confesses his ridicule at the unpoliteness of the pedant.

I fancy we may range the several kinds of laughers under the following heads:

- The Dimplers.
- The Smilers.
- The Laughers.
- The Grinners.
- The Horse-Laughers.

The Dimple is practised to give a grace to the features, and is frequently made a bait to entangle a gazing lover; this was called by the ancients the Chian laugh.

The Smile is for the most part confined to the fair-sex, and their male retinue. It expresses our satisfaction in a silent sort of approbation, doth not too much disorder the features, and is practised by lovers of the most delicate address. This tender motion of the physiognomy the ancients called the Ionic laugh.

The Laugh, among us, is the common Ritus of the ancients.

The Grin, by writers of antiquity, is called the Syncrusian; and was then, as it is at this time, made use of to display a beautiful set of teeth.

The Horse-laugh, or the Sardonic, is made use of with great success in all kinds of disputation. The proficient in this kind, by a well-timed laugh, will baffle the most solid argument. This, upon all occasions, supplies the want of reason, is always received with great applause in coffee-house disputes;

and that side the laugh joins with, is generally observed to gain the better of his antagonist.

The prude hath a wonderful esteem for the Chian laugh or Dimple; she looks upon all the other kinds of laughter as excesses of levity; and is never seen, upon the most extravagant jests, to disorder her countenance with the ruffle of a smile. Her lips are composed with a primness peculiar to her character; all her modesty seems collected into her face; and she but very rarely takes the freedom to sink her cheek into a dimple.

The young widow is only a Chian for a time; her smiles are confined by decorum, and she is obliged to make her face sympathize with her habit; she looks demure by art, and by the strictest rules of decency is never allowed the Smile till the first offer or advance towards her is over.

The effeminate fop, who by the long exercise of his countenance at the glass, hath reduced it to an exact discipline, may claim a place in this clan. You see him upon any occasion, to give spirit to his discourse, admire his own eloquence by a Dimple.

The Ionics are those ladies that take a greater liberty with their features; yet even these may be said to smother a Laugh, as the former to stifle a Smile.

The beau is an Ionic out of complaisance, and practises the Smile the better to sympathize with the fair. He will sometimes join in a laugh to humour the spleen of a lady, or applaud a piece of wit of his own, but always takes care to confine his mouth within the rules of good-breeding; he takes the laugh from the ladies, but is never guilty of so great an indecorum as to begin it.

The Ionic laugh is of universal use to men of power at their levées; and is esteemed by judicious place-hunters a more particular mark of distinction than the whisper. A young gentleman of my acquaintance valued himself upon his success, having obtained this favour after the attendance of three months only.

A judicious author, some years since published a collection of sonnets, which he very successfully called 'Laugh and be Fat; or, Pills to purge Melancholy.' I cannot sufficiently admire the facetious title of these volumes, and must censure

censure the world of ingratitude, while they are so negligent in rewarding the jocular labours of my friend Mr. DDC-fey, who was so large a contributor to this treatise, and to whose humorous productions so many rural squires in the remotest parts of this island are obliged for the dignity and state which corpulency gives them. The story of the sick man's breaking an imposthume by a sudden fit of laughter, is too well known to need a recital. It is my opinion, that the above Pills would be extremely proper to be taken with asses milk, and mightily contribute towards the renewing and restoring decayed lungs. Democritus is generally represented to us as a man of the largest size, which we may attribute to his frequent exercise of his risible faculty. I remember Juvenal says of him—

Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat.

SAT. 10. v. 33.

He shook his sides with a perpetual laugh.

That sort of man whom a late writer has called the Butt, is a great promoter of this healthful agitation, and is generally stocked with so much good-humour, as to strike in with the gaiety of conversation, though some innocent blunder of his own be the subject of the raillery.

I shall range all old amorous dotards under the denomination of Grinners: when a young blooming wench touches their fancy, by an endeavour to reel youth into their cheeks, they immediately overstrain their muscular features, and shivel their countenance into this frightful merriment.

The wag is of the same kind, and by the same artifice labours to support his impotence of wit; but he very frequently calls in the Horse-laugh to his assistance.

There are another kind of Grinners, which the ancients call Megarics; and some moderns have, not injudiciously, given them the name of the Sneerers. These always indulge their mirth at the expence of their friends, and all their ridicule consists in unseasonable ill-nature. I could wish these laughers would consider, that let them do what they can,

there is no laughing away their own follies by laughing at other people's.

The mirth of the tea-table is for the most part Megaric; and in visits the ladies themselves very seldom scruple the sacrificing of a friendship to a laugh of this denomination.

The coquette hath a great deal of the Megaric in her; but in short, she is a proficient in laughter, and can run through the whole exercise of the features: she subdues the formal lover with the Dimple, accosts the fop with a Smile, joins with the wit in the downright Laugh; to vary the air of her countenance, frequently raillies with the Grin; and when she has ridiculed her lover quite out of his understanding, to complete his misfortunes, strikes him dumb with the Horse-laugh.

The Horse-laugh is a distinguishing characteristic of the rural boyden, and it is observed to be the last symptom of rusticity that forsakes her under the discipline of the boarding-school.

Punsters, I find, very much contribute towards the Sardonic, and the extremes of either wit or folly seldom fail of raising this noisy kind of applause. As the ancient physicians held the Sardonic laugh very beneficial to the lungs, I should, methinks, advise all my countrymen, of consumptive and hectic constitutions, to associate with the most facetious punsters of the age. Persius hath very elegantly described a Sardonic laughter in the following line—

Ingeminat tremulos naso crispante cachinnos.

SAT. 3. v. 87.

Redoubled peals of trembling laughter bursts, Convulsing every feature of the face.

Laughter is a vent of any sudden joy that strikes upon the mind, which being too volatile and strong, breaks out in this tremor of the voice. The poets make use of this metaphor when they would describe nature in her richest dress, for beauty is never so lovely as when adorned with the smile, and conversation never sits easier upon us, than when we now and then discharge ourselves in a symphony of laughter, which may not improperly be called 'The Chorus of Conversation.'

N^o XXX. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15.

— EREUNT SATURNIA REGNA.

VIRG. ECL. 4. V. 6.

— SATURNIAN TIMES

ROLL ROUND AGAIN.

DRYDEN.

THE Italians and French being dispatched, I come now to the English, whom I shall treat with such meekness as becomes a good patriot; and shall so far recommend this our island as a proper scene for Pastoral under certain regulations, as will satisfy the courteous reader that I am in the landed interest.

I must in the first place observe, that our countrymen have so good an opinion of the ancients, and think so modestly of themselves, that the generality of Pastoral Writers have either stolen all from the Greeks and Romans, or so servilely imitated their manners and customs, as makes them very ridiculous. In looking over some English pastorals a few days ago, I perused at least fifty lean flocks, and reckoned up an hundred left-handed ravens, besides blasted oaks, withering meadows, and weeping deities. Indeed most of the occasional Pastorals we have, are built upon one and the same plan. A shepherd asks his fellow, why he is so pale; if his favourite sheep hath strayed, if his pipe be broken, or Phyllis unkind: he answers, none of these misfortunes have befallen him, but one much greater, for Damon (or sometimes the god Pan) is dead! This immediately causes the other to make complaints, and call upon the lofty pines and silver streams to join in the lamentation! While he goes on, his friend interrupts him, and tells him that Damon lives, and shows him a track of light in the skies to confirm it; then invites him to chestnuts and cheese. Upon this scheme most of the noble families in Great Britain have been comforted; nor can I meet with any right honourable shepherd that doth not die and live again, after the manner of the aforesaid Damon.

Having already informed my reader wherein the knowledge of antiquity may be serviceable, I shall now direct him where he may lawfully deviate from the ancients. There are some things of an established nature in Pastoral, which are essential to it, such as a country scene, innocence, simplicity. Others there are of

a changeable kind; such as habits, customs, and the like. The difference of the climate is also to be considered; for what is proper in Arcadia, or even in Italy, might be very absurd in a colder country. By the same rule, the difference of the soil, of fruits and flowers, is to be observed. And in so fine a country as Britain, what occasion is there for that profusion of hyacinths and Pæstian roses, and that cornucopia of foreign fruits which the British shepherds never heard of? How much more pleasing is the following scene to an English reader!

This place may seem for shepherds leisure made,
So lovingly these elms unite their shade.
Th' ambitious woodbine, how it climbs to breathe
It's balmy sweets around on all beneath!
The ground with grass of chearful green bespread,
Thro' which the springing flow'r up-rears it's head.
Lo, here the king-cup of a golden hue,
Medly'd with daisies white, and endive blue!
Hark, how the gaudy goldfinch and the thrush,
With tuneful warblings fill that bramble-bush:
In pleasing concert all the birds combine,
And tempt us in the various song to join.

The theology of the ancient Pastoral is so very pretty, that it were pity entirely to change it; but I think that part only is to be retained which is universally known, and the rest to be made up out of our own rustical superstition of hob-thrushes, fairies, goblins, and witches. The fairies are capable of being made very entertaining persons, as they are described by several of our poets; and particularly by Mr. Pope—

About this spring (if ancient fable say true)
The dapper elves their moon-light sports pursue;
Their pygmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled through the shade.

What hath been said upon the difference of climate, soil and theology, reaches

reaches the proverbial sayings, dress, customs, and sports of shepherds. The following examples of our pastoral sports are extremely beautiful.

Whilome did I, all as this poplar fair,
Up-raise my heedless head, devoid of care,
'Mong rustic routs the chief for wanton game;
Nor could they merry make till Lobbin came.
Who better seen than I in shepherd arts,
To please the lads, and win the lassies hearts?
How dextly to mine oaten reed, so sweet,
Wont they upon the green to shift their feet?
And when the dance was done, how would
they yearn
Some well devised tale from me to learn?
For many songs and tales of mirth had I,
To chase the lingering sun a-down the sky.

— O now! if ever, bring
The laurel green, the smelling eglantine,
And tender branches from the mantling vine,
The dewy cowslip that in meadow grows,
The fountain violet, and garden-rose:
Your hamlet strew, and every public way;
And consecrate to mirth Albino's day.
Myself will lavish all my little store;
And deal about the goblet flowing o'er:
Old Moulin there shall harp, young Mico sing,
And Cuddy dance the round amidst the ring,
And Hobbinol his antic gambols play.

The reason why such changes from the ancients should be introduced is very obvious; namely, that poetry being imitation, and that imitation being the best which deceives the most easily, it follows that we must take up the customs which are most familiar or universally known, since no man can be deceived or delighted with the imitation of what he is ignorant of.

It is easy to be observed that these rules are drawn from what our countrymen Spencer and Philips have performed in this way. I shall not presume to say any more of them, than that both have copied and improved the beauties of the ancients, whose manner of thinking I would above all things recommend. As far as our language would allow them, they have formed a pastoral style according to the Doric of Theocritus, in which I dare not say they have excelled Virgil; but I may be allowed, for the honour of our language, to suppose it more capable of that pretty rusticity than the Latin. To their works I refer my reader to make observations upon the Pastoral Style; where he will sooner find that secret than from a folio of criticisms.

N^o XXXI. THURSDAY, APRIL 16.

PORTEN POSCE ANIMUL.

JUV. SAT. IO. V. 357.

ASK OF THE GODS CONTENT AND STRENGTH OF MIND.

MY Lady Lizard is never better pleased than when she sees her children about her engaged in any profitable discourse. I found her last night sitting in the midst of her daughters, and forming a very beautiful semi-circle about the fire. I immediately took my place in an elbow-chair, which is always left empty for me in one corner.

Our conversation fell insensibly upon the subject of happiness, in which every one of the young ladies gave her opinion, with that freedom and unconcernedness which they always use when they are in company only with their mother and myself.

Mrs. Jane declared, that she thought it the greatest happiness to be married to a man of merit, and placed at the head of a well-regulated family. I could not but observe, that in her character of a man of merit, she gave us a lively description of Tom Worthy, who has long

made his addresses to her. The sisters did not discover this at first, till she began to run down fortune in a lover, and among the accomplishments of a man of merit, unluckily mentioned white teeth and black eyes.

Mrs. Annabella, after having raillied her sister upon her man of merit, talked much of conveniencies of life, affluence of fortune, and easiness of temper, in one, whom she should pitch upon for a husband. In short, though the baggage would not speak out, I found the sum of her wishes was a rich fool, or a man so turned to her purposes, that she might enjoy his fortune and insult his understanding.

The romantic Cornelia was for living in a wood among choirs of birds, with zephyrs, echos, and rivulets to make up the concert; she would not seem to include a husband in her scheme, but at the same time talked so passionately of

cooling turtles, mossy banks, and beds of violets, that one might easily perceive she was not without thoughts of a companion in her solitudes.

Miss Betty placed her summum bonum in equipages, assemblies, balls, and birth-nights; talked in raptures of Sir Edward Shallow's gilt coach, and my Lady Tattle's room, in which she saw company; nor would she have easily given over, had she not observed that her mother appeared more serious than ordinary, and by her looks shewed that she did not approve such redundancy of vanity and impertinence.

My favourite, the Sparkler, with an air of innocence and modesty, which is peculiar to her, said that she never expected such a thing as happiness; and that she thought the most any one could do, was to keep themselves from being uneasy; 'For as Mr. Ironside has often told us,' says she, 'we should endeavour to be easy here, and happy hereafter:' at the same time she begged me to acquaint them by what rules this ease of mind, or if I would please to call it happiness, is best attained.

My Lady Lizard joined in the same request with her youngest daughter, adding, with a serious look, the thing seemed to her of so great consequence, that she hoped I would forget they were all women, and give my real thoughts of it with the same justness I would use among a company of my own sex. I complied with her desire, and communicated my sentiments to them on this subject, as near as I can remember, pretty much to the following purpose.

As nothing is more natural than for every one to desire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at that the wisest men in all ages have spent so much time to discover what happiness is, and wherein it chiefly consists. An eminent writer, named Varro, reckons up no less than two hundred eighty-eight different opinions upon this subject; and another, called Lucian, after having given us a long catalogue of the notions of several philosophers, endeavours to shew the absurdity of all of them, without establishing any thing of his own.

That which seems to have made so many err in this case, is the resolution they took to fix a man's happiness to one determined point, which I conceive

cannot be made up, but by the concurrence of several particulars.

I shall readily allow Virtue the first place, as she is the mother of content. It is this which calms our thoughts, and makes us survey ourselves with ease and pleasure. Naked virtue, however, is not alone sufficient to make a man happy. It must be accompanied with at least a moderate provision of all the necessaries of life, and not ruffled and disturbed by bodily pains. A fit of the stone was sharp enough to make a Stoic cry out, that Zeno, his master, taught him false, when he told him that pain was no evil.

But besides this, Virtue is so far from being alone sufficient to make a man happy, that the excess of it in some particulars, joined to a soft and feminine temper, may often give us the deepest wounds, and chiefly contribute to render us uneasy. I might instance in Pity, Love, and Friendship. In the two last passions, it often happens, that we so entirely give up our hearts, as to make our happiness wholly depend upon another person, a trust, for which no human creature, however excellent, can possibly give us a sufficient security.

The man, therefore, who would be truly happy, must, besides an habitual virtue, attain to such a strength of mind, as to confine his happiness within himself, and keep it from being dependent upon others. A man of this make will perform all those good-natured offices that could have been expected from the most bleeding pity, without being so far affected at the common misfortunes of human life, as to disturb his own repose. His actions of this kind are so much more meritorious than another's, as they flow purely from a principle of virtue, and a sense of his duty; whereas a man of a softer temper, even while he is assisting another, may in some measure be said to be relieving himself.

A man endowed with that strength of mind I am here speaking of, though he leaves it to his friend or mistress to make him still more happy, does not put it in the power of either to make him miserable.

From what has been already said, it will also appear, that nothing can be more weak than to place our happiness in the applause of others, since by this means we make it wholly independent

of ourselves. People of this humour, who place their chief felicity in reputation and applause, are also extremely subject to envy, the most painful, as well as the most absurd of all passions.

The surest means to attain that strength of mind, and independent state of happiness I am here recommending, is a virtuous mind, sufficiently furnished with ideas to support solitude, and keep up an agreeable conversation with itself. Learning is a very great help on this occasion, as it lays up an infinite number of notions in the memory, ready to be drawn out, and set in order upon any occasion. The mind often takes the same pleasure in looking over these her treasures, in augmenting and disposing them into proper forms, as a prince does in a review of his army.

At the same time I must own, that as a mind thus furnished feels a secret pleasure in the consciousness of it's own perfection, and is delighted with such occasions as call upon it to try it's force; a lively imagination shall produce a pleasure very little inferior to the former in persons of much weaker heads. As the first, therefore, may not be improperly called, 'the heaven of a wise man, the latter is extremely well represented by our vulgar expression, which terms

it 'a fool's paradise.' There is, however, this difference between them, that as the first naturally produces that strength and greatness of mind I have been all along describing as so essential to render a man happy, the latter is ruffled and discomposed by every accident, and lost under the most common misfortune.

It is this Strength of Mind that is not to be overcome by the changes of fortune that arise at the sight of dangers, and could make Alexander, (in that passage of his life so much admired by the Prince of Conde) when his army mutinied, bid his soldiers return to Macedon, and tell their countrymen that they had left their king conquering the world; since for his part he could not doubt of raising an army wherever he appeared. It is this that chiefly exerts itself when a man is most oppressed, and gives him always in proportion to whatever malice or injustice would deprive him of. It is this, in short, that makes the virtuous man insensibly set a value upon himself, and throws a varnish over his words and actions, that will at last command esteem, and give him a greater ascendant over others, than all the advantages of birth and fortune.

Nº XXXII. FRIDAY, APRIL 17.

IPSE VOLENS, FACILISQUE SEQUITUR,
SI TE PATA VOCANT: ALITER NON VIRIBUS UELIS
VINCAS.

VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 146.

THE WILLING METAL WILL OBEY THY HAND,
FOLLOWING WITH EASE, IF, FAVOUR'D BY THY FATE;
THOU ART FORTUOUS TO VIEW THE STYGIAN STATE:
IF NOT, NO LABOUR CAN THE TREE CONSTRAIN;
AND STRENGTH OF STUBBORN ARMS, AND STEEL ARE VAIN.

DRYDEN.

HAVING delivered my thoughts upon Pastoral Poetry, after a didactic manner, in some foregoing papers, wherein I have taken such hints from the critics as I thought rational, and departed from them according to the best of my judgment, and substituted others in their place, I shall close the whole with the following fable or allegory.

IN ancient times there dwelt in a pleasant vale of Arcadia, a man of very ample possessions, named Menalcas; who

deriving his pedigree from the god Pan, kept very strictly up to the rules of the Pastoral life, as it was in the Golden Age. He had a daughter, his only child, called Amaryllis. She was a virgin of a most enchanting beauty, of a most easy and unaffected air; but having been bred up wholly in the country, was bashful to the last degree. She had a voice that was exceedingly sweet, yet had a rusticity in it's tone, which, however, to most who heard her, seemed an additional charm. Though in her conversation in general she was very engaging,

gaging, yet to her lovers, who were numerous, she was so coy, that many left her in disgust after a tedious courtship, and matched themselves where they were better received. For Menalcas had not only resolved to take a son-in-law, who should inviolably maintain the customs of his family, but had received one evening, as he walked in the fields, a pipe of an antique form from a Faun, or, as some say, from Oberon the fairy, with a particular charge not to bestow his daughter upon any one who could not play the same tune upon it as at that time he entertained him with.

When the time that he had designed to give her in marriage was near at hand, he published a decree, whereby he invited the neighbouring youths to make trial of this musical instrument, with promise that the victor should possess his daughter, on condition that the vanquished should submit to what punishment he thought fit to inflict. Those who were not yet discouraged, and had high conceits of their own worth, appeared on the appointed day, in a dress and equipage suitable to their respective fancies.

The place of meeting was a flowery meadow, through which a clear stream murmured in many irregular meanders. The shepherds made a spacious ring for the contending lovers; and in one part of it there sat upon a little throne of turf, under an arch of eglantine and woodbines, the father of the maid, and at his right-hand the damsel crowned with roses and lilies. She wore a flying robe of a slight green stuff; she had her sheep-hook in one hand, and the fatal pipe in the other.

The first who approached her was a youth of a graceful presence and courtly air, but dressed in a richer habit than had ever been seen in Arcadia. He wore a crimson vest, cut indeed after the shepherd's fashion, but so enriched with embroidery, and sparkling with jewels, that the eyes of the spectators were diverted from considering the mode of the garment by the dazzling of the ornaments. His head was covered with a plume of feathers, and his sheep-hook glittered with gold and enamel. He accosted the damsel after a very gallant manner, and told her "— Madam, you

need not to consult your glass to adorn yourself to-day; you may see the greatness of your beauty in the number of your conquests." She having never heard any compliment so polite, could give him no answer, but presented the pipe. He applied it to his lips, and began a tune, which he set off with so many graces and quavers, that the shepherds and shepherdesses (who had paired themselves in order to dance) could not follow it; as indeed it required great skill and regularity of steps, which they had never been bred to. Menalcas ordered him to be stripped of his costly robes, and to be clad in a russet weed, and confined him to tend the flocks in the valleys for a year and a day.

The second that appeared was in a very different garb. He was clothed in a garment of rough goat-skins, his hair was matted, his beard neglected, in his person uncouth, and awkward in his gait. He came up steering to the nymph, and told her † he had hugged his lambs, and killed his young kids, but he hoped to kiss one that was sweeter. The fair one blushed with modesty and anger, and prayed secretly against him as she gave him the pipe. He snatched it from her, but with some difficulty made it sound; which was in such harsh and jarring notes, that the shepherds cried one and all, that he understood no music. He was immediately ordered to the most craggy parts of Arcadia, to keep the goats, and commanded never to touch a pipe any more.

The third that advanced appeared in cloaths that were so strait and uneasy to him, that he seemed to move with pain. He marched up to the maiden with a thoughtful look and stately pace, and said, ‡ Divine Amaryllis, you wear not those roses to improve your beauty, but to make them ashamed. As she did not comprehend his meaning, she presented the instrument without reply: the tune that he played was so intricate and perplexing, that the shepherds stood stock still, like people astonished and confounded. In vain did he plead that it was the perfection of music, and composed by the most skilful master in Hesperia. Menalcas, finding that he was a stranger, hospitably took compassion on him, and delivered him

* Vid. Fontenelle.

† Vid. Theocritus.

‡ Vid. Tasso.

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Corbould del.

Argus sculp.

No. IV.

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to an old shepherd, who was ordered to get him cloaths that would fit him, and teach him to speak plain.

The fourth that stepped forwards was young Amyntas, the most beautiful of all the Arcadian swains, and secretly beloved by Amaryllis. He wore that day the same colours as the maid for whom he sighed. He moved towards her with an easy but unassured air: she blushed as he came near her, and when she gave him the fatal present, they both trembled, but neither could speak. Having secretly breathed his vows to the gods, he poured forth such melodious notes, that though they were a little wild and irregular, they filled every heart with delight. The swains immediately mingled in the dance, and the old shepherds affirmed, that they had often heard such music by night, which they imagined to be played by some of the rural deities. The good old man leaped from his throne, and after he had embraced him, presented him to his daughter, which caused a general acclamation.

While they were in the midst of their joy, they were surprized with a very odd

appearance. A person in a blue mantle, crowned with sedges and rushes, stepped into the middle of the ring. He had an angling-rod in his hand, a panner upon his back, and a poor meagre wretch in wet cloaths carried some offerings before him. Being asked whence he came, and what he was, he told them he was come to invite Amaryllis from the plains to the sea-shore; that his substance consisted in sea-calves; and that he was acquainted with the Nereids and the Naiads. 'Art thou acquainted with the Naiads?' said Menalcas; 'to them then shalt thou return.' The shepherds immediately hoisted him up as an enemy to Arcadia, and plunged him in the river, where he sunk, and was never heard of since.

Amyntas and Amaryllis lived a long and happy life, and governed the vales of Arcadia. Their generation was very long lived, there having been but four descents in above two thousand years. His heir was called Theocritus, who left his dominions to Virgil, Virgil left his to his son Spencer, and Spencer was succeeded by his eldest-born Phillips.

N^o XXXIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 18.

—DIGNUM SAPIENTE, HONORQUE EST.

HOR. EP. 4. L. 3. v. 5.

WORTHY A WISE MAN, AND A GOOD.

I Have made it a rule to myself not to publish any thing on a Saturday, but what shall have some analogy to the duty of the day ensuing. It is an unspeakable pleasure to me, that I have lived to see the time when I can observe such a law to myself, and yet turn my discourse upon what is done at the play-house. I am sure the reader knows I am going to mention the Tragedy of Cato. The principal character is moved by no consideration, but respect to that sort of virtue, the sense of which is retained in our language under the word Public Spirit. All regards to his domestic are wholly laid aside, and the hero is drawn as having, by this motive, subdued instinct itself, and taking comfort from the distresses of his family, which are brought upon them by their adherence to the cause of truth and liberty. There is nothing uttered by Cato but what is worthy the best of men; and

the sentiments which are given him, are not only the most warm for the conduct of this life, but such as we may think will not need to be erased, but consist with the happiness of the human soul in the next. This illustrious character has it's proper influence on all below it; the other virtuous personages are, in their degree, as worthy, and as exemplary as the principal; the conduct of the lovers (who are more warm, though more discreet, than ever yet appeared on the stage) has in it a constant sense of the great catastrophe which was expected from the approach of Cæsar. But to see the modesty of an heroine, whose country and family were at the same time in the most imminent danger, preserved, while she breaks out into the most fond and open expressions of her passion for her lover, is an instance of no common address. Again, to observe the body of a gallant young man brought before

before us, who, in the bloom of his youth, in the defence of all that is good and great, had received numberless wounds: I lay, to observe that this dead youth is introduced only for the example of his virtue, and that his death is to be lamented, that we are satisfied, for all his virtue, it was for the good of the world, and his own family, that his warm temper was not to be put upon farther trial, but his talk of life ended while it was yet virtuous, is an employment worthy the consideration of our young Britons. We are obliged to authors that can do what they will with us, that they do not play our affections and passions against ourselves, but to make us at last resigned to the death of Marcus, of whom we were so fond, as a power that would be unfortunately lodged in a man without the love of virtue.

Were it not that I speak on this occasion rather as a Guardian than a Critic, I could proceed to the examination of the justice of each character; and take notice that the Numidian is as well drawn as the Roman. There is not an idea in all the part of Syphax which does not apparently arise from the habits which grow in the mind of an African; and the scene between Juba and his General, where they talk for and against a liberal education, is full of instruction: Syphax urges all that can be said against philosophy, as it is made subservient to ill ends by men who abuse their talents; and Juba sets the less excellencies of activity, labour, patience of hunger, and strength of body, which are the assumed qualifications of a Numidian, in their proper subordination to the accomplishments of the mind. But this play is so well recommended by others, that I will not, for that and some private reasons, enlarge any farther. Doctor Garth has very agreeably raised the mercenary traffic between men and women of this age, in the Epilogue by Mrs. Porter, who acted Lucia. And Mr. Pope has prepared the audience for a new scene of passion and transport on a more noble foundation than they have before been entertained with, in the Prologue. I shall take the liberty to gratify the impatience of the town by inserting these two excellent pieces, as extracts of the work itself, which will be printed within a few days.

PROLOGUE TO CATO.

BY MR. POPE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKES.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream thro' every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In paying Love we lose our weakness share;
And wild Ambition well deserves it's war.
Here tears shall flow from a more generous
cause, bold youth, thy passions but
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws,
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And call forth Roman drops from British
eyes.

Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was.
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?

Even when proud XXXX, most triumphal
cars,

The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry
eye, plans and plans and plans and plans
The world's great victor past unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Caesar's less than Cato's word,
Britons attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece whom she
subdu'd.

Our scene pretentiously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song;
Dare to have sense yourself, assess the stage,
Be justly wond'ring with your own native rage!
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE TO CATO.

BY DR. GARTH.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PORTER.

WHAT odd fantastic things we women do!
Who would not listen when young lovers woo?
What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two!

Ladies

Ladies are often cruel to their cost:
 To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
 Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;
 Too oft they recancell'd, tho' in convents made.
 Would you revenge such rash resolves—
 you may
 Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say;
 We hate you when you're easily said Nay.
 How needless, if you knew us, were your fears!
 Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
 Our hearts are form'd, as you yourselves
 would chuse,
 Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:
 We give to merit, and to wealth we sell;
 He fights with most success that settles well.
 The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
 'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
 Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
 Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you:
 Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms;
 But wicked wealth usurps the power of
 charms:

What pains to get the gandy thing you hate;
 To swell in shew, and be a wretch in state!
 At plays you dote, at the ring you bow:
 Ev'n churches are no sanctuaries now;
 There golden idols all your vows receive;
 She is no goddess who has nought to give.
 Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
 When words were artless, and the soul sincere;
 When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd
 things,
 And crowns less coveted than groves and
 springs!
 Love then shall only mourn when Truth com-
 plains,
 And Constancy feel transport in it's chains;
 Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell;
 And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal;
 Virtue again to it's bright station climb,
 And Beauty fear no enemy but time:
 The fair shall listen to desert alone,
 And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

N^o XXXIV. MONDAY, APRIL 20.

—MORES MULTORUM VIDIT—

HOR. ARS POET. V. 142.

—BE MANY MEN, AND MANY MANNERS SAW.

IT is a most vexatious thing to an old man, who endeavours to square his notions by reason, and to talk from reflection and experience, to fall in with a circle of young ladies at their afternoon tea-table. This happened very lately to be my fate. The conversation, for the first half hour, was so very rambling, that it is hard to say what was talked of, or who spoke least to the purpose. The various motions of the fan, the tossings of the head, intermixed with all the pretty kinds of laughter, made up the greatest part of the discourse. At last this modish way of shining and being witty settled into something like conversation, and the talk ran upon Fine Gentlemen. From the several characters that were given, and the exceptions that were made, as this or that gentleman happened to be named, I found that a lady is not difficult to be pleased, and that the town swarms with Fine Gentlemen. A nimble pair of heels, a smooth complexion, a full-bottom wig, a laced shirt, an embroidered suit, a pair of fringed gloves, a hat and feather; any one or more of these and the like accomplishments ennoble a man, and raises him above the vulgar, in a female imagination. On the contrary, a modest serious

behaviour, a plain dress, a thick pair of shoes, a leathern belt, a waistcoat not lined with silk, and such like imperfections, degrade a man, and are so many blots in his escutcheon. I could not forbear smiling at one of the prettiest and liveliest of this gay assembly, who excepted to the gentility of Sir William Hearty, because he wore a frize coat, and breakfasted upon toast and ale. I pretended to admire the fineness of her taste; and to strike in with her in ridiculing those awkward healthy gentlemen, that seem to make nourishment the chief end of eating: I gave her an account of an honest Yorkshire gentleman, who (when I was a traveller) used to invite his acquaintance at Paris to break their fast with him upon cold roast beef and mutton. There was, I remember, a little French marquis, who was often pleased to railly him unmercifully upon beef and pudding, of which our countryman would dispatch a pound or two with great alacrity, while his antagonist was piddling at a mushroom, or the haunch of a frog. I could perceive the lady was pleased with what I said, and we parted very good friends by virtue of a maxim I always observe, Never to contradict or reason with a sprightly female.

K

male. I went home, however, full of a great many serious reflections upon what had passed; and though, in complaisance, I disguised my sentiments, to keep up the good-humour of my fair companions, and to avoid being looked upon as a testy old fellow, yet out of the good-will I bear to the sex, and to prevent, for the future, their being imposed upon by counterfeits, I shall give them the distinguishing marks of 'a true fine gentleman.'

When a good artist would express any remarkable character in sculpture, he endeavours to work up his figure into all the perfections his imagination can form; and to imitate not so much what is, as what may or ought to be. I shall follow their example, in the idea I am going to trace out of a fine gentleman, by assembling together such qualifications as seem requisite to make the character complete. In order to this, I shall premise in general, that by a fine gentleman I mean a man completely qualified as well for the service and good, as for the ornament and delight, of society. When I consider the frame of mind peculiar to a gentleman, I suppose it graced with all the dignity and elevation of spirit that human nature is capable of: to this I would have joined a clear understanding, a reason free from prejudice, a steady judgment, and an extensive knowledge. When I think of the heart of a gentleman, I imagine it firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate passions, and full of tenderness, compassion, and benevolence. When I view the fine gentleman with regard to his manners, methinks I see him modest without bashfulness, frank and affable without impertinence, obliging and complaisant without servility, cheerful and in good-humour without noise. These amiable qualities are not easily obtained; neither are there many men that have a genius to excel this way. A finished gentleman is, perhaps, the most uncommon of all the great characters in life. Besides the natural endowments with

which this distinguished man is to be born, he must run through a long series of education. Before he makes his appearance and shines in the world, he must be principled in religion, instructed in all the moral virtues, and led through the whole course of the polite arts and sciences. He should be no stranger to courts and to camps; he must travel to open his mind, to enlarge his views, to learn the policies and interests of foreign states, as well as to fashion and polish himself, and to get clear of national prejudices, of which every country has its share. To all these more essential improvements, he must not forget to add the fashionable ornaments of life, such as are the languages and the bodily exercises most in vogue: neither would I have him think even dress itself beneath his notice.

It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; there are likewise a great many men of honour to be found; men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent: but a true fine gentleman is what one seldom sees; he is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination; so all the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman, with a beautiful gloss and varnish; every thing he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good-will of every beholder.

ADVERTISEMENT.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MY FEMALE READERS.

N.B. The gilt chariot, the diamond ring, the gold snuff-box, and brocade sword-knot, are no essential parts of a fine gentleman; but may be used by him, provided he casts his eye upon them but once a day.

N^o XXXV. TUESDAY, APRIL 21.

O VITÆ PHILOSOPHIA DUX, VIRTUTIS INDAGATRIX! CIC.

O PHILOSOPHY, THOU GUIDE OF LIFE, AND DISCOVERER OF VIRTUE!

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR,

I Am a man who have spent great part of that time in rambling through foreign countries, which young gentlemen usually pass at the university; by which course of life, although I have acquired no small insight into the manners and conversation of men, yet I could not make proportionable advances in the way of science and speculation. In my return through France, as I was one day setting forth this my case to a certain gentleman of that nation, with whom I had contracted a friendship; after some pause, he conducted me into his closet, and opening a little amber cabinet, took from thence a small box of snuff; which, he said, was given him by an uncle of his, the author of *The Voyage to the World of Descartes*; and with many professions of gratitude and affection, made me a present of it, telling me, at the same time, that he knew no readier way to furnish and adorn a mind with knowledge in the arts and sciences, than that same Snuff rightly applied.

'You must know,' said he, 'that Descartes was the first who discovered a certain part of the brain, called by anatomists the Pineal Gland, to be the immediate receptacle of the soul, where she is affected with all sorts of perceptions, and exerts all her operations by the intercourse of the animal spirits, which run through the nerves that are thence extended to all parts of the body.' He added, that the same philosopher having considered the body as a machine, or piece of clock-work, which performed all the vital operations without the concurrence of the will, began to think a way may be found out for separating the soul for some time from the body, without any injury to the latter; and that, after much meditation on that subject, the above-mentioned virtuoso composed the Snuff he then gave me; which, if taken in a certain quantity, would not fail to disengage my soul from my body. 'Your soul,

continued he, 'being at liberty to transport herself with a thought wherever she pleases, may enter into the Pineal Gland of the most learned philosopher, and being so placed, become spectator of all the ideas in his mind; which would instruct her in a much less time than the usual methods.' I returned him thanks, and accepted his present, and with it a paper of directions.

You may imagine it was no small improvement and diversion, to pass my time in the Pineal Glands of philosophers, poets, beaux, mathematicians, ladies, and statesmen. One while to trace a theorem in mathematics through a long labyrinth of intricate turns and subtilties of thought; another, to be conscious of the sublime ideas and comprehensive views of a philosopher, without any fatigue or wasting of my own spirits. Sometimes to wander through perfumed groves, or enamelled meadows, in the fancy of a poet; at others to be present when a battle or a storm raged, or a glittering palace rose in his imagination; or to behold the pleasures of a country life, the passion of a generous love, or the warmth of devotion wrought up to rapture: or (to use the words of a very ingenious author) to—

Behold the raptures which a writer knows,
When in his breast a vein of fancy glows;
Behold his business while he works the mine,
Behold his temper when he sees it shine.

Essay on the different Styles of Poetry.

These gave me inconceivable pleasure. Nor was it an unpleasant entertainment, sometimes to descend from these sublime and magnificent ideas to the impertinences of a beau, the dry schemes of a coffee-house politician, or the tender images in the mind of a young lady. And as, in order to frame a right idea of human happiness, I thought it expedient to make a trial of the various manners wherein men of different pursuits were affected, I one day entered into the Pineal Gland of a certain person, who seemed very fit to give me an insight into all that which constitutes

the happiness of him who is called a Man of Pleasure. But I found myself not a little disappointed in my notion of the pleasures which attend a voluptuary, who has shaken off the restraints of reason.

His intellectuals, I observed, were grown unserviceable by too little use, and his senses were decayed and worn out by too much; that perfect inaction of the higher powers prevented appetite in prompting him to sensual gratifications; and the outrunning natural appetite produced a loathing instead of a pleasure. I there beheld the intemperate cravings of youth, without the enjoyments of it; and the weakness of old age, without its tranquillity. When the passions were teased and roused by some powerful object, the effect was not to delight or soothe the mind, but to torture it between the returning extremes of appetite and satiety. I saw a wretch racked, at the same time, with a painful remembrance of past miscarriages, a distaste of the present objects that solicit his senses, and a secret dread of futurity; and I could see no manner of relief or comfort in the soul of this miserable man, but what consisted in preventing

his cure, by inflaming his passions, and suppressing his reason. But though it must be owned he had almost quenched that light which his Creator had set up in his soul, yet in spite of all his efforts, I observed at certain seasons frequent flashes of remorse strike through the gloom, and interrupt that satisfaction he enjoyed in hiding his own deformities from himself.

I was also present at the original formation or production of a certain book in the mind of a Free-thinker; and believing it may not be unacceptable to let you into the secret manner and internal principles by which that phenomenon was formed, I shall in my next give you an account of it. I am, in the mean time, your most obedient humble servant,

ULYSSES COSMOPOLITA.

N.B. Mr. Ironside has lately received out of France ten pound averdupois weight of this philosophical Snuff; and gives notice that he will make use of it, in order to distinguish the real from the professed sentiments of all persons of eminence in court, city, town, and country.

N^o XXXVI. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22.

PUNNICA SE QUANTIS ATTOLLET GLORIA REBUS!

VIRG. ÆN. 4. v. 49.

WHAT REBUSES EXALT THE PUNNIC FAME!

THE gentleman who doth me the favour to write the following letter, said as much for himself as the thing will bear. I am particularly pleased to find that in his Apology for Punning, he only celebrates the art, as it is a part of conversation. I look upon premeditated Quibbles and Puns committed to the press as unpardonable crimes. There is as much difference betwixt these and the starts in common discourse, as betwixt casual encounters, and murder with malice prepense.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR,

I Have, from your writings, conceived such an opinion of your benevolence to mankind, that I trust you will not suffer any art to be vilified, which helps to polish and adorn us. I do not know any sort of wit that hath been used so reproachfully as the Pun; and I per-

suede myself that I shall merit your esteem, by recommending it to your protection, since there can be no greater glory to a generous soul than to succour the distressed. I shall therefore, without farther preface, offer to your consideration the following modest Apology for Punning: wherein I shall make use of no double meanings or equivocations; since I think it unnecessary to give it any other praises than truth and common sense, its professed enemies, are forced to grant.

In order to make this an useful work, I shall state the nature and extent of the Pun; I shall discover the advantages that flow from it, the moral virtues that it produces, and the tendency that it hath to promote vigour of body and ease of mind.

The Pun is defined by one, who seems to be no well-wisher to it, to be 'a conceit arising from the use of two words that

' that agree in the sound, but differ in the sense.' Now if this be the essence of the Pun; how great must we allow the dignity of it to be, when we consider that it takes in most of the considerable parts of learning! For is it not most certain, that all learned disputes are rather about sounds than sense? Are not the controversies of divines about the different interpretations of terms? Are not the disputations of philosophers about words, and all their pompous distinctions; only so many unravellings of double meanings? Who ever lost his estate in Westminster Hall, but complained that he was quibbled out of his right? Or what monarch ever broke a treaty, but by virtue of equivocation? In short; so great is the excellence of this art, so diffusive its influence, that when I go into a library, I say to myself—'What volumes of Puns do I behold!' When I look upon the men of business, I cry out—'How powerful is the tribe of the Quibblers!' When I see statemen and ambassadors, I reflect—'How splendid the equipage of the Quirk!' In what pomp do the Punsfers appear!

But as there are Serious Puns, such as I have instanced in, so likewise there are Puns Comical. These are what I would recommend to my countrymen; which I shall do by displaying the advantages flowing from them.

The first advantage of Punning is, that it gives us the compass of our own language. This is very obvious: for the great business of the Punsfer is to hunt out the several words in our tongue that agree in sound, and have various significations. By this means he will likewise enter into the nicety of spelling; an accomplishment regarded only by middling people, and much neglected by persons of great and no quality. This error may produce unnecessary folios amongst grammarians yet unborn. But to proceed. A man of learning hath, in this manner of wit, great advantages; as, indeed, what advantages do not flow from learning? If the Pun fails in English, he may have speedy recourse to the Latin or the Greek, and so on. I have known wonders performed by this secret. I have heard the French assisted by the German, the Dutch mingle with the Italian, and where the jingle hath seemed desperate in the Greek, I have known it revive

in the Hebrew. My friend Dick Babel hath often, to shew his parts, stated a conceit at the equinoctial, and pursued it through all the degrees of latitude; and after he had punned round the globe, hath sat down, like Alexander; and mourned that he had no more worlds to conquer.

Another advantage in Punning is, that it ends disputes, or, what is all one, Puns Comical destroy Puns Serious. Any man that drinks a bottle knows very well, that about twelve, people that do not kiss or cry are apt to debate. This often occasions heats and heart-burnings, unless one of the disputants vouchsafes to end the matter with a joke. How often have Aristotle and Cartesius been reconciled by a merry conceit; how often have Whigs and Tories shook hands over a quibble, and the clashing of swords been prevented by the jingling of words.

Attention of mind is another benefit enjoyed by Punsfers. This is discoverable from the perpetual gape of the company where they are, and the earnest desire to know what was spoken last, if a word escapes any one at the table. I must add, that quick apprehension is required in the hearer, readily to take some things which are very far fetched; as likewise great vivacity in the performer, to reconcile distant, and even hostile ideas, by the mere mimicry of words, and energy of sound.

Mirth, or good humour, is the last advantage, that, out of a million, I shall produce to recommend punning. But this will more naturally fall in when I come to demonstrate its operation upon the mind and body. I shall now discover what moral virtues it promotes, and shall content myself with instancing in those which every reader will allow of.

A Punsfer is adorned with humility. This our adversaries will not deny; because they hold it to be a condescension in any man to trifle, as they arrogantly call it, with words. I must, however, confess, for my own share, I never punned out of the pride of my heart, nor did I ever know one of our fraternity that seemed to be troubled with the thirst of glory.

The virtue called Urbanity by the moralists, or a courtly behaviour, is much cultivated by this science. For the whole spirit of Urbanity consists in a desire to please the company; and what else

else is the design of the Punster? Accordingly we find such bursts of laughter, such agitations of the sides, such contortions of the limbs, such earnest attempts to recover the dying laugh, such transport in the enjoyment of it, in equivocating assemblies; as men of common sense are amazed at, and own they never felt.

But nothing more displays itself in the Punster, than Justice, the queen of all the virtues. At the quibbling board every performer hath it's due. The soul is struck at once, and the body recognizes the merit of each joke by sudden and comical emotions. Indeed, how should it be otherwise, where not only words, but even syllables, have justice done them; where no man invades the right of another, but with perfect innocence and good-nature takes as much delight in his neighbour's joy, as in his own?

From what hath been advanced, it will easily appear, that this science contributes to ease of body, and serenity of mind. You have, in a former Precaution, advised your heetical readers to associate with those of our brotherhood, who are, for the most part, of a corpulent make, and a round vacant countenance. It is natural, the next morning after a merriment, to reflect how we behaved ourselves the night before: and I appeal to any one, whether it will not occasion greater peace of mind to consider, that he hath only been waging harmless war with words, than if he had stirred his brother to wrath, grieved the soul of his neighbour by calumny, or increased his own wealth by fraud. As

for health of body, I look upon punning as a nostrum, a medicina gymnastica, that throws off all the bad humours, and occasions such a brisk circulation of the blood, as keeps the lamp of life in a clear and constant flame. I speak, as all physicians ought to do, from experience. A friend of mine, who had the ague this spring, was, after the failing of several medicines and charms, advised by me to enter into a course of Quibbling. He threw his electuaries out at his window, and took Abracadabra off from his neck, and by the mere force of punning upon that long magical word, threw himself into a fine breathing sweat, and a quiet sleep. He is now in a fair way of recovery; and says pleasantly, he is less obliged to the Jesuits for their powder, than for their equivocation.

Sir, this is 'My Modest Apology for Punning;' which I was the more encouraged to undertake, because we have a learned University where it is in request; and I am told that a famous club hath given it protection. If this meets with encouragement, I shall write a vindication of the Rebus, and do justice to the Conundrum. I have, indeed, looked philosophically into their natures, and made a sort of Arbor Porphyriana of the several subordinations and divisions of low wit. This the ladies perhaps may not understand; but I shall thereby give the beaux an opportunity of shewing their learning. I am, Sir, with great respect, your most obedient humble servant.

N^o XXXVII. THURSDAY, APRIL 23.

ME DUCE DAMNOSAS HOMINES COMPESCITE CURAS.

OVID. REM. AMOR. v. 69.

LEARN, MORTALS, FROM MY PRECEPTS TO CONTRAOL
THE FURIOUS PASSIONS THAT DISTURBS THE SOUL.

IT is natural for an old man to be fond of such entertainments as revive in his imagination the agreeable impressions made upon it in his youth: the set of wits and beauties he was first acquainted with, the balls and drawing-rooms in which he made an agreeable figure, the music and actors he heard and saw, when his life was fresh, and his spirits vigorous and quick, have usually the preference in his esteem to

any succeeding pleasures that present themselves when his taste is grown more languid. It is for this reason I never see a picture of Sir Peter Lely's, who drew so many of my first friends and acquaintance, without a sensible delight; and I am in raptures when I reflect on the compositions of the famous Mr. Henry Laws, long before Italian music was introduced in our nation. Above all, I am pleased in observing, that the tragedies

tragedies of Shakespeare, which in my youthful days have so frequently filled my eyes with tears, hold their rank still, and are the great support of our theatre.

It was with this agreeable prepossession of mind I went some time ago to see the old tragedy of Othello, and took my female wards with me, having promised them a little before to carry them to the first play of Shakespeare's which should be acted. Mrs. Cornelia, who is a great reader, and never fails to peruse the play-bills, which are brought to her every day, gave me notice of it early in the morning. When I came to my Lady Lizard's at dinner, I found the young folks all dressed, and expecting the performance of my promise. I went with them at the proper time, placed them together in the boxes, and myself by them in a corner seat. As I have the chief scenes of the play by heart, I did not look much on the stage, but formed to myself a new satisfaction in keeping an eye on the faces of my little audience, and observing, as it were by reflection, the different passions of the play represented in their countenances. Mrs. Betty told us the names of several persons of distinction, as they took their places in the boxes; and entertained us with the history of a new marriage or two till the curtain drew up. I soon perceived that Mrs. Jane was touched with the love of Desdemona, and in a concern to see how she would come off with her parents. Annabella had a rambling eye, and for some time was more taken up with observing what gentlemen looked at her, and with criticising the dress of the ladies, than with any thing that passed on the stage. Mrs. Cornelia, who I have often said is addicted to the study of romances, commended that speech in the play in which Othello mentions his 'hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach,' and recites his travels and adventures with which he had captivated the heart of Desdemona. The Sparkler looked several times frightened; and as the distress of the play was heightened, their different attention was collected, and fixed wholly on the stage, till I saw them all, with a secret satisfaction, betrayed into tears.

I have often considered this play as a noble, but irregular, production of a genius, who had the power of animating the theatre beyond any writer we

have ever known. The touchet of nature in it are strong and masterly, but the oeconomy of the fable, and in some particulars the probability, are too much neglected. If I would speak of it in the most severe terms, I should say as Waller does of the Maid's Tragedy—
Great are it's faults, but glorious is it's flame.

But it would be a poor employment in a critic to observe upon the faults, and shew no taste for the beauties, in a work that has always struck the most sensible part of our audiences in a very forcible manner.

The chief subject of this piece is the passion of Jealousy, which the poet hath represented at large, in it's birth, it's various workings and agonies, and it's horrid consequences. From this passion, and the innocence and simplicity of the person suspected, arises a very moving distress.

It is a remark, as I remember, of a modern writer, who is thought to have penetrated deeply into the nature of the passions, that the 'most extravagant love is nearest to the strongest hatred.' The Moor is furious in both these extremes. His love is tempestuous, and mingled with a wildness peculiar to his character, which seems very artfully to prepare for the change which is to follow.

How savage, yet how ardent, is that expression of the raptures of his heart, when, looking after Desdemona as she withdraws, he breaks out—

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

The deep and subtle villainy of Iago, in working this change from love to jealousy, in so tumultuous a mind as that of Othello, prepossessed with a confidence in the disinterested affection of the man who is leading him on insensibly to his ruin, is likewise drawn with a masterly hand. Iago's broken hints, questions, and seeming care to hide the reason of them; his obscure suggestions to raise the curiosity of the Moor; his personated confusion, and refusing to explain himself, while Othello is drawn on and held in suspense till he grows impatient and angry; then his throwing in the poison, and naming to him in a caution the passion he would raise—

—————O, beware of jealousy!—————

are

are inimitable strokes of art, in that scene which has always been justly esteemed one of the best which was ever represented on the theatre.

To return to the character of Othello; his strife of passions, his starts, his returns of love, and threatenings of Iago, who put his mind on the rack, his relapses afterwards to jealousy, his rage against his wife, and his asking pardon of Iago, whom he thinks he had abused for his fidelity to him, are touches which no one can overlook that has the sentiments of human nature, or has considered the heart of man in it's frailties, it's penances, and all the variety of it's agitations. The torments which the Moor suffers are so exquisitely drawn, as to render him as much an object of compassion, even in the barbarous action of murdering Desdemona, as the innocent person herself who falls under his hand.

But there is nothing in which the poet has more shewn his judgment in this play, than in the circumstance of the handkerchief; which is employed as a confirmation to the jealousy of Othello already raised. What I would here observe is, that the very slightness of this circumstance is the beauty of it. How finely has Shakespeare expressed the nature of jealousy in those lines, which, on this occasion, he puts into the mouth of Iago—

Trifles light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of Holy Writ.

It would be easy for a tasteless critic to turn any of the beauties I have here mentioned into ridicule; but such an one would only betray a mechanical judgment, formed out of borrowed rules and common-place reading, and not arising from any true discernment in human nature and it's passions.

As the Moral of his tragedy is an admirable caution against hasty suspicions, and the giving way to the first transports of rage and jealousy, which may plunge a man in a few minutes into all the horrors of guilt, distraction, and ruin, I shall further enforce it, by relating a scene of misfortunes of the like kind, which really happened some years ago in Spain; and is an instance of the most tragical hurricane of passion I have ever

met with in history. It may be easily conceived, that a heart ever big with resentments of it's own dignity, and never allayed by reflections which make us honour ourselves for acting with reason and equality, will take fire precipitantly. It will on a sudden flame too high to be extinguished. The short story I am going to tell is a lively instance of the truth of this observation; and a just warning to those of jealous honour to look about them, and begin to possess their souls as they ought, for no man of spirit knows how terrible a creature he is till he comes to be provoked.

Don Alonzo, a Spanish nobleman, had a beautiful and virtuous wife, with whom he had lived for some years in great tranquillity. The gentleman, however, was not free from the faults usually imputed to his nation; he was proud, suspicious, and impetuous. He kept a Moor in his house, whom, on a complaint from his lady, he had punished for a small offence with the utmost severity. The slave vowed revenge, and communicated his resolution to one of the lady's women with whom he lived in a criminal way. This creature also hated her mistress, for she feared she was observed by her; she therefore undertook to make Don Alonzo jealous, by insinuating that the gardener was often admitted to his lady in private, and promising to make him an eye-witness of it. At a proper time, agreed on, between her and the Morisco, she sent a message to the gardener, that his lady having some hasty orders to give him, would have him come that moment to her in her chamber. In the mean time she had placed Alonzo privately in an outer room, that he might observe who passed that way. It was not long before he saw the gardener appear. Alonzo had not patience, but following him into the apartment, struck him at one blow with a dagger to the heart; then dragging his lady by the hair without enquiring farther, he instantly killed her.

Here he paused, looking on the dead bodies with all the agitations of a demon of revenge; when the wench who had occasioned these terrors, distracted with remorse, threw herself at his feet, and in a voice of lamentation, without sense of the consequence, repeated all her

her guilt. Alonzo was overwhelmed with all the violent passions at one instant, and uttered the broken voices and motions of each of them for a moment,

till at last he recollected himself enough to end his agony of love, anger, disdain, revenge, and remorse, by murdering the maid, the Moor, and himself.

N° XXXVIII. FRIDAY, APRIL 24.

—PRODIGE TENUS SI NON DATUR ULTRA.

HOR. EP. I. L. J. V. 33.

THUS FAR AT LEAST, THOUGH HERE WE STOP.

I Have lately given a Precaution concerning the difficulty in arriving at what ought to be esteemed a Fine Gentleman. That character has been long wholly engrossed by well-dressed beaux, and men of sense have given up all pretence to it. The highest any of them contend for, is the character of a Pretty Gentleman; for here the dress may be more careless, and some wit is thought necessary; whereas a Fine Gentleman is not obliged to converse further than the offering his snuff-box round the room. However, the Pretty Gentleman must have his airs; and though they are not so pompous as those of the other, yet they are so affected, that few who have understanding can bring themselves to be proficient in this way, though ever so useful towards being well received; but if they fail here, they succeed with some difficulty in being allowed to have 'much of the gentleman' in them: to obtain this epithet, a man of sense must arrive at a certain desire to appear more than is natural to him; but as the world goes, it is fit he should be encouraged in this attempt, since nothing can mend the general taste, but setting the true character in as public a view as the false. This, indeed, can never be done to the purpose, while the majority is so great on the wrong side; one of a hundred will have the shout against him; but if people of wit would be as zealous to assist old Ironside, as he is to promote them and their interest, a little time would give these things a new turn. However, I will not despair but I shall be able to summon all the good sense in the nation to my assistance, in my ambition to produce a new race of mankind, to take the places of such as have hitherto pretended to engross the fashion. The university scholar shall be called upon to learn his exercise, and

frequent mixed company; the military and the travelled man, to read the best authors; the country gentleman, to divide his time, so as, together with the care of his estate, to make an equal progress in learning and breeding; and when the several candidates think themselves prepared, I shall appoint under-officers to examine their qualifications; and as I am satisfied with their report, give out my passports, recommending them to all companies as 'the Guardian's Fine Gentlemen.' If my recommendations appear just, I will not doubt but some of the present fine gentlemen will see the necessity of retirement, till they can come abroad with approbation. I have, indeed, already given out orders in this behalf, and have directed searchers to attend at the inns where the Oxford and Cambridge coaches stand, and commanded them to bring any young fellow, of any hopes in the world, directly to my lodgings as soon as he lands, for I will take him, though I know I can only make him 'much of a gentleman'; for when I have gone thus far, one would think it should be easy to make him 'a gentleman-like man.' As the world now goes, we have no adequate idea of what is meant by 'gentlemanly,' 'gentleman-like,' or 'much of a gentleman': you cannot be cheated at play, but it is certainly done by 'a very gentleman-like man'; you cannot be deceived in your affairs, but it was done in some 'gentlemanly manner'; you cannot be wronged in your bed, but all the world will say of him that did the injury, 'it must be allowed, he is very 'much of a gentleman.' Here is a very pleasant fellow, a correspondent of mine, that puts in for that appellation even to highwaymen. I must confess, the gentleman he personates is very apparently such, though I did not look upon that

fort of fellow in that light, till he favoured me with his letter, which is as follows.

MR. IRONSIDE,

I Have been upon the highway these six years, in the Park, at the Play, at Bath, Tunbridge, Epfom, and at every other place where I could have any prospect of stealing a fortune; but have met with no success, being disappointed either by some of your damned Ironside race, or by old cursed curs, who put more bolts on their doors, and bars in their windows, than are in Newgate. All that see me, own I am a 'gentleman-like man;' and whatever rascally things the grave folks say I am guilty of, they themselves acknowledge I am a 'gentlemanly kind of man,' and in every respect accomplished for running away with a lady. I have been bred up to no business, am illiterate, have spent the small fortune I had in purchasing favours from the fair-sex: the bounty of their purses I have received, as well as the endearments of their persons; but I have gratefully disposed of it among themselves, for I always was a keeper when I was kept. I am fearless in my behaviour, and never fail of putting your bookish sort of fellows, your men of merit, forsooth, out of countenance. I triumph when I see a modest young woman blush at an assembly, or a virgin betrayed into tears at a well-wrought scene in a tragedy. I have long forgot shame, for it proceeds from a consciousness of some defect; and I am, as I told you, 'a gentlemanly man.' I never knew any but you musty philosophers applaud blushes; and you yourselves will allow, that they are caused, either by some real imperfection, or the apprehension of defect where there is not any; but, for my

part, I hate mistakes, and shall not suspect myself wrongfully. Such as I am, if you approve of my person, estate, and character, I desire you would admit me as a suitor to one of the Lizards, and beg your speedy answer to this; for it is the last time my black coat will bear scouring, or my long wig buckling. I am, Sir, the fair ladies, and your humble servant,

WILL. BAREFACE.

Those on the highway, who make a stand with a pistol at your breast, (compelled, perhaps, by necessity, misfortune, or driven out of an honest way of life, to answer the wants of a craving family) are much more excusable than those of their fraternity, who join the conversations of gentlemen, and get into a share of their fortunes without one good art about them. What a crowd of these 'gentlemen-like men' are about this town! For, from an unjust modesty, and incapacity for common life, the ordinary failings of men of letters and industry in our nation, it happens that impudence suppresses all virtue, and assumes the reward and esteem which are due to it. Hence it is, that worthless rogues have the smiles of the fair, and the favours of the great: to be well dressed, and in health, and very impudent, in this licentious undistinguishing age, is enough to constitute a person 'very much of a gentleman;' and to this pass are we come, by the prostitution of wit in the cause of vice, which has made the most unreasonable and unnatural things prevail against all the suggestions of common-sense: nobody denies that we live in a Christian country, and yet he who should decline, upon respective opportunities, to commit adultery or murder, would be thought 'very little of a gentleman.'

N^o XXXIX. SATURDAY, APRIL 25.

— MORI SOMNIA.

HOR. ART. POET. V. 7.

A SICK MAN'S DREAMS.

MY correspondent, who has acquired the faculty of entering into other mens thoughts, having, in pursuance to a former letter, sent me

an account of certain useful discoveries he has made by the help of that invention, I shall communicate the same to the public in this paper.

MR. IRONSIDE,

ON the eleventh day of October, in the year 1712, having left my body locked up safe in my study, I repaired to the Grecian coffee-house, where entering into the Pineal Gland of a certain eminent Free-thinker, I made directly to the highest part of it, which is the seat of the understanding, expecting to find there a comprehensive knowledge of all things human and divine; but, to my no small astonishment, I found the place narrower than ordinary, insomuch that there was not any room for a miracle, prophesy, or separate spirit.

This obliged me to descend a story lower, into the imagination, which I found larger indeed, but cold and comfortable. I discovered Prejudice, in the figure of a woman, standing in a corner, with her eyes close shut, and her fore-fingers stuck in her ears; many words, in a confused order, but spoken with great emphasis, issued from her mouth. These being condensed by the coldness of the place, formed a sort of mist, through which, methought, I saw a great castle, with a fortification cast round it, and a tower adjoining to it, that through the windows appeared to be filled with racks and halters. Beneath the castle I could discern vast dungeons, and all about it lay scattered the bones of men. It seemed to be garrisoned by certain men in black, of gigantic size, and most terrible forms. But as I drew near, the terror of the appearance vanished, and the castle I found to be only a church, whose steeple, with its clock and bell-ropes, was mistaken for a tower filled with racks and halters. The terrible giants in black shrunk into a few innocent clergymen. The dungeons were turned into vaults designed only for the habitation of the dead; and the fortifications proved to be a church-yard, with some scattered bones in it, and a plain stone-wall round it.

I had not been long here before my curiosity was raised by a loud noise that I heard in the inferior region. Descending thither, I found a mob of the passions assembled in a riotous manner. Their tumultuary proceedings soon convinced me, that they affected a democracy. After much noise and wrangle, they at length all hearkened to Vanity, who proposed the raising of a great army of notions, which she offered to

lead against those dreadful phantoms in the imagination that had occasioned all this uproar.

Away posted Vanity, and I after her, to the store-house of ideas; where I beheld a great number of lifeless notions, confusedly thrown together, but upon the approach of Vanity they began to crawl. Here were to be seen, among other odd things, sleeping deities, corporeal spirits, and worlds formed by chance; with an endless variety of heathen notions, the most irregular and grotesque imaginable. And with these were jumbled several of Christian extraction; but such was the dress and light they were put in, and their features were so distorted, that they looked little better than heathens. There was likewise assembled no small number of phantoms in strange habits, who proved to be idolatrous priests of different nations. Vanity gave the word, and straightway the Talapoins, Faquirs, Bramines, and Bonzes, drew up in a body. The right-wing consisted of ancient heathen notions, and the left of Christians naturalized. All these together, for numbers, composed a very formidable army; but the precipitation of Vanity was so great, and such was their own inbred aversion to the tyranny of rules and discipline, that they seemed rather a confused rabble than a regular army. I could, nevertheless, observe, that they all agreed in a squinting look, or cast of their eyes towards a certain person in a mask, who was placed in the center, and whom by sure signs and tokens I discovered to be Atheism.

Vanity had no sooner led her forces into the imagination, but she resolved upon storming the castle, and giving no quarter. They began the assault with a loud outcry and great confusion. I, for my part, made the best of my way, and re-entered my own lodging. Some time after, enquiring at a bookseller's for 'A Discourse on Free-thinking,' which had made some noise, I met with the representatives of all those notions drawn up in the same confused order upon paper. Sage Nestor, I am your most obedient humble servant,

ULYSSES COSMOPOLITA.

N. B. I went round the table, but could not find a wit or mathematician among them.

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I imagine the account here given may be useful in directing to the proper cure of a Free-thinker. In the first place, it is plain his understanding wants to be opened and enlarged, and he should be taught the way to order and methodise his ideas; to which end the study of the mathematics may be useful. I am farther of opinion, that as his imagination is filled with amusements arising from prejudice, and the obscure or false lights in which he sees things, it will be necessary to bring him into good company, and now and then carry him to church; by which means he may in time come to a right sense of religion, and wear off the ill impressions he has received. Lastly, I advise whoever undertakes the reformation of a modern Free-thinker, that above all things he be careful to subdue his vanity; that being the principal motive which prompts a little genius to distinguish itself by singularities that are hurtful to mankind.

Or, if the passion of Vanity, as it is for the most part very strong in your Free-thinkers; cannot be subdued, let it be won over to the interest of religion, by giving them to understand that the greatest Genii of the age have a respect for things sacred; that their rhapsodies find no admirers; and that the name of Free-thinker has, like Tyrant of old, degenerated from its original signification, and is now supposed to denote something contrary to wit and reason. In fine, let them know, that whatever temptations a few men of parts might formerly have had, from the novelty of the thing, to oppose the received opinions of Christians, yet that now the humour is worn out, and blasphemy and irreligion are distinctions which have long since descended down to lackeys and drawers.

But it must be my business to prevent all pretenders in this kind from hurting the ignorant and unwary. In order to this, I communicated an intelligence which I received of a gentleman, appearing very sorry that he was not well during a late fit of sickness, contrary to his own doctrine, which obliged him to be merry upon that occasion, except he was sure of recovering. Upon this advice to the world, the following advertisement got a place in the Post-boy.

WHEREAS in the paper called the Guardian, of Saturday the eleventh of April instant, a corollary reflection was made on Monsieur D——, a member of the royal academy of sciences in Paris, author of a book lately published, entitled, 'A Philological Essay, or Reflections on the Death of Free-thinkers, with the Characters of the most eminent Persons of both Sexes, ancient and modern, that died pleasantly and unconcerned, &c. Sold by J. Baker, in Paternoster-Row.' Suggesting as if that gentleman, now in London, was very much out of humour, in a late fit of sickness, till he was in a fair way of recovery. This is to assure the public, that the said gentleman never expressed the least concern at the approach of death, but expected the fatal minute with a most heroic and philosophical resignation; of which a copy of verses he writ in the serene intervals of his distemper, is an invincible proof.

All that I contend for is, that this gentleman was out of humour when he was sick; and the advertiser, to confute me, says, that 'in the serene intervals of his distemper,' that is, when he was not sick, he writ verses. I shall not retract my advertisement till I see those verses; and I will chuse what to believe then, except they are underwritten by his nurse; nor then neither, except he is an housekeeper. I must tie this gentleman close to the argument; for if he had not actually his fit upon him, there is nothing courageous in the thing, nor does it make for his purpose, nor are they heroic verses.

The point of being merry at the hour of death, is a matter that ought to be settled by divines; but the publisher of the Philological Essay produces his chief authorities from Lucretius, the Earl of Rochester, and Mr. John Dryden, who were gentlemen that did not think themselves obliged to prove all they said, or else proved their assertions by laying or swearing they were all fools that believed to the contrary. If it be absolutely necessary that a man should be facetious at his death, it would be very well if these gentlemen, Monsieur D—— and Mr. B——, would repent betimes, and not trust to a death-bed ingenuity; by what has appeared hitherto, they have

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only raised our longing to see their posthumous works.

The author of 'Poeta Rusticantis liberatum Otium,' is but a mere phraseolo-

gist; the philological publisher is but a translator: but I expected better usage from Mr. Abel Roper, who is an original.

Nº XL. MONDAY, APRIL 27.

COMPULERANTQUE GREGES CORYDON ET THYRSIS IN UNUM:
EX ILLO CORYDON, CORYDON EST TEMPORE NOBIS.

VIRG. ECL. 7. V. 2. ET ULT.

THEIR SHEEP AND GOATS TOGETHER GRAZ'D THE PLAINS:
SINCE WHEN, 'TIS CORYDON AMONG THE SWAINS;
YOUNG CORYDON WITHOUT A RIVAL REIGNS.

DRYDEN.

I Designed to have troubled the reader with no farther discourses of Pastorals; but being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an author, whose eclogues are published in the same volume with Mr. Phillips's; I shall employ this paper in observations upon him, written in the free spirit of criticism, and without apprehension of offending that gentleman, whose character it is, that he takes the greatest care of his works before they are published, and has the least concern for them afterwards.

I have laid it down as the first rule of Pastoral, that it's idea should be taken from the manners of the Golden Age, and the moral formed upon the representation of innocence: it is therefore plain, that any deviations from that design degrade a poem from being true pastoral. In this view it will appear that Virgil can only have two of his eclogues allowed to be such: his first and ninth must be rejected, because they describe the ravages of armies, and oppressions of the innocent; Corydon's criminal passion for Alexis throws out the second; the calumny and railing in the third are not proper to that state of concord; the eighth represents unlawful ways of procuring love by enchantments, and introduces a shepherd, whom an inviting precipice tempts to self-murder. As to the fourth, sixth, and tenth, they are given up by Heinſius, Salmaſius, Rapin*, and the critics in general. They likewise observe, that but eleven of all the Idyllia of Theocritus are to be admitted as Pastorals; and even out of that number, the greater part will be excluded for one or other of the reasons above-mentioned. So that when I re-

marked in a former paper, that Virgil's eclogues, taken all together, are rather Select Poems than Pastorals, I might have said the same thing, with no less truth, of Theocritus. The reason of this I take to be yet unobserved by the critics, viz. they never meant them all for Pastorals. Which it is plain Phillips hath done, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

As Simplicity is the distinguishing characteristic of Pastoral, Virgil has been thought guilty of too courtly a style: his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peasants. I have frequently wondered, that since he was so conversant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the rusticity of the Doric, as well, by the help of the old obsolete Roman language, as Phillips hath by the antiquated English: for example, might he not have said *Quoi* instead of *Cui*; *Quoijum* for *Cujum*; *vult* for *vultu*, &c. as well as our modern hath *Welladay* for *Alas*, *Whilom* for *of old*, *make mock* for *deride*, and *witless younglings* for *simple lambs*, &c. by which means he had attained as much of the air of Theocritus, as Phillips hath of Spenser.

Mr. Pope hath fallen into the same error with Virgil. His clowns do not converse in all the simplicity proper to the country: his names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the scene of his pastorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and Thyrsis, on British plains, as Virgil had done before him on the Mantuan; whereas Phillips, who hath the strictest regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy; such

* See Rapin de Caden. Pâſt. par. 3.

as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Colin Clout.

So easy as Pastoral writing may seem, (in the simplicity we have described it) yet it requires great reading, both of the ancients and moderns, to be master of it. Philips hath given us manifest proofs of his knowledge of books; it must be confessed his competitor hath imitated some single thoughts of the ancients well enough, if we consider he had not the happiness of an university education; but he hath dispersed them here and there, without that order and method which Mr. Philips observes, whose whole third Pastoral is an instance how well he hath studied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciously reduced Virgil's thoughts to the standard of Pastoral; as his contention of Colin Clout and the Nightingale, shews with what exactness he hath imitated Strada.

When I remarked it as a principal fault to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth in descriptions where the scene lies in our country, I did not design that observation should extend also to animals, or the sensitive life; for Philips hath with great judgment described wolves in England, in his first pastoral. Nor would I have a poet slavishly confine himself (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular season of the year, one certain time of the day, and one unbroken scene in each eclogue. It is plain Spenser neglected this pedantry, who in his pastoral of November mentions the mournful song of the nightingale—

Sad Philomel her song in tears doth steep.

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raised up finer beds of flowers than the most industrious gardener; his roses, lilies, and daffodils, blow in the same season.

But the better to discover the merits of our two contemporary pastoral writers, I shall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by setting several of their particular thoughts in the same light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what simplicity he introduces two shepherds singing alternately:

HOBBINOL.

Come, Rosalind, O come! for without thee
What pleasure can the country have for me?
Come, Rosalind, O come! My brinded kine,
My snowy sheep, my farm, and all, is thine.

LANQ.

Come, Rosalind, O come! here shady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and here springing
flow'rs.

Come, Rosalind; here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waste our live-long time away.

Our other pastoral writer, in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright poetry.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn, hills I love;
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove;
But Delia always: forc'd from Delia's sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAFNE.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
Ev'n spring displeases when she shines not here,
But, blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

In the first of these authors, two shepherds thus innocently describe the behaviour of their mistresses:

HOBBINOL.

As Marian bath'd, by chance I passed by;
She blush'd, and at me cast a sidelong eye:
Then swift beneath the crystal wave she try'd
Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.

LANQ.

As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay;
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly;
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.

The other modern (who it must be confessed hath a knack of versifying) hath it as follows:

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAFNE.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

There is nothing the writers of this kind of poetry are fonder of than descriptions of pastoral presents. Philips says thus of a sheep-hook—

Of season'd elm, where studs of brass appear,
To speak the giver's name, the month and
year,
The hook of polish'd steel, the handle turn'd,
And richly by the graver's skill adorn'd.

The

The other of a bowl embossed with figures—

—where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines;
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve bright signs in beauteous order lie?

The simplicity of the swain in this place, who forgets the name of the Zodiack, is no ill imitation of Virgil; but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dressed this thought in his Doric?

And what That height, which girds the Welkin sheen,
Where twelve gay signs in meet array are seen.

If the reader would indulge his curiosity any farther in the comparison of particulars, he may read the first pastoral of Philips, with the second of his contemporary, and the fourth and sixth of the former, with the fourth and first of the latter; where several parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now shewn some parts, in which these two writers may be compared, it is a justice I owe to Mr. Philips, to discover those in which no man can compare with him. First, that beautiful rusticity, of which I shall only produce two instances, out of a hundred not yet quoted:

‘O woful day! O day of woe,’ quoth he,
‘And woful I, who live the day to see!’

That simplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the solemnity of the sound, and the easy turn of the words, in this Dirge, (to make use of our author’s expression) are extremely elegant.

In another of his pastorals, a shepherd utters a Dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines:

‘Ah me the while! ah me, the luckless day!
‘Ah, luckless lad! the rather might I say;
‘Ah, silly I! more silly than my sheep,
‘Which on the flow’ry plains I once did keep.’

How he still charms the ear with these artful repetitions of the epithets; and how significant is the last verse! I defy the most common reader to repeat them without feeling some motions of compassion.

In the next place I shall rank his Proverbs, in which I formerly observed he excels: for example—

A rolling stone is ever bare of moss;
‘And, to their cost, green years did prove
cross.’

—He that late lies down, as late will rise;
And, sluggard-like, till noon-day snoring lies,
Against ill-luck all cunning foresight fails;
Whether we sleep or wake it nought avail.

—Nor fear, from a *spright* sentence, *wrong*.

Lastly, his elegant Dialect, which alone might prove him the eldest born of Spenser, and our only true Arcadian, I should think it proper for the several writers of pastoral to confine themselves to their several counties. Spenser seems to have been of this opinion; for he hath laid the scene of one of his pastorals in Wales, where, with all the simplicity natural to that part of our island, one shepherd bids the other good-morrow in an unusual and elegant manner—

Diggon Davy, I bid hur God-day:
Or Diggon hur is, or I mis-lay.

Diggon answers—

Hur was hur while it was day-light;
But now hur is a most wretched wight, &c.

But the most beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is a very valuable piece which I chanced to find among some old manuscripts, entitled, ‘A Pastoral Ballad;’ which I think, for its nature and simplicity, may (notwithstanding the modesty of the title) be allowed a perfect pastoral: it is composed in the Somersetshire dialect, and the names such as are proper to the country people. It may be observed, as a farther beauty of this pastoral, the words Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Faun, Cupid, or Satyr, are not once mentioned through the whole. I shall make no apology for inserting some few lines of this excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the subject, as she is going a milking:

CICILY.

Ranger, go vetch tha * kee, or else tha sun
Will quite be go, beyore c have half a don.

ROGER.

Thou shouldst not ax ma tweeco, but I’ve a be
To dreave our bull to bull tha parson’s kee.

It is to be observed, that this whole dialogue is formed upon the passion of jealousy; and his mentioning the parson’s kine naturally revives the jealousy of the

shepherdess Cicily, which she expresses as follows:

CICILY.

Ab, Roger, Roger, thee was zore afraid
When in yond field you kiss'd tha parson's
maid;
Is this the love that once to me you zed
When from the wake thou broughtst me
gingerbread?

ROGER.

Cicily, thou charg'st me false—I'll swear to
thee.
Tha parson's maid is still a maid for me!

In which answer of his are expressed at once that 'spirit of religion,' and that 'innocence of the Golden Age,' so necessary to be observed by all writers of Pastoral.

At the conclusion of this piece, the author reconciles the lovers, and ends the eclogue the most simply in the world.

So Roger parted vor to vetch tha kee,
And vor her bucket in went Cicily.

I am loth to shew my fondness for antiquity so far as to prefer this ancient British author to our present English writers of pastoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that both Spenser and Phillips have hit into the same road with this old West-country bard of ours.

After all that hath been said, I hope none can think it any injustice to Mr. Pope, that I forbore to mention him as a pastoral writer; since upon the whole he is of the same class with Moschus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank; and of whose eclogues, as well as some of Virgil's, it may be said, that according to the description we have given of this sort of poetry, they are by no means Pastorals, but 'something better.'

Nº XLI. TUESDAY, APRIL 28.

EVEN CHURCHES ARE NO SANCTUARIES NOW.

EPILOGUE TO CATO.

THE following letter has so much truth and reason in it, that I believe every man of sense and honour in England will have a just indignation against the person who could commit so great a violence as that of which my correspondent complains.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

I Claim a place in your paper for what I now write to you, from the declaration which you made at your first appearance, and the very title you assume to yourself.

If the circumstance, which I am going to mention, is overlooked by one who calls himself Guardian, I am sure honour and integrity, innocence and virtue, are not the objects of his care. The Examiner ends his discourse of Friday the twenty-fourth instant with these words.

No sooner was D—— among the Whigs, and confirmed past retrieving, but Lady Char——te is taken knotting

in Saint James's Chapel during divine service, in the immediate presence both of God and her Majesty, who were affronted together, that the family might appear to be entirely come over. I spare the beauty for the sake of her birth; but certainly there was no occasion for so public a proof, that her fingers are more dextrous in tying a knot, than her father's brains in perplexing the government.

It is apparent, that the person here intended is by her birth a lady, and daughter of an earl of Great Britain; and the treatment this author is pleased to give her, he makes no scruple to own she is exposed to by being his daughter. Since he has assumed a licence to talk of this nobleman in print to his disadvantage, I hope his lordship will pardon me, that out of the interest which I, and all true Englishmen, have in his character, I take the liberty to defend him.

I am willing on this occasion to allow the claim and pretension to merit to be such as the same author describes in his preceding paper.

* The foregoing Essay by Mr. Pope himself.

By

'By active merit,' says the Examiner of the twenty-first, 'I understand, not only the power and ability to serve, but the actual exercise of any one or more virtues, for promoting the good of one's country, and a long and steady course of real endeavours to appear useful in a government; or where a person, eminently qualified for public affairs, distinguishes himself in some critical juncture, and at the expence of his ease and fortune; or with the hazard of his person, exposes himself to the malice of a designing faction, by thwarting their wicked purposes, and contributing to the safety, repose, and welfare of a people.'

Let us examine the conduct of this noble earl by this description. Upon the late glorious Revolution, when it was in debate in what manner the people of England should express their gratitude to their deliverer, this lord, from the utmost tenderness and loyalty to this unhappy prince, and apprehensive of the danger of so great a change, voted against King William's accession to the throne: however, his following services sufficiently testified the truth of that his memorable expression, 'Though he could not make a king, he could obey him.' The whole course and tenor of his life ever since has been visibly animated by a steady and constant zeal for the monarchy and episcopacy of these realms. He has been ever reviled by all who are cold to the interests of our established religion, or dissenters from it, as a favourer of persecution, and a bigot to the church, against the civil rights of his fellow-subjects. Thus it stood with him at the trial of Doctor Sacheverell, when this noble earl had a very great share in obtaining the gentle sentence which the House of Lords pronounced on that occasion: but, indeed, I have not heard that any of his lordship's dependents joined Saint Harry in the pilgrimage which that meek man took afterwards round England, followed by drum, trumpet, and acclamations, to 'visit the churches.' Civil prudence made it, perhaps, necessary to throw the public affairs into such hands as had no pretensions to popularity in either party, but from the distribution of the queen's favours.

During such, and other late transac-

tions, (which are too fresh to need being recounted) the Earl of Nottingham has had the misfortune to differ with the lords who have the honour to be employed in the administration; but even among these incidents he has highly distinguished himself in procuring an act of parliament, to prevent that those who dissent from the church should serve in the state.

I hope these are great and critical junctures, wherein this gentleman has shewn himself a patriot and lover of the church in as eminent a manner as any other of his fellow-subjects. 'He has at all times, and in all seasons, shewn the same steady abhorrence to all innovations.' But it is from this behaviour that he has deserved so ill of the Examiner, as to be termed a 'late convert' to those whom he calls factious, and introduced in his profane dialogue of April the 6th, with a servant and a madwoman. I think I have, according to the Examiner's own description of merit, shewn how little this nobleman deserves such treatment. I shall now appeal to all the world, to consider whether the outrage committed against the young lady had not been cruel and insufferable towards the daughter of the highest offender.

The utmost malice and invention could go no farther than to forge a story of her having inadvertently done an indifferent action in a sacred place. Of what temper can this man be made, that could have no sense of the pangs he must give a young lady to be barely mentioned in a public paper, much more to be named in a libellous manner, as having offended God and man.

But the wretch, as dull as he is wicked, felt it strike on his imagination, that knotting and perplexing would make a quaint sting at the end of his paper, and had no compunction, though he introduced his witticism at the expence of a young lady's quiet, and (as far as in him lies) her honour. Does he thus finish his discourse of religion? This is indeed 'to lay at us, and make every blow fell to the ground.'

There is no party concerned in this circumstance; but every man that hopes for a virtuous woman to his wife, that would defend his child, or protect his mistress, ought to receive this infor-

lence as done to himself. 'In the immediate presence of God and her majesty, that the family might appear to be entirely come over,' says the fawning miscreant. It is very visible which of those powers (that he has put together) he is the more fearful of offending. But he mistakes his way in making his court to a pious sovereign, by naming her with the Deity, in order to find protection for insulting a virtuous woman, who comes to call upon him in the royal chapel.

If life be (as it ought to be with people of their character, whom the Examiner attacks) less valuable and dear than honour and reputation, in that proportion is the Examiner worse than an assassin. We have stood by and tamely heard him aggravate the disgraces of the brave and the unfortunate. We have seen him double the anguish of the un-

happy man; we have seen him trample on the ashes of the dead; but all this has concerned greater life, and could touch only public characters, they did but remotely affect our private and domestic interests; but when due regard is not had to the honour of women, all human society is assaulted. The highest person in the world is of that sex, and has the utmost sensibility of an outrage committed against it. She who was the best wife that ever prince was blessed with, will, though she sits on a throne, jealously regard the honour of a young lady who has not entered into that condition.

Lady Char—te's quality will make it impossible that this cruel usage can escape her majesty's notice; and it is the business of every honest man to trace the offender, and expose him to the indignation of his sovereign.

Nº XLII. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29.

NON MISSURA CUTEM, NISI PLENA CRUCIUS HIRUDO.

HOR. ARS POET. V. ULT.

STICKING LIKE LEECHES: TILL THEY BURST WITH BLOOD.

ROSCOMMON.

TOM Lizard told us a story the other day, of some persons which our family know very well, with so much humour and life, that it caused a great deal of mirth at the tea-table. His brother Will, the Temple, was highly delighted with it; and the next day being with some of his inns-of-court acquaintance, resolved (whether out of the benevolence or the pride of his heart, I will not determine) to entertain them with what he called 'a pleasant humour enough.' I was in great pain for him when I heard him begin, and was not at all surprized to find the company very little moved by it. Will blushed, looked round the room, and with a forced laugh — 'Faith, gentlemen,' said he, 'I do not know what makes you look so grave; it was an admirable story when I heard it.'

When I came home, I fell into a profound contemplation upon Story-Telling; and, as I have nothing so much at heart as the good of my country, I resolved to lay down some Precautions upon this subject.

I have often thought that a story-

teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain, that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination, and a mirthful temper, will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them; and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life; yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well-told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a Knack; it doth not so much subsist upon wit as upon humour; and, I will add, that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well, that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprized in the end: but this is by no means a general rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist, by cheerful

cheerful looks, and whimsical agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticised upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit with the widow at the coffee-house, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though, upon examination, I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I found, after some time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the shaking of a fat paunch, and the tossing up of a pair of rosy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness, which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once; and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature, are apt to shew their parts with too much ostentation: I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories, but as they seem to grow out of the subject matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irksome; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of allusion. Those that are altogether new should never be ushered in without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned; because, by that means, you make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us, administer more mirth than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance, in the complexion or dress of the man you are talking of, sets his image before the hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the story. Thus, I remember, Tom Lizard, after having made his sisters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly, that his story would not have been worth one farthing, if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one inch narrower. Besides the marking distinct characters, and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is like-

wise necessary to leave off in time, and end smartly. So that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a story, and the manner of conducting and pointing it is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humorous characters, and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating; and how poor is it for a Story-teller to end his relation by saying—'That's all!'

As the chusing of pertinent circumstances is the life of a Story, and that wherein humour principally consists; so the collectors of impertinent particulars are the very bane and opiates of conversation. Old men are great transgressors this way. Poor Ned Poppy—he's gone!—was a very honest man, but was so excessively tedious over his pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for dinner, when such a thing happened; in what ditch his bay stone-horse had his sprain at that time, and how his man John—not it was William—started a hare in the common field; that he never got to the end of his tale. Then he was extremely particular in marriages and intermarriages, and cousins twice or thrice removed; and whether such a thing happened at the latter end of July, or the beginning of August. He had a marvellous tendency likewise to digressions; insomuch that if a considerable person was mentioned in his story, he would straightway launch out into an episode of him; and again, if in that person's story he had occasion to remember a third man, he broke off, and gave us his history, and so on. He always put me in mind of what Sir William Temple informs us of the Tale-tellers in the North of Ireland, who are hired to tell stories of giants and enchanters to lull people asleep. These historians are obliged, by their bargain, to go on without stopping; so that after the patient hath, by this benefit, enjoyed a long nap, he is sure to find the operator proceeding in his work. Ned procured the like effect in me the last time I was with him. As he was in the third hour of his story, and very thankful that his memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the elbow-chair. He was much affronted at this, till I told him—'Old friend, you have your infirmity, and I have mine.'

But of all evils in Story-telling, the

humour of telling tales one after another, in great numbers, is the least supportable. Sir Harry Pandolf and his son gave my Lady Lizard great offence in this particular. Sir Harry hath what they call a String of Stories, which he tells over every Christmas. When our family visits there, we are constantly, after supper, entertained with the Glasterbury Thorn. When we have wondered at that a little—'Ay, but father,' saith the son, 'let us have the Spirit in the Wood.' After that hath been laughed at—'Ay, but father,' cries the booby again, 'tell us how you served the robber.'—'Alack-a-day, saith Sir Harry with a smile, and rubbing his forehead, 'I have almost forgot that; but it is a pleasant conceit, to be sure.' Accordingly he tells that and twenty more in the same independent order; and without the least variation, at this day, as he hath done, to my knowledge, ever since the Revolution. I must not forget a very odd compliment that Sir Harry always makes my lady when he dines here. After dinner he strokes his belly, and says, with a feigned concern in his countenance—'Madam, I have lost by

'you to-day.'—'How so, Sir Harry?' replies my lady. 'Madam,' says he, 'I have lost an excellent stomach.' At this his son and heir laughs immoderately, and winks upon Mrs. Annabella. This is the thirty-third time that Sir Harry hath been thus arch; and I can bear it no longer.

As the telling of stories is a great help and life to conversation, I always encourage them, if they are pertinent and innocent; in opposition to those gloomy mortals, who disdain every thing but matter of fact. Those grave fellows are my aversion, who sift every thing with the utmost nicety, and find the malignity of a lye in a piece of humour, pushed a little beyond exact truth. I likewise have a poor opinion of those who have got a trick of keeping a steady countenance, that cock their hats, and look glum when a pleasant thing is said, and ask—'Well! and what then?' Men of wit and parts should treat one another with benevolence; and I will lay it down as a maxim, that if you seem to have a good opinion of another man's wit, he will allow you to have judgment.

Nº XLIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 30.

EFFUTIRE LEVES INDIGNA TRAGOEDIA VERSUS,
UT FESTIS MATRONA MOVERI JUSSA DIERUS.

HOR. ART. POET. V. 231.

TRAGEDY SHOU'D BLUSH AS MUCH TO STOOP
TO THE LOW MIMIC FOLLIES OF A FARCE,
AS A GRAVE MATRON WOULD TO DANCE WITH GIRLS.

ROSCOMMON.

I Had for some days observed something in agitation, which was carried by smiles and whispers, between my Lady Lizard and her daughters, with a professed declaration that Mr. Ironside should not be in the secret. I would not trespass upon the integrity of the Sparkler so much as to solicit her to break her word even in a trifle; but I take it for an instance of her kindness to me, that as soon as she was at liberty, she was impatient to let me know it, and this morning sent me the following billet.

SIR,

MY brother Tom waited upon us all last night to Cato; we sat in the first seats in the box of the eighteen-

penny gallery. You must come hither this morning, for we shall be full of debates about the characters. I was for Marcia last night, but find that partiality was owing to the awe I was under in her father's presence; but this morning Lucia is my woman. You will tell me whether I am right or no when I see you; but I think it is a more difficult virtue to forbear going into a family, though she was in love with the heir of it, for no other reason but because her happiness was inconsistent with the tranquillity of the whole house to which she should be allied. I say, I think it a more generous virtue in Lucia to conquer her love from this motive, than in Marcia to suspend hers in the present circumstances of her father and her country: but

but pray be here to settle these matters.
I am your most obliged and obedient
humble servant,

MARY LIZARD.

I made all the haste imaginable to the family, where I found Tom with the play in his hand; and the whole company with a sublime cheerfulness in their countenance, all ready to speak to me at once; and before I could draw my chair, my lady herself repeated—

'Tis not a set of features or complexion,
The tincture of a skin that I admire;
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex;
True, she is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners.

I was going to speak, when Mrs. Cornelia stood up, and with the most genteel accent, and sweetest tone of voice, succeeded her mother:

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with
stains

Of rushing torrents and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new heav'n in it's fair bosom shows.

I thought now they would have given me time to draw a chair, but the Sparkler took hold of me, and I heard her with the utmost delight pursue her admiration of Lucia, in the words of Portius—

Athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more
fair,

More amiable, and risest in thy charms,
Lovely fit of women! Heav'n is in thy soul,
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other; thou art all divine!

When the ladies had done speaking, I took the liberty to take my place; while Tom, who, like a just courtier, thinks the interest of his prince and country the same, dwelt upon these lines:

Remember, O my friends, the laws, the
rights,

The generous plan of power deliver'd down
From age to age; by your renown'd fore-
fathers,

(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood:)

O let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.

Though I would not take notice of it at that time, it went to my heart that Annabella, for whom I have long had some apprehensions, said nothing on this occasion, but indulged herself in the sneer of a little mind, to see the rest so much affected. Mrs. Betty also, who knows forsooth more than us all, overlooked the whole drama, but acknowledged the dresses of Syphax and Juba were very prettily imagined. The love of virtue, which has been so warmly roused by this admirable piece in all parts of the theatre, is an unanswerable instance of how great force the stage might be towards the improvement of the world; were it regarded and encouraged as much as it ought. There is no medium in this case; for the advantage of Action, and the representation of vice and virtue in an agreeable or odious manner before our eyes, are so irresistibly prevalent, that the theatre ought to be shut up, or carefully governed, in any nation that values the promotion of virtue, or guard of innocence among it's people. Speeches or sermons will ever suffer, in some degree, from the characters of those that make them; and mankind are so unwilling to reflect on what makes for their own mortification, that they are ever cavilling against the lives of those who speak in the cause of goodness, to keep themselves in countenance, and continue in beloved infirmities. But in the case of the Stage, envy and detraction are baffled, and none are offended, but all insensibly won by personated characters, which they neither look upon as their rivals or superiors; every man that has any degree of what is laudable in a theatrical character, is secretly pleased, and encouraged, in the prosecution of that virtue, without fancying any man about him has more of it. To this purpose I fell a talking at the tea-table, when my Lady Lizard, with a look of some severity towards Annabella and Mrs. Betty, was pleased to say, that it must be from some trifling prepossession of mind that any one could be unmoved with the characters of this tragedy; nor do I yet understand to what circumstance in the family her ladyship alluded, when she made all the company look serious, and rehearsed, with a tone more

more exalted, those words of the hero—

In spite of all the virtue we can boast,
The woman that deliberates is lost.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS Bat Pigeon, in the Strand, hair-cutter to the family of the Lizards, has attained to great

proficiency in his art, Mr. Ironside advises all persons of fine heads, in order to have justice done them, to repair to that industrious mechanic.

N. B. Mr. Pigeon has orders to talk with, and examine into the parts and characters of young persons, before he thins the covering near the seat of the brain,

N^o XLIV. FRIDAY, MAY 1.

HAC ITER ELYSIUM NOBIS.

VIRG. *ÆN.* 6. v. 542.

THIS PATH CONDUCTS US TO THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

I Have frequently observed in the walks belonging to all the inns of court, a set of old fellows who appear to be humourists, and wrapped up in themselves; but have long been at a loss when I have seen them smile, and name my name as I passed by, and say—'Old Ironside wears well.' I am a mere boy to some of them who frequent Gray's Inn, but am not a little pleased to find they are even with the world, and return upon it it's neglect towards them, which is all the defence we old fellows have against the petulance of young people. I am very glad to observe, that these sages of this peripatetic sect study tranquillity and indolence of body and mind, in the neighbourhood of so much contention as is carried on among the students of Littleton. The following letter gives us some light into the manners and maxims of these philosophers.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

AS the depredations of time and fortune have been lamented in all ages, those persons who have resisted and disputed the tyranny of either of these, have employed the sublimest speculations of the writers in all languages. As these deceased heroes have had their places judiciously assigned them already in the Temple of Fame, I would immortalize some persons now alive, who to me are greater objects of envy, both as their bravery is exercised with the utmost tranquillity and pleasure to themselves, and as they are substantially happy on this side of the grave, in opposition to

all the Greek and Latin scraps to the contrary.

As, therefore, I am naturally subject to cruel inroads from the spleen, as I affirm all evil to come from the East, as I am the weather-glass of every company I come into, I sometimes, according to Shakespeare—

Sit like my grandfire cut in alabaster,
Sleep while I wake, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish—

I would furnish out a table of merry fame, in envious admiration of those jovial blades, who disappoint the strokes of age and fortune with the same gaiety of soul, as when through youth or affluence they were in their prime for fancy, frolic, and achievement. There are, you may observe, in all public walks, persons who by a singular shabbiness of their attire, make a very ridiculous appearance in the opinion of the men of dress. They are very sullen and involved, and appear in such a state of distress and tribulation, as to be thought inconsolable. They are generally of that complexion which was in fashion during the pleasurable reign of Charles the Second. Some of them, indeed, are of a lighter brown; whose fortunes fell with that of King James. Now these, who are the jest of such as take themselves, and the world usually takes, to be in prosperity, are the very persons whose happiness, were it understood, would be looked upon with burning envy. I fell into the discovery of them in the following manner: one day last summer, being particularly under the dominion of the spleen, I resolved to soothe my melancholy in the company of

of such whose appearance promised a full return of any complaints I could possibly utter. Living near Gray's Inn-Walk, I went thither in search of the persons above described, and found some of them seated upon a bench, where, as Milton sings—

——the unperi'd shade
Imbrown'd their noontide bow'r.

I squeezed in among them, and they did not only receive my moanings with singular humanity, but gave me all possible encouragement to enlarge them. If the blackness of my spleen raised any imaginary distemper of body, some one of them immediately sympathized with me. If I spoke of any disappointment in my fortune, another of them would abate my sorrowing by recounting to me his own defeat upon the very same circumstances. If I touched upon overlooked merit, the whole assembly seemed to condole with me very feelingly upon that particular. In short I could not make myself so calamitous, in mind, body, or circumstances, but some one of them was upon a level with me. When I had wound up my discourse, and was ripe for their intended raillery, at first they crowned my narration with several piteous sighs and groans, but after a short pause, and a signal given for the onset, they burst out into a most incomprehensible fit of laughter. You may be sure I was notably out of countenance, which gave occasion to a second explosion of the same mirth. What troubled me most was, that their figure, age, and short swords, preserved them from any imputation of cowardice upon refusal of battle, and their number from insult. I had now no other way to be upon good terms with them, but desiring I might be admitted into this Fraternity. This was at first vigorously opposed, it being objected to me, that I affected too much the appearance of an happy man, to be received into a society so proud of appearing the most afflicted. However, as I only seemed to be what they really were, I am admitted by way of triumph upon probation for a year: and if within that time it shall be possible for them to infuse any of their gaiety into me, I can, at Monmouth Street, upon mighty easy terms, purchase the robes necessary for my installment into this order; and when they have made me as happy, shall

be willing to appear as miserable as any of this assembly. I confess, I have ever since been ashamed, that I should once take that place to be sacred to the disconsolate, which I now must affirm to be the only Elysium on this side the Styx; and that ever I should look upon those personages as lively instances of the outrage of time and fortune, who disallow their empire with such inimitable bravery. Some of these are pretty good classical scholars, and they follow these studies always walking, upon account of a certain sentence in Pliny's Epistles to the following effect: 'It is inconceivable how much the understanding is enlivened by the exercise of the body.' If, therefore, their author is a little difficult, you will see them fleeting with a very precipitate pace; and when it has been very perplexed and abstruse, I have seen a couple of these students prepare their apprehensions by still quicker motions, till they run into wisdom. These courses do not only make them go through their studies with pleasure and profit, but there is more spirit and vigour in their dialogues, after the heat and hurry of these perambulations. This place was chosen as the peculiar resort of those sages, not only upon account of its air and situation, but in regard to certain edifices and seats therein raised with great magnificence and convenience; and here, after the toils of their walks, and upon any stress of weather, these blessed inhabitants assemble themselves. There is one building particularly, in which, if the day permit, they have the most frequent conferences, not so much because of the loveliness of its eminence, as a sentence of literature encircling the extremities of it, which I think is as follows: 'Franciscus Bacon Eques Aularatus Executor Testamenti Jeremie Bettenham Hujus Hospitii Viri Abstemii et Contemplativi Hanc Sedem posuit in Memoriam Ejusdem.' Now, this structure being erected in honourable memory of the abstemious, the contemplative Mr. Bettenham, they take frequent occasion to railly this erudition, which is to continue the remembrance of a person, who, according to their translation of the words, being confessed to have been of most splenetic memory, ought rather to lie buried in oblivion.

Left they should flag in their own way

way of conversation, they admit a fair one to relieve them with hers: there are two or three thin existences among them, which I think I may call the ghosts of departed beaux, who pay their court more particularly to this lady, though their passion never rises higher than a kiss, which is always

*Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.*

MILTON.

As it is the character of this fraternity to turn their seeming misfortunes to their advantage, they affirm it to be the greatest indulgence imaginable in those amours, that nature perpetuates their good inclinations to the fair, by an inability to extinguish them.

During my year of probation, I am to prepare myself with such parts of history as have engaged their application during the leisure of their ill fortune; I am therefore to read Rushworth

and Clarendon; in the perusal of which authors I am not obliged to enter into the justness of their reflections and characters, but am desired to read, with an eye particularly curious, the battles of Marston Moor and Edge-Hill, in one of which every man of this assembly has lost a relation; and each has a story which none who has not read those battles is able to taste.

I had almost forgot to mention a most unexampled piece of their gallantry. Some time since, in a most prodigious foggy morning, I went in search of these persons to their usual place of resort, and perhaps shall hardly be believed, when I affirm, that notwithstanding they sucked in so condensed and poisonous an ether, I found them enjoying themselves with as much vivacity, as if they had breathed in the serenity of Montpelier. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

J. W.

Nº XLV. SATURDAY, MAY 2.

I Do not know that I have been more intimately moved with pity in my whole life, than when I was reading a letter from a young woman, not yet nineteen, in which there are these lamentable words:—'Alas! whither shall I fly? he has deceived, ruined, and left me.' The circumstances of her story are only those ordinary ones, that her lover was a man of greater fortune than he could expect would address to her upon honourable terms; but she said to herself, she had wit and beauty, and such charms as often captivate so far as to make men forget those meaner considerations, and innocent freedoms were not to be denied: a gentleman of condition is not to be shunned purely for being such; and they who took notice of it, did it only out of malice, because they were not used by him with the same distinction. But I would have young women, who are orphans, or unguarded with powerful alliances, consider with horror the insolence of wealth: fortune does in a great measure denominate what is vice and virtue; or if it does not go so far, innocence is helpless, and oppression unpunished without it's assistance; for this reason it is, that I would strictly recommend to

my young females not to dally with men whose circumstances can support them against their falsehood, and have the fashion of a base self-interested world on their side, which, instead of avenging the cause of an abused woman, will proclaim her dishonour; while the person injured is shunned like a pestilence, he who did the wrong sees no difference in the reception he meets with, nor is he the less welcome to the rest of the sex, who are still within the pale of honour and innocence.

What makes this circumstance the more lamentable is, that it frequently falls upon those who have greatest merit and understanding. Gentleness of disposition, and taste of polite conversation, I have often known shares toward vice in some, whilst fullness and distaste of any thing that was agreeable have been the only defences of virtue in others. I have my unhappy correspondent's letter before me, and she says she is sure he is so much a gentleman, and he has that natural softness, that if he reads any thing moving on this subject in my paper, it will certainly make him think. Poor girl! Caesar ashamed! Has not he seen Pharsalia? Does the poor creature imagine that a scrap of paper, a col-

a collection of sentences, and an old man's talk of pleasures which he is past, will have an effect upon him who could go on in a series of falsehood; let drop ambiguous sentences in her absence, to give her false hope from the repetition of them by some friend that heard them; that could pass as much time in the pursuit of her, as would have attained some useful art or science; and that only to attain a short revel of his senses under a stupor of faith, honour, and conscience? No; the destruction of a well-educated young woman is not accomplished by the criminal, who is guilty of it, in a sudden start of desire; he is not surprised into it by frailty; but arrives at it by care, skill, and meditation. It is no small aggravation of the guilt, that it is a thousand times conquered and resisted, even while it is prosecuted. He that waits for fairer occasions, for riper wishes, for the removal of a particular objection, or the conquest of any certain scruple, has it in his power to obey his conscience, which often calls him, during the intrigue, a villain and a destroyer. There can be nothing said for such an evil, but that the restraints of shame and ignominy are broken down by the prevalence of custom. I do not, indeed, expect that my Precautions will have any great weight with men of mode; but I know not but they may be some way efficacious on those who have not yet taken their party as to vice and virtue for life: but I know not how it is, but our sex has usurped a certain authority to exclude chastity out of the catalogue of masculine virtues, by which means females adventure all against those who have nothing to lose; and they having nothing but empty sighs, tears, and reproaches, against those who reduced them to real sorrow and infamy. But as I am now talking to the world yet untainted, I will venture to recommend Chastity as the noblest male qualification.

It is, methinks, very unreasonable, that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits is what makes them honourable, but in this case the very attempt is become ridiculous. But in spite of all the raillery of the world, truth is still truth, and will have beauties inseparable from it. I should upon this occasion bring examples of heroic chastity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the modish

part of the town, who go no farther, at best, than the mere absence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable than praise-worthy. In this particular, a gentleman in the court of Cyrus, reported to his majesty the charms and beauty of Panthea, and ended his panegyric by telling him, that since he was at leisure he would carry him to visit her; but that prince, who is a very great man to this day, answered the pimp, because he was a man of quality, without roughness, and said with a smile—'If I should visit her upon your introduction now I have leisure, I do not know but I might go again upon her own invitation, when I ought to be better employed.' But when I cast about all the instances which I have met with in all my reading, I find not one so generous, so honest, and so noble, as that of Joseph in Holy Writ: when his master had trusted him so unreservedly, (to speak it in the emphatical manner of the Scripture) 'he knew not ought he had save the bread which he did eat,' he was so unhappy as to appear irresistibly beautiful to his mistress; but when this shameless woman proceeds to solicit him, how gallant is his answer! 'Behold my master wotteth not what is with me in the house, and hath committed all that he hath to my hand; there is none greater in the house than I; neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee; because thou art his wife.' The same argument, which a base mind would have made to itself for committing the evil, was to this brave man the greatest motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity; the malice and falsehood of the disappointed woman naturally arose on that occasion, and there is but a short step from the practice of virtue to the hatred of it. It would therefore be worth serious consideration in both sexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to ask themselves whether they would change lightness of heart, indolence of mind, cheerful meals, untroubled slumbers, and gentle dispositions, for a constant pruriency which shuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with insensibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their species.

A loose behaviour, and an inattention to every thing that is serious, flow-

N ing

ing from some degree of this petulancy, is observable in the generality of the youth of both sexes in this age. It is the one common face of most public meetings, and breaks in upon the sobriety, I will not say severity, that we ought to exercise in churches. The pert boys, and flippant girls, are but faint followers of those in the same inclinations at more advanced years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their manners; all that I pretend to, is to enter my protest that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraiture which

I would propose, as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only answer, as I remember Mr. Dryden did on the like occasion, when a young fellow, just come from the play of *Cleomenes*, told him in raillery against the contumacy of his principal character—‘If I had been alone with a lady, I should not have passed my time like your Spartan.’—‘That may be,’ answered the bard, with a very grave face; ‘but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are no hero.’

Nº XLVI. MONDAY, MAY 4.

SOLA EST COELESTI DIGNA REPERTA TORO.

OVID. EP. I. L. 3. DE PONTO, V. 118.

ALONE FOUND WORTHY A CELESTIAL BED.

YESTERDAY, at my Lady Lizard's tea-table, the discourse happened to turn upon women of renown; such as have distinguished themselves in the world by surprising actions, or by any great and shining qualities, so as to draw upon themselves the envy of their own sex, and the admiration of ours. My lady has been curious in collecting the lives of the most famous, of which she has a considerable number, both in print and manuscript. This naturally led me to speak of Madame Maintenon; and, at the request of my lady and her daughters, I have undertaken to put together such circumstances of her life, as I had formerly gathered out of books, and picked up from conversation in my travels.

Madame Maintenon was born a gentlewoman; her name is Frances Daubigné. Monsieur Daubigné, her grandfather, was not only a person of condition, but likewise of great merit. He was born in the year 1550, and died in 1630, the 80th year of his age. A little before his death he writ his own epitaph, which is engraven upon his tomb-stone in the cloister of St. Peter's church at Geneva, and may be seen in Spon's History of that republic. He was a leading man among the protestants in France, and much courted to come over to the opposite party. When he perceived there was no safety for him any longer in his own country, he fled

for refuge to Geneva, about the year 1619. The magistrates, and the clergy there, received him with great marks of honour and distinction, and he passed the remaining part of his life amongst them in great esteem. Mezeray (the French historian) says, that he was a man of great courage and boldness, of a ready wit, and of a fine taste in polite learning, as well as of good experience in matters of war.

The son of this Daubigné was father to the present Madame Maintenon. This gentleman was thrown into prison when he was but a youth, for what reason I cannot learn; but his life, it seems, was in question, if the keeper of the prison's daughter (touched with his misfortunes and his merit) had not determined with herself to set him at liberty. Accordingly, a favourable opportunity presenting itself, she set the prisoner at large, and accompanied him herself in his flight. The lovers finding themselves now in no danger of being apprehended, Monsieur Daubigné acquitted himself of the promise he had given his fair deliverer, and married her publicly. To provide against their immediate want in a strange place, she had taken with her what she found at home most valuable and easy to be carried off. All this was converted into money; and while their little treasure lasted, our new-married couple thought themselves the happiest persons living. But their provision now began

began to fail, and Monsieur Daubigné, who plainly saw the straits to which they must be in a little time reduced, notwithstanding all his love and tenderness, thought he should soon be in a far worse condition than that from which he had so lately escaped. But what most afflicted him was to see that his wife, whom he loved so tenderly, must be reduced to the utmost necessity, and that too at a time when she was big with child.

Monsieur Daubigné, pressed with these difficulties, formed to himself a very hazardous resolution; and since the danger he saw in it was only to his person, he put it in execution without ever consulting his wife. The purpose he entered upon, was to venture back into France, and to endeavour there to get up some of his effects, and in a short time to have the pleasure of returning to his wife with some little means of subsistence. He flattered himself that he was now no longer thought of in his own country, and that, by the help of a friend, he might continue there unknown for some time. But upon trial it happened quite otherwise, for he was betrayed by those in whom he confided; so that he was a second time cast into prison. I should have mentioned, that he left his wife without ever taking leave; and that the first notice she had of his design was by a letter, which he sent her from the place where he lay the first night. Upon the reading of it, she was immediately alarmed for the life of a husband so very dear to her; but she fell into the last affliction when she received the news of his being imprisoned again, of which she had been apprehensive from the beginning. When her concern was a little abated, she considered that the afflicting of herself could give him no relief; and despairing ever to be able a second time to bring about the delivery of her husband, and likewise finding it impossible for her to live long separated from him, she resolved to share in his misfortunes, and to live and die with him in his prison. Therefore, without the least regard to the danger of a woman's travelling in her condition, (for she was now far gone with child) she entered upon her journey, and having found out her husband, voluntarily gave herself up to remain a prisoner with him. And here it was that she was

delivered of that daughter, who has since proved the wonder of her age.

The relations of Monsieur Daubigné, dissatisfied with his conduct and his marriage, had all of them abandoned him, excepting Madame Villete, his sister, who used to visit him. She could not but be touched with the condition in which she found him, entirely destitute of all the conveniencies, and almost the very necessaries of life. But that which most moved her compassion was, to see, in the arms of a disconsolate mother, the poor helpless infant exposed amidst her cries, to cold, to nakedness, and hunger: in this extremity Madame Villete took the child home with her, and gave her to the care of her daughter's nurse, with whom she was bred up for some time, as a foster-sister. Besides this, she sent the two prisoners several necessaries. Some time after, Monsieur Daubigné found means, by changing his religion, to get out of prison, upon condition he would quit the kingdom; to which he consented.

Monsieur Daubigné, knowing he was never like to see France more, got together what little substance he could, in order to make a long voyage; and so, with a small family, he embarked for America; where he and his wife lived in quiet, and made it their principal care to give their children (a son and a daughter) good education.

These unfortunate parents died both in their exile, leaving their children very young. The daughter, who was elder than her brother, as she grew up, began to be very desirous of seeing her native country; this, together with the hopes she had of recovering something of that which once belonged to her father, made her willing to take the first opportunity of returning into France. Finding therefore a ship that was ready to sail thither, she went on board, and landed at Rochelle. From thence she proceeded directly to Poitou, and there made it her business first to enquire out Madame Villete, her aunt, who she knew very well was the person to whom she owed her life. Madame Villete received her with great marks of affection; and, after informing her that she must not expect to recover any thing of what had belonged to her father, since that was all irreparably lost and dissipated by his banishment, and the proceedings against

him; she added, that she should be welcome, if she thought fit to live with her; whereat least she should never be reduced to want a subsistence.

Mademoiselle Daubigné accepted the offer which her aunt made her, and studied by all means imaginable to render herself necessary and agreeable to a person upon whom she saw that she must entirely depend for every thing. More especially she made it her business to insinuate herself into the affections of her cousin, with whom she had one common nurse. And to omit nothing that might please them, she expressed a great desire to be instructed in the religion of her ancestors; she was impatient to have some conversation with ministers, and to frequent their sermons; so that in a short time she began to take a great liking to the Protestant religion. And it is not to be doubted, but that she would have openly professed this way of worship, if some of her father's relations that were Papists, and who forsook him in his

adversity, had not, to make their own court, been busy in advertising some great men of the danger Mademoiselle Daubigné was in as to her salvation, and in demanding thereupon an order to have her put into the hands of Catholics. This piece of zeal was acceptable to the ruling party, and orders were immediately given that she should be taken from her aunt Villette, and put into the hands of her officious relations. This was soon executed, and Mademoiselle Daubigné was in a manner forced by violence from Madame Villette, who was the only relation that ever had taken any care of her. She shed abundance of tears at parting, and assured her aunt and her cousin, (who was now married to Monsieur Saint Hermine) that she should always preserve, with the remembrance of their kindness, the good impressions she had received of their religion, and never fail to acknowledge both the one and the other, when she found a time and occasion proper for it.

N^o XLVII. TUESDAY, MAY 5.

MADEMOISELLE Daubigné was conducted from Madame Villette's to a relation, who had a law-suit then depending at Paris; and being for that reason obliged to go thither, she carried Mademoiselle Daubigné with her. This lady hired apartments in the same house where the famous Scaron was lodged: she made an acquaintance with him; and one day, being obliged to go abroad alone upon a visit, she desired he would give her cousin leave, in the mean time, to come and sit with him; knowing very well that a young lady was in no danger from such a person, and that perhaps it might turn to her advantage. Monsieur Scaron was, of all men living, the most unhappy in an untoward frame of body, being not only deformed, but likewise very infirm: in consideration of his wit and parts, he had a yearly pension from the court of five hundred crowns. Scaron was charmed with the conversation of Mademoiselle Daubigné; and her kinswoman took frequent opportunities of leaving her with him. This gave Scaron occasion to discover still new beauties in her from time to time. She would sometimes entertain him with the story of her adventures

and her misfortunes, beginning even with what she suffered before she was born; all which she knew how to describe in so expressive and moving a manner, that he found himself touched with a strong compassion towards her; and resolved with himself, if not to make her happy, at least to set her at ease, by placing her in a nunnery at his own expence. But upon farther deliberation, he found himself very much inclined to lay before her an alternative, which in all likelihood she never expected. One day, therefore, when she was left alone with him, as usual, he opened his intentions to her (as it is said) much after the following manner. 'I am, Mademoiselle,' says he, 'not a little moved with your misfortunes, and the great sufferings you have undergone; I am likewise very sensible of the uneasy circumstances under which you labour at present; and I have now for some days been contriving with myself how to extricate you out of all your difficulties: at last I have fallen upon two ways of doing what I so much desire; I leave you to determine according to your inclinations, in the choice of the one or the other; or if neither of them please

‘ please you, to refuse them both. My fortunes are too narrow to enable me to make yours answerable to your merit; all that I am capable of doing is, either to make you a joint partaker with myself of the little I have; or to place you, at my own expence, in any convent you shall chuse. I wish it were in my power to do more for you. Consult your own inclinations, and do what you think will be most agreeable to yourself. As for my person, I do not pretend to recommend it to you; I know I make but an ungainly figure; but I am not able to new-mould it; I offer myself to you such as I am; and yet, such as you see me, I do assure you that I would not bestow myself upon another; and that I must have a very great esteem for you, ever to propose a marriage, which, of all things in the world, I have had the least in my thoughts hitherto. Consider, therefore, and take your final resolutions, either to turn nun, or to marry me, or to continue in your present condition, without repining, since these do all of them depend upon your own choice.’

Mademoiselle Daubigné returned Monsieur Scaron the thanks he so well deserved. She was too sensible of the disagreeableness of a dependent state, not to be glad to accept of a settlement that would place her at least above want: finding therefore in herself no call towards a nunnery, she answered Monsieur Scaron without hesitation, that she had too great a sense of her obligations to him, not to be desirous of that way of life that would give her the most frequent occasions of shewing her gratitude to him. Scaron, who was prepossessed with the flattering hopes of passing his life with a person he liked so well, was charmed with her answer. They both came to a resolution, that he should ask her relation’s consent that very evening: she gave it very frankly; and this marriage, so soon concluded, was, as it were, the inlet to all the future fortunes of Madame Maintenon. She made a good wife to Scaron, living happily with him, and wanted no conveniencies during his life; but, losing him, she lost all; his pension ceased upon his death, and she found herself again reduced to the same indigent condition, in which she had been before her marriage.

Upon this she retired into the convent

in the Place Royale, founded for the relief of necessitous persons; where the friends of her deceased husband took care of her. It was here the friendship between her and Madame Saint Basile (a nun) had it’s beginning, which has continued ever since, for she still goes to visit her frequently in the convent de la Raquette, where she now lives. And to the honour of Madame Maintenon, it must be allowed, that she has always been of a grateful temper, and mindful, in her high fortunes, of her old friends, to whom she had formerly been obliged.

Her husband’s friends did all they could to prevail upon the court to continue to her the pension which Monsieur Scaron had enjoyed: in order to this, petitions were frequently given in, which began always with—‘ The widow Scaron most humbly prays your Majesty,’ &c. But all these petitions signified nothing; and the king was so weary of them, that he has been heard to say—‘ Must I always be pestered with the ‘ widow Scaron?’ notwithstanding which, her friends were resolved not to be discouraged in their endeavours to serve her.

After this she quitted the convent, and went to live in the Hotel d’Albert, where her husband had always been very much esteemed. Here (it is said) something very remarkable happened to her, which I shall relate, because I find it so confidently affirmed upon the knowledge of a certain author. There were maçons at work in the Hotel d’Albert, not far from the apartment of Madame Scaron: one of them came into her chamber, and finding two or three visitants of her own sex, desired he might speak with her in private; she carried him into her closet, where he took upon him to tell her all the future events of her life.

‘ But whence he drew this knowledge,’ continues my author, ‘ which time has so wonderfully verified, is a mystery still to me.’ As to Madame Scaron, she saw then so little appearance of probability in his predictions, that she hardly gave the least heed to them. Nevertheless the company, upon her return, remarked some alteration in her countenance; and one of the ladies said—‘ Surely this man has brought you some very pleasing news; for you look with a more cheerful air than you did before he came in.’—‘ There would be sufficient reason for my doing so,’ replied

replied she, 'if I could give any credit to what this fellow has promised me. And I can tell you,' says she, smiling, 'that if there should be any thing in it, you will do well to make your court to me before-hand.' These ladies could not prevail upon her to satisfy their curiosity any farther; but she communicated the whole secret to a bosom-friend after they were gone; and it is from that lady it came to be known, when the events foretold were come to pass, and so scrupulous a secrecy in that point did no longer seem necessary.

Some time after this, she was advised to seek all occasions of insinuating herself into the favour of Madame Mountespan, who was the king's mistress, and had an absolute influence over him. Madame Scaron therefore found the means of being presented to Madame Mountespan, and at that time spoke to her with so good a grace, that Madame Mountespan, pitying her circumstances, and resolving to make them more easy, took upon her to carry a petition from her to the king, and to deliver it with her own hands. The king, upon her presenting it to him, said—'What, the widow Scaron again? Shall I never see any thing else?'—'Indeed, Sir,' says Madame Mountespan, 'it is now a long time since you ought not to have had her name mentioned to you any more; and it is something extraordinary that your majesty has done nothing all this while for a poor woman, who, without exception, deserves a much better condition, as well upon the account of her own merit, as of the reputation of her late husband.' The king, who was always glad of an opportunity to please Madame Mountespan, granted the petitioner all that was desired. Madame Scaron came to thank her patroness; and Madame Mountespan took such a liking to her, that she would by all means present her to the king, and after that proposed to him, that she might be made governante to their children. His majesty consented to it; and Madame Scaron, by her address and good conduct, won so much upon the affections and esteem of Madame Mountespan, that in a little time she became her favourite and confident.

It happened one night that Madame Mountespan sent for her, to tell her that she was in great perplexity. She had just then, it seems, received a billet from

the king, which required an immediate answer; and though she did by no means want wit, yet in that instance she found herself incapable of writing any thing with spirit. In the mean time the messenger waited for an answer, while she racked her invention to no purpose. Had there been nothing more requisite, but to say a few tender things, she needed only to have copied the dictates of her heart; but she had over and above the reputation of her style and manner of writing to maintain, and her invention played her false in so critical a juncture. This reduced her to the necessity of desiring Madame Scaron to help her out; and, giving her the king's billet, she bid her make an answer to it immediately. Madame Scaron would, out of modesty, have excused herself; but Madame Mountespan laid her absolute commands upon her: so that she obeyed, and writ a most agreeable billet, full of wit and tenderness. Madame Mountespan was very much pleased with it; she copied it, and sent it. The king was infinitely delighted with it. He thought Madame Mountespan had surpassed herself; and he attributed her more than ordinary wit upon this occasion to an increase of tenderness. The principal part of his amusement that night was to read over and over again this letter, in which he discovered new beauties upon every reading. He thought himself the happiest and the most extraordinary man living, to be able to inspire his mistress with such surprising sentiments and turns of wit.

Next morning, as soon as he was dressed, he went directly to make a visit to Madame Mountespan. 'What happy genius, Madam,' says he, upon his first coming into her chamber, 'influenced your thoughts last night? Never certainly was there any thing so charming, and so finely writ, as the billet you sent me! and if you truly feel the tenderness you have so well described, my happiness is complete.' Madame Mountespan was in confusion with these praises, which properly belonged to another, and she could not help betraying something of it by her blushes. The king perceived the disorder she was in, and was earnest to know the cause of it. She would fain have put it off; but the king's curiosity still increasing, in proportion to the excuses she made, she was forced to tell him

him all that had passed, lest he should of himself imagine something worse. The king was extremely surprized, though in civility he dissembled his thoughts at that time; nevertheless he could not help desiring to see the author of the letter that had pleased him so much, to satisfy himself whether her wit in conversation was equal to what it appeared in writing. Madame Scaron now began to call to mind the predictions of the mason; and from the desire the king had to see her, conceived no small hopes: notwithstanding she now had passed the flower of her age, yet she flattered herself that her destiny had reserved this one conquest in store for her, and this mighty monarch to be her captive. She was exactly shaped, had a noble air, fine eyes, and a delicate mouth, with fresh ruddy lips. She has, besides, the art of expressing every thing with her eyes, and of adjusting her looks to her thoughts in such a manner, that all she says goes directly to the heart. The king was already prepossessed in her favour; and, after three or four times conversing with her, began visibly to cool in his affections towards Madame Mountespan.

The king in a little time purchased for Madame Scaron those lands that carry the name of Maintenon, a title which she from that time has taken: Never was there an instance of any favourite having so great a power over a prince, as what she has hitherto maintained. None can obtain the least favour, but by immediate application to her. Some are of opinion, that she has been the occasion of all the ill treatment which the Protestants have met with; and consequently of the damage the whole kingdom has received from those proceedings. But it is more reasonable to think that whole revolution was brought about by the contrivances of the Jesuits; and she has always been known to be too little a favourer of that order of men to promote their intrigues. Besides, it is not natural to think that she who formerly had a good opinion of the reformed religion, and was pretty well instructed in the Protestant faith and way of worship, should ever be the author of a persecution against those innocent people, who never had in any thing offended her.

N^o XLVIII. WEDNESDAY, MAY 6.

IT is the general opinion, that Madame Maintenon has of late years influenced all the measures of the court of France. The king, when he has taken the air after dinner, never fails of going to sit with her till about ten o'clock; at which time he leaves her to go to his supper. The comptroller-general of the finances likewise comes to her apartments to meet the king: while they are in discourse, Madame Maintenon sits at her wheel towards the other end of the room, not seeming to give the least attention to what is said. Nevertheless, the minister never makes a proposition to the king, but his majesty turns towards her, and says—'What think you, Madam, of this?' She expresses her opinion after a modest manner; and whatsoever she says is done. Madame Maintenon never appears in public, except when she goes with the king to take the air; and then she sits on the same seat with the king, with her spectacles on, working a piece of embroidery, and does not seem to be so much as sensible of the great

fortunes and honours to which she has raised herself. She is always very modestly dressed, and never appears with any train of servants. Every morning she goes to St. Cyr, to give her orders there, it being a kind of a nursery founded by herself for the education of young ladies of good families, but no fortune. She returns from thence about the time the king rises, who never fails to pay her a morning visit. She goes to mass always by break of day, to avoid the concourse of people. She is rarely seen by any, and almost inaccessible to every body, excepting three or four particular acquaintance of her own sex. Whether it be that she would by this conduct avoid envy, as some think, or, as others would have it, that she is afraid the rank which she thinks due to her, should be disputed in all visits and public places, is doubtful. It is certain, that upon all occasions she declines the taking of any rank; and the title of Marquise (which belongs to the lands the king purchased for her) is suppressed before her name; neither

neither will she accept of the title of a dutchess, aspiring in all probability at something still higher, as will appear by what follows.

From several particulars in the conduct of the French king, as well as in that of Madame Maintenon, it has for some years been the prevailing opinion of the court that they are married. And it is said, that her ambition of being declared queen broke out at last; and that she was resolved to give the king no quiet till it was done. He for some time resisted all her solicitations upon that head; but at length, in a fit of tenderness and good-nature, he promised her that he would consult his confessor upon that point. Madame Maintenon was pleased with this, not doubting but that father La Chaize would be glad of this occasion of making his court to her; but he was too subtle a courtier not to perceive the danger of engaging in so nice an affair; and for that reason evaded it, by telling the king, that he did not think himself a casuist able enough to decide a question of so great importance, and for that reason desired he might consult with some man of skill and learning, for whose secrecy he would be responsible. The king was apprehensive lest this might make the matter too public; but as soon as father La Chaize named Monsieur Fenelon, the Archbishop of Cambray, his fears were over, and he bid him go and find him out. As soon as the confessor had communicated the business he came upon to the bishop, he said—'What have I done, father, that you should ruin me! But it is no matter; let us go to the king.' His majesty was in his closet expecting them. The bishop was no sooner entered, but he threw himself at the king's feet, and begged of him not to sacrifice him: the king promised him that he would not, and then proposed the case to him. The bishop, with his usual sincerity, represented to him the great prejudice he would do himself by declaring his marriage, together with the ill consequences that might attend such a proceeding. The king very much approved his reasons, and resolved to go no farther in this affair. Madame Maintenon still pressed him to comply with her; but it was now all to no purpose; and he told her it was not a thing to be done. She asked him, if it was Father La Chaize who dissuaded him from it. He for some time refused

to give her any answer, but at last, overcome by her importunities, he told her every thing as it had passed. She upon this dissembled her resentment, that she might be the more able to make it prove effectual. She did by no means think the Jesuit was to be forgiven; but the first marks of her vengeance fell upon the Archbishop of Cambray. He and all his relations were, in a little time, put out of all their employments at court; upon which he retired to live quietly upon his bishopric; and there have no endeavours been spared to deprive him even of that. As a farther instance of the incontrollable power of this great favourite, and of her resenting even the most trivial matters that she thinks might tend to her prejudice, or the diminution of her honour, it is remarkable, that the Italian comedians were driven out of Paris, for playing a comedy called 'La Fausse Prude,' which was supposed to reflect upon Madame Maintenon in particular.

It is something very extraordinary, that she has been able to keep entire the affections of the king so many years, after her youth and beauty were gone, and never fall into the least disgrace; notwithstanding the number of enemies she has had, and the intrigues that have been formed against her from time to time. This brings into my memory a saying of King William's, that I have heard on this occasion—That the King of France was in his conduct quite opposite to other princes; since he made choice of young ministers, and an old mistress. But this lady's charms have not lain so much in her person, as in her wit and good sense. She has always had the address to flatter the vanity of the king, and to mix always something solid and useful with the more agreeable parts of her conversation. She has known how to introduce the most serious affairs of state into their hours of pleasure; by telling his majesty, that a monarch should not love, nor do any thing, like other men; and that he, of all men living, knew best how to be always a king, and always like himself, even in the midst of his diversions. The king now converses with her as a friend, and advises with her upon his most secret affairs. He has a true love and esteem for her; and has taken care, in case he should die before her, that she may pass the remainder of her life with honour,

in the abbey of St. Cyr: there are apartments ready fitted up for her in this place; she and all her domestics are to be maintained out of the rents of the house, and she is to receive all the honours due to a foundress. This abbey stands in the park of Versailles; it is a fine piece of building, and the king has endowed it with large revenues. The design of it (as I have mentioned before) is to maintain and educate young ladies whose fortunes do not answer to their birth. None are accounted duly qualified for this place, but such as can give sufficient proofs of the nobility of their family on the father's side for an hundred and forty years; besides which, they must have a certificate of their poverty under the hand of their bishop. The age at which persons are capable of being admitted here is from seven years old until twelve. Lastly, it is required that they should have no defect or blemish of body or mind; and for this reason there are persons appointed to visit and examine them before they are received into the college. When these young ladies are once admitted, their parents and relations have no need to put themselves to any farther expence or trouble about

them; they are provided with all necessaries for maintenance and education. They stile themselves of the order of St. Lewis. When they arrive, to an age to be able to chuse a state of life for themselves, they may either be placed as nuns in some convent at the king's expence, or be married to some gentleman, whom Madame Maintenon takes care, upon that condition, to provide for, either in the army or in the finances; and the lady receives, besides, a portion of four hundred pistoles. Most of these marriages have proved very successful; and several gentlemen have by them made great fortunes, and been advanced to very considerable employments.

I must conclude this short account of Madame Maintenon with advertising my readers, that I do not pretend to vouch for the several particulars that I have related. All I can say is, that a great many of them are attested by several writers; and that I thought this sketch of a woman so remarkable all over Europe, would be no ill entertainment to the curious, until such a time as some pen, more fully instructed in her whole life and character, shall undertake to give it to the public.

Nº XLIX. THURSDAY, MAY 7.

—QUA POSSIT FACERE ET SERVARE BEATUM.

HOR. EP. 6. L. 1. V. 2.

TO MAKE MEN HAPPY, AND TO KEEP THEM SO:

CREECH.

IT is of great use to consider the Pleasures which constitute human happiness, as they are distinguished into natural and fantastical. Natural pleasures I call those which, not depending on the fashion and caprice of any particular age or nation, are suited to human nature in general, and are intended by Providence as rewards for the using our faculties agreeably to the ends for which they were given us. Fantastical pleasures are those which, having no natural fitness to delight our minds, presuppose some particular whim or taste accidentally prevailing in a set of people, to which it is owing that they please.

Now, I take it, that the tranquillity and cheerfulness with which I have passed my life, are the effect of having, ever since I came to years of discretion, con-

tinued my inclinations to the former sort of pleasures. But as my experience can be a rule only to my own actions, it may probably be a stronger motive to induce others to the same scheme of life, if they would consider that we are prompted to natural pleasures by an instinct impressed on our minds by the Author of our nature, who best understands our frames, and consequently best knows what those pleasures are, which will give us the least uneasiness in the pursuit, and the greatest satisfaction in the enjoyment of them. Hence it follows, that the objects of our natural desires are cheap or easy to be obtained, it being a maxim that holds throughout the whole system of created beings, that nothing is made in vain, much less the instincts and appetites of animals, which the benevo-

lence,

lence, as well as wisdom of the Deity, is concerned to provide for. Nor is the fruition of those objects less pleasing, than the acquisition is easy; and the pleasure is heightened by the sense of having answered some natural end, and the consciousness of acting in concert with the Supreme Governor of the universe.

Under natural pleasures, I comprehend those which are universally suited, as well to the rational as the sensual part of our nature. And of the pleasures which affect our senses, those only are to be esteemed natural that are contained within the rules of reason, which is allowed to be as necessary an ingredient of human nature as sense. And, indeed, excesses of any kind are hardly to be esteemed pleasures, much less natural pleasures.

It is evident, that a desire terminated in money, is fantastical: so is the desire of outward distinctions, which bring no delight of sense, nor recommend us as useful to mankind; and the desire of things merely because they are new or foreign. Men, who are indisposed to a due exertion of their higher parts, are driven to such pursuits as these from the restlessness of the mind, and the sensitive appetites being easily satisfied. It is, in some sort, owing to the bounty of Providence, that disdaining a cheap and vulgar happiness, they frame to themselves imaginary goods, in which there is nothing can raise desire, but the difficulty of obtaining them. Thus men become the contrivers of their own misery, as a punishment on themselves for departing from the measures of nature. Having, by an habitual reflection on these truths, made them familiar, the effect is, that I, among a number of persons who have debauched their natural taste, see things in a peculiar light, which I have arrived at, not by any uncommon force of genius or acquired knowledge, but only by unlearning the false notions instilled by custom and education.

The various objects that compose the world, were by nature formed to delight our senses; and as it is this alone that makes them desirable to an uncorrupted taste, a man may be said naturally to possess them, when he possesseth those enjoyments which they are fitted by nature to yield. Hence it is usual with me to consider myself as having a

natural property in every object that administers pleasure to me. When I am in the country, all the fine seats near the place of my residence, and to which I have access, I regard as mine. The same I think of the groves and fields where I walk, and muse on the folly of the civil landlord in London, who has the fantastical pleasure of draining dry rent into his coffers, but is a stranger to fresh air and rural enjoyments. By these principles I am possessed of half a dozen of the finest seats in England, which in the eye of the law belong to certain of my acquaintance, who being men of business, chuse to live near the court.

In some great families, where I chuse to pass my time, a stranger would be apt to rank me with the other domestics; but in my own thoughts, and natural judgment, I am master of the house; and he who goes by that name is my steward, who eases me of the care of providing for myself the conveniences and pleasures of life.

When I walk the streets, I use the foregoing natural maxim, (viz. that he is the true possessor of a thing who enjoys it, and not he that owns it without the enjoyment of it) to convince myself that I have a property in the gay part of all the gilt chariots that I meet, which I regard as amusements designed to delight my eyes, and the imagination of those kind people who sit in them gaily attired only to please me. I have a real, and they only an imaginary pleasure from their exterior embellishments. Upon the same principle, I have discovered that I am the natural proprietor of all the diamond necklaces, the crosses, stars, brocades, and embroidered cloaths, which I see at a play or birth-night, as giving more natural delight to the spectator than to those that wear them. And I look on the beaux and ladies as so many paroquets in an aviary, or tulips in a garden, designed purely for my diversion. A gallery of pictures, a cabinet or library that I have free access to, I think my own. In a word, all that I desire is the use of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By which maxim I am grown one of the richest men in Great Britain; with this difference, that I am not a prey to my own cares, or the envy of others.

The same principles I find of great use in my private economy. As I cannot go

to the price of history-painting, I have purchased at easy rates several beautifully-designed pieces of landscape and perspective, which are much more pleasing to a natural taste than unknown faces or Dutch gambols, though done by the best masters: my couches, beds, and window-curtains, are of Irish stuff, which those of that nation work very fine, and with a delightful mixture of colours. There is not a piece of china in my house; but I have glasses of all sorts, and some tinged with the finest colours, which are not the less pleasing, because they are domestic, and cheaper than foreign toys. Every thing is neat, entire, and clean, and fitted to the taste of one who had rather be happy than be thought rich.

Every day, numberless innocent and natural gratifications occur to me, while I behold my fellow-creatures labouring in a toilsome and absurd pursuit of trifles; one, that he may be called by a particular appellation; another, that he may wear a particular ornament, which I regard as a bit of ribband that has an agreeable effect on my sight, but is so far from supplying the place of merit where it is not, that it serves only to make the want of it more conspicuous. Fair weather is the joy of my soul; about noon I behold a blue sky with rapture, and receive great consolation from the rosy dashes of light which adorn the clouds of the morning and evening.

When I am lost among green trees, I do not envy a great man with a great crowd at his levée. And I often lay aside thoughts of going to an opera, that I may enjoy the silent pleasure of walking by moon-light, or viewing the stars sparkle in their azure ground; which I look upon as part of my possessions, not without a secret indignation at the tastelessness of mortal men, who, in their race through life, overlook the real enjoyments of it.

But the pleasure which naturally affects a human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, I take to be the sense that we act in the eye of Infinite Wisdom, Power, and Goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here, with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls. This is a perpetual spring of gladness in the mind; this lessens our calamities, and doubles our joys. Without this, the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a Paradise. What unnatural wretches then are those who can be so stupid as to imagine a merit in endeavouring to rob virtue of her support, and a man of his present as well as future bliss! But as I have frequently taken occasion to animadvert on that species of mortals, so I propose to repeat my animadversions on them, till I see some symptoms of amendment.

Nº L. FRIDAY, MAY 8.

O KUS, QUANDO EGO TE ASPICIAM?—

HOR. SAT. 6. L. 2. V. 60:

O! WHEN SHALL I ENJOY MY COUNTRY SEAT? CREECH.

THE perplexities and diversions recounted in the following letter, are represented with some pleasantry; I shall therefore make this epistle the entertainment of the day.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR,

THE time of going into the country drawing near, I am extremely enlivened with the agreeable memorial of every thing that contributed to my happiness when I was last there. In the recounting of which, I shall not dwell so much upon the verdure of the fields,

the shade of woods, the trilling of rivulets, or melody of birds, as upon some particular satisfactions, which, though not merely rural, must naturally create a desire of seeing that place, where only I have met with them. As to my passage, I shall make no other mention, than of the pompous pleasure of being whirled along with six horses, the easy grandeur of lolling in a handsome chariot, the reciprocal satisfaction the inhabitants of all towns and villages received from, and returned to, passengers of such distinction. The gentleman's seat (with whom, among others,

O 2

I had

I had the honour to go down) is the remains of an ancient castle which has suffered very much for the loyalty of its inhabitants. The ruins of the several turrets and strong holds gave my imagination more pleasant exercise than the most magnificent structure could; as I look upon the honourable wounds of a defaced soldier with more veneration than the most exact proportion of a beautiful woman. As this desolation renewed in me a general remembrance of the calamities of the late civil wars, I began to grow desirous to know the history of the particular scene of action in this place of my abode. I here must beseech you not to think me tedious in mentioning a certain barber, who for his general knowledge of things and persons, may be had in equal estimation with any of that order among the Romans. This person was allowed to be the best historian upon the spot; and the sequel of my tale will discover, that I did not chuse him so much for the soft touch of his hand, as his abilities to entertain me with an account of the Leaguer Time, as he calls it, the most authentic relations of which, through all parts of the town, are derived from this person. I found him, indeed, extremely loquacious, but withal a man of as much veracity as an impetuous speaker could be. The first time he came to shave me, before he applied his weapon to my chin, he gave a flourish with it, very like the salutation the prize-fighters give the company with theirs, which made me apprehend incision would as certainly ensue. The dexterity of this overture consists in playing the razor, with a nimble wrist, mighty near the nose without touching it: convincing him, therefore, of the dangerous consequence of such an unnecessary agility, with much persuasion I suppressed it. During the perusal of my face, he gives me such accounts of the families in the neighbourhood, as tradition and his own observation have furnished him with. Whenever the precipitation of his account makes him blunder, his cruel right-hand corresponds, and the razor discovers on my face at what part of it he was in the peaceable, and at what part in the bloody incidents of his narrative. But I had long before learned to expose my person to any difficulties that might tend to the improvement of my mind. His breath, I found, was very pestifential, and being obliged to

utter a great deal of it, for the carrying on his narrations, I beseeched him, before he came into my room, to go into the kitchen and mollify it with a breakfast. When he had taken off my beard, with part of my face, and dressed my wounds in the capacity of a barber-surgeon, we traversed the out-works about the castle, where I received particular information in what places any of note among the besiegers, or the besieged, received any wound, and I was carried always to the very spot where the fact was done, howsoever dangerous (scaling part of the walls, or stumbling over loose stones) my approach to such a place might be; it being conceived impossible to arrive at a true knowledge of those matters without this hazardous explanation upon them; insomuch that I received more contusions from these speculations, than I probably could have done, had I been the most bold adventurer at the demolition of this castle. This, as all other his informations, the barber so lengthened and husbanded with digressions, that he had always something new to offer, wisely concluding, that when he had finished the part of an historian, I should have no occasion for him as a barber.

Whenever I looked at this ancient pile of building, I thought it perfectly resembled any of those castles, which in my infancy I had met with in romances, where several unfortunate knights and ladies were, by certain giants, made prisoners irrecoverably until 'the Knight of the Burning Pestle,' or any other of equal hardiness, should deliver them from a long captivity. There is a park adjoining, pleasant beyond the most poetical description, one part of which is particularly private by being inaccessible to those that have not great resolution. This I have made sacred to love and poetry; and, after having regularly invoked the goddess I adore, I here compose a tender couplet or two, which, when I come home, I venture to shew my particular friends, who love me so well as to conceal my follies. After my poetry sinks upon me, I relieve the labour of my brain by a little manuscript with my penknife; while, with Rochester—

Here on a beech, like amorous sot,
I sometimes carve a true-love's knot;
There a tall oak her name does bear,
In a large spreading character.

I con-,

I confess, once whilst I was engraving one of my most curious conceits upon a delicate smooth bark, my feet, in the tree which I had gained with much skill, deserted me; and the lover, with much amazement, came plump into the river: I did not recover the true spirit of amour under a week, and not without applying myself to some of the softest passages in Cassandra and Cleopatra.

These are the pleasures I meet without doors; those within were as follow. I had the happiness to lie in a room that had a large hole opening from it, which, by unquestionable tradition, had been formerly continued to an abbey two miles from the castle, for a communication betwixt the austere creatures of that place, with others not altogether so contemplative. And the keeper's brother assures me, that when he formerly lay in this room, he had seen some of the spirits of this departed brotherhood, enter from the hole into this chamber, where they continued with the utmost civility to flesh and blood, until they were oppressed by the morning air: and if I do not receive his account with a very serious and believing countenance, he ventures to laugh at me as a most ridiculous infidel. The most unaccountable pleasure I take is with a fine white young owl, which strayed one night in at my window, and which I was resolved to make a prisoner, but withal to give all the indulgence that it's confinement could possibly admit of. I so far insinuated myself into his favour, by presents of fresh provisions, that we could be very good company together. There is something in the eye of that creature, of such merry lustre, something of such human cunning in the turn of his visage, that I found vast delight in the survey of it. One objection, indeed, I at first saw, that this bird being the bird of Pallas,

the choice of this favourite might afford curious matter of railery to the ingenious, especially when it shall be known, that I am as much delighted with a cat as ever Montaigne was. But notwithstanding this, I am so far from being ashamed of this particular humour, that I esteem myself very happy in having my odd taste of pleasure provided for upon such reasonable terms. What heightened all the pleasures I have spoke of, was the agreeable freedom with which the gentleman of the house entertained us; and every one of us came into, or left the company, as he thought fit; dined in his chamber or the parlour, as a fit of spleen or study directed him; nay, sometimes every man rode or walked a different way; so that we never were together, but when we were perfectly pleased with ourselves and each other. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

R. B.

THE GUARDIAN'S POSTSCRIPT.

I had just given my orders for the press, when my friend Mrs. Bicknell made me a visit. She came to desire I would shew her the wardrobe of the Lazards, (where the various habits of the ancestors of that illustrious family are preserved) in order to furnish her with a proper dress for the Wife of Bath. Upon sight of the little ruffs, she snatched one of them from the pin, clapt it round her neck, and, turning briskly towards me, repeated a speech out of her part in the comedy of that name. If the rest of the actors enter into their several parts with the same spirit, the humorous characters of this play cannot but appear excellent on the theatre: for very good judges have informed me, that the author has drawn them with great propriety, and an exact observation of the manners.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

N^o LI. SATURDAY, MAY 9.

RES ANTIQUE LAUDIS ET ARTIS
INGREDIOR, SANCTO AUSUS RECLUDERE FONTES.

VIRG. GEORG. 2. v. 374.

OF ARTS, DISCLOS'D IN ANCIENT DAYS, I SING,
AND VENTURE TO UNLOCK THE SACRED SPRING.

IT is probable the first Poets were found at the altar, that they employed their talents in adorning and animating the worship of their gods; the spirit of poetry and religion reciprocally warmed each other; devotion inspired

inspired poetry, and poetry exalted devotion; the most sublime capacities were put to the most noble use; purity of will, and fineness of understanding, were not such strangers as they have been in latter ages, but were most frequently lodged in the same breast, and went, as it were, hand in hand, to the glory of the world's great Ruler, and the benefit of mankind. To reclaim our modern poetry, and turn it into its due and primitive channel, is an endeavour altogether worthy a far greater character than the Guardian of a private family. Kingdoms might be the better for the conversion of the muses from sensuality to natural religion, and princes on their thrones might be obliged and protected by it's power.

Were it modest, I should profess myself a great admirer of Poesy; but that profession is in effect telling the world that I have a heart tender and generous, a heart that can swell with the joy, or be depressed with the misfortunes, of others; may more, even of imaginary persons; a heart large enough to receive the greatest ideas nature can suggest, and delicate enough to relish the most beautiful: it is desiring mankind to believe that I am capable of entering into all those subtle graces, and all that divine elegance, the enjoyment of which is to be felt only, and not expressed.

All kinds of Poesy are amiable, but Sacred Poesy should be our most special delight: other poetry leads us through flowery meadows, or beautiful gardens, refreshes us with cooling breezes or delicious fruits, soothes us with the murmur of waters or the melody of birds, or else conveys us to the court or camp; dazzles our imagination with crowns and scepters, embattled hosts, or heroes shining in burnished steel; but Sacred Numbers seem to admit us into a solemn and magnificent temple, they encircle us with every thing that is holy and divine, they superadd an agreeable awe and reverence to all those pleasing emotions we feel from other lays; an awe and reverence that exalts while it chastises: its sweet authority restrains each undue liberty of thought, word, and action; makes us think better and more nobly of ourselves, from a consciousness of the great Presence we are in, where saints surround us, and angels are our fellow-worshippers.

O let me glory, glory in my choice!
Whom should I sing, but him who gave me voice!
This theme shall last, when Homer's shall decay,
When arts, arms, kings, and kingdoms, melt away.

And can it, powers immortal, can it be,
That this high province was reserv'd for me?
Whate'er the new, the rash adventure cost,
In wide eternity I dare be lost.
I dare launch out, and show the muses more,
Than e'er the learned sisters saw before,
In narrow limits they were wont to sing,
To teach the swain, or celebrate the king;
I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and sing to human-kind:
I sing to men and angels; angels join
(While such the theme) their sacred hymns
with mine.

But besides the greater pleasure which we receive from Sacred Poesy, it has another vast advantage above all other; when it has placed us in that imaginary temple, (of which I just now spoke) methinks the mighty genius of the place covers us with an invisible hand, secures us in the enjoyments we possess. We find a kind of refuge in our pleasure, and our diversion becomes our safety. Why then should not every heart that is addicted to the Muses, cry out in the holy warmth of the best poet that ever lived—
'I will magnify thee, O Lord, my king;
'and I will praise thy name for ever
'and ever.

That greater benefit may be reaped from Sacred Poesy than from any other is indisputable. But is it capable of yielding such exquisite delight? Has it a title only to the regard of the serious and aged? Is it only to be read on Sundays, and to be bound in black? Or does it put in for the good esteem of the gay, the fortunate, the young? Can it rival a ball or a theatre, or give pleasure to those who are conversant with beauty, and have their palates set high with all the delicacies and poignancy of human wit?

That poetry gives us the greatest pleasure which affects us most, and that affects us most which is on a subject in which we have the deepest concern; for this reason, it is a rule in epic poetry, that the tale should be taken from the history of that country to which it is written, or at farthest from their distant ancestors. Thus Homer sung Achilles to the descendants of Achilles; and Virgil to Augustus that hero's voyage—

Genoa

*Genus unde Latini
Albanique patris, atque alia moenia Romæ.*

ÆN. I. v. 6.

From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome.

DRYDEN.

Had they changed subjects, they had certainly been worse poets at Greece and Rome, whatever they had been esteemed by the rest of mankind; and in what subjects have we the greatest concern, but in those at the very thought of which
‘This world grows less and less, and
‘all it’s glories fade away?’

All other poetry must be dropt at the gate of death; this alone can enter with us into immortality; it will admit of improvement only, not, strictly speaking, an entire alteration from the converse of Cherubim and Seraphim: it shall not be forgotten when the sun and moon are remembered no more; it shall never die, but (if I may so express myself) be the measure of eternity, and the laudable ambition of Heaven.

How then can any other poetry come in competition with it?

Whatever great or dreadful has been done,
Within the view of conscious stars or sun,
Is far beneath my daring! I took down
On all the splendors of the British crown;
This globe is for my verse a narrow bound:
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around;
Oh, all ye spirits, howsoever disjoin’d,
Of every various order, place, and kind;
Hear and assist a feeble mortal’s lays;
‘Tis your Eternal King I strive to praise.

These verses, and those quoted above, are taken out of a manuscript poem on the Last Day, which will shortly appear in public.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

612.
WHEN you speak of the good which would arise from the labours of ingenious men, if they could be prevailed upon to turn their thoughts upon the sublime subjects of religion, it should methinks, be an attractive to them, if you would please to lay before them, that noble ideal aggrandize the soul of him who writes with a true taste of virtue. I was just now reading David’s lamentation over Saul and Jonathan, and that divine piece was peculiarly pleasing to me, in that there was such an exquisite

sorrow expressed in it, without the least allusion to the difficulties from whence David was extricated by the fall of those great men in his way to empire. When he receives the tidings of Saul’s death, his generous mind has in it no reflection upon the merit of the unhappy man who was taken out of his way, but what raises his sorrow, instead of giving him consolation.

‘The beauty of Israel is slain upon
‘thy high places! how are the mighty
‘fallen!’

‘Tell it not in Gath, publish it not
‘in the streets of Askelon: lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

‘Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there
‘be no dew, neither let there be rain
‘upon you, nor fields of offerings: for
‘there the shield of the mighty is vilely
‘cast away, the shield of Saul, as though
‘he had not been anointed with oil.

‘Saul and Jonathan were lovely and
‘pleasant in their lives, and in their
‘deaths they were not divided: they
‘were swifter than eagles, they were
‘stronger than lions.

‘Ye daughters of Israel, weep over
‘Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with
‘other delights, who put on ornaments
‘of gold upon your apparel.’

How beautiful is the more amiable and noble parts of Saul’s character represented by a man whom that very Saul pursued to death! But when he comes to mention Jonathan, the sublimity ceases, and, not able to mention his generous friendship, and the most noble instances ever given by man, he sinks into a fondness that will not admit of high language or allusions to the greater circumstances of their life, and turns only upon their familiar converse.

‘I am distressed for thee, my brother
‘Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been
‘unto me: thy love to me was wonder-
‘ful, passing the love of women.’

In the mind of this admirable man, grandeur, majesty, and worldly power, were detpicable considerations, when he cast his eye upon the merit of him who was so suddenly snatched from them: and when he began to think of the great friendship of Jonathan, his panegyric is uttered only in broken exclamations, and tender expressions of how much they both

both loved, not how much Jonathan deserved.

Pray pardon this, which was to hint only that the virtue, not the elegance of

fine writing, is the thing principally to be considered by a Guardian. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

C. F.

Nº LII. MONDAY, MAY 11.

————— TOPO SOLUS IN ORBE
CÆSAR LIBER ERIT —————

LUCAN.

CÆSAR ALONE, OF ALL MANKIND, IS FREE.

I Shall not assume to myself the merit of every thing in these papers. Wheresoever, in reading or conversation, I observe any thing that is curious and uncommon, useful or entertaining, I resolve to give it to the public. The greatest part of this very paper is an extract from a French manuscript, which was lent me by my good friend Mr. Charwell; he tells me he has had it about these twenty years in his possession; and he seems to me to have taken from it very many of the maxims he has pursued in the new settlement, I have heretofore spoken of, upon his lands. He has given me full liberty to make what use of it I shall think fit; either to publish it entire, or to retail it out by penny-worths. I have determined to retail it, and for that end I have translated divers passages, rendering the words *Livre*, *Sous*, and many others of known signification in France, into their equivalent sense, that I may the better be understood by my English readers. The book contains several memoirs concerning Monsieur Colbert, who had the honour to be secretary of state to His Most Christian Majesty, and superintendent or chief director of the arts and manufactures of his kingdom. The passage for to-day is as follows.

It happened that the king was one day expressing his wonder to this minister, that the United Provinces should give him so much trouble; that so great a monarch as he was should not be able to reduce so small a state with half the power of his whole dominions. To which Monsieur Colbert is said to have made the following answer.

Sir, I presume upon your indulgence to speak what I have thought upon this subject with that freedom which becomes a faithful servant, and one who has nothing more at heart than

your majesty's glory, and the prosperity of your whole people. Your territories are vastly greater than the United Netherlands; but, Sir, it is not land that fights against land, but the strength and riches of one nation against the strength and riches of another. I should have said only riches, since it is money that feeds and cloaths the soldier, furnishes the magazine, provides the train of artillery, and answers the charge of all other military preparations. Now the riches of a prince or state are just so much as they can levy upon their subjects, still leaving them sufficient for their subsistence. If this shall not be left, they will desert to other countries for better usage; and I am sorry to say it, that too many of your majesty's subjects are already among your neighbours in the condition of footmen and valets for their daily bread; many of your artisans too are fled from the severity of your collectors, they are at this time improving the manufactures of your enemies. France has lost the benefit of their hands for ever, and your majesty all hopes of any future excises by their consumption. For the extraordinary sums of one year, you have parted with an inheritance. I am never able, without the utmost indignation, to think of that minister, who had the confidence to tell your father his subjects were but too happy, that they were not yet reduced to eat grass: as if starving his people were the only way to free himself from their seditions. But people will not starve in France, as long as bread is to be had in any other country. How much more worthy of a prince was that saying of your grandfather of glorious memory, that he hoped to see that day, when every housekeeper in his dominions should be able to allow his family

'mily a capon for their Sunday's supper? I lay down this, therefore, as my first principle, that your taxes upon your subjects must leave them sufficient for their subsistence, at least as comfortable a subsistence as they will find among your neighbours.

'Upon this principle I shall be able to make some comparison between the revenues of your majesty and those of the States-General. Your territories are near thirty times as great, your people more than four times as many; yet your revenues are not thirty, nor four times as great, nor indeed as great again, as those of the United Netherlands.

'In what one article are you able to raise twice as much from your subjects as the States can do from theirs? Can you take twice as much from the rents of the lands and houses? What are the yearly rents of your whole kingdom? And how much of these will your majesty be able to take without ruining the landed interest? You have, Sir, above a hundred millions of acres, and not above thirteen millions of subjects, eight acres to every subject; how inconsiderable must be the value of land, where so many acres are to provide for a single person? where a single person is the whole market for the product of so much land? And what sort of customers are your subjects to these lands? What cloaths is it that they wear? What provisions do they consume? Black bread, onions, and other roots, are the usual diet of the generality of your people; their common drink the pure element; they are dressed in canvas and wooden shoes, I mean such of them as are not bare-foot and half naked. How very mean must be the eight acres which will afford no better subsistence to a single person? Yet so many of your people live in this despicable manner, that four pounds will be easily believed to exceed the annual expences of every one of them at a medium. And how little of this expence will be coming to the land-owner for his rent? or, which is the same thing, for the mere product of his land? Of every thing that is consumed, the greatest part of the value is the price of labour that is bestowed upon it; and it is not a very small part of their price that is paid to your majesty in your excises.

'Of the four pounds expence of every subject, it can hardly be thought that more than four and twenty shillings are paid for the mere product of the land. Then if there are eight acres to every subject, and every subject for his consumption pays no more than four and twenty shillings to the land, three shillings at a medium must be the full yearly value of every acre in your kingdom. Your lands separated from the buildings cannot be valued higher.

'And what then shall be thought the yearly value of the houses, or, which is the same thing, of the lodgings of your thirteen millions of subjects? What numbers of these are begging their bread throughout your kingdom? If your majesty were to walk incognito through the very streets of your capital, and would give a farthing to every beggar that asks you alms in a walk of one hour, you would have nothing left of a pistole. How miserable must be the lodgings of these wretches? Even those that will not ask your charity are huddled together four or five families in a house. Such is the lodging in your capital. That of your other towns is yet of less value; but nothing can be more ruinous than the cottages in the villages. Six shillings for the lodging of every one of your thirteen millions of subjects at a medium, must needs be the full yearly value of all the houses. So that at four shillings for every acre, and six shillings for the lodging of every subject, the rents of your whole kingdom will be less than twenty millions, and yet a great deal more than they were ever yet found to be by the most exact survey that has been taken.

'The next question then is, how much of these rents your majesty will think fit to take to your own use. Six of the twenty millions are in the hands of the clergy; and little enough for the support of three hundred thousand ecclesiastics, with all their necessary attendants; it is no more than twenty pounds a year for every one of the masters. These, Sir, are your best guards; they keep your subjects loyal in the midst of all their misery. Your majesty will not think it your interest to take any thing from the church. From that which remains in the hands of your lay-subjects, will you be able

to take more than five millions to your own use? This is more than seven shillings in the pound; and then, after necessary reparations, together with losses by the failing of tenants, how very little will be left to the owners? These are gentlemen, who have never been bred either to trade or manufactures, they have no other way of living than by their rents; and when these shall be taken from them, they must fly to your armies, as to an hospital, for their daily bread.

Now, Sir, your majesty will give me leave to examine what are the rents of the United Netherlands, and how great a part of these their governors may take to themselves without oppression of the owners. There are in those provinces three millions of acres, and as many millions of subjects; a subject for every acre. Why should not then the single acre there be as valuable as the eight acres in France, since it is to provide for as many mouths? Or if great part of the provisions of the people are fetched in by their trade from the sea or foreign countries, they will end at last in the improvement of their lands. I have often heard, and am ready to believe, that thirty shillings, one with another, is less than the yearly value of every acre in those provinces.

And how much less than this will be the yearly value of lodging, for every one of their subjects? There are no beggars in their streets, scarce a single one in a whole province. Their families in great towns are lodged in palaces, in comparison with those of Paris: even the houses in their villages are more costly than in many of your cities. If such is the value of their three millions of acres, and of lodging for as many millions of subjects, the yearly rents of lands and houses are nine millions in those provinces.

Then how much of this may the States take without ruining the land-owners, for the defence of their people? Their lands there, by the custom of descending in equal shares to all the children, are distributed into so many hands, that few or no persons are subsisted by their rents; land-owners, as well as others, are chiefly subsisted by trade and manufactures; and they can therefore with as much ease part with half of their whole rents, as your ma-

jesty's subjects can a quarter. The States-General may as well take four millions and a half from their rents, as your majesty can five from those of your subjects.

It remains now only to compare the excises of both countries. And what excises can your majesty hope to receive by the consumption of the half-starved and half-naked beggars in your streets? How great a part of the price of all that is eat or drunk, or consumed by those wretched creatures? How great a part of the price of canvas cloth and wooden shoes, that are every where worn throughout the country? How great a part of the price of their water, or their black bread and onions, the general diet of your people? If your majesty were to receive the whole price of those things, your exchequer would hardly run over. Yet so much the greatest part of your subjects live in this despicable manner, that the annual expence of every one at a medium can be no more than I have mentioned. One would almost think they starve themselves to defraud your majesty of your revenues. It is impossible to conceive that more than an eighth part can be excised from the expences of your subjects, who live so very poorly; and then for thirteen millions of people, your whole revenue by excises will amount to no more than six millions and a half.

And how much less than this sum will the States be able to levy by the same tax upon their subjects? There are no beggars in that country. The people of their great towns live at a vastly greater charge than yours. And even those in their villages are better fed and clothed than the people of your towns. At a medium, every one of their subjects live at twice the cost of those of France. Trade and manufactures are the things that furnish them with money for this expence. Therefore if thrice as much shall be excised from the expence of the Hollanders, yet still they will have more left than the subjects of your majesty, though you should take nothing at all from them. I must believe, therefore, that it will be as easy to levy thrice as much by excises upon the Dutch subject as the French, thirty shillings upon the former, as easily as ten upon the latter, and consequently four mil-

lions

‘ lions and a half of pounds upon their
 ‘ three millions of subjects; so that in
 ‘ the whole, by rents and excises, they
 ‘ will be able to raise nine millions with-
 ‘ in the year. If of this sum, for the
 ‘ maintenance of their clergy, which are
 ‘ not so numerous as in France, the
 ‘ charge of their civil list, and the pre-
 ‘ servation of their dikes, one million is
 ‘ to be deducted, yet still they will have
 ‘ eight for their defence; a revenue equal
 ‘ to two-thirds of your majesty’s.

‘ Your majesty will now no longer
 ‘ wonder that you have not been able
 ‘ to reduce these provinces with half the
 ‘ power of your whole dominions; yet
 ‘ half is as much as you will be ever
 ‘ able to employ against them. Spain
 ‘ and Germany will be always ready to
 ‘ espouse their quarrel; their forces will
 ‘ be sufficient to cut out work for the
 ‘ other half; and I wish, too, you could
 ‘ be quiet on the side of Italy and Eng-
 ‘ land.

‘ What then is the advice I would
 ‘ presume to give your Majesty? To
 ‘ disband the greatest part of your forces,
 ‘ and save so many taxes to your peo-
 ‘ ple. Your very dominions make you
 ‘ too powerful to fear any insult from
 ‘ your neighbours. To turn your
 ‘ thoughts from war, and cultivate the
 ‘ arts of peace, the trade and manu-
 ‘ factures of your people; this shall
 ‘ make you the most powerful prince,
 ‘ and at the same time your subjects the

‘ richest of all other subjects. In the
 ‘ space of twenty years they will be able
 ‘ to give your majesty greater sums with
 ‘ ease, than you can now draw from
 ‘ them with the greatest difficulty. You
 ‘ have abundant materials in your king-
 ‘ dom to employ your people, and they
 ‘ do not want capacity to be employed.
 ‘ Peace and trade shall carry out their
 ‘ labour to all the parts of Europe, and
 ‘ bring back yearly treasures to your
 ‘ subjects. There will be always fools
 ‘ enough to purchase the manufactures
 ‘ of France, though France should be
 ‘ prohibited to purchase those of other
 ‘ countries. In the mean time your
 ‘ majesty shall never want sufficient sums
 ‘ to buy now and then an important
 ‘ fortress, from one or other of your
 ‘ indigent neighbours. But, above all,
 ‘ peace shall ingratiate your majesty with
 ‘ the Spanish nation, during the life of
 ‘ their crazy king; and after his death,
 ‘ a few seasonable presents among his
 ‘ courtiers shall purchase the reversion of
 ‘ his crowns, with all the treasures of
 ‘ the Indies; and then the world must
 ‘ be your own.

This was the substance of what was
 then said by Monsieur Colbert. The
 king was not at all offended with this
 liberty of his minister. He knew the
 value of the man, and soon after made
 him the chief director of the trade and
 manufactures of his people.

Nº LIII. TUESDAY, MAY 12.

—DESIGNANT

MALEDICERE, MALEFACTA NE NOSCANT SUA.

TÉE. PROE. AD ANDR.

LET THEM CEASE TO SPEAK ILL OF OTHERS, LEST THEY HEAR OF THEIR OWN
 MISDEEDS.

IT happens that the letter, which was
 in one of my papers concerning a
 lady ill-treated by the Examiner, and to
 which he replies by taxing the Tatler
 with the like practice, was written by
 one Steele, who put his name to the
 collection of papers called *Lucubrations*.
 It was a wrong thing in the Examiner
 to go any farther than the *Guardian* for
 what is said in the *Guardian*: but since
 Steele owns the letter, it is the same
 thing. I apprehend, by reading the
 Examiner over a second time, that he
 insinuates by the words, close to the

Royal Stamp, he would have the man
 turned out of his office. Considering
 he is so malicious, I cannot but think
 Steele has treated him very mercifully
 in his answer, which follows. This
 Steele is certainly a very good sort of
 a man, and it is a thousand pities he
 does not understand politics; but if he
 is turned out, my Lady Lizard will in-
 vite him down to our country-house. I
 shall be very glad of his company, and
 I will certainly leave something to one
 of his children.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR,

I Am obliged to fly to you for refuge from severe usage, which a very great author, the Examiner, has been pleased to give me for what you have lately published in defence of a young lady. He does not put his name to his writings, and therefore he ought not to reflect upon the characters of those who publicly answer for what they have produced. The Examiner and the Guardian might have disputed upon any particular they had thought fit, without having introduced any third person, or making any allusions to matters foreign to the subject before them. But since he has thought fit, in his paper of May the 8th, to defend himself by my example, I shall beg leave to say to the town, (by your favour to me, Mr. Ironside) that our conduct would still be very widely different, though I should allow that there were particular persons pointed at in the places which he mentions in the Tatlers. When a satirist feigns a name, it must be the guilt of the person attacked, or his being notoriously understood guilty before the satire was written, that can make him liable to come under the fictitious appellation. But when the licence of printing letters of people's real names is used; things may be affixed to men's characters which are in the utmost degree remote from them. Thus it happens in the case of the Earl of Nottingham, whom that gentleman asserts to have left the church; though nothing is more evident than that he deserves better of all men in holy orders, or those who have any respect for them, or religion itself, than any man in England can pretend to. But as to the instances he gives against me, Old Downes is a fine piece of railery, of which I wish I had been author. All I had to do in it, was to strike out what related to a gentlewoman about the queen, whom I thought a woman free from ambition; and I did it out of regard to innocence. Powel of the Bath is reconciled to me, and has made me free of his show. Tun, Gun, and Pistol, from Wapping, laughed at the representation which was made of them, and were observed to be more regular in their conduct afterwards. The character of Lord Timon is no odious one; and, to tell you the truth, Mr. Ironside, when I writ it, I thought

it more like me myself than any other man; and if I had in my eye any illustrious person who had the same faults with myself, it is no new nor very criminal self-love to flatter ourselves, that what weaknesses we have, we have in common with great men. For the exaltation of style, and embellishing the character, I made Timon a lord; and he may be a very worthy one for all that I have said of him. I do not remember the mention of Don Diego; nor do I remember that ever I thought of Lord Nottingham, in any character drawn in any one paper of Bickerstaff. Now as to Polypragmon, I drew it as the most odious image I could paint of ambition; and Polypragmon is, to men of business, what Sir Fopling Flutter is to men of fashion. 'He's knight of the shire, and represents you all.' Whosoever seeks employment for his own private interest, vanity, or pride, and not for the good of his prince and country, has his share in the picture of Polypragmon; and let this be the rule in examining that description, and I believe the Examiner will find others to whom he would rather give a part of it, than to the person on whom I believe he bestows it, because he thinks he is the most capable of having his vengeance on me. But I say not this from terrors of what any man living can do to me; I speak it only to shew, that I have not, like him, fixed odious images on persons, but on vices. Alas! what occasion have I to draw people, whom I think ill of, under feigned names? I have wanted and abounded, and I neither fear poverty, nor desire riches; if that be true, why should I be afraid, whenever I see occasion to examine the conduct of any of my fellow-subjects? I should scorn to do it but from plain facts, and at my own peril, and from instances as clear as the day. Thus would I; and I will (whenever I think it my duty) enquire into the behaviour of any man in England, if he is so posted, as that his errors may hurt my country. This kind of zeal will expose him who is prompted by it to a great deal of ill-will, and I could carry any points I aim at for the improvement of my own little affairs, without making myself obnoxious to the resentment of any person or party; but, alas! what is there in all the gratifications of sense, the accommodations of vanity, or any thing that fortune can give

give to please a human soul, when they are put in competition with the interests of truth and liberty? Mr. Ironside, I confess I writ to you that letter concerning the young lady of quality, and am glad that my awkward Apology (as the Examiner calls it) has produced in him so much remorse as to make 'any reparation to offended beauty.' Though, by the way, the phrase of offended beauty is romantic, and has little of the compunction which should rise in a man that is begging pardon of a woman for saying of her unjustly, that she had affronted 'her God and her sovereign.' However, I will not bear hard upon his contrition; but am now heartily sorry I called him a miscreant; that word, I think, signifies an unbeliever. Mescreoyant, I take it, is the old French word. I will give myself no manner of liberty to make guesses at him, if I may say him; for though sometimes I have been told by familiar friends, that they saw me such a time talking to the Examiner; others, who have raillied me upon the sins of my youth, tell me it is credibly reported that I have formerly lain with the Examiner. I have carried my point, and rescued innocence from calumny; and it is nothing to me, whether the Examiner writes against me in the character of an estranged friend, or an exasperated mistress.

He is welcome from henceforward to treat me as he pleases; but as you have begun to oppose him, never let innocence or merit be traduced by him. In particular, I beg of you never to let the glory of our nation; who made France tremble, and yet has that gentleness to be unable to bear opposition from the meanest of his own countrymen, be calumniated in so impudent a manner, as in the insinuation that he affected a perpetual dictatorship. Let not a set of brave, wise, and honest men, who did all that has been done to place their queen in so great a figure, as to shew mercy to the highest potentate in Europe, be treated by ungenerous men as traitors and betrayers. To prevent such evils is a care worthy a Guardian. These are exercises worthy the spirit of a man; and you ought to condemn all the wit in the world against you, when you have the consolation that you act upon these honest motives. If you ever shrink from them, get Bat Pidgeon to comb your noddle, and write sonnets on the smiles of the Sparkler, but never call yourself Guardian more in a nation full of the sentiments of honour and liberty. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

P. S. I know nothing of the letter at Morpew's.

Nº LIV. WEDNESDAY, MAY 13.

NEQUE ITA PORRO AUT ADULATUS AUT ADMIRATUS SUM FORTUNAM ALTERRIUS, UT ME MEA FOENITERET. TULL.

I NEVER FLATTERED, OR ADMIRER, ANOTHER MAN'S FORTUNE, SO AS TO BE DISSATISFIED WITH MY OWN.

IT has been observed very often, in authors divine and prophane, that we are all equal after death, and this by way of consolation for that deplorable superiority which some among us seem to have over others; but it would be a doctrine of much more comfortable import, to establish an equality among the living; for the propagation of which paradox I shall hazard the following conceits.

I must here lay it down, that I do not pretend to satisfy every barren reader, that all persons that have hitherto

apprehended themselves extremely miserable, shall have immediate succour from the publication of this paper; but shall endeavour to shew that the Discerning shall be fully convinced of the truth of this assertion, and thereby obviate all the impertinent accusations of Providence for the unequal distribution of good and evil.

If all men had reflection enough to be sensible of this equality of happiness; if they were not made uneasy by appearances of superiority, there would be none of that subordination and subjec-

• The Duke of Marlborough,

tion,

tion, of those that think themselves less happy, to those they think more so, which is so very necessary for the support of business and pleasure.

The common turn of human applications may be divided into love, ambition, and avarice; and whatever victories we gain in these our particular pursuits, there will always be some one or other in the paths we tread, whose superior happiness will create new uneasiness, and employ us in new contrivances; and so though all degrees there will still remain the insatiable desire of some seeming unacquired good, to imbitter the possession of whatever others we are accommodated with: and if we suppose a man perfectly accommodated, and trace him through all the gradations betwixt necessity and superfluity, we shall find that the slavery which occasioned his first activity is not abated, but only diversified.

Those that are distressed upon such causes, as the world allows to warrant the keenest affliction, are too apt, in the comparison of themselves with others, to conclude, that where there is not a similitude of causes, there cannot be of affliction, and forget to relieve themselves with this consideration, that the little disappointments in a life of pleasure are as terrible as those in a life of business; and if the end of one man is to spend his time and money as agreeably as he can, that of the other to save both; an interruption in either of these pursuits is of equal consequence to the pursuers. Besides, as every trifle raiseth the mirth and gaiety of the men of good circumstances, so do others as considerable expose them to spleen and passion; and, as Solomon says, 'According to their riches, their anger riseth.'

One of the most bitter circumstances of poverty has been observed to be, that it makes men appear ridiculous; but I believe this affirmation may with more justice be appropriated to riches, since more qualifications are required to become a great fortune, than even to make one; and there are several pretty persons about town, ten times more ridiculous upon the very account of a good estate, than they possibly could have been with the want of it.

I confess, having a mind to pay my court to fortune, I became an adventurer in one of the late lotteries; in

which, though I got none of the great prizes, I found no occasion to envy some of those that did; comforting myself with this contemplation, that nature and education having disappointed all the favours fortune could bestow upon them, they had gained no superiority by an unenvied affluence.

It is pleasant to consider, that whilst we are lamenting our particular afflictions to each other, and repining at the inequality of condition, were it possible to throw off our present miserable state, we cannot name the person whose condition in every particular we would embrace and prefer; and an impartial enquiry into the pride, ill-nature, ill-health, guilt, spleen, or particularity of behaviour of others, generally ends in a reconciliation to our dear selves.

This my way of thinking is warranted by Shakespeare in a very extraordinary manner, where he makes Richard the Second, when deposed and imprisoned, debating a matter, which would soon have been discussed by a common capacity, whether his prison or palace was most eligible, and with very philosophical hesitation leaving the preference undetermined, in the following lines—

— Sometimes am I a king,
Thentreason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so indeed I am. Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king,
Then am I king'd again—

Prior says very prettily—

Against our peace we arm our will;
Amidst our plenty *something* still
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him is wanting.
That cruel *something* unpossest,
Corrodes and leavens all the rest.
That *something* if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain.

Give me leave to fortify my unlearned reader with another bit of wisdom from Juvenal by Dryden:

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or knowing it, pursue!
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone!

Even the men that are distinguished by, and envied for, their superior good sense and delicacy of taste, are subject to several uneasinesses upon this account, that

what the men of less penetration are utter strangers to; and every little absurdity ruffles these fine judgments, which would never disturb the peaceful state of the less discerning.

I shall end this essay with the following story. There is a gentleman of my acquaintance, of a fortune, which may not only be called easy, but superfluous; yet this person has, by a great deal of reflection, found out a method to be as uneasy as the worst circumstances could have made him. By a free life he had swelled himself above his natural proportion, and by a restrained life had shrunk below it; and being by nature splenetic, and by leisure more so, he began to bemoan this his loss of flesh (though otherwise in perfect health) as a very melancholy diminution. He became, therefore, the reverse of Cæsar, and as a lean hungry-looking rascal was the delight of his eyes, a fat, sleek-headed fellow was his abomination. To support himself as well as he could, he took a servant, for the very reason every one else would have refused him, for

being in a deep consumption; and whilst he has compared himself to this creature, and with a face of infinite humour contemplated the decay of his body, I have seen the master's features proportionably rise into a boldness, as those of his slave sunk and grew languid. It was his interest, therefore, not to suffer the too hasty dissolution of a being, upon which his own, in some measure, depended. In short, the fellow, by a little too much indulgence, began to look gay and plump upon his master, who, according to Horace—

Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis.

EP. 2. L. 1. v. 57.

Sickens thro' envy at another's good.

and as he took him only for being in a consumption, by the same way of thinking, he found it absolutely necessary to dismiss him for not being in one; and has told me since, that he looks upon it as a very difficult matter to furnish himself with a footman that is not altogether as happy as himself.

Nº LV. THURSDAY, MAY 14.

—QUIS ENIM VIRTUTEM AMPECTITUR IPSAM,
PRÆMIA SI TOLLAS?

JUV. SAT. 10. v. 141.

FOR WHO WOULD VIRTUE FOR HERSELF REGARD,
OR WED, WITHOUT THE PORTION OF REWARD?

DRYDEN.

IT is usual with polemical writers to object ill designs to their adversaries. This turns their arguments into satire; which, instead of shewing an error in the understanding, tends only to expose the morals of those they write against. I shall not act after this manner with respect to the Free-thinkers. Virtue, and the happiness of society, are the great ends which all men ought to promote, and some of that sect would be thought to have a heart above the rest of mankind. But supposing those who make that profession to carry on a good design in the simplicity of their hearts, and according to their best knowledge, yet it is much to be feared; those well-meaning souls, while they endeavoured to recommend virtue, have in reality been advancing the interests of vice; which as I take to proceed from their ignorance of human nature, we may

hope, when they become sensible of their mistake, they will, in consequence of that beneficent principle they pretend to act upon, reform their practice for the future.

The sages, whom I have in my eye, speak of virtue as the most amiable thing in the world; but at the same time that they extol her beauty, they take care to lessen her portion. Such innocent creatures are they, and so great strangers to the world, that they think this a likely method to increase the number of her admirers.

Virtue has in herself the most engaging charms; and christianity, as it places her in the strongest light, and adorned with all her native attractions, so it kindles a new fire in the soul, by adding to them the unutterable rewards which attend her votaries in an eternal state. Or if there are men of a saturnine

and

and heavy complexion, who are not easily lifted up by hope, there is the prospect of everlasting punishments to agitate their souls, and frighten them into the practice of virtue, and an aversion from vice.

Whereas your sober Free-thinkers tell you, that virtue indeed is beautiful, and vice deformed; the former deserves your love, and the latter your abhorrence; but then, it is for their own sake, or on account of the good and evil which immediately attend them, and are inseparable from their respective natures. As for the immortality of the soul, or eternal punishments and rewards, those are openly ridiculed, or rendered suspicious by the most sly and laboured artifice.

I will not say, these men act treacherously in the cause of virtue; but, will any one deny, that they act foolishly, who pretend to advance the interest of it by destroying or weakening the strongest motives to it, which are accommodated to all capacities, and fitted to work on all dispositions, and enforcing those alone which can affect only a generous and exalted mind?

Surely they must be destitute of passion themselves, and unacquainted with the force it hath on the minds of others, who can imagine that the mere beauty of fortitude, temperance, and justice, is sufficient to sustain the mind of man in a severe course of self-denial against all the temptations of present profit and sensuality.

It is my opinion, that Free-thinkers should be treated as a set of poor ignorant creatures, that have not sense to discover the excellency of religion; it being evident those men are no witches, nor likely to be guilty of any deep design, who proclaim aloud to the world, that they have less motives to honesty than the rest of their fellow-subjects: who have all the inducements to the exercise of any virtue which a Free-thinker can possibly have, and besides that, the expectation of never-ending happiness or misery as the consequence of their choice.

Are not men actuated by their passions, and are not hope and fear the most powerful of our passions? And are there any objects which can rouse and awaken our hopes and fears, like those prospects that warm and penetrate the

heart of a Christian, but are not regarded by a Free-thinker?

It is not only a clear point, that a Christian breaks through stronger engagements whenever he surrenders himself to commit a criminal action, and is stung with a sharper remorse after it, than a Free-thinker; but it should even seem that a man who believes no future state, would act a foolish part in being thoroughly honest. For what reason is there why such a one should postpone his own private interest or pleasure to the doing his duty? If a Christian foregoes some present advantage for the sake of his conscience, he acts accountably, because it is with the view of gaining some greater future good: but he that, having no such view, should yet conscientiously deny himself a present good in any incident where he may save appearances, is altogether as stupid as he that would trust him at such a juncture.

It will, perhaps, be said, that virtue is her own reward; that a natural gratification attends good actions, which is alone sufficient to excite men to the performance of them. But although there is nothing more lovely than virtue, and the practice of it is the surest way to solid natural happiness, even in this life; yet, titles, estates, and fantastical pleasures, are more ardently sought after by most men, than the natural gratifications of a reasonable mind: and it cannot be denied, that virtue and innocence are not always the readiest methods to attain that sort of happiness. Besides, the fumes of passion must be allayed, and reason must burn brighter than ordinary, to enable men to see and relish all the native beauties and delights of a virtuous life. And though we should grant our Free-thinkers to be a set of refined spirits, capable only of being enamoured of virtue, yet what would become of the bulk of mankind, who have gross understandings, but lively senses and strong passions? What a deluge of lust, and fraud, and violence, would in a little time overflow the whole nation, if these wise advocates for morality were universally hearkened to! Lastly, opportunities do sometimes offer, in which a man may wickedly make his fortune, or indulge a pleasure, without fear of temporal damage, either in reputation, health, or fortune. In such cases, what restraint do they lie under

under who have no regards beyond the grave? the inward compunctions of a wicked, as well as the joys of an upright mind, being grafted on the sense of another state.

The thought, that our existence terminates with this life, doth naturally check the soul in any generous pursuit, contracts her views, and fixes them on temporary and selfish ends. It dethrones the reason, extinguishes all noble and heroic sentiments, and subjects the mind

to the slavery of every present passion. The wise heathens of antiquity were not ignorant of this; hence they endeavoured, by fables and conjectures, and the glimmerings of nature, to possess the minds of men with the belief of a future state, which has been since brought to light by the Gospel, and is now most inconsistently decried by a few weak men, who would have us believe that they promote virtue by turning religion into ridicule.

N^o LVI. FRIDAY, MAY 15.

QUID MENTEM TRANSISSE POLO. QUID PROFUIT ALTUM
BREVISSE CAPUT? PECUDUM SI MORE FEREREANT. —

CLAUD.

WHAT PROFITS US, THAT WE FROM HEAVEN DERIVE
A SOUL IMMORTAL, AND WITH LOOKS ERECT
SURVEY THE STARS; IF, LIKE THE BRUTAL KIND,
WE FOLLOW WHERE OUR PASSIONS LEAD THE WAY?

I Was considering last night, when I could not sleep, how noble a part of the creation man was designed to be, and how distinguished in all his actions above other earthly creatures. From whence I fell to take a view of the change and corruption which he has introduced into his own condition, the grovelling appetites, the mean characters of sense, and wild courses of passions, that cast him from the degree in which Providence had placed him; the debasing himself with qualifications not his own, and his degenerating into a lower sphere of action. This inspired me with a mixture of contempt and anger; which, however, was not so violent as to hinder the return of sleep, but grew confused as that came upon me, and made me end my reflections with giving mankind the opprobrious names of inconsiderate, mad, and foolish.

Here, methought, where my waking reason left the subject, my fancy pursued it in a dream; and I imagined myself in a loud soliloquy of passion, railing at my species, and walking hard to get rid of the company I despised; when two men, who had overheard me, made up on either hand. These I observed had many features in common, which might occasion the mistake of one for the other in those to whom they appear single; but I, who saw them together, could easily perceive, that though there was an air of severity in each, it was

tempered with a natural sweetness in the one, and by turns constrained or ruffled by the designs of malice in the other.

I was at a loss to know the reason of their joining me so briskly; when he whose appearance displeased me most, thus addressed his companion—'Pray, brother, let him alone, and we shall immediately see him transformed into a tiger.' This struck me with horror, which the other perceived, and pitying my disorder, bid me be of good courage, for though I had been savage in my treatment of mankind, (whom I should rather reform than rail against) he would, however, endeavour to rescue me from my danger. At this I looked a little more chearful; and while I testified my resignation to him, we saw the angry brother sling away from us in a passion for his disappointment. Being now left to my friend, I went back with him at his desire, that I might know the meaning of those words which had so frightened me.

As we went along—'To inform you,' says he, 'with whom you have this adventure, my name is Reproof, and his Reproach, both born of the same mother, but of different fathers. Truth is our common parent. Friendship, who saw her, fell in love with her; and she being pleased with him, he begat me upon her; but a while after, Envy lying in ambush for her, became the father of him whom

Q

you

'you saw along with me. The temper of our mother inclines us to the same sort of business, the informing mankind of their faults; but the different complexions of our fathers make us differ in our designs and company. I have a natural benevolence in my mind which engages me with friends; and he a natural impetuosity in his, which casts him among enemies.'

As he thus discoursed, we came to a place where there were three entrances into as many several walks, which lay aside of one another. We passed into the middlemost, a plain straight regular walk, set with trees, which added to the beauty of the place, but did not so close their boughs over head as to exclude the light from it. Here, as we walked, I was made to observe, how the road on one hand was full of rocks and precipices, over which Reproach (who had already gotten thither) was furiously driving unhappy wretches; the other side was all laid out in gardens of gaudy tulips, amongst whose leaves the serpents wreathed; and at the end of every grassy walk, the enchantress Flattery was weaving bowers to lull souls asleep in. We continued still walking on the middle way, until we arrived at a building in which it terminated. This was formerly erected by Truth for a watch-tower, from whence she took a view of the earth; and, as she saw occasion, sent out Reproof, or even Reproach, for our reformation. Over the door I took notice, that a face was carved with a heart upon the lips of it, and presently called to mind that this was the ancient emblem of Sincerity. In the entrance I met with Freedom of Speech and Complaisance, who had for a long time looked upon one another as enemies; but Reproof has so happily brought them together, that they now act as friends and fellow-agents in the same family. Before I ascended the stairs, I had my eyes purified by a water which made me see extremely clear, and I think they said it sprung in a pit, from whence (as Democritus had reported) they formerly brought up Truth, who had hid herself in it. I was then admitted to the upper chamber of prospect, which was called the Knowledge of Mankind; here the window was no sooner opened, but I perceived the clouds to roll off and part before me, and a

scene of all the variety of the world presented itself.

But how different was mankind in this view from what it used to appear! Methought the very shape of most of them was lost; some had the heads of dogs, others of apes or parrots; and in short, wherever any one took upon him the inferior and unworthy qualities of other creatures, the change of his soul became visible in his countenance. The strutting pride of him who is endued with brutality instead of courage, made his face shoot out into the form of a horse's; his eyes became prominent, his nostrils widened, and his wig untying, flowed down on one side of his neck in a waving mane. The talkativeness of those who love the ill-nature of conversation made them turn into assemblies of geese, their lips hardened to bills by eternal using, they gabbled for diversion, they hissed in scandal, and their ruffles falling back on their arms, a succession of little feathers appeared, which formed wings for them to flutter with from one visit to another. The envious and malicious lay on the ground with the heads of different sorts of serpents, and not endeavouring to erect themselves, but meditating mischief to others, they sucked the poison of the earth, sharpened their tongues to stings upon the stones, and rolled their trains unperceivably beneath their habits. The hypocritical oppressors wore the face of crocodiles, their mouths were instruments of cruelty, their eyes of deceit; they committed wickedness, and bemoaned that there should be so much of it in the world; they devoured the unwary, and wept over the remains of them. The covetous had so hooked and worn their fingers by counting interest upon interest, that they were converted to the claws of harpies, and these they still were stretching out for more, yet still seemed unsatisfied with their acquisitions. The sharpeners had the looks of camelions; they every minute changed their appearance, and fed on swarms of flies which fell as so many cullies amongst them. The bully seemed a dung-hill cock; he crested well, and bore his comb aloft; he was beaten by almost every one, yet still sung for triumph; and only the mean coward pricked up the ears of a hare to fly before him. Critics were turned into

eats, whose pleasure and grumbling go together. Fops were apes in embroidered jackets. Flatterers were curled spaniels, fawning and crouching. The crafty had the face of a fox, the slothful of an ass, the cruel of a wolf, the ill-bred of a bear, the leachers were goats, and the gluttons swine. Drunkenness was the only vice that did not change the face of it's professors into that of another creature; but this I took to be far from a privilege, for these two reasons; because it sufficiently deforms them of itself, and because none of the lower rank of beings is guilty of so foolish an intemperance.

As I was taking a view of these representations of things, without any more order than is usual in a dream, or in the confusion of the world itself, I perceived a concern within me for what I saw. My eyes began to moisten, as if the virtue of that water with which they were purified was lost for a time, by their being touched with that which arose from passion. The clouds immediately began to gather again, and close from either hand upon the prospect. I then turned towards my guide, who addressed himself to me after this manner: 'You have seen the condition of mankind when it descends from it's dignity; now, therefore, guard yourself from that degeneracy by a modest greatness of spirit on one side, and a conscious shame on the other. Endeavour also with a generosity of

goodness to make your friends aware of it; let them know what defects you perceive are growing upon them; handle the matter as you see reason, either with the airs of severe or humorous affection; sometimes plainly describing the degeneracy in it's full proper colours, or at other times letting them know, that if they proceed as they have begun, you give them to such a day, or so many months, to turn bears, wolves, or foxes, &c. Neither neglect your more remote acquaintance, where you see any worthy and susceptible of admonition. Expose the beasts whose qualities you see them putting on, where you have no mind to engage with their persons. The possibility of their applying this is very obvious. The Egyptians saw it so clearly, that they made the pictures of animals explain their minds to one another instead of writing; and, indeed, it is hardly to be missed, since Æsop took them out of their mute condition, and taught them to speak for themselves with relation to the actions of mankind.'

My guide had thus concluded, and I was promising to write down what was shown me for the service of the world, when I was awakened by a zealous old servant of mine, who brought me the Examiner, and told me, with looks full of concern, he was afraid I was in it again.

Nº LVII. SATURDAY, MAY 16.

QUAM MULTA INJUSTA AC PRAVA FIUNT MORIBUS!

TER. HEAUT. ACT 4. SC. 6.

HOW MANY UNJUST AND WRONG THINGS ARE AUTHORIZED BY CUSTOM!

IT is of no small concern to me, that the interests of virtue are supplanted by common custom and regard for indifferent things. Thus mode and fashion defend the most absurd and unjust proceedings, and nobody is out of countenance for doing what every body practises, though at the same time there is no one who is not convinced in his own judgment of the errors in which he goes on with the multitude. My correspondent, who writes me the following letter, has put together a great many points

which would deserve serious consideration, as much as things which at first appearance bear a weightier aspect. He recites almost all the little arts that are used in the way to Matrimony, by the parents of young women. There is nothing more common than for people, who have good and worthy characters, to run, without respect to the laws of gratitude, into the most exorbitant demands for their children, upon no other foundation than that which should incline them to the quite contrary, the

unreserved affection of the lover. I shall at this time, by inserting my correspondent's letter, lay such offences before parents and daughters respectively, and reserve the particular instances to be considered in future Precautions.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR,

I Have for some time retired myself from the town and business, to a little seat, where a pleasant champain country, good roads, and healthful air, tempt me often abroad; and being a single man, have contracted more acquaintance than is suitable to my years, or agreeable to the intentions of retirement I brought down with me hither. Among others, I have a young neighbour, who, yesterday, imparted to me the history of an honourable Amour, which has been carried on a considerable time, with a great deal of love on his side, (and, as he says, he has been made to believe) with something very unlike aversion on the young lady's. But so matters have been contrived, that he could never get to know her mind thoroughly. When he was first acquainted with her, he might be as intimate with her as other people; but since he first declared his passion, he has never been admitted to wait upon her, or to see her, other than in public. If he went to her father's house, and desired to visit her, she was either to be sick, or out of the way, and nobody would come near him in two hours, and then he should be received as if he had committed some strange offence. If he asked her father's leave to visit her, the old gentleman was mute. If he put it negatively, and asked if he refused it, the father would answer with a smile—'No, I do not say so neither.' If they talked of the fortune, he had considered his circumstances, and it every day diminished. If the settlements came into debate, he had considered the young gentleman's estate, and daily increased his expectations. If the mother was consulted, she was mightily for the match, but affected strangely the shewing her cunning in perplexing matters. It went off seemingly several times, but my young neighbour's passion was such that it easily revived upon the least encouragement given him; but tired out with writing, (the only liberty allowed

him) and receiving answers at cross purposes, destitute of all hopes, he at length wrote a formal adieu; but it was very unfortunately timed, for soon after he had the long wished-for opportunity of finding her at a distance from her parents. Struck with the joyful news, in heat of passion, resolute to do any thing rather than leave her, down he comes post, directly to the house where she was, without any preparatory intercession after the provocation of an adieu. She, in a premeditated anger, to shew her resentment, refused to see him. He, in a kind of fond phrenzy, absent from himself, and exasperated into rage, cursed her heartily; but returning to himself, was all confusion, repentance, and submission. But in vain; the lady continued inexorable, and so the affair ended in a manner that renders them very unlikely ever to meet again. Through the pursuit of the whole story, (whereof I give but a short abstract) my young neighbour appeared so touched, and discovered such certain marks of unfeigned love, that I cannot but be heartily sorry for them both. When he was gone, I sat down immediately to my scutrone, to give you the account, whose business, as a Guardian, it is to tell your wards what is to be avoided, as well as what is fit to be done. And I humbly propose, that you will, upon this occasion, extend your instructions to all sorts of people concerned in treaties of this nature, (which of all others do most nearly concern human life) such as parents, daughters, lovers, and confidants of both sexes. I desire leave to observe, that the mistakes in this courtship (which might otherwise probably have succeeded happily) seem chiefly these four, viz.

1. The father's close equivocal management, so as always to keep a reservation to use upon occasion, when he found himself pressed.

2. The mother's affecting to appear extremely artful.

3. A notion in the daughter, (who is a lady of singular good sense and virtue) that no man can love her as he ought, who can deny any thing her parents demand.

4. Carrying on the affair by letters and confidants, without sufficient interviews.

I think you cannot fail obliging many in the world, besides my young neighbour

hour and me, if you please to give your thoughts upon treaties of this nature, wherein all the nobility and gentry of this nation (in the unfortunate methods marriages are at present in) come at one time or other unavoidably to be engaged; especially it is my humble request you will be particular in speaking to the following points, to wit—

1. Whether honourable love ought to be mentioned first to the young lady or her parents?

2. If to the young lady first, whether a man is obliged to comply with all the parents demand afterwards, under pain of breaking off dishonourably?

3. If to the parents first, whether the lover may insist upon what the father pretends to give, and refuse to make such settlement as must incapacitate him for any thing afterwards; without just imputation of being mercenary, or putting a slight upon the lady, by entertaining views upon the contingency of her death?

4. What instructions a mother ought to give her daughter upon such occasions; and what the old lady's part properly is in such treaties, her husband being alive?

5. How far a young lady is in duty obliged to observe her mother's directions, and not to receive any letters or messages without her knowledge?

6. How far a daughter is obliged to exert the power she has over her lover, for the ease and advantage of her father and his family; and how far she may consult and endeavour the interest of the family she is to marry into?

7. How far letters and confidants of

both sexes may regularly be employed, and wherein they may be improper?

8. When a young lady's pen is employed about settlements, fortunes, or the like, whether it be an affront to give the same answers as if it had been in the hand-writing of those that instructed her.

Lastly, be pleased at your leisure to correct that too common way among fathers, of publishing in the world that they will give their daughters twice the fortune they really intend; and thereby drawing young gentlemen, whose estates are often in debt, into a dilemma, either of crossing a fixed inclination, contracted by a long habit of thinking upon the same person, and so being miserable that way; or else beginning the world under a burden they can never get quit of.

Thus, sage Sir, have I laid before you all that does at present occur to me on the important subject of Marriage; but before I seal up my epistle, I must desire you farther to consider how far treaties of this sort come under the head of bargain and sale. Whether you cannot find out measures to have the whole transacted in fairer and more open market than at present? How would it become you to put the laws in execution against foretellers, who take up the young things of each sex before they are exposed to an honest sale, or the worth or imperfection of the purchase is thoroughly considered?

We mightily want a demand for women in these parts. I am, sagacious Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

T. L.

Nº LVIII. MONDAY, MAY 18.

NEC SIBI, SED TOTI GENITUM SE CREDERE MUNDO. LUCAN.

NOT FOR HIMSELF, BUT FOR THE WORLD, HE LIVES.

A Public Spirit is so great and amiable a character, that most people pretend to it, and perhaps think they have it in the most ordinary occurrences of life. Mrs. Cornelia Lizard buys abundance of romances for the encouragement of learning; and Mrs. Annabella squanders away her money, in buying fine cloaths, because it sets a great many poor people at work. I know a gentleman who drinks vast quantities of ale and October, to encourage

our own manufactures; and another who takes his three bottles of French claret every night, because it brings a great custom to the Crown.

I have been led into this chat by reading some letters upon my paper of Thursday was se'nnight. Having there acquainted the world, that I have, by long contemplation and philosophy, attained to so great a strength of fancy, as to believe every thing to be my own, which other people possess only for ostentation; it

it seems that some persons have taken it in their heads, that they are public benefactors to the world, while they are only indulging their own ambition or infirmities. My first letter is from an ingenious author, who is a great friend to his country, because he can get neither victuals nor cloaths any other way.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR,

OF all the Precautions with which you have instructed the world, I like that best which is upon Natural and Fantastical Pleasure, because it falls in very much with my own way of thinking. As you receive real delight from what creates only imaginary satisfactions in others; so do I raise to myself all the conveniences of life by amusing the fancy of the world. I am, in a word, a member of that numerous tribe who write for their daily bread. I flourish in a dearth of foreign news; and though I do not pretend to the spleen, I am never so well as in the time of a westerly wind. When it blows from that auspicious point, I raise to myself contributions from the British isle, by affrighting my superstitious countrymen with printed relations of Murders, Spirits, Prodigies, or Monsters. According as my necessities suggest to me, I hereby provide for my being. The last summer I paid a large debt for brandy and tobacco, by a wonderful description of a fiery dragon; and lived for ten days together upon a whale and a mermaid. When winter draws near, I generally conjure up my Spirits, and have my Apparitions ready against long dark evenings. From November last till January, I lived solely upon Murders; and have, since that time, had a comfortable subsistence from a Plague and a Famine. I made the Pope pay for my beef and mutton last Lent; out of pure spite to the Romish religion; and at present my good friend the King of Sweden finds me in clean linen, and the Musti gets me credit at the tavern.

The astonishing accounts that I record, I usually enliven with wooden cuts, and the like paltry embellishments. They administer to the curiosity of my fellow-subjects, and not only advance religion and virtue, but take restless spirits off from meddling with the public affairs. I therefore cannot think myself an useless burden upon earth; and

that I may still do the more good in my generation, I shall give the world, in a short time, an history of my life, studies, maxims, and achievements, provided my bookseller advances a round sum for my copy. I am, Sir, yours.

The second is from an old friend of mine in the country, who fancies that he is perpetually doing good, because he cannot live without draking.

OLD IRON,

WE take thy papers in at the bowling-green, where the country gentlemen meet every Tuesday, and we look upon thee as a comical dog. Sir Harry was hugely pleased at thy fancy of growing rich at other folks' cost; and, for my own part, I like my own way of life the better since I find I do my neighbours as much good as myself. I now smoke my pipe with the greater pleasure, because my wife says she likes it well enough at second-hand; and drink stale beer the more hardly, because, unless I will, nobody else does. I design to stand for our borough the next election, on purpose to make the squire on the other side tap lustily for the good of our town; and have some thoughts of trying to get knighted, because our neighbours take a pride in saying they have been with Sir Such-a-one.

I have a pack of pure flow hounds against thou comest into the country; and Nanny my fat doe shall bleed when we have thee at Hawthorn-Hill. Pr'y-thee do not keep staring at gilt coaches, and stealing necklaces and trinkets from people with thy looks. Take my word for it, a gallon of my October will do thee more good than all thou canst get by fine sights at London, which I will engage thou mayst put in the shine of thine eye. I am, Old Iron, thine to command,

NIC. HAWTHORN.

The third is from a lady who is going to ruin her family by coaches and liveries, purely out of compassion to us poor people that cannot go to the price of them.

SIR,

I Am a lady of birth and fortune, but never knew, until last Thursday, that the splendor of my equipage was to be beneficial to my country. I will not deny that

that I have dressed for some years out of the pride of my heart; but am very glad that you have so far settled my conscience in that particular, that I can now look upon my vanities as so many virtues. Since I am satisfied that my person and garb give pleasure to my fellow-creatures, I shall not think the three hours business I usually attend at my toilette, below the dignity of a rational soul. I am content to suffer great torment from my stays, that my shape may appear graceful to the eyes of others; and often mortify myself with fasting, rather than my fatness should give distaste to any man in England.

I am making up a rich brocade for the benefit of mankind; and design, in a little time, to treat the town with a thousand pounds worth of jewels. I have

ordered my chariot to be new painted for your use and the world's; and have prevailed upon my husband to present you with a pair of fine Flanders mares, by driving them every evening round the Ring. Gay pendants for my ears, a costly cross for my neck, a diamond of the best water for my finger, shall be purchased at any rate to enrich you; and I am resolved to be a patriot in every limb. My husband will not scruple to oblige me in these trifles, since I have persuaded him from your scheme, that Pin-Money is only so much set apart for charitable uses. You see, Sir, how expensive you are to me, and I hope you will esteem me accordingly; especially when I assure you that I am, as far as you can see me, entirely yours.

CLEORA.

Nº LIX. TUESDAY, MAY 19.

SIC HONOR ET NOMEN DIVINIS VATERUS ATQUE
CARMINIBUS VENIT

HOR. ARS POET. v. 400.

SO ANCIENT IS THE PEDIGREE OF VERSE,
AND SO DIVINE A POET'S FUNCTION.

ROSCOMMON.

THE tragedy of Cato has increased the number of my correspondents; but none of them can take it ill, that I give the preference to the letters which come from a learned body, and which, on this occasion, may not improperly be termed the *Plausus Academici*. The first is from my Lady Lizard's youngest son, who, (as I mentioned in a former Precaution) is Fellow of All-Souls, and applies himself to the study of Divinity.

SIR,

I Return you thanks for your present of Cato: I have read it over several times with the greatest attention and pleasure imaginable. You desire to know my thoughts of it, and at the same time compliment me upon my knowledge of the ancient poets. Perhaps you may not allow me to be a good judge of them, when I tell you, that the Tragedy of Cato exceeds, in my opinion, any of the dramatic pieces of the ancients. But these are books I have some time since laid by; being, as you know, engaged in the reading of Divinity, and conversant chiefly in the poetry of the truly inspired writers. I scarce thought any modern tragedy could have mixed suit-

ably with such serious studies, and little imagined to have found such exquisite poetry, much less such exalted sentiments of virtue, in the dramatic performance of a cotemporary.

How elegant, just, and virtuous, is that reflection of Portius—

The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes and perplex'd with errors;
Our understanding traces em in vain,
Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

Cato's soliloquy at the beginning of the fifth act is inimitable, as indeed is almost every thing in the whole play; but what I would observe, by particularly pointing at these places, is, that such virtuous and moral sentiments were never before put into the mouth of a British actor; and I congratulate my countrymen on the virtue they have shewn in giving them (as you tell me) such loud and repeated applauses. They have now cleared themselves of the imputation which a late writer had thrown upon them in his 502d Speculation. Give me leave to transcribe his words.

In

"In the first scene of Terence's play, the Self-Tormentor, when one of the old men accuses the other of impertinence for interposing in his affairs, he answers—"I am a man, and cannot help feeling any sorrow that can arrive at man." It is said this sentence was received with universal applause. There cannot be a greater argument of the general good understanding of a people, than a sudden consent to give their approbation of a sentiment which has no emotion in it.

"If it were spoken with never so great skill in the actor, the manner of uttering that sentence could have nothing in it which could strike any but people of the greatest humanity, nay people elegant and skilful in observations upon it. It is possible he might have laid his hand on his breast, and with a winning intimation in his countenance, expressed to his neighbour, that he was a man who made his case his own; yet I will engage a player in Covent Garden might hit such an attitude a thousand times before he would have been regarded." These observations in favour of the Roman people, may now be very justly applied to our own nation.

Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;

And that which he delights in must be happy.

This will be allowed, I hope, to be as virtuous a sentiment as that which he quotes out of Terence; and the general applause with which (you say) it was received, must certainly make this writer (notwithstanding his great assurance in pronouncing upon our ill taste) alter his opinion of his countrymen.

Our Poetry, I believe, and not our Morals, has been generally worse than that of the Romans; for it is plain, when we can equal the best dramatic performance of that polite age, a British audience may vie with the Roman theatre in the virtue of their applauses.

However different in other things our opinions may be, all parties agree in doing honour to a man who is an honour to our country. How are our hearts warmed by this excellent tragedy, with the love of liberty and our constitution? How irresistible is virtue in the charac-

ter of Cato? Who would not fly with the Numidian prince to Marcia—

I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

Rome herself received not so great advantages from her patriot, as Britain will from this admirable representation of him: our British Cato improves our language as well as our morals; nor will it be in the power of tyrants to rob us of him, (or to use the last line of an epigram to the author)—

In vain your Cato stabs, he cannot die.

I am, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

WILLIAM LIZARD.

OXON. ALL-SOULS
COLL. MAY 6.

OXON. CHRIST-CHURCH, MAY 7-
MR. IRONSIDE,

YOU are, I perceive, a very wary old fellow, more cautious than a late brother-writer of your's, who, at the rehearsal of a new play, would, at the hazard of his judgment, endeavour to prepossess the town in it's favour; whereas you very prudently waited until the tragedy of Cato had gained an universal and irresistible applause, and then with great boldness venture to pronounce your opinion of it to be the same with that of all mankind. I will leave you to consider whether such a conduct becomes a Guardian, who ought to point out to us proper entertainments, and instruct us when to bestow our applause. However, in so plain a case, we did not wait for your directions; and I must tell you, that none here were earlier or louder in their praises of Cato, than we at Christ-Church. This may, I hope, convince you, that we do not deserve the character (which envious dull fellows give us) of allowing nobody to have wit or parts but those of our own body, especially when I let you know that we are many of us, your affectionate humble servants.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

OXON. WAD. COLL. MAY 7.
MR. IRONSIDE,

WERE the seat of the Muses silent while London is so loud in their applause of Cato, the University's title

to that name might very well be suspected;—in justice therefore to your Alma Mater, let the world know our opinion of that tragedy here.

The author's other works had raised our expectation of it to a very great height, yet it exceeds whatever we could promise ourselves from so great a genius.

Cæsar will no longer be a hero in our declamations: this tragedy has at once stripped him of all the flattery and false colours, which historians and the classic authors had thrown upon him; and we shall for the future treat him as a murderer of the best patriot of his age, and a destroyer of the liberties of his country. Cato, as represented in these scenes, will cast a blacker shade on the memory

of that usurper, than the picture of him did upon his triumph. Had this finished dramatic piece appeared some hundred years ago, Cæsar would have lost so many centuries of fame, and monarchs had disdained to let themselves be called by his name. However, it will be an honour to the times we live in, to have had such a work produced in them; and a pretty speculation for posterity to observe, that the tragedy of Cato was acted with general applause in 1713. I am, Sir, your most humble servant, &c.

A. B.

P. S. The French translation of Cato now in the press, will, I hope, be in usum Delphini.

Nº LX. WEDNESDAY, MAY 20.

NIHIL LEGEBAT QUOD NON EXCERPERET.

PLIN. EPIST.

HE PICK'D SOMETHING OUT OF EVERY THING HE READ.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR,

THERE is nothing in which men deceive themselves more ridiculously than in the point of Reading, and which, as it is commonly practised under the notion of improvement, has less advantage. The generality of readers who are pleased with wandering over a number of books almost at the same instant, or, if confined to one, who pursue the author with much hurry and impatience to his last page, must, without doubt, be allowed to be notable digesters. This unsettled way of reading naturally seduces us into as undetermined a manner of thinking, which unprofitably fatigues the imagination, when a continued chain of thought would probably produce inestimable conclusions. All authors are eligible either for their matter or style; if for the first, the elucidation and disposition of it into proper lights, ought to employ a judicious reader: if for the last, he ought to observe how some common words are started into a new signification; how such epithets are beautifully reconciled to things that seemed incompatible; and must often remember the whole structure of a period, because by the least transposition, that assemblage of words which is called a style, becomes utterly anni-

hilated. The swift dispatch of common readers not only eludes their memory, but betrays their apprehension, when the turn of thought and expression would insensibly grow natural to them, would they but give themselves time to receive the impression. Suppose we fix one of these readers in an easy-chair, and observe him passing through a book with a grave ruminating face, how ridiculously must he look, if we desire him to give an account of an author he has just read over; and how unheeded must the general character of it be, when given by one of these serene unobservers? The common defence of these people is, that they have no design in reading but for pleasure, which I think should rather arise from the reflection and remembrance of what one has read, than from the transient satisfaction of what one does, and we should be pleased proportionably as we are profited. It is prodigious arrogance in any one to imagine, that by one hasty course through a book, he can fully enter into the soul and secrets of a writer, whose life, perhaps, has been busied in the birth of such production. Books that do not immediately concern some profession or science, are generally run over as mere empty entertainments, rather than as matter of improvement; though, in my opinion, a refined speculation

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upon morality, or history, requires as much time and capacity to collect and digest, as the most abstruse treatise of any profession; and I think, besides, there can be no book well written, but what must necessarily improve the understanding of the reader, even in the very profession to which he applies himself. For to reason with strength, and express himself with propriety, must equally concern the divine, the physician, and the lawyer. My own course of looking into books has occasioned these reflections, and the following account may suggest more.

Having been bred up under a relation that had a pretty large study of books, it became my province once a week to dust them. In the performance of this my duty, as I was obliged to take down every particular book, I thought there was no way to deceive the toil of my journey through the different abodes and habitations of these authors, but by reading something in every one of them; and in this manner to make my passage easy from the comely folio in the upper shelf or region, even through the crowd of duodecimos in the lower. By frequent exercise, I became so great a proficient in this transitory application to books, that I could hold open half a dozen small authors in my hand, grasping them with as secure a dexterity as a drawer doth his glasses, and feasting my curious eye with all of them at the same instant. Through these methods the natural irresolution of my youth was much strengthened; and having no leisure, if I had had inclination, to make pertinent observations in writing, I was thus confirmed a very early wanderer. When I was sent to Oxford, my chiefest expence run upon books, and my only consideration in such expence upon numbers, so that you may be sure I had what they call a choice collection, sometimes buying by the pound, sometimes by the dozen, at other times by the hundred. For the more pleasant use of a multitude of books, I had, by frequent conferences with an ingenious joiner, contrived a machine of an orbicular structure, that had it's particular receptions for a dozen authors, and which, with the least touch of the finger, would whirl round, and present the reader at once with a delicious view of it's full furniture. Thrice a day did I change, not only the books but the lan-

guages; and had used my eye to such a quick succession of objects, that in the most precipitate twirl I could catch a sentence out of each author, as it passed fleeting by me. Thus my hours, days, and years, flew unprofitably away, but yet were agreeably lengthened by being distinguished with this endearing variety; and I cannot but think myself very fortunate in my contrivance of this engine, with it's several new editions and amendments, which have contributed so much to the delight of all studious vagabonds. When I had been resident the usual time at Oxford that gains one admission into the public library, I was the happiest creature on earth, promising to myself most delightful travels through this new world of literature. Sometimes you might see me mounted upon a ladder, in search of some Arabian manuscripts, which had slept in a certain corner undisturbed for many years. Once I had the misfortune to fall from this eminence, and catching at the chains of the books, was seen hanging in a very merry posture, with two or three large folios rattling about my neck, till the humanity of Mr. Crab, the librarian, disentangled us.

As I always held it necessary to read in public places, by way of ostentation, but could not possibly travel with a library in my pockets, I took the following method to gratify this errantry of mine. I contrived a little pocket-book, each leaf of which was a different author, so that my wandering was indulged and concealed within the same inclosure.

This extravagant humour, which should seem to pronounce me irrecoverable, had the contrary effect; and my hand and eye being thus confined to a single book, in a little time reconciled me to the perusal of a single author. However, I chose such a one as had as little connection as possible, turning to the Proverbs of Solomon, where the best instructions are thrown together in the most beautiful range imaginable, and where I found all that variety which I had before sought in so many different authors, and which was so necessary to beguile my attention. By these proper degrees, I have made so glorious a reformation in my studies, that I can keep company with Tully in his most extended periods, and work through the continued narrations of the most prolix historian.

torian. I now read nothing without making exact collections, and shall shortly give the world an instance of this in the publication of the following discourses. The first is a learned controversy about the existence of Griffins; in which I hope to convince the world, that notwithstanding such a mixed creature has been allowed by Ælian, Solinus, Mela, and Herodotus, that they have been perfectly mistaken in that matter; and shall support myself by the authority of Albertus, Pliny, Aldrovandus, and Matthias Michovius, which two last have clearly argued that animal out of the creation.

The second is a treatise of Sternutation, or Sneezing, with the original custom of Saluting or Blessing upon

that motion; as also with a problem from Aristotle, shewing why sneezing from noon to night was innocent enough; from night to noon, extremely unfortunate.

The third, and most curious, is my discourse upon the nature of the Lake Asphaltites, or the Lake of Sodom, being a very careful enquiry whether brickbats and iron will swim in that lake, and feathers sink, as Pliny and Mandevill have averred.

The discussing these difficulties without perplexity or prejudice, the labour in collecting and collating matters of this nature, will, I hope, in a great measure atone for the idle hours I have trifled away in matters of less importance. I am, Sir, your humble servant.

Nº LXI. THURSDAY, MAY 21.

PRIMAQUE E CADE FERARUM
INCALUISSE PUTEM MACULATUM SANGUINE FERUM.

OVID. MET. L. 15. v. 106.

THE ESSAY OF BLOODY FEASTS ON BRUTES BEGAN,
AND AFTER FORG'D THE SWORD TO MURDER MAN.

DRYDEN.

I Cannot think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no less in proportion accountable for the ill use of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exercise of tyranny over their own species. The more entirely the inferior creation is submitted to our power, the more answerable we should seem for our mismanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders these creatures incapable of receiving any recompence in another life for their ill treatment in this.

It is observable of those noxious animals, which have qualities most powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us unless provoked or necessitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, seeks out and pursues even the most inoffensive animals on purpose to persecute and destroy them.

Montaigne thinks it some reflection upon human nature itself, that few people take delight in seeing beasts careles or play together, but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this temper is

become almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved pastimes, Bear-baiting, Cock-fighting, and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonness; yet in this principle our children are bred up; and one of the first pleasures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almost as soon as we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy, too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that it is ominous, or unlucky, to destroy some sorts of birds, as swallows or martins; this opinion might possibly arise from

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the confidence these birds seem to put in us by building under our roofs, so that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. As for robin-red-breasts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their security to the old ballad of the Children in the Wood. However it be, I do not know, I say, why this prejudice, well improved, and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many innocent creatures, which are now exposed to all the wantonness of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reason, to be treated as common enemies wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives, has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point outdone Hercules himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestic may be any cause of the general persecution of owls, (who are a sort of feathered cats) or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine: though I am inclined to believe the former; since I observe the sole reason alledged for the destruction of frogs, is because they are like toads. Yet, amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, it is some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, it is not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments owls, cats, and frogs, may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of sanguinary sports; in particular Hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it; but must have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the chacers, not a little contribute to resist those checks, which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say with Monsieur Fleury, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians; I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen

pass upon ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless, trembling, and weeping creature.

*Quæsiq; cruentus,
Atque implorant similis.*

—That lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life.

But if our sports are destructive, our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters roasted alive, pigs whipped to death, fowls sewed up, are testimonies of our outrageous luxury. Those who (as Seneca expresses it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conscience and a nauseated stomach, have a just reward of their gluttony in the diseases it brings with it; for human savages, like other wild beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking or horrid than the prospect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in a romance, bestrewed with the scattered heads and mangled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty.

The excellent Plutarch (who has more strokes of good-nature in his writings than I remember in any author) cites a saying of Cato to this effect—That it is no easy task to preach to the belly, which has no ears. 'Yet if,' says he, 'we are ashamed to be so out of fashion as not to offend, let us at least offend with some discretion and measure. If we kill an animal for our provision, let us do it with the meltings of compassion, and without tormenting it. Let us consider, that it is, in it's own nature, cruelty to put a living creature to death; we at least destroy a soul that has sense and perception.'—In the life of Cato the Censor, he takes occasion, from the severe disposition of that man, to discourse in this manner—'It ought to be esteemed a happiness to mankind, that our humanity has a wider sphere to exert itself in than bare justice. It is no more than the obligation of our very birth to practise equity to our own kind; but humanity may be extended through the whole order of creatures, even to the meanest. Such

Such actions of charity are the overflowings of a mild good-nature on all below us. It is certainly the part of a well-natured man to take care of his horses and dogs, not only in expectation of their labour while they are foals and whelps, but even when their old age has made them incapable of service.

History tells us of a wise and polite nation that rejected a person of the first quality, who stood for a judiciary office, only because he had been observed in his youth to take pleasure in tearing and murdering of birds. And of another that expelled a man out of the senate, for dashing a bird against the ground which had taken shelter in his bosom. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind: I remember an Arabian author, who has written a treatise to shew, how far a man, supposed to have subsisted in a desert island, without any instruction, or so much as the sight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philosophy and virtue. One of the first things he makes him observe is, that universal benevolence of nature in the protection and preservation of it's creatures. In imitation of which, the first act of virtue he thinks his self-taught philosopher would of course fall into is, to relieve and assist all the animals about him in their wants and distresses.

Ovid has some very tender and pathetic lines applicable to this occasion.

Quid mireris, oves, placidum pecus, inque regendos

Natum bomines, pleno quæ fertis in ubere nectar?

Mellia quæ nobis vestras velamina lanas

Præbetis; vitæque magis quam morte juvatis.

Quid mirerere boves, animal sine fraude dolisque,

Innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores?

Immemor est demum, nec frugum munere dignus,

Qui potuit, curvi dampno modo pondere aratri,

Ruricolam mactare suum.

Met. l. 15. v. 116.

Quam male consuevit, quam se parat ille cruari

Impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro

Rumpit, et immotas præbet mugitibus auras!

Aut qui vagitus similes puerilibus boedum

Edentem jugulare potest!

Ib. v. 463.

The sheep was sacrific'd on no pretence,

But meek and unresisting innocence.

A patient, useful creature, born to bear

The warm and woolly fleece, that cloath'd her murderer;

And daily to give down the milk she bred,
A tribute for the grafs on which she fed.

Living, both food and raiment she supplies,
And is of least advantage when she dies.

How did the toiling ox his death deserve?

A downright simple drudge, and born to serve.

O tyrant! with what justice canst thou hope

The promise of the year, a plenteous crop;

When thou destroy'st thy lab'ring steer, who
till'd,

And plough'd with pains thy else ungrateful
field!

From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,

That neck, with which the surly clods he
broke;

And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman,

Who finish'd autumn, and the spring began?

What more advance can mortals make in sin

So near perfection, who with blood begin?

Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,

Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life:

Deaf to the harmless kid, that, ere he dies,

All methods to secure thy mercy tries,

And imitates in vain the children's cries.

DRYDEN.

Perhaps that voice or cry so nearly resembling the human with which Providence has endued so many different animals, might purposely be given them to move our pity, and prevent those cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow-creatures.

There is a passage in the book of Jonas, when God declares his unwillingness to destroy Nineveh, where methinks that compassion of the Creator, which extends to the meanest rank of his creatures, is expressed with wonderful tenderness—'Should I not spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons—and also much cattle?' And we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good-nature of this sort, with a blessing in form annexed to it, in those words—'If thou shalt find a bird's nest in the way, thou shalt not take the dam with the young: but thou shalt in any wise let the dam go; that it may be well with thee, and that thou may'st prolong thy days.'

To conclude, there is certainly a degree of gratitude owing to those animals that serve us. As for such as are mortal or noxious, we have a right to destroy them; and for those that are neither of advantage or prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

This whole matter, with regard to each of these considerations, is set in a
very

very agreeable light in one of the Persian fables of Pilpay, with which I shall end this paper.

A traveller passing through a thicket, and seeing a few sparks of a fire, which some passengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a sudden the sparks caught hold of a bush, in the midst of which lay an adder, and set it in flames. The adder entreated the traveller's assistance, who tying a bag to the end of his staff, reached it, and drew him out: he then bid him go where he pleased, but never more be hurtful to men, since he owed his life to a man's compassion. The adder, however, prepared to sting him; and when he expostulated how unjust it was to retaliate good with evil—"I shall do no more," said the adder, "than what you men practise every day, whose custom it is to requite benefits with ingratitude. If you cannot deny this truth, let us refer it to the first we meet." The man consented; and seeing a tree, put the question to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompensed? "If you mean according to the usage of men," replied the tree, "by its contrary: I have been standing here these

hundred years to protect them from the scorching sun, and in requital they have cut down my branches, and are going to saw my body into planks." Upon this the adder insulting the man, he appealed to a second evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a cow. The same demand was made, and much the same answer given, that among men it was certainly so. "I know it," said the cow, "by woful experience; for I have served a man this long time with milk, butter, and cheese, and brought him besides a calf every year; but now I am old, he turns me into this pasture with design to sell me to a butcher, who will shortly make an end of me." The traveller upon this stood confounded, but desired, of courtesy, one trial more, to be finally judged by the next beast they should meet. This happened to be the fox, who, upon hearing the story in all its circumstances, could not be persuaded it was possible for the adder to enter in so narrow a bag. The adder, to convince him, went in again; when the fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power; and with that he fastened the bag, and crushed him to pieces.

N^o LXII. FRIDAY, MAY 22.

Q FORTUNATOS NIMIUM, SIA SI BONA NOXIUM!

VIRG. GEORG. 2. v. 438.

TOO HAPPY, IF THEY KNEW THEIR HAPPY STATE!

UPON the late election of King's Scholars, my curiosity drew me to Westminster-School. The sight of a place where I had not been for many years, revived in my thoughts the tender images of my childhood, which by a great length of time had contracted a softness that rendered them inexpressibly agreeable. As it is usual with me to draw a secret unenvied pleasure from a thousand incidents overlooked by other men, I threw myself into a short transport, forgetting my age, and fancying myself a school-boy.

This imagination was strongly favoured by the presence of so many young boys, in whose looks were legible the sprightly passions of that age, which raised in me a sort of sympathy. Warm blood thrilled through every vein; the faded memory of those enjoyments that

once gave me pleasure, put on more lively colours, and a thousand gay amusements filled my mind.

It was not without regret that I was forsaken by this waking dream. The cheapness of puerile delights, the guiltless joy they leave upon the mind, the blooming hopes that lift up the soul in the ascent of life, the pleasure that attends the gradual opening of the imagination, and the dawn of reason, made me think most men found that stage the most agreeable part of their journey.

When men come to riper years, the innocent diversions which exalted the spirits, and produced health of body, indolence of mind, and refreshing slumbers, are too often exchanged for criminal delights, which fill the soul with anguish, and the body with disease. The grateful employment of admiring and raising



raising themselves to an imitation of the polite style, beautiful images, and noble sentiments of ancient authors, is abandoned for law Latin, the lucubrations of our paltry news-mongers, and that swarm of vile pamphlets which corrupt our taste, and infest the public. The ideas of virtue which the characters of heroes had imprinted on their minds, insensibly wear out, and they come to be influenced by the nearer examples of a degenerate age.

In the morning of life, when the soul first makes her entrance into the world, all things look fresh and gay: their novelty surprizes, and every little glitter or gaudy colour transports the stranger. But by degrees the sense grows callous, and we lose that exquisite relish of trifles, by the time our minds should be supposed ripe for rational entertainments. I cannot make this reflection without being touched with a commiseration of that species called Beaus, the happiness of those men necessarily terminating with their childhood; who, from a want of knowing other pursuits, continue a fondness for the delights of that age after the relish of them is decayed.

Providence hath with a bountiful hand prepared variety of pleasures for the various stages of life. It behoves us not to be wanting to ourselves, in forwarding the intention of nature, by the culture of our minds, and a due preparation of each faculty for the enjoyment of those objects it is capable of being affected with.

As our parts open and display by gentle degrees, we rise from the gratifications of sense, to relish those of the mind. In the scale of pleasure, the lowest are sensual delights, which are succeeded by the more enlarged views and gay portraiture of a lively imagination; and these give way to the sublimer pleasures of reason, which discovers the causes and designs, the frame, connexion, and symmetry of things, and fills the mind with the contemplation of intellectual beauty, order, and truth.

Hence I regard our public schools and universities, not only as nurseries of men for the service of the church and state, but also as places designed to teach mankind the most refined luxury, to raise the mind to it's due perfection, and give it a taste for those entertainments which afford the highest transport, with-

out the grossness or remorse that attend vulgar enjoyments.

In those blessed retreats men enjoy the sweets of solitude, and yet converse with the greatest geni that have appeared in every age, wander through the delightful mazes of every art and science, and, as they gradually enlarge their sphere of knowledge, at once rejoice in their present possessions, and are animated by the boundless prospect of future discoveries. *There* a generous emulation, a noble thirst of fame, a love of truth and honourable regards, reign in minds at yet untainted from the world. *There* the stock of learning, transmitted down from the ancients, is preserved, and receives a daily increase; and it is *thence* propagated by men who, having finished their studies, go into the world, and spread that general knowledge and good taste throughout the land, which is so distant from the barbarism of it's ancient inhabitants, or the fierce genius of it's invaders. And as it is evident that our literature is owing to the schools and universities, so it cannot be denied that these are owing to our religion.

It was chiefly, if not altogether, upon religious considerations, that princes, as well as private persons, have erected colleges, and assigned liberal endowments to students and professors. Upon the same account they meet with encouragement and protection from all Christian states, as being esteemed a necessary means to have the sacred oracles and primitive traditions of Christianity preserved and understood. And it is well known, that after a long night of ignorance and superstition, the reformation of the church and that of learning began together, and made proportionable advances, the latter having been the effect of the former, which of course engaged men in the study of the learned languages and of antiquity.

Or, if a free-thinker is ignorant of these facts, he may be convinced from the manifest reason of the thing. Is it not plain that our skill in literature is owing to the knowledge of Greek and Latin, which that they are still preserved among us, can be ascribed only to a religious regard? What else should be the cause why the youth of Christendom, above the rest of mankind, are educated in the painful study of those dead languages; and that religious societies should peculiarly

peculiarly be employed in acquiring that sort of knowledge, and teaching it to others?

And it is more than probable, that, in case our free-thinkers could once achieve their glorious design of sinking the credit of the Christian religion, and causing those revenues to be withdrawn, which their wiser forefathers had appointed to the support and encouragement of it's teachers, in a little time the Shafter would be as intelligible as the Greek Testament; and we, who want that spirit and curiosity which distin-

guished the ancient Grecians, would by degrees relapse into the same state of barbarism which overspread the northern nations before they were enlightened by Christianity.

Some, perhaps, from the ill tendency and vile taste which appear in their writings, may suspect that the Free-thinkers are carrying on a malicious design against the Belles Lettres; for my part, I rather conceive them as unthinking wretches of short views and narrow capacities, who are not able to penetrate into the causes or consequences of things.

Nº LXIII. SATURDAY, MAY 23.

Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἀλλὰ σὺ ῥῦσαι ὑπ' ἡέρος υἱας Ἀχαιῶν,
Ποίνον δ' αἰῶνι, δις δ' ἐφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδεῖσθαι,
Ὡς δὲ φάσι καὶ ἑλισσοῖ.

HOM. IL. 17. v. 645.

O KING! O FATHER! HEAR MY HUMBLE PRAYER:
DISPEL THIS CLOUD, THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN RESTORE,
GIVE ME TO SEE, AND AJAX ASKS NO MORE:
IF GREECE MUST PERISH, WE THY WILL OBEY,
BUT LET US PERISH IN THE FACE OF DAY!

POPE.

I Am obliged, for many reasons, to insert this first letter, though it takes me out of my way, especially on a Saturday; but the ribaldry of some part of that will be abundantly made up by the quotation in the second.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR, FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1713.

THE Examiner of this day consists of reflections upon the letter I writ to you, published in yours of the twelfth instant. The sentence upon which he spends most of his invectives is this: 'I will give myself no manner of liberty to make guesses at him, if I may say him; for though sometimes I have been told by familiar friends, that they saw me such a time talking to the Examiner; others, who have raillied me upon the sins of my youth, tell me it is credibly reported that I have formerly lain with the Examiner.'

Now, Mr. Ironside, what was there in all this but saying—'I cannot tell what to do in this case: there has been named for this paper one for whom I have a value, and another whom I cannot but neglect?' I have named no man; but if there be any gentleman who wrongfully lies under the imputation of being, or assisting the Examiner, he would do well to do himself justice, under his own

hand, in the eye of the world. As to the exasperated mistress, the Examiner demands in her behalf, 'a reparation for offended innocence.' This is pleasant language, when spoken of this person; he wants to have me unsay what he makes me to have said before. I declare then it was a false report which was spread concerning me and a lady, sometimes reputed the author of the Examiner; and I can now make her no reparation, but in begging her pardon, that I never lay with her.

I speak all this only in regard to the Examiner's offended innocence, and will make no reply as to what relates merely to myself. I have said before, he is welcome from henceforward to treat me as he pleases. But the bit of Greek, which I intreat you to put at the front of to-morrow's paper, speaks all my sense on this occasion. It is a speech put in the mouth of Ajax, who is engaged in the dark: he cries out to Jupiter—'Give me but day-light, let me but see my foe, and let him destroy me if he can.'

But when he repeats his story of the general for life, I cannot hear him with so much patience. He may insinuate what he pleases to the ministry of me; but I am sure I could not, if I would, by detraction, do them more injury than

than he does by his ill-placed, ignorant, nauseous flattery. One of them, whose talent is address, and skill in the world, he calls Cato; another, whose praise is conversation-wit and a taste of pleasures, is also Cato. Can any thing in nature be more out of character; or more expose those whom he would recommend to the raillery of his adversaries, than comparing these to Cato! But gentlemen of their eminence are to be treated with respect, and not to suffer because a sycophant has applauded them in a wrong place.

As much as he says I am in defiance with those in present power, I will lay before them one point that would do them more honour than any one circumstance in their whole administration; which is, to shew their resentment of the Examiner's nauseous applause of themselves, and licentious calumny of their predecessors. Till they do themselves that justice, men of sense will believe they are pleased with the adulation of a prostitute, who heaps upon them injudicious applauses, for which he makes way, by random abuse upon those who are in present possession of all that is laudable. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

TO MR. IRONSIDE.

SIR,
A Mind so well qualified as yours, must receive every day large improvements, when exercised upon such truths which are the glory of our natures; such as those which lead us to an endless happiness in our life succeeding this. I herewith send you Dr. Lucas's Practical Christianity for your serious perusal. If you have already read it, I desire you would give it to one of your friends who has not. I think you cannot recommend it better than in inserting, by way of specimen, these passages which I point to you; as follows.

That I have in this state I am now in, a *soul* as well as a *body*; whose interest concerns me, is a truth my sense sufficiently discovers: for I feel *joys* and *sorrows*, which do not make their abode in the organs of the *body*, but in the inmost recesses of the mind; *pains* and *pleasures*, which sense is too gross and heavy to partake of, as the *peace* or *trouble* of conscience in the reflection upon good or evil actions, the

delight or *aversion* of the mind; in the contemplation of, or a fruitless enquiry after, excellent and important truths.

And since I have such a soul capable of happiness or misery, it naturally follows, that it were foolish and unreasonable to *lose* this soul for the *gain* of the whole world. For my *soul* is *I myself*; and if *that* be miserable, I must needs be so. Outward circumstances of fortune may give the world occasion to *think* me happy, but they can never *make* me so. Shall I call myself happy, if discontent and sorrow eat out the life and spirit of my soul? if lusts and passions riot and mutiny in my bosom? if my sins scatter an uneasy shame all over me, and my guilt appals and frights me? What avails it me, that my rooms are stately, my tables full, my attendants numerous, and my attire gaudy, if all this while my very *being* pines and languishes away? *These*, indeed, are rich and pleasant things, but I nevertheless am a poor and miserable man: therefore I conclude, that whatever this thing be I call a soul, though it were a perishing, dying thing, and would not outlive the body, yet it were my wisdom and interest to prefer it's content and satisfaction before all the world, unless I could chuse to be *miserable*, and *delight* to be *unhappy*.

This very consideration, supposing the uncertainty of another world, would yet strongly engage me to the service of religion; for all it aims at, is to banish sin out of the world, which is the source and original of all the troubles that disquiet the mind.

1. Sin, in it's very essence, is nothing else but disordered, disordered passions; affections foolish and preposterous in their choice, or wild and extravagant in their proportion, which our own experience sufficiently convinces us to be painful and uneasy.
2. It engages us in desperate hazards, wearies us with daily toils, and often buries us in the ruins we bring upon ourselves: and, *lastly*, it fills our hearts with distrust, and fear, and shame; for we shall never be able to persuade ourselves *fully*, that there is no difference between good and evil, that there is no God, or none that concerns himself at the actions of this life; and if we cannot, we can never rid ourselves of the pangs and stings of a

'troubled conscience, we shall never be able to establish a peace and calm in our bosoms, and so enjoy our pleasure with a clear and uninterrupted freedom. But if we could persuade ourselves into the utmost height of atheism, yet still we shall be under these two strange inconveniencies: 1. That

'a life of sin will be still irregular and disorderly, and therefore troublesome; 2. That we shall have dismantled our souls of their greatest strengths, disarm them of that faith which can only support them under the afflictions of this present life.'

N^o LXIV. MONDAY, MAY 25.

—LEVIUM SPECTACULA RERUM.

VIRG. GEORG. 4. v. 3.

TRIFLES SET OUT TO SHEW.

I Am told by several persons whom I have taken into my ward, that it is to their great damage I have digressed so much of late from the natural course of my Precautions. They have addressed and petitioned me with appellations and titles, which admonish me to be that sort of patron which they want me to be, as follows.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ. PATRON OF THE INDUSTRIOUS.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF JOHN LONGBOTTOM, CHARLES LILLY, BAT PIDGEON, AND J. NORWOOD, CAPITAL ARTIFICERS, MOST HUMBLY SHWETH,

THAT your Petitioners behold with great sorrow, your honour employing your important moments in remedying matters which nothing but time can cure, and which do not so immediately, or at least so professedly, appertain to your office, as do the concerns of us your petitioners, and other handicraft persons, who excel in their different and respective dexterities.

That as all mechanics are employed in accommodating the dwellings, cloathing the persons, or preparing the diet of mankind, your petitioners ought to be placed first in your Guardianship, as being useful in a degree superior to all other workmen, and as being wholly conversant in clearing and adorning the head of man.

That the said Longbottom, above all the rest of mankind, is skilful in taking off that horrid excrescence on the chine of all males, and casting, by the touch of his hand, a cheerfulness where that excrescence grew, an art known only to this your artificer,

That Charles Lilly prepares snuff and perfumes which refresh the brain in those that have too much for their quiet, and gladdens it in those who have too little to know their want of it.

That Bat Pidgeon cuts the luxuriant locks growing from the upper part of the head, in so artful a manner, with regard to the visage, that he makes the ringlets, falling by the temples, conspire with the brows and lashes of the eye, to heighten the expressions of modesty, and intimations of good-will, which are most infallibly communicated by ocular glances.

That J. Norwood forms periwigs, with respect to particular persons and visages, on the same plan that Bat Pidgeon corrects natural hair; that he has a strict regard to the climate under which his customer was born, before he pretends to cover his head; that no part of his wig is composed of hair which grew above twenty miles from the buyer's place of nativity; that the very neck-lock grew in the same county, and all the hair to the face in the very parish where he was born.

That these your cephalic operators humbly entreat your more frequent attention to the mechanic arts, and that you would place your petitioners at the head of the family of the cosmetics, and your petitioners shall ever pray, &c.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ. GUARDIAN OF GOOD FAME.

THE MEMORIAL OF ESAU RINGWOOD SHWETH,

THAT though nymphs and shepherds, sonnets and complaints, are no more to be seen or heard in the forests and chaces of Great Britain, yet are not the

the huntsmen who now frequent the woods so barbarous as represented in the Guardian of the twenty-first instant; that the knife is not presented to the lady of quality by the huntsman to cut the throat of the deer; but after he is killed, that instrument is given her, as the animal is now become food, in token that all our labour, joy, and exultation in the pursuit, were excited from the sole hope of making the stag an offering to her table; that your honour has detracted from the humanity of sportsmen in this representation: that they demand you would retract your error, and distinguish Britons from Scythians.

P. S. Repent, and eat venison.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ. AVENGER OF DETRACTION.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF SUSANNAH HOW-D'YE-CALL MOST HUMBLY SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioner is mentioned at all visits, with an account of facts done by her, of speeches she has made, and of journeys she has taken, to all which circumstances your petitioner is wholly a stranger; that in every family in Great Britain, glasses and cups are broken, and utensils displaced, and all these faults laid upon Mrs. How-d'ye-call; that your petitioner has applied to counsel, upon these grievances; that your petitioner is advised, that her case is the same with that of John-a-Styles, and that she is abused only by way of form; your petitioner therefore most humbly prays, that in behalf of herself, and all others defamed under the term of Mr. or Mrs. How-d'ye-call, you will grant her and them the following concessions: that no reproach shall take place where the person has not an opportunity of defending himself; that the phrase of a *certain person* means no certain person; that the *How-d'ye-calls, some people, a certain set of men, there are folks now-a-days, and things are come to that pass*, are words that shall concern nobody after the present Monday in Whitfun-week 1713.

That it is baseness to offend any person, except the offender exposes himself to that person's examination; that no woman is defamed by any man, without he names her name; that exasperated

mistress, false-fair, and the like, shall from the said Whitfun-Monday, signify no more than Cloe, Corinna, or Mrs. How-d'ye-call; that your petitioner being an old maid, may be joined in marriage to John-a-Nokes, or, in case of his being resolved upon celibacy, to Tom Long the carrier, and your petitioner shall ever pray, &c.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF HUGH POUNCE, OF GRUB-STREET, SHEWETH,

THAT in your first paper you have touched upon the affinity between all arts which concern the good of society, and professed that you should promote a good understanding between them.

That your petitioner is skilful in the art and mystery of writing verses or distichs.

That your petitioner does not write for vain-glory, but for the use of society.

That like the art of painting upon glass, the more durable work of writing upon iron is almost lost.

That your petitioner is retained as poet to the ironmongers company.

Your petitioner therefore humbly desires you would protect him in the sole making of posies for knives, and all manner of learning to be wrought on iron, and your petitioner shall ever pray.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR.

THOUGH every body has been talking or writing on the subject of Cato, ever since the world was obliged with that tragedy, there has not, methinks, been an examination of it, which sufficiently shows the skill of the author merely as a poet. There are peculiar graces which ordinary readers ought to be instructed how to admire; among others, I am charmed with his artificial expressions in well-adapted similes: there is no part of writing in which it is more difficult to succeed, for on sublime occasions it requires at once the utmost strength of the imagination, and the severest correction of the judgment. Thus Syphax, when he is forming to himself the sudden and unexpected destruction which is to befall the man he hates, expresses himself in an image which none but a Numidian could have a lively sense of; but yet if the author had ranged over all

the objects upon the face of the earth, he could not have found a representation of a disaster so great, so sudden, and so dreadful as this:

So where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains
away.

The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise;
And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies.

When Sempronius promises himself the possession of Martia by a rape, he triumphs in the prospect, and exults in his villainy, by representing it to himself in

a manner wonderfully suited to the vanity and impiety of his character.

So Pluto, seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted
maid;

There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beautiful prize,
Nor envy'd Jove his sunshine and his skies.

Pray, old Nestor, trouble thyself no more with the squabbles of old lovers; tell them from me, now they are past the sins of the flesh, they are got into those of the spirit; desire hurts the soul less than malice; it is not now, as when they were Sappho and Phaon. I am, Sir, your affectionate humble servant,

A. B.

N^o LXV. TUESDAY, MAY 26.

— INTER SCABIEM TANTAM ET CONTAGIA —

HOR. EP. 12. L. I. V. 13.

AMIDST THE POISON OF SUCH INFECTIOUS TIMES.

THERE is not any where, I believe, so much talk about religion, as among us in England; nor do I think it possible for the wit of man to devise forms of address to the Almighty, in more ardent and forcible terms than are every where to be found in our Book of Common Prayer. And yet I have heard it read with such a negligence, affectation, and impatience, that the efficacy of it has been apparently lost to all the congregation. For my part, I make no scruple to own it, that I go sometimes to a particular place in the city, far distant from my own home, to hear a gentleman, whose manner I admire, read the Liturgy: I am persuaded devotion is the greatest pleasure of his soul, and there is none hears him read without the utmost reverence. I have seen the young people who have been interchanging glances of passion to each other's person, checked into an attention to the service at the interruption which the authority of his voice has given them. But the other morning I happened to rise earlier than ordinary, and thought I could not pass my time better than to go upon the admonition of the morning bell to the church prayers at six of the clock. I was there the first of any in the congregation, and had the opportunity, however I made use of it, to look back on all my life,

and contemplate the blessing and advantage of such stated early hours for offering ourselves to our Creator, and prepossessing ourselves with the love of Him, and the hopes we have from Him, against the snares of business and pleasure in the ensuing day. But whether it be that people think fit to indulge their own ease in some secret, pleasing fault, or whatever it was, there was none at the confession but a set of poor scrubs of us, who could sin only in our wills, whose persons could be no temptation to one another, and might have, without interruption from any body else, humble, lowly hearts, in frightful looks and dirty dresses, at our leisure. When we poor souls had presented ourselves with a contrition suitable to our worthlessness, some pretty young ladies, in mobbs, popped in here and there about the church, clattering the pew-door after them, and squatting into a whisper behind their fans. Among others, one of Lady Lizard's daughters, and her hopeful maid, made their entrance: the young lady did not omit the ardent form behind the fan, while the maid immediately gaped round her to look for some other devout person, whom I saw at a distance very well dressed; his air and habit a little military, but in the pertness not the true possession of the martial character. This jackanapes

jackanapes was fixed at the end of a pew, with the utmost impudence, declaring, by a fixed eye on that seat where our beauty was placed, the object of his devotion. This obscene sight gave me all the indignation imaginable, and I could attend to nothing but the reflection that the greatest affronts imaginable are such as no one can take notice of. Before I was out of such vexatious inadvertencies to the business of the place, there was a great deal of good company now come in. There was a good number of very janty flatterers, who gave us to understand, that it is neither dress nor art to which they were beholden for the town's admiration. Besides these, there were also by this time arrived two or three sets of whisperers, who carry on most of their calumnies by what they entertain one another with in that place, and we were now altogether very good company. There were indeed a few in whose looks there appeared an heavenly joy and gladness upon the entrance of a new day, as if they had gone to sleep with expectation of it. For the sake of these it is worth while that the church keeps up such early mattins throughout the cities of London and Westminster; but the generality of those who observe that hour, perform it with so tasteless a behaviour, that it appears a task rather than a voluntary act. But of all the world, those familiar ducks who are, as it were, at home at the church, and by frequently meeting there, throw the time of prayer very negligently into their common life, and make their coming together in that place as ordinary as any other action, and do not turn their conversation upon any improvements suitable to the true design of that house, but on trifles below even their worldly concerns and characters: these are little groups of acquaintance dispersed in all parts of the town, who are, forsooth, the only people of unspotted characters, and throw all the spots that stick on those of other people. Malice is the ordinary vice of those who live in the mode of religion, without the spirit of it. The pleasurable world are hurried by their passions above the consideration of what others think of them, into a pursuit of irregular enjoyments: while these, who forbear the gratifications of flesh and blood, without having won over the spirit to the interests of virtue, are impla-

cable in defamations on the errors of such who offend without respect to fame. But the consideration of persons whom one cannot but take notice of, when one sees them in that place, has drawn me out of my intended talk, which was to bewail that people do not know the pleasure of early hours, and of dedicating their first moments of the day, with joy and singleness of heart, to their Creator. Experience would convince us, that the earlier we left our beds, the seldomer should we be confined to them.

One great good which would also accrue from this, were it become a fashion, would be, that it is possible our chief divines would condescend to pray themselves, or at least those whom they substitute would be better supplied, than to be forced to appear at those oraisons in a garb and attire which makes them appear mortified with worldly want, and not abstracted from the world by the contempt of it. How is it possible for a gentleman under the income of fifty pounds a year, to be attentive to sublime things? He must rise and dress like a labourer for sordid hire, instead of approaching his place of service with the utmost pleasure and satisfaction, that now he is going to be mouth of a crowd of people who have laid aside all the distinctions of this contemptible being, to beseech a protection under it's manifold pains and disadvantages, or a release from it, by his favour who sent them into it. He would, with decent superiority, look upon himself as orator before the throne of grace, for a crowd, who hang upon his words, while he asks for them all that is necessary in a transitory life; from the assurance that a good behaviour, for a few moments in it, will purchase endless joy and happy immortality.

But who can place himself in this view, who, though not pinched with want, is distracted with care from the fear of it? No: a man in the least degree below the spirit of a saint or a martyr, will loll, huddle over his duty, look confused, or assume a resolution in his behaviour which will be quite as ungraceful, except he is supported above the necessities of life.

Power and commandment to his minister to declare and pronounce to his people, is mentioned with a very unguarded air, when the speaker is known in his own private condition to be

be almost an object of their pity and charity. This last circumstance, with many others here loosely suggested, are the occasion that one knows not how to recommend to such as have not already a fixed sense of devotion, the pleasure of passing the earliest hours of the day in a public congregation. But were this morning solemnity as much in vogue even as it is now at more advanced hours of the day, it would necessarily have so

good an effect upon us, as to make us more disengaged and chearful in conversation, and less artful and insincere in business. The world would be quite another place than it is now, the rest of the day; and every face would have an alacrity in it, which can be borrowed from no other reflections but those which give us the assured protection of Omnipotence.

Nº LXVI. WEDNESDAY, MAY 27.

SÆPE TRIBUS LECTIS VIDEAS CORNARE QUATERNOS;
E QUIBUS UNUS AVET QUAVIS ASPERGERE CUNCTOS,
PRÆTER EUM QUI PRÆBET AQUAM! POST, HUNC QUOQUE——

HOR. SAT. 4. L. I. V. 86.

SET TWELVE AT SUPPER; ONE ABOVE THE REST
TAKES ALL THE TALK, AND BREAKS A SCURVY JEST
ON ALL, EXCEPT THE MASTER OF THE FEAST!
AT LAST ON HIM——

THE following letter is full of imagination, and, in a fabulous manner, sets forth a connection between things, and an alliance between persons that are very distant and remote to common eyes. I think I know the hand to be that of a very ingenious man*, and shall therefore give it the reader without farther preface.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

THERE is a set of mankind, who are wholly employed in the ill-natured office of gathering up a collection of stories that lessen the reputation of others, and spreading them abroad with a certain air of satisfaction. Perhaps, indeed, an innocent unmeaning curiosity, a desire of being informed concerning those we live with, or a willingness to profit by reflection upon the actions of others, may sometimes afford an excuse; or sometimes a defence, for inquisitiveness; but certainly it is, beyond all excuse, a transgression against humanity, to carry the matter farther, to tear off the dressings, as I may say, from the wounds of a friend, and expose them to the air in cruel fits of diversion; and yet we have something more to be-moan, an outrage of a higher nature, which mankind is guilty of when they are not content to spread the stories of folly, frailty, and vice, but even enlarge

them, or invent new ones, and blacken characters, that we may appear ridiculous or hateful to one another. From such practices as these it happens: that some feel a sorrow, and others are agitated with a spirit of revenge; that scandals or lyes are told, because another has told such before; that resentments and quarrels arise, and affronts and injuries are given, received, and multiplied, in a scene of vengeance.

All this I have often observed with abundance of concern; and having a perfect desire to further the happiness of mankind, I lately set myself to consider the causes from whence such evils arise, and the remedies which may be applied. Whereupon I shut my eyes to prevent a distraction from outward objects, and a while after shot away, upon an impulse of thought, into the world of ideas, where abstracted qualities became visible in such appearances as were agreeable to each of their natures.

That part of the country where I happened to light, was the most noisy that I had ever known. The winds whistled, the leaves rustled, the brooks rumbled, the birds chattered, the tongues of men were heard, and the echo mingled something of every sound in it's repetition, so that there was a strange confusion and uproar of sounds about me. At length, as the noise still increased, I could discern a man habited like a herald, and,

(as I afterwards understood) called Novelty, that came forward proclaiming a solemn day to be kept at the house of Common Fame. Immediately behind him advanced three nymphs, who had monstrous appearances. The first of these was Curiosity, habited like a virgin, and having an hundred ears about her head to serve her enquiries. The second of these was Talkativeness, a little better grown; she seemed to be like a young wife, and had an hundred tongues to spread her stories. The third was Censoriousness, habited like a widow, and surrounded with an hundred squinting eyes of a malignant influence, which so obliquely darted on all around, that it was impossible to say which of them had brought in the information she boasted of. These, as I was informed, had been very instrumental in preserving and rearing Common Fame, when upon her birth-day she was shuffled into a crowd, to escape the search which Truth might have made after her and her parents. Curiosity found her there, Talkativeness conveyed her away, and Censoriousness so nursed her up, that in a short time she grew to a prodigious size, and obtained an empire over the universe; wherefore the Power, in gratitude for these services, has since advanced them to her highest employments. The next who came forward in the procession was a light damsel, called Credulity, who carried behind them the lamp, the silver vessel with a spout, and other instruments proper for this solemn occasion. She had formerly seen these three together; and conjecturing, from the number of their ears, tongues, and eyes, that they might be the proper Genii of Attention, Familiar Converse, and Ocular Demonstration, she from that time gave herself up to attend them. The last who followed were some who had closely muffled themselves in upper garments, so that I could not discern who they were; but just as the foremost of them was come up—'I am glad,' says she, calling me by my name, 'to meet you at this time; stay close by me, and take a strict observation of all that passes.' Her voice was sweet and commanding; I thought I had somewhere heard it, and from her, as I went along, I learned the meaning of every thing which offered.

We now marched forward through

the Rookery of Rumours, which flew thick and with a terrible din all around us. At length we arrived at the house of Common Fame, where a hecatomb of reputations was that day to fall for her pleasure. The house stood upon an eminence, having a thousand passages to it, and a thousand whispering holes for the conveyance of sound. The hall we entered was formed with the art of a music-chamber for the improvement of noises. Rest and silence are banished the place; Stories of different natures wander in light flocks all about, sometimes truths and lyes, or sometimes lyes themselves, clashing against one another. In the middle stood a table, painted after the manner of the remotest Asiatic countries, upon which the lamp, the silver vessel, and cups of a white earth, were planted in order. Then dried herbs were brought, collected for the solemnity in moonshine; and water being put to them, there was a greenish liquor made, to which they added the flower of milk, and an extraction from the canes of America; for performing a libation to the infernal Powers of Mischief. After this, Curiosity, retiring to a withdrawing-room, brought forth the victims, being to appearance a set of small waxen images, which she laid upon the table one after another. Immediately then Talkativeness gave each of them the name of some one, whom for that time they were to represent; and Censoriousness stuck them all about with black pins, still pronouncing at every one she stuck, something to the prejudice of the persons represented. No sooner were these rites performed, and incantations uttered, but the sound of a speaking-trumpet was heard in the air, by which they knew the deity of the place was propitiated and assisting. Upon this the sky grew darker, a storm arose, and murmurs, sighs, groans, cries, and the words of grief or resentment, were heard within it. Thus the three forceresses discovered that they, whose names they had given to the images, were already affected with what was done to them in effigy. The knowledge of this was received with the loudest laughter, and in many congratulatory words they applauded one another's wit and power.

As matters were at this high point of disorder, the muffled lady, whom I attended on, being no longer able to endure such barbarous proceedings, threw

threw off her upper garment of Reserve, and appeared to be Truth. As soon as she had confessed herself present, the speaking-trumpet ceased to sound, the sky cleared up, the storm abated, the noises which were heard in it ended, the laughter of the company was over, and a serene light, until then unknown to the place, diffused around it. At this the detected sorceresses endeavoured to escape in a cloud which I saw began to thicken round them; but it was soon dispersed, their charms being controuled, and prevailed over, by the superior divinity. For my part, I was exceedingly glad to see it so, and began to consider what punishment she would inflict upon them. I fancied it would be proper to cut off Curiosity's ears, and fix them to the eaves of the houses; to nail the tongues of Talkativeness to Indian tables, and to put out the eyes of Censoriousness with a flash of her light. In respect of Credulity, I had indeed some little pity, and had I been judge, she might, perhaps, have escaped with a hearty reproof.

But I soon found that the discerning judge had other designs. She knew them for such as will not be destroyed entirely while mankind is in being, and yet ought to have a brand and punishment affixed to them that they may be avoided. Wherefore she took a seat for judgment, and had the criminals brought

forward by Shame ever blushing, and Trouble with a whip of many lashes; two phantoms who had dogged the procession in disguise, and waited until they had an authority from Truth to lay hands upon them. Immediately then she ordered Curiosity and Talkativeness to be fettered together, that the one should never suffer the other to rest, nor the other ever let her remain undiscovered. Light Credulity she linked to Shame, at the tormentor's own request, who was pleased to be thus secure that her prisoner could not escape; and this was done partly for her punishment, and partly for her amendment. Censoriousness was also in like manner begged by Trouble, and had her assigned for an eternal companion. After they were thus chained with one another, by the judge's order, she drove them from the presence to wander for ever through the world, with Novelty stalking before them.

The cause being now over, she retreated from sight within the splendor of her own glory; which leaving the house it had brightened, the sounds that were proper to the place began to be as loud and confused as when we entered; and there being no longer a clear distinguished appearance of any objects presented to me, I returned from the excursion I had made in fancy.

Nº LXVII. THURSDAY, MAY 28.

— NE FORTE PUDORI

SIC TIBI MUSA LYRÆ SOLERIS, ET CANTOR APOLLO.

HOR. Ars Poet. v. 406.

BLUSH NOT TO PATRONIZE THE MUSE'S SKILL.

IT has been remarked by curious observers, that poets are generally long-lived, and run beyond the usual age of man, if not cut off by some accident or excess; as Anacreon, in the midst of a very merry old age, was choaked with a grape-stone. The same redundancy of spirits, that produces the poetical flame, keeps up the vital warmth, and administers uncommon fuel to life. I question not but several instances will occur to my reader's memory, from Homer down to Mr. Dryden. I shall only take notice of two who have excelled in Lyrics, the one an ancient; and the other a modern. The first gained an immortal reputation by celebrating se-

veral jockeys in the Olympic Games; the last has signalized himself on the same occasion by the ode that begins — 'To horse, brave boys, to Newmarket, to horse.' My reader will, by this time, know that the two poets I have mentioned are Pindar and Mr. D'Urfey. The former of these is long since laid in his urn, after having, many years together, endeared himself to all Greece by his tuneful compositions. Our countryman is still living, and in a blooming old age, that still promises many musical productions; for if I am not mistaken, our British Swan will sing to the last. The best judges who have perused his song on the Moderate Man,

do not discover any decay in his parts, but think it deserves a place among the finest of those works with which he obliged the world in his more early years.

I am led into this subject by a visit which I lately received from my good old friend and contemporary. As we both flourished together in King Charles the Second's reign, we diverted ourselves with the remembrance of several particulars that passed in the world before the greatest part of my readers were born, and could not but smile to think how insensibly we were grown into a couple of venerable old gentlemen. Tom observed to me, that, after having written more odes than Horace, and about four times as many comedies as Terence, he was reduced to great difficulties by the importunities of a set of men, who, of late years, had furnished him with the accommodations of life, and would not, as we say, be paid with a song. In order to extricate my old friend, I immediately sent for the three directors of the play-house, and desired them that they would in their turn do a good office for a man who, in Shakespeare's phrase, had often filled their mouths, I mean with pleasantry and popular conceits. They very generously listened to my proposal, and agreed to act the Plotting Sisters, (a very taking play of my old friend's composing) on the 15th of the next month, for the benefit of the author.

My kindness to the agreeable Mr. D'Urfey will be imperfect, if, after having engaged the players in his favour, I do not get the town to come into it. I must therefore heartily recommend to all the young ladies, my disciples, the case of my old friend, who has often made their grandmothers merry, and whose sonnets have perhaps lulled asleep many a present toast, when she lay in her cradle.

I have already prevailed on my Lady Lizard to be at the house in one of the front boxes; and design, if I am in town, to lead her in myself at the head of her daughters. The gentleman I am speaking of has laid obligations on so many of his countrymen, that I hope they will think this but a just return to the good service of a veteran poet.

I myself remember King Charles the Second leaning on Tom D'Urfey's shoulder more than once, and humming over

a song with him. It is certain that monarch was not a little supported by 'Joy to great Cæsar,' which gave the Whigs such a blow as they were not able to recover that whole reign. My friend afterwards attacked Popery with the same success, having exposed Bellarmine and Porto-Carero more than once in short satirical compositions, which have been in every body's mouth. He has made use of Italian tunes and sonatas for promoting the Protestant interest, and turned a considerable part of the pope's music against himself. In short, he has obliged the court with political sonnets, the country with dialogues and pastorals, the city with descriptions of a lord-mayor's feast, not to mention his little ode upon Stool-Ball, with many other of the like nature.

Should the very individuals he has celebrated make their appearance together, they would be sufficient to fill the playhouse. Pretty Peg of Windsor, Gillian of Croydon, with Dolly and Molly, and Tommy and Johny, with many others to be met with in the musical miscellanies, entitled, 'Pills to purge Melancholy,' would make a good benefit night.

As my friend, after the manner of the old lyrics, accompanies his works with his own voice, he has been the delight of the most polite companies and conversations from the beginning of King Charles the Second's reign to our present times. Many an honest gentleman has got a reputation in his country by pretending to have been in company with Tom D'Urfey.

I might here mention several other merits in my friend; as his enriching our language with a multitude of rhimes, and bringing words together, that, without his good offices, would never have been acquainted with one another, so long as it had been a tongue. But I must not omit that my old friend angles for a trout the best of any man in England. May-flies come in late this season, or I myself should, before now, have had a trout of his hooking.

After what I have said, and much more that I might say, on this subject, I question not but the world will think that my old friend ought not to pass the remainder of his life in a cage like a singing-bird, but enjoy all that Pindaric liberty which is suitable to a man of his genius.

genius. He has made the world merry, and I hope they will make him easy so long as he stays among us. This I will take upon me to say, they cannot do a

kindness to a more diverting companion, or a more chearful, honest, and good-natured man.

N^o LXVIII. FRIDAY, MAY 29.

INSPICERE, TANQUAM IN SPECULUM, IN VITAS OMNIUM
JUBEO, ATQUE EX ALIIS SUMERE EXEMPLUM SIBI.

TER. ADELPH. ACT. 3. SC. 4.

MY ADVICE TO HIM IS, TO CONSULT THE LIVES OF OTHER MEN AS HE WOULD A
LOOKING-GLASS, AND FROM THENCE FETCH EXAMPLES FOR HIS OWN IMI-
TATION.

THE paper of to-day shall consist of a letter from my friend Sir Harry Lizard, which, with my answer, may be worth the perusal of young men of estates, and young women without fortunes. It is absolutely necessary, that in our first vigorous years we lay down some law to ourselves for the conduct of future life, which may at least prevent essential misfortunes. The cutting cares which attend such an affection as that against which I forewarn my friend Sir Harry, are very well known to all who are called the men of pleasure; but when they have opposed their satisfactions to their anxieties in an impartial examination, they will find their life not only a dream, but a troubled and vexatious one.

DEAR OLD MAN,

I Believe you are very much surprized, that in the several letters I have written to you, since the receipt of that wherein you recommend a young lady for a wife to your humble servant, I have not made the least mention of that matter. It happens at this time that I am not much inclined to marry; there are very many matches in our country, wherein the parties live so insipidly, or so vexatiously, that I am afraid to venture from their example. Besides, to tell you the truth, good Nestor, I am informed your fine young woman is soon to be disposed of elsewhere. As to the young ladies of my acquaintance in your great town, I do not know one whom I could think of as a wife, who is not either prepossessed with some inclination for some other man, or affects pleasures and entertainments, which she prefers to the conversation of any man living. Women of this kind are the most frequently met with of any sort whatever; I

mean they are the most frequent among people of condition, that is to say, such are easily to be had as would sit at the head of your estate and table, lie-in by you for the sake of receiving visits in pomp at the end of the month, and enjoy the like gratifications from the support of your fortune; but you yourself would signify no more to one of them than a name in trust in a settlement which conveys land and goods, but has no right for it's own use. A woman of this turn can no more make a wife, than an ambitious man can be a friend; they both sacrifice all the true tastes of being, and motives of life, for the ostentation, the noise, and the appearance of it. Their hearts are turned to unnatural objects, and as the men of design can carry them on with an exclusion of their daily companions, so women of this kind of gaiety can live at bed and board with a man, without any affection to his person. As to any woman that you examine hereafter for my sake, if you can possibly, find a means to converse with her at some country seat. If she has no relish for rural views, but is undelighted with streams, fields, and groves, I desire to hear no more of her; she has departed from nature, and is irrecoverably engaged in vanity.

I have ever been curious to observe the arrogance of a town-lady when she first comes down to her husband's seat, and beholding her country neighbours, wants somebody to laugh with her at the frightful things to whom she herself is equally ridiculous. The pretty pitty-pat step, the playing head, and the fall-back in the curtsy, she does not imagine, make her as unconvertible and inaccessible to our plain people, as the loud voice, and ungainly stride, render one of our huntresses to her. In a word,

dear

dear Nestor, I beg you to suspend all enquiries towards my matrimony until you hear further from, Sir, your most obliged and most humble servant,

HARRY LIZARD.

A certain loose turn in this letter, mixed indeed with some real exceptions to the too frequent silly choice made by country gentlemen, has given me no small anxiety: and I have sent Sir Harry an account of my suspicions as follows.

TO SIR HARRY LIZARD.

SIR,

YOUR letter I have read over two or three times, and must be so free with you as to tell you it has in it something which betrays you have lost that simplicity of heart, with relation to love, which I promised myself would crown your days with happiness and honour. The alteration of your mind towards marriage, is not represented as flowing from discretion and wariness in the choice, but a disinclination to that state in general; you seem secretly to propose to yourself (for I will think no otherwise of a man of your age and temper) all its satisfactions out of it, and to avoid the care and inconveniencies that attend those who enter into it. I will not urge at this time the greatest consideration of all, to wit, regard of innocence; but having, I think, in my eye, what you aim at, I must, as I am your friend, acquaint you, that you are going into a wilderness of cares and distractions, from which you will never be able to extricate yourself, while the compunctions of honour and pity are yet alive in you.

Without naming names, I have long suspected your designs upon a young gentlewoman in your neighbourhood; but give me leave to tell you, with all the earnestness of a faithful friend, that to enter into a criminal commerce with a young woman of merit, whom you find innocent, is, of all the follies in this life, the most fruitful of sorrow. You must make your approaches to her with the benevolence and language of a good angel, in order to bring upon her pollution and shame, which is the work of a demon: the fashion of the world, the warmth of youth, and the affluence of fortune, may, perhaps, make you look upon me in this talk, like a poor well-

meaning old man, who is past those arduencies in which you at present triumph; but believe me, Sir, if you succeed in what I fear you design, you will find the sacrifice of beauty and innocence so strong an obligation upon you, that your whole life will pass away in the worst condition imaginable, that of doubt and irresolution; you will ever be designing to leave her, and never do it; or else leave her for another, with a constant longing after her. He is a very unhappy man who does not reserve the most pure and kind affections of his heart for his marriage-bed; he will otherwise be reduced to this melancholy circumstance, that he gave his mistress that kind of affection which was proper for his wife, and has not for his wife either that, or the usual inclination which men bestow upon their mistresses. After such an affair as this, you are a very lucky man if you find a prudential marriage is only insipid, and not actually miserable; a woman, of as ancient a family as your own, may come into the house of the Lizards, murmur in your bed, growl at your table, rate your servants, and insult yourself; while you bear all this with this unhappy reflection at the bottom of your heart—'This is all for the injured —' The heart is ungovernable enough, without being biased by prepossessions; how emphatically unhappy, therefore, is he who, besides the natural vagrancy of affection, has a passion to one particular object in which he sees nothing but what is lovely, except what proceeds from his own guilt against it? I speak to you, my dear friend, as one who tenderly regards your welfare, and beg of you to avoid this great error, which has rendered so many agreeable men unhappy before you. When a man is engaged among the dissolute, gay, and artful of the fair sex, a knowledge of their manners and designs, their favours unendeared by truth, their feigned sorrows and gross flatteries, must in time rescue a reasonable man from the enchantment; but in a case wherein you have none but yourself to accuse, you will find the best part of a generous mind torn away with her, whenever you take your leave of an injured, deserving woman. Come to town; fly from Olinda to your obedient humble servant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

N^o LXIX. SATURDAY, MAY 30.

JUPITER EST QUODCUNQUE VIDES—

LUCAN.

WHERE-E'ER YOU TURN YOUR EYES, 'TIS GOD YOU SEE.

I Had this morning a very valuable and kind present sent me, of a translated work of a most excellent foreign writer, who makes a very considerable figure in the learned and Christian world. It is entitled, 'A Demonstration of the Existence, Wisdom, and Omnipotence of God,' drawn from the knowledge of nature, particularly of man, and fitted to the meanest capacity, by the Archbishop of Cambray, author of *Telemachus*, and translated from the French by the same hand that Englished that excellent piece. This great author, in the writings which he has before produced, has manifested an heart full of virtuous sentiments, great benevolence to mankind, as well as a sincere and fervent piety towards his Creator. His talents and parts are a very great good to the world, and it is a pleasing thing to behold the polite arts subservient to religion, and recommending it from its natural beauty. Looking over the letters of my correspondents, I find one which celebrates this treatise, and recommends it to my readers.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

I Think I have somewhere read, in the writings of one whom I take to be a friend of yours, a saying which struck me very much, and as I remember it was to this purpose: 'The existence of a God is so far from being a thing that wants to be proved, that I think it is the only thing of which we are certain.' This is a sprightly and just expression; however, I dare say, you will not be displeased that I put you in mind of saying something on the Demonstration of the Bishop of Cambray. A man of his talents views all things in a light different from that in which ordinary men see them, and the devout disposition of his soul turns all those talents to the improvement of the pleasures of a good life. His stile cloaths philosophy in a dress almost poetic, and his readers en-

joy in full perfection the advantage, while they are reading him, of being what he is. The pleasing representation of the animal powers in the beginning of his work, and his consideration of the nature of man with the addition of reason in the subsequent discourse, impresses upon the mind a strong satisfaction in itself, and gratitude towards Him who bestowed that superiority over the brute world. These thoughts had such an effect upon the author himself, that he has ended his discourse with a prayer. This adoration has a sublimity in it befitting his character, and the emotions of his heart flow from wisdom and knowledge. I thought it would be proper for Saturday's paper, and have translated it to make you a present of it. I have not, as the translator was obliged to do, confined myself to an exact version from the original, but have endeavoured to express the spirit of it, by taking the liberty to render his thoughts in such a way as I should have uttered them if they had been my own. It has been observed, that the private letters of great men are the best pictures of their souls; but certainly their private devotions would be still more instructive, and I know not why they should not be as curious and entertaining.

If you insert this prayer, I know not but I may send you, for another occasion, one used by a very great wit of the last age, which has allusions to the errors of a very wild life, and I believe you will think it written with an uncommon spirit. The person whom I mean was an excellent writer, and the publication of this prayer of his may be, perhaps, somekind of antidote against the infection in his other writings. But this supplication of the bishop has in it a more happy and untroubled spirit; it is (if that is not saying something too fond) the worship of an angel concerned for those who had fallen, but himself still in the state of glory and innocence. The book ends with an act of devotion, to this effect:

• O my

' O my God, if the greater number
 ' of mankind do not discover Thee in
 ' that glorious show of nature which
 ' thou hast placed before our eyes, it is
 ' not because Thou art far from every
 ' one of us; Thou art present to us
 ' more than any object which we touch
 ' with our hands; but our senses, and
 ' the passions which they produce in us,
 ' turn our attention from Thee. Thy
 ' light shines in the midst of darkness,
 ' but the darkness comprehends it not.
 ' Thou, O Lord, dost every way dis-
 ' play thyself; Thou shinest in all thy
 ' works, but art not regarded by heed-
 ' less and unthinking man. The whole
 ' creation talks aloud of Thee, and echoes
 ' with the repetitions of thy holy name.
 ' But such is our insensibility, that we
 ' are deaf to the great and universal
 ' voice of nature. Thou art every where
 ' about us, and within us; but we wan-
 ' der from ourselves, become strangers
 ' to our own souls, and do not appre-
 ' hend thy presence. O Thou who art
 ' the eternal fountain of light and beau-
 ' ty, who art the ancient of days, with-
 ' out beginning and without end; O
 ' Thou, who art the life of all that
 ' truly live, those can never fail to find
 ' Thee, who seek for Thee within
 ' themselves. But alas, the very gifts
 ' which Thou bestowest upon us, do so
 ' employ our thoughts, that they hinder
 ' us from perceiving the hand which
 ' conveys them to us. We live by
 ' Thee, and yet we live without think-
 ' ing on Thee; but, O Lord, what is
 ' life in the ignorance of Thee? A dead
 ' unactive piece of matter, a flower that
 ' withers, a river that glides away, a
 ' palace that hastens to its ruin, a pic-
 ' ture made up of fading colours, a
 ' mass of shining ore, strike our ima-
 ' ginations, and make us sensible of
 ' their existence. We regard them as
 ' objects capable of giving us pleasure,
 ' not considering that thou conveyest
 ' through them all the pleasure which
 ' we imagine they give us. Such vain
 ' empty objects that are only the sha-
 ' dows of being, are proportioned to
 ' our low and grovelling thoughts. That
 ' beauty which Thou hast poured out
 ' on thy creation, is as a veil which
 ' hides thee from our eyes. As Thou

' art a being too pure and exalted to
 ' pass through our senses, Thou art not
 ' regarded by men, who have debased
 ' their nature, and have made them-
 ' selves like the beasts that perish. So
 ' infatuated are they, that, notwithstand-
 ' ing they know what is wisdom and
 ' virtue, which have neither sound, nor
 ' colour, nor smell, nor taste, nor figure,
 ' nor any other sensible quality, they
 ' can doubt of thy existence, because
 ' thou art not apprehended by the gros-
 ' ser organs of sense. Wretches that we
 ' are! we consider shadows as realities,
 ' and truth as a phantom. That which
 ' is nothing is all to us, and that which
 ' is all appears to us nothing. What
 ' do we see in all nature but Thee, O
 ' my God! Thou, and only Thou, ap-
 ' pearst in every thing. When I con-
 ' sider Thee, O Lord, I am swallowed
 ' up and lost in contemplation of Thee.
 ' Every thing besides thee, even my own
 ' existence, vanishes and disappears in
 ' the contemplation of Thee. I am lost
 ' to myself, and fall into nothing, when
 ' I think on thee. The man who does
 ' not see thee has beheld nothing; he
 ' who does not taste Thee, has a relish
 ' of nothing; his being is vain, and his
 ' life but a dream. Set up Thyself, O
 ' Lord, set up Thyself, that we may
 ' behold thee. As wax consumes be-
 ' fore the fire, and as the smoke is driven
 ' away, so let thine enemies vanish out
 ' of thy presence. How unhappy is
 ' that soul who, without the sense of
 ' Thee, has no God, no hope, no com-
 ' fort to support him? But how happy
 ' the man who searches, sighs, and
 ' thirsts after thee! But he only is fully
 ' happy on whom Thou livest up the
 ' light of thy countenance, whose tears
 ' thou hast wiped away, and who enjoys
 ' in thy loving-kindness the completion
 ' of all his desires. How long, how
 ' long, O Lord, shall I wait for that
 ' day, when I shall possess, in thy pre-
 ' sence, fulness of joy, and pleasures for
 ' evermore? O my God, in this pleas-
 ' ing hope, my bones rejoice, and cry
 ' out, "Who is like unto thee?" My
 ' heart melts away, and my soul faints
 ' within me, when I look up to Thee,
 ' who art the God of my life, and my
 ' portion to all eternity!

N^o LXX. MONDAY, JUNE 1.

—MENTISQUE CAPACIUS ALTE.

OVID. MET. L. I. V. 76.

OF THOUGHTS ENLARG'D, AND MORE EXALTED MIND.

AS I was the other day taking a solitary walk in St. Paul's, I indulged my thoughts in the pursuit of a certain analogy between that fabric and the Christian church in the largest sense. The divine order and œconomy of the one seemed to be emblematically set forth by the just, plain, and majestic architecture, of the other. And as the one consists of a great variety of parts united in the same regular design, according to the truest art, and most exact proportion; so the other contains a decent subordination of members, various sacred institutions, sublime doctrines, and solid precepts of morality digested into the same design, and with an admirable concurrence tending to one view, the happiness and exaltation of human nature.

In the midst of my contemplation, I beheld a fly upon one of the pillars; and it straightway came into my head, that this fly was a Free-Thinker. For it required some comprehension in the eye of the spectator, to take in at one view the various parts of the building, in order to observe their symmetry and design. But to the fly, whose prospect was confined to a little part of one of the stones of a single pillar, the joint beauty of the whole, or the distinct use of it's parts, were inconspicuous, and nothing could appear but small inequalities in the surface of the hewn stone, which in the view of that insect seemed so many deformed rocks and precipices.

The thoughts of a free-thinker are employed on certain minute particularities of religion, the difficulty of a single text, or the unaccountableness of some step of providence or point of doctrine to his narrow faculties; without comprehending the scope and design of Christianity, the perfection to which it raiseth human nature, the light it hath shed abroad in the world, and the close connection it hath as well with the good of public societies as with that of particular persons.

This raised in me some reflections on

that frame or disposition which is called 'largeness of mind,' it's necessity towards forming a true judgment of things, and where the soul is not incurably stunted by nature, what are the likeliest methods to give it enlargement.

It is evident that philosophy doth open and enlarge the mind, by the general views to which men are habituated in that study, and by the contemplation of more numerous and distant objects than fall within the sphere of mankind in the ordinary pursuits of life. Hence it comes to pass that philosophers judge of most things very differently from the vulgar. Some instances of this may be seen in the Theætetus of Plato, where Socrates makes the following remarks, among others of the like nature.

'When a philosopher hears ten thousand acres mentioned as a great estate, he looks upon it as an inconsiderable spot, having been used to contemplate the whole globe of earth. Or when he beholds a man elated with the nobility of his race, because he can reckon a series of seven rich ancestors; the philosopher thinks him a stupid, ignorant fellow, whose mind cannot reach to a general view of human nature, which would shew him that we have all innumerable ancestors, among whom are crowds of rich and poor, kings and slaves, Greeks and Barbarians.' Thus far Socrates, who was accounted wiser than the rest of the Heathens, for notions which approach the nearest to Christianity.

As all parts and branches of philosophy, or speculative knowledge, are useful in that respect, astronomy is peculiarly adapted to remedy a little and narrow spirit. In that science there are good reasons assigned to prove the sun an hundred thousand times bigger than our earth, and the distance of the stars so prodigious, that a cannon-bullet, continuing in it's ordinary rapid motion, would not arrive from hence at the nearest of them in the space of an hundred and fifty thousand years. These ideas

ideas wonderfully dilate and expand the mind. There is something in the immensity of this distance, that shocks and overwhelms the imagination; it is too big for the grasp of a human intellect: estates, provinces, and kingdoms, vanish at it's presence. It were to be wished a certain prince, who hath encouraged the study of it in his subjects, had been himself a proficient in astronomy. This might have shewed him how mean an ambition that was, which terminated in a small part of what is itself but a point, in respect to that part of the universe which lies within our view.

But the Christian religion ennobleth and enlargeth the mind beyond any other profession or science whatsoever. Upon that scheme, while the earth, and the transient enjoyments of this life, shrink into the narrowest dimensions, and are accounted as 'the dust of a balance, the drop of a bucket, yea, less than nothing,' the intellectual world opens wider to our view: the perfections of the Deity, the nature and excellence of virtue, the dignity of the human soul, are displayed in the largest characters. The mind of man seems to adapt itself to the different nature of it's objects; it is contracted and debased by being conversant in little and low things, and feels a proportionable enlargement arising from the contemplation of these great and sublime ideas.

The greatness of things is comparative; and this does not only hold, in respect of extension, but likewise in respect of dignity, duration, and all kinds of perfection. Astronomy opens the mind, and alters our judgment, with regard to the magnitude of extended beings; but Christianity produceth an universal greatness of soul. Philosophy increaseth our views in every respect, but Christianity extends them to a degree beyond the light of nature.

How mean must the most exalted potentate upon earth appear to that eye which takes in innumerable orders of

blest spirits, differing in glory and perfection? How little must the amusements of sense, and the ordinary occupations of mortal men, seem to one who is engaged in so noble a pursuit, as the assimilation of himself to the Deity, which is the proper employment of every Christian!

And the improvement which grows from habituating the mind to the comprehensive views of religion, must not be thought wholly to regard the understanding. Nothing is of greater force to subdue the inordinate motions of the heart, and to regulate the will. Whether a man be actuated by his passions or his reason, these are first wrought upon by some object, which stirs the soul in proportion to it's apparent dimensions. Hence irreligious men, whose short prospects are filled with earth, and sense, and mortal life, are invited, by these mean ideas, to actions proportionably little and low. But a mind, whose views are enlightened and extended by religion, is animated to nobler pursuits by more sublime and remote objects.

There is not any instance of weakness in the Free-thinkers that raises my indignation more, than their pretending to ridicule Christians, as men of narrow understandings, and to pass themselves upon the world for persons of superior sense, and more enlarged views. But I leave it to any impartial man to judge which hath the nobler sentiments, which the greater views; he whose notions are stinted to a few miserable inlets of sense, or he whose sentiments are raised above the common taste by the anticipation of those delights which will satiate the soul, when the whole capacity of her nature is branched out into new faculties? He who looks for nothing beyond this short span of duration, or he whose aims are co-extended with the endless length of eternity? He who derives his spirit from the elements, or he who thinks it was inspired by the Almighty?

N^o LXXI. TUESDAY, JUNE 2.

QUALE PORTENTUM NEQUE MILITARIS
DAUNIA IN LATIS ALIT ESCULETIS;
NEC JUBÆ TELLUS GENERAT, LEONUM
ARIDA NUTRIX.

HOR. OD. 22. L. I. V. 135

NO BEAST, OF MORE PORTENTOUS SIZE,
IN THE HERCINIAN FOREST LIES;
NOR FIERCER, IN NUMIDIA BRED,
WITH CARTHAGE WERE IN TRIUMPH LED.

ROSCOMMON.

I Question not but my country customers will be surprised to hear me complain, that this town is, of late years, very much infested with lions; and will, perhaps, look upon it as a strange piece of news, when I assure them that there are many of these beasts of prey who walk our streets in broad daylight, beating about from coffee-house to coffee-house, and seeking whom they may devour.

To unriddle this paradox, I must acquaint my rural reader, that we polite men of the town give the name of a lion to any one who is a great man's spy. And whereas I cannot discharge my office of Guardian, without setting a mark on such a noxious animal, and cautioning my wards against him, I design this whole paper as an essay upon the Political Lion.

It has cost me a great deal of time to discover the reason of this appellation, but after many disquisitions and conjectures on so obscure a subject, I find there are two accounts of it more satisfactory than the rest. In the republic of Venice, which has always been the mother of politics, there are, near the Doge's palace, several large figures of lions, curiously wrought in marble, with mouths gaping in a most enormous manner. Those who have a mind to give the state any private intelligence of what passes in the city, put their hands into the mouth of one of these lions, and convey into it a paper of such private informations as any way regard the interest or safety of the commonwealth. By this means all the secrets of state come out of the lion's mouth. The informer is concealed; it is the lion that tells every thing. In short, there is not a mismanagement in office, or a murmur in conversation, which the lion does not acquaint the go-

vernment with. For this reason, say the learned, a spy is very properly distinguished by the name of lion.

I must confess this etymology is plausible enough, and I did for some time acquiesce in it, until about a year or two ago I met with a little manuscript which sets this whole matter in a clear light. 'In the reign of Queen Elizabeth,' says my author, 'the renowned Walsingham had many spies in his service, from whom the government received great advantage. The most eminent among them was the statesman's barber, whose surname was Lion. This fellow had an admirable knack of fishing out the secrets of his customers, as they were under his hands. He would rub and lather a man's head, until he had got out every thing that was in it. He had a certain snap in his fingers, and a volubility in his tongue, that would engage a man to talk with him whether he would or no. By this means he became an inexhaustible fund of private intelligence, and so signalized himself in the capacity of a spy, that from his time a master-spy goes under the name of a Lion.'

'Walsingham had a most excellent penetration, and never attempted to turn any man into a lion whom he did not see highly qualified for it, when he was in his human condition. Indeed, the speculative men of those times say of him, that he would now and then play them off, and expose them a little unmercifully; but that, in my opinion, seems only good policy, for otherwise they might set up for men again, when they thought fit, and desert his service. But, however, though in that very corrupt age he made use of these animals, he had a great esteem for true men, and always exerted

exerted the highest generosity in offering them more, without asking terms of them, and doing more for them out of mere respect for their talents, though against him, than they could expect from any other minister whom they had served never so conspicuously. This made Raleigh, who professed himself his opponent; say one day to a friend—"Poor take this Walsingham, he baffles every body; he won't so much as let a man hate him in private." True it is, that by the wanderings, roarings, and lurkings of his lions, he knew the way to every man breathing, who had not a contempt for the world itself: he had lions rampant whom he used for the service of the church, and couchant who were to lie down for the queen. They were so much at command, that the couchant would act as the rampant, and the rampant as couchant, without being the least out of countenance, and all this within four and twenty hours. Walsingham had the pleasantest life in the world; for, by the force of his power and intelligence, he saw men as they really were, and not as the world thought of them: all this was principally brought about by feeding his lions well, or keeping them hungry, according to their different constitutions.

Having given this short, but necessary account of this statesman and his barber, who, like the taylor in Shakespeare's *Pyramus and Thisbe*, was a man made as other men are, notwithstanding he was a nominal lion, I shall proceed to the description of this strange species of creatures. Ever since the wise Walsingham was secretary in this nation, our statesmen are said to have encouraged the breed among us, as very well knowing that a lion in our British arms is one of the supporters of the crown, and that it is impossible for a government, in which there are such a variety of factions and intrigues, to subsist without this necessary animal.

A lion, or master-spy, hath several jack-calls under him, who are his retailers in intelligence, and bring him in materials for his report; his chief haunt is a coffee-house, and as his voice is exceeding strong, it aggravates the sound of every thing it repeats.

As the lion generally thirsts after

blood, and is of a fierce and cruel nature, there are no secrets which he hunts after with more delight, than those that cut off heads, hang, draw, and quarter, or end in the ruin of the person who becomes his prey. If he gets the wind of any word or action that may do a man good, it is not for his purpose, he quits the chace and falls into a more agreeable scent.

He discovers a wonderful sagacity in seeking after his prey. He couches and frisks about in a thousand sportful motions to draw it within his reach, and has a particular way of imitating the sound of the creature whom he would ensnare; an artifice to be met with in no beast of prey, except the hyæna and the political lion.

You seldom see a cluster of newsmongers without a lion in the midst of them. He never misses taking his stand within ear-shot of one of those little ambitious men, who set up for orators in places of public resort. If there is a whispering-hole, or any public-spirited corner in a coffee-house, you never fail of seeing a lion couched upon his elbow in some part of the neighbourhood.

A lion is particularly addicted to the perusal of every loose paper that lies in his way. He appears more than ordinarily attentive to what he reads, while he listens to those who are about him. He takes up the Post-man, and snuffs the candle that he may hear the better by it. I have seen a lion pore upon a single paragraph in an old gazette for two hours together, if his neighbours have been talking all that while.

Having given a full description of this monster, for the benefit of such innocent persons as may fall into his walks, I shall apply a word or two to the lion himself, whom I would desire to consider that he is a creature hated both by God and man, and regarded with the utmost contempt even by such as make use of him. Hangmen and executioners are necessary in a state, and so may the animal I have been here mentioning; but how despicable is the wretch that takes on him so vile an employment! There is scarce a being that would not suffer by a comparison with him, except that being only who acts the same kind of part, and is both the tempter and accuser of mankind.

N. B. Mr. Ironside has, within five

U

weeks

weeks last past, muzzled three lions, gorged five, and killed one. On Monday next the skin of the dead one will be

hung up in terrorment, at Button's coffee-house, over against Tom's in Covent Garden.

N^o LXXII. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3.

—IN VITIUM LIBERTAS EXCIDIT, ET VIM
DIGNAM LEGE REGI—

HOR. ARS POET. V. 282

—IT'S LIBERTY WAS TURN'D TO RAGE;
SUCH RAGE AS CIVIL POWER WAS FORC'D TO TAME.

CREECH.

OXFORD is a place which I am more inquisitive about than even that of my nativity; and when I have an account of any sprightly saying, or rising genius from thence, it brings my own youthful days into my mind, and throws me forty years back into life. It is for this reason, that I have thought myself a little neglected of late by Jack Lizard, from whom I used to hear at least once a week. The last post brought me his excuse, which is, that he hath been wholly taken up in preparing some exercises for the theatre. He tells me likewise, that the talk there is about a Public Act, and that the gay part of the university have great expectation of a *Terræ-filius*, who is to lash and sting all the world in a satirical speech. Against the great licence which hath heretofore been taken in these libels, he expresses himself with such humanity, as is very unusual in a young person, and ought to be cherished and admired. For my own part, I so far agree with him, that if the University permits a thing, which I think much better let alone, I hope those whose duty it is to appoint a proper person for that office, will take care that he utter nothing unbecoming a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian. Moreover, I would have them consider that their learned body hath already enemies enough, who are prepared to aggravate all irreverent insinuations, and to interpret all oblique indecencies, who will triumph in such a victory, and bid the University thank herself for the consequences.

In my time I remember the *Terræ-filius* contented himself with being bitter upon the Pope, or chastising the Turk; and raised a serious and manly mirth, and adapted to the dignity of his auditory, by exposing the false reasoning of the heretick, or ridiculing the clumsy

pretenders to genius and politeness. In the jovial reign of King Charles the Second, wherein never did more wit or more ribaldry abound, the fashion of being arch upon all that was grave, and waggish upon the ladies, crept into our seats of learning upon these occasions. This was managed grossly and awkwardly enough, in a place where the general plainness and simplicity of manners could ill bear the mention of such crimes, as in courts and great cities are called by the specious names of air and gallantry. It is to me amazing, that ever any man bred up in the knowledge of virtue and humanity, should so far cast off all shame and tenderness, as to stand up in the face of thousands, and utter such contumelies as I have read and heard of. Let such an one know, that he is making fools merry, and wise men sick; and that in the eye of considering persons, he hath less compunction than the common hangman, and less shame than a prostitute.

Infamy is so cutting an evil, that most persons who have any elevation of soul, think it worse than death. Those who have it not in their power to revenge it, often pine away in anguish, and loath their being; and those who have, enjoy no rest until they have vengeance. I shall therefore make it the business of this paper, to shew how base and ungenerous it is to traduce the women, and how dangerous to expose men of learning and character, who have generally been the subjects of these invectives.

It hath been often said, that women seem formed to soften the boisterous passions, and sooth the cares and anxieties to which men are exposed in the many perplexities of life. That having weaker bodies, and less strength of mind than man, nature hath poured out her charms upon them, and given them such tender-

ness.

ness of heart, that the most delicate delight we receive from them, is in thinking them entirely ours, and under our protection. Accordingly we find, that all nations have paid a decent homage to this weaker and lovelier part of the rational creation, in proportion to their removal from savageness and barbarism. Chastity and truth are the only due returns that they can make for this generous disposition in the nobler sex. For beauty is so far from satisfying us of itself, that whenever we think that it is communicated to others, we behold it with regret and disdain. Whoever therefore robs a woman of her reputation, despoils a poor defenceless creature of all that makes her valuable, turns her beauty into loathsomeness, and leaves her friendless, abandoned, and undone. There are many tempers so soft, that the least calumny gives them pains they are not able to bear. They give themselves up to strange fears, gloomy reflections, and deep melancholy. How savage must he be who can sacrifice the quiet of such a mind to a transient burst of mirth! Let him who wantonly sports away the peace of a poor lady, consider what discord he sows in families; how often he wrings the heart of an hoary parent; how often he rouses the fury of a jealous husband; how he extorts from the abused woman curses, perhaps not unheard, and poured out in the bitterness of her soul! What weapons hath she wherewith to repel such an outrage! How shall she oppose her softness and imbecillity to the hardened forehead of a coward, who hath trampled upon weakness that could not resist him? to a buffoon, who hath slandered innocence to raise the laughter of fools? who hath scattered fire-brands, arrows, and death, and said—"Am I not in sport?"

Irreverent reflections upon men of learning and note, if their character be sacred, do great disservice to religion, and betray a vile mind in the author. I have therefore always thought, with indignation, upon that accuser of the brethren, the famous Antiquary, whose employment it was for several years, to take up all the ill-natured stories that had ever been fastened upon celebrated men, and transmit them to posterity with cruel industry, and malicious joy. Though the good man, ill-used,

may out of a meek and christian disposition, so far subdue their natural resentment, as to neglect and forgive; yet the inventors of such calumnies will find generous persons, whose bravery of mind makes them think themselves proper instruments to chastise such insolence. And I have, in my time, more than once known the discipline of the blanket administered to the offenders, and all their slanders answered by that kind of syllogism which the ancient Romans called the Argumentum Bacillum.

I have less compassion for men of sprightly parts and genius, whose characters are played upon, because they have it in their power to revenge themselves tenfold. But I think, of all the classes of mankind, they are the most pardonable if they pay the slanderer in his own coin: for their names being already blazed abroad in the world, the least blot thrown upon them is displayed far and wide; and they have this sad privilege above the men in obscurity, that the dishonour travels as far as their fame. To be even therefore with their enemy, they are but too apt to diffuse his infamy as far as their own reputation; and, perhaps, triumph in secret, that they have it in their power to make his name the scoff and derision of after-ages. This, I say, they are too apt to do. For sometimes they resent the exposing of their little affectations or slips in writings as much as wounds upon their honour. The first are trifles they should laugh away, but the latter deserves their utmost severity.

I must confess a warmth against the buffooneries mentioned in the beginning of this paper, as they have so many circumstances to aggravate their guilt. A licence for a man to stand up in the schools of the prophets, in a grave decent habit, and audaciously vent his obloquies against the doctors of our church, and directors of our young nobility, gentry, and clergy, in their hearing and before their eyes; to throw calumnies upon poor defenceless women, and offend their ears with nauseous ribaldry, and name their names at length in a public theatre, when a queen* is upon the throne: such a licence as this never yet gained ground in our play-houses; and I hope will not need a law to forbid it. Were I to advise in this matter, I should

represent to the orator how noble a field there lay before him for panegyric; what a happy opportunity he had of doing justice to the great men who once were of that famous body, or now shine forth in it; nor should I neglect to insinuate the advantages he might propose by gaining their friendship, whose worth, by a contrary treatment, he will be imagined either not to know, or to envy. This might rescue the name from scandal; and if, as it ought, this performance turned solely upon matters of wit and learning, it might have the honour of

being one of the first productions of the magnificent printing-house just erected at Oxford*.

This paper is written with a design to make my journey to Oxford agreeable to me, where I design to be at the Public Act. If my advice is neglected, I shall not scruple to insert in the Guardian whatever the men of letters and genius transmit to me, in their own vindication; and I hereby promise, that I myself will draw my pen in defence of all injured women.

N^O LXXIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 4.

IN AMORE HÆC INSUNT OMNIA.

TER. EUN. ACT. I. SC. I.

ALL THESE THINGS ARE INSEPARABLE FROM LOVE.

IT is a matter of great concern that there come so many letters to me, wherein I see parents make love for their children; and, without any manner of regard to the season of life, and the respective interests of their progeny, judge of their future happiness by the rules of ordinary commerce. When a man falls in love in some families, they use him as if his land was mortgaged to them, and he cannot discharge himself; but by really making it the same thing in an unreasonable settlement, or foregoing what is dearer to him than his estate itself. These extortioners are, of all others, the most cruel; and the sharks, who prey upon the inadvertency of young heirs, are more pardonable than those who trespass upon the good opinion of those who treat with them upon the foot of choice and respect. The following letters may place in the reader's view uneasinesses of this sort, which may perhaps be useful to some under the circumstances mentioned by my correspondents.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

FROM A CERTAIN TOWN IN
CUMBERLAND, MAY 21.

VENERABLE SIR,

IT is impossible to express the universal satisfaction your Precautions give in a country so far north as ours; and

indeed it were impertinent to expatiate in a case that is by no means particular to ourselves, all mankind, who wish well to one another, being equally concerned in their success. However, as all nations have not the genius, and each particular man has his different views and taste, we northerners cannot but acknowledge our obligations, in a more especial manner, for your Matrimonial Precautions, which we more immediately are interested in. Our climate has ever been recorded as friendly to the continuation of our kind; and the ancient histories are not more full of their Goths and Vandals, that in swarms overspread all Europe, than modern story of it's Yorkshire hostlers and attorneys, who are remarkably eminent and beneficial in every market-town, and most inns of this kingdom. I shall not here presume to enter, with the ancient sages, into a particular reasoning upon the case, as whether it proceeds from the cold temper of the air, or the particular constitutions of the persons, or both; from the fashionable want of artifice in the women, and their entire satisfaction in one conquest only, or the happy ignorance in the men of those southern vices which effeminate mankind.

From this encomium, I do not question but by this time you infer me happy already in the legal possession of some

* The Clarendon printing-house,

fair-one, or in a probable way of being so. But, alas! neither is my case, and from the cold damp which this minute seizes upon my heart, I presage never will. What shall I do? To complain here is to talk to winds, or mortals as regardless as they: the tempestuous storms in the neighbouring mountains, are not more relentless, or the crags more deaf, than the old gentleman is to my sighs and prayers. The lovely Pastorella indeed hears and gently sighs, but it is only to increase my tortures; she is too dutiful to disobey a father, and I neither able nor forward to receive her by an act of disobedience.

As to myself, my humour, until this accident ruffled it, has ever been gay and thoughtless, perpetually toying amongst the women, dancing briskly and singing softly. For I take it, more men miscarry among them for having too much than too little understanding. Pastorella seems willing to relieve me from my frights; and by her constant carriage, by admitting my visits at all hours, has convinced all hereabouts of my happiness with her, and occasioned a total defection amongst her former lovers, to my infinite contentment. Ah! Mr. Ironside, could you but see in a calm evening the profusion of ease and tenderness betwixt us! The murmuring river that glides gently by, the cooing turtles in the neighbouring groves, are harsh, compared to her more tuneful voice. The happy pair, first joined in Paradise, not more enamoured walked! more sweetly loved! But alas! what is all this! an imaginary joy, in which we trifle away our precious time, without coming together for ever. That must depend upon the old gentleman, who sees I cannot live without his daughter, and knows I cannot, upon his terms, be ever happy with her. I beg of you to send for us all up to town together, that we may be heard before you (for we all agree in a deference to your judgment) upon these heads, Whether the authority of a father should not accommodate itself to the liberty of a free-born English woman?

Whether, if you think fit to take the old gentleman into your care, the daughter may not chuse her lover for her guardian?

Whether all parents are not obliged to provide for the just passions of their children when grown up, as well as food and raiment in their tender years?

These and such points being unsettled in the world, are cause of great distraction; and it would be worthy your great age and experience to consider them distinctly for the benefit of domestic life. All which, most venerable Nestor, is humbly submitted by all your northern friends, as well as your most obedient and devoted humble servant,
PASTOR FIDO.

MR. IRONSIDE,

WE who subscribe this are man and wife, and have been so these fifteen years: but you must know we have quarrelled twice a day ever since we came together, and at the same time have a very tender regard for one another. We observe this habitual disputation has an ill effect upon our children, and they lose their respect towards us from this Jangling of ours. We lately entered into an agreement; that from that time forward, when either should fall into passion, the party angry should go into another room, and write a note to the other by one of the children, and the person writ to, right or wrong, beg pardon; because the writing to avoid passion, is in itself an act of kindness. This little method, with the smiles of the messengers, and other nameless incidents in the management of this correspondence with the next room, has produced inexpressible delight, made our children and servants cheerful under our care and protection, and made us ourselves sensible of a thousand good qualities we now see in each other, which could not before shine out; because of our mutual impatience.

Your humble servants,

PHILIP and MARY.

P. S. Since the above, my wife is gone out of the room, and writes word by Billy that she would have in the above letter, the words 'jangling of ours,' changed into the words 'these our frequent debates.' I allow of the amendment, and desire you would understand accordingly, that we never jangled, but went into Frequent Debates, which were always held in a Committee of the Whole House.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SAGACIOUS SIR,

WE married men reckon ourselves under your ward, as well as those who live in a less regular condition. You must

must know I have a wife, who is one of those good women who are never very angry or very much pleased. My dear is rather inclined to the former, and will walk about in soliloquy, dropping sentences to herself of management, saying, she will say nothing, but she knows when her head is laid what—and the rest of that kind of half expressions. I am never inquisitive to know what is her grievance, because I know it is only constitution. I call her by the kind appellation of My gentle Murmur, and I am so used to hear her, that I believe I could not sleep without it. It would not be amiss if you communicated this to the public, that many who think their wives angry, may know they are only not pleased, and that very many come into this world, and go out of it at a very good old age, without having ever been much transported with joy or grief in their whole lives.

Your humble servant,
ARTHUR SMOOTH.

MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,

I Am now three and twenty, and in the utmost perplexity how to behave myself towards a gentleman, whom my father has admitted to visit me, as a lover. I plainly perceive my father designs to take advantage of his passion towards me, and require terms of him which will make him fly off. I have orders to be cold to him in all my behaviour; but if you insert this letter in the Guardian, he will know that distance is constrained. I love him better than life, am satisfied with the offer he has made, and desire him to stick to it, that he may not hereafter think he has purchased me too dear. My mother knows I love him, so that my father must comply. Your thankful ward,

SUSANNA —

P. S. I give my service to him, and desire the settlement may be such as shows I have my thoughts fixed upon my happiness in being his wife, rather than his widow.

Nº LXXIV. FRIDAY, JUNE 5.

MAGNE PARENTS, SANCTA QUAM MAJESTATE VERENDUS! BUCH.

GREAT PARENT! HOW MAJESTIC! HOW ADORABLE!

I Will make no apology for preferring this letter, and the extract following, to any thing else which I could possibly insert.

STR, CAMBRIDGE, MAY 31.

YOU having been pleased to take notice of what you conceived excellent in some of our English divines, I have here presumed to send a specimen, which, if I am not mistaken, may, for acuteness of judgment, ornament of speech, and true sublime, compare with any of the choicest writings of the ancient fathers or doctors of the church, who lived nearest to the apostles times. The subject is no less than that of God himself; and the design, besides doing some honour to our own nation, is to shew by a fresh example, to what a height and strength of thought a person who appears not to be by nature endued with the quickest parts, may arrive through a sincere and steady practice of the Christian religion, I mean, as taught and administered in the church of England: which will, at the same time, prove that

the force of spiritual assistance is not at all abated by length of time, or the iniquity of mankind; but that if men were not wanting to themselves, and (as our excellent author speaks) could but be persuaded to conform to our church's rules, they might still live as the primitive Christians did, and come short of none of those eminent saints for virtue and holiness. The author from whom this collection is made, is Bishop Beveridge, Vol. II. Sermon i.

PHILOTHEUS.

In treating upon that passage in the book of Exodus, where Moses being ordered to lead the children of Israel out of Egypt, he asked God what name he should mention Him by to that people, in order to dispose them to obey Him; and GOD answered, *I Am that I Am*; and bade him tell them, *I Am hath sent me unto you*; The admirable author thus discourses: 'GOD having been pleased to reveal himself to us under this name or title, *I am that I am*, He thereby suggests to us, that he would not have

us apprehend of Him, as of any particular or limited Being, but as a Being in general, or the Being of all beings; who giveth being to, and therefore exerciseth authority over all things in the world. He did not answer Moses, I am the great, the living, the true, the everlasting God; he did not say, I am the almighty Creator, Preserver and Governor of the whole world, but *I Am that I Am*: intimating, that if Moses desired such a name of God as might fully describe his nature as in itself, that is a thing impossible, there being no words to be found in any language, whereby to express the glory of an infinite Being; especially so as that finite creatures should be able fully to conceive it. Yet, however, in these words He is pleased to acquaint us what kind of thoughts he would have us entertain of him: inasmuch, that could we but rightly apprehend what is couched under and intended by them, we should doubtless have as high and true conceptions of God as it is possible for creatures to have. The answer given suggests farther to us these following notions of the most high God. First, that he is *one Being*, existing in and of himself: his unity is implied in that he saith, *I*; his existence, in that he saith, *I Am*; his existence in and of Himself, in that he saith, *I Am that I am*, that is, *I am in and of myself*, not receiving any thing from, nor depending upon any other. The same expression implies, that as *GOD is only One*, so that He is a *most pure and simple Being*; for here, we see, He admits nothing into the manifestation of himself but *pure essence*, saying, *I Am that I Am*, that is, *Being itself*, without any mixture or composition. And therefore we must not conceive of *GOD*, as made up of several parts, or faculties, or ingredients, but only as *One* who is that He is, and whatsoever is in Him, is Himself: and although we read of several properties attributed to Him in Scripture, as *wisdom, goodness, justice, &c.* we must not apprehend them to be several powers, habits, or qualities, as they are in us; for as they are in *GOD*, they are neither distinguished from one another, nor from his *nature or essence*, in whom they are said to be. In whom, I say, they are said to be: for

to speak properly, they are not in Him, but are his very *essence, or nature itself*; which acting severally upon several objects, seems to us to act from several properties or perfections in Him; whereas all the difference is only in our different apprehensions of the same thing. *GOD* in himself is a *most simple and pure act*, and therefore cannot have any thing in Him, but what is that *most simple and pure act itself*; which seeing it bringeth upon every creature what it deserves, we conceive of it as of several divine perfections in the same Almighty Being. Whereas *GOD*, whose understanding is infinite as Himself, doth not apprehend himself under the distinct notions of *wisdom, or goodness, or justice, or the like*, but only as *Jehovah*; and therefore, in this place, he doth not say, *I am wise, or just, or good*, but simply, *I am that I am*.

Having thus offered at something towards the explication of the first of these mysterious sayings in the answer *GOD* made to *Moses*, when he designed to encourage him to lead his people out of *Egypt*, he proceeds to consider the other, whereby *GOD* calls himself absolutely *I AM*. Concerning which he takes notice, that though *I AM* be commonly a verb of the first person, yet it is here used as a noun substantive, or proper name, and is the nominative case to another verb of the third person in these words—*I am hath sent me unto you*. A strange expression! But when *GOD* speaks of himself, He cannot be confined to grammar-rules, being infinitely above and beyond the reach of all languages in the world. And therefore it is no wonder that when he would reveal Himself, he goes out of our common way of speaking one to another, and expresseth Himself in a way peculiar to himself, and such as is suitable and proper to his own nature and glory.

Hence, therefore, as when He speaks of Himself and his own *eternal essence*, he saith—*I Am that I Am*; so when He speaks of Himself, with reference to his creatures, and especially to his people, he saith—*I am*. He doth not say—*I am their light, their life, their guide, their strength, or tower*; but only—*I am*: he lets, as it were, his hand to a blank, that his people may write under it what they please that is good

* good for them. As if He should say
 * —Are they weak? I am strength.
 * Are they poor? I am riches. Are
 * they in trouble? I am comfort. Are
 * they sick? I am health. Are they dy-
 * ing? I am life. Have they nothing?
 * I am all things. I am wisdom and
 * power, I am justice and mercy, I am
 * grace and goodness, I am glory, beau-
 * ty, holiness, eminency, supereminency,
 * perfection, all-sufficiency, eternity, Je-
 * borah, I Am. Whatsoever is suitable
 * to their nature, or convenient for them
 * in their several conditions, that I am:
 * whatsoever is amiable in itself, or de-
 * sirable unto them, that I am: what-
 * soever is pure and holy, whatsoever
 * is great or pleasant, whatsoever is
 * good or needful to make men happy,
 * that I am. So that, in short, GOD
 * here represents himself unto us as an
 * Universal Good, and leaves us to make
 * the application of it to ourselves, ac-
 * cording to our several wants, capa-
 * cities, and desires, by saying only in
 * general—I am.

Again, page 27, he thus discourses:
 * There is more solid joy and comfort,
 * more real delight and satisfaction of
 * mind, in one single thought of GOD,
 * rightly formed, than all the riches,
 * and honours, and pleasures of this
 * world, put them all together, are able
 * to afford—Let us then call in all
 * our scattered thoughts from all things
 * here below, and raise them up and
 * unite them all to the most High GOD;
 * apprehending him under the idea,
 * image, or likeness of any thing else,
 * but as infinitely greater, and higher,
 * and better than all things; as one
 * existing in and of himself, and giving
 * essence and existence to all things in
 * the world besides Himself; as one so
 * pure and simple, that there is nothing
 * in Him but Himself, but Essence and
 * Being itself; as one so infinite and
 * omnipotent, that wheresoever any thing

* else is in the whole world, there He
 * is, and beyond the world, where no-
 * thing else is, there all things are, be-
 * cause He is there, as one so wise, so
 * knowing, so omniscient, that He at
 * this very moment, and always, sees
 * what all the angels are doing in hea-
 * ven; what all the fowls are doing in
 * the air; what all the fishes are doing
 * in the waters; what all the devils are
 * doing in hell; what all the men and
 * beasts, and the very insects, are doing
 * upon earth; as one so powerful and
 * omnipotent, that He can do whatsoever
 * he will, only by willing it should be
 * done; as one so great, so good, so
 * glorious, so immutable, so transcend-
 * ent, so infinite, so incomprehensible, so
 * eternal, what shall I say? so Jebovah;
 * that the more we think of Him, the
 * more we admire Him, the more we
 * adore Him, the more we love Him,
 * the more we may and ought: our
 * highest conceptions of Him being as
 * much beneath him, as our greatest
 * services come short of what we owe
 * Him.

* Seeing therefore we cannot think of
 * God so highly as He is, let us think
 * of Him as highly as we can: and for
 * that end let us get above ourselves;
 * and above the world, and raise our
 * thoughts higher and higher, and
 * higher still; and when we have got
 * them up as high as possibly we can,
 * let us apprehend a Being infinitely
 * higher than the highest of them; and
 * then finding ourselves at a loss, amazed,
 * confounded, at such an infinite height
 * of infinite perfections, let us fall down
 * in humble and hearty desires to be
 * freed from those dark prisons where-
 * in we are now immured, that we may
 * take our flight into eternity, and there
 * (through the merits of our blessed
 * Saviour) see this infinite Being face
 * to face, and enjoy Him for ever.

Nº LXXV. SATURDAY, JUNE 6.

NIC EST, AUT NUSQUAM, QUOD QUÆRIMUS.

HOR. EP. 17. L. I. v. 39.

—HERE OR NO WHERE, WE MAY HOPE TO FIND
 WHAT WE DESIRE.

CREECH.

THIS paper shall consist of extracts
 from two great divines, but of
 very different genius. The one is to be

admired for convincing the understand-
 ing, the other for inflaming the heart.
 The former urges us in this plain and
 forcible

forcible manner to an enquiry into religion, and practising it's precepts.

Suppose the world began some-time to be; it must either be made by counsel and design, that is, produced by some Being that knew what it did, that did contrive it and frame it as it is; which it is easy to conceive, a Being that is infinitely good and wise, and powerful, might do: but this is to own a God. Or else the matter of it being supposed to have been always, and in continual motion and tumult, it at last happened to fall into this order, and the parts of matter, after various agitations, were at length entangled and knit together in this order, in which we see the world to be. But can any man think this reasonable to imagine, that in the infinite variety which is in the world, all things should happen by chance, as well and as orderly as the greatest wisdom could have contrived them? Whoever can believe this, must do it with his will, and not with his understanding.

Supposing the reasons for and against the principles of religion were equal, yet the danger and hazard is so unequal, as would sway a prudent man to the affirmative. Suppose a man believe there is no God, nor life after this, and suppose he be in the right, but not certain that he is, (for that I am sure in this case is impossible) all the advantage he hath by this opinion relates only to this world, and this present time; for he cannot be the better for it when he is not. Now what advantage will it be to him in this life? He shall have the more liberty to do what he pleaseth; that is, it furnisheth him with a stronger temptation to be intemperate, and lustful, and unjust; that is, to do those things which prejudice his body and his health, which cloud his reason, and darken his understanding, which will make him enemies in the world, will bring him into danger. So that it is no advantage to any man to be vicious; and yet this is the greatest use that is made of atheistical principles, to comfort men in their vicious courses. But if thou hast a mind to be virtuous, and temperate, and just, the belief of the principles of religion will be no obstacle, but a furtherance to thee in this course. All the advantage a man can hope for by disbelieving the principles of reli-

gion, is to escape trouble and perfection in this world, which may happen to him upon account of religion. But supposing there be a God and a life after this, then what a vast difference is there of the consequences of these opinions? As much as between finite and infinite, time and eternity.

To persuade men to believe the scriptures, I only offer this to men's consideration. If there be a God, whose providence governs the world, and all the creatures in it, is it not reasonable to think that he hath a particular care of men, the noblest part of this visible world? And seeing he hath made them capable of eternal duration; that he hath provided for their eternal happiness, and sufficiently revealed to them the way to it, and the terms and conditions of it! Now let any man produce any book in the world, that pretends to be from God, and to do this; that for the matter of it is so worthy of God, the doctrines whereof are so useful, and the precepts so reasonable, and the arguments so powerful, the truth of all which was confirmed by so many great and unquestionable miracles, the relation of which has been transmitted to posterity in public and authentic records, written by those who were eye and ear witnesses of what they wrote, and free from suspicion of any worldly interest and design; let any produce a book like to this, in all these respects; and which, over and besides, hath by the power and reasonableness of the doctrines contained in it, prevailed so miraculously in the world, by weak and inconsiderable means, in opposition to all the wit and power of the world, and under such discouragements as no other religion was ever assaulted with; let any man bring forth such a book, and he hath my leave to believe it as soon as the Bible. But if there be none such, as I am well assured there is not, then every one that thinks God hath revealed himself to men, ought to embrace and entertain the doctrine of the Holy Scriptures, as revealed by God.

And now having presented men with such arguments and considerations as are proper, and, I think, sufficient to induce belief, I think it not unreasonable to intreat and urge men diligently and impartially to consider these

matters; and if there be weight in these considerations to sway reasonable men, that they would not suffer themselves to be biased by prejudice or passion, or interest, to a contrary persuasion. Thus much I may with reason desire of men: for though men cannot believe what they will, yet men may, if they will, consider things seriously and impartially, and yield or withhold their assent, as they shall see cause, after a thorough search and examination.

If any man will offer a serious argument against any of the principles of religion, and will debate the matter soberly, as one that considers the infinite consequences of these things one way or other, and would gladly be satisfied, he deserves to be heard what he can say; but if a man will turn religion into raillery, and confute it by two or three bold jests, he doth not make religion, but himself, ridiculous, in the opinion of all considerate men, because he sports with his life.

So that it concerns every man that would not trifle away his soul, and fool himself into irrecoverable misery, with the greatest seriousness to enquire into these things, whether they be so or no, and patiently to consider the arguments that are brought for them.

And when you are examining these matters, do not take into consideration any sensual or worldly interest; but deal fairly and impartially with yourselves. Think with yourselves that you have not the making of things true and false, that the principles of religion are either true or false, before

you think of them. The truth of things is already fixed; either there is a God, or no God; either your souls are immortal, or they are not; either the Scriptures are a divine revelation, or an imposture; one of these is certain and necessary, and they are not now to be altered: things will not comply with your conceits, and bend themselves to your interests; therefore do not think what you would have to be; but consider impartially what is.

The other great writer is particularly useful in his rapturous soliloquies, wherein he thinks of the Deity with the highest admiration, and beholds himself with the most contrite lowliness. "My present business," says he, "is to treat of God, his being, and attributes; but who is sufficient for these things?" At least, who am I, a silly worm, that I should take upon me to speak of Him, by whom alone I speak; and being myself but a finite sinful creature, should strive to unveil the nature of the infinite and most holy God! Alas! I cannot so much as begin to think of him but immediately my thoughts are confounded, my heart is perplexed, my mind amazed, my head turns round, my whole soul seems to be unhinged and overwhelmed within me. His mercy exalts me, His justice depresseth me. His wisdom astonisheth me. His power affrights me. His glory dazzles mine eyes; and "by reason of his highness," as Job speaks, "I cannot endure: but the least glimpse of Him makes me "abhor myself, "and repent in dust and ashes" before him."

Nº LXXVI. MONDAY, JUNE 8.

—SOLOS AIO BENE VIVERE, QUORUM
CONSPICITUR NITIDIS FUNDATA PECUNIA VILLIS.

HOR. EP. 35. L. I. V. 45.

—THOSE ARE BLESSED, AND ONLY THOSE,
WHOSE STately HOUSE THEIR HIDDEN TREASURE SHOWS.

CREECH.

I Ever thought it my duty to preserve peace and love among my Wards. And since I have set up for an universal Guardian, I have laid nothing more to heart than the differences and quarrels between the landed and the trading interests of my country, which indeed com-

prehend the whole. I shall always contribute, to the utmost of my power, to reconcile these interests to each other, and to make them both sensible that their mutual happiness depends upon their being friends.

They mutually furnish each other with
all

all the necessaries and conveniences of life; the land supplies the traders with corn, cattle, wool, and generally all the materials, either for their subsistence or their riches; the traders in return provide the gentlemen with houses, cloaths, and many other things, without which their life at best would be uncomfortable. Yet these very interests are almost always clashing; the traders consider every high duty upon any part of their trade, as proceeding from jealousy in the gentlemen of their rivalling them too fast; and they are often enemies on this account. The gentlemen, on the other hand, think they can never lay too great a burden upon trade, though in every thing they eat, and drink, and wear, they are sure to bear the greatest part themselves.

I shall endeavour, as much as possible, to remove this emulation between the parties; and, in the first place, to convince the traders that in many instances high duties may be laid upon their imports to enlarge the general trade of the kingdom. For example, if there should be laid a prohibition, or high duties which shall amount to a prohibition, upon the imports from any other country which takes from us a million sterling every year, and returns us nothing else but manufactures for the consumption of our own people, it is certain this ought to be considered as the increase of our trade in general; for if we want these manufactures, we shall either make them ourselves, or, which is the same thing, import them from other countries in exchange for our own; in either of which cases our foreign or inland trade is enlarged, and so many more of our own people are employed and subsisted for that money which was annually exported; that is, in all probability, a hundred and fifty thousand of our people, for the yearly sum of one million. If our traders would consider many of our prohibitions or high duties in this light, they would think their country and themselves obliged to the landed interest for these restraints.

Again, gentlemen are too apt to envy the traders every sum of money they import and gain from abroad, as if it was so much loss to themselves; but if they could be convinced, that for every million that shall be imported and gained by the traders, more than twice that sum is gained by the landed interest, they would never be averse to the trading part of the

nation. To convince them, therefore, that this is the fact, shall be the remaining part of this discourse.

Let us suppose then, that a million, or, if you please, that twenty millions were to be imported, and gained by trade, to what uses could it be applied? and which would be the greatest gainers, the landed or the trading interest? Suppose it to be twenty millions.

It cannot at all be doubted, that a part of the aforementioned sum would be laid out in luxury, such as the magnificence of buildings, the plate and furniture of houses, jewels, and rich apparel, the elegance of diet, the splendor of coaches and equipage, and such other things as are an expence to the owners, and bring in no manner of profit. But because it is seldom seen that persons who by great industry have gained estates are extravagant in their luxury, and because the revenue must be still sufficient to support the annual expence, it is hard to conceive that more than two of the twenty millions can be converted into this dead stock, at least eighteen must still be left to raise an annual interest to the owners; and the revenue from the eighteen millions, at six per centum, will be little more than one million per annum.

Again, a part of the twenty millions is very likely to be converted to increase the stock of our inland trade, in which is comprehended that upon all our farms. This is the trade which provides for the annual consumption of our people, and a stock of the value of two years consumption is generally believed to be sufficient for this purpose. If the eighteen millions above-mentioned will not raise a revenue of more than one million per annum, it is certain that no more than this last value can be added to our annual consumption, and that two of the twenty millions will be sufficient to add to the stock of our inland trade.

Our foreign trade is considered upon another foot; for though it provides in part for the annual consumption of our own people, it provides also for the consumption of foreign nations. It exports our superfluous manufactures, and should make returns of bullion, or other durable treasure. Our foreign trade, for forty years last past, in the judgment of the most intelligent persons, has been managed by a stock not less than four, and not exceeding eight millions, with which last sum they think it is driven at

this time, and that it cannot be carried much farther, unless our merchants shall endeavour to open a trade to 'Terra Australis Incognita,' or some place that would be equivalent. It will therefore be a very large allowance, that one of the twenty millions can be added to the capital stock of our foreign trade.

There may be another way of raising interest; that is, by laying up, at a cheap time, corn or other goods or manufactures that will keep, for the consumption of future years, and when the markets may happen to call for them at an advanced price. But as most goods are perishable, and waste something every year, by which means a part of the principal is still lost, and as it is seldom seen that these engrossers get more than their principal, and the common interest of their money, this way is so precarious and full of hazard, that it is very unlikely any more than three of the twenty millions will be applied to engrossing. It were to be wished the engrossers were more profitable traders for themselves; they are certainly very beneficial for the commonwealth; they are a market for the rich in a time of plenty, and ready at hand with relief for the poor in a time of dearth. They prevent the exportation of many necessities of life, when they are very cheap, so that we are not at the charge of bringing them back again, when they are very dear. They save the money that is paid to foreign countries for interest and warehouse-room; but there is so much hazard, and so little profit, in this business, that if twenty millions were to be imported, scarce three of them would be applied to the making magazines for the kingdom.

If any of the money should be lent at interest to persons that shall apply the same to any of the purposes above-mentioned, it is still the same thing. If I have given good reasons for what I have said, no more than eight of the twenty millions can be applied either to our stock of luxury, our stock in inland or foreign trade, or our stores or magazines. So that still there will remain twelve millions, which are now no otherwise to be disposed of than in buying of lands or houses, or our new parliamentary funds, or in being lent out at interest upon mortgages of those securities, or to persons who have no other ways to repay the value than by part of the things themselves,

The question then is what effect these twelve millions will have towards reducing the interest of money, or raising the value of estates; for as the former grows less, the latter will ever rise in proportion. For example, while the interest of money is five per cent. per annum, a man lends two thousand pounds to raise a revenue of one hundred pounds per annum, by the interest of his money; and, for the same reason, he gives two thousand pounds, or more, to purchase an estate of one hundred pounds per annum. Again, if the interest of money shall fall one per cent. he must be forced to lend two thousand four hundred pounds to gain the revenue of one hundred pounds per annum, and for the same reason he must give at least two thousand four hundred pounds to purchase an estate of the same yearly rent. Therefore, if these twelve millions newly gained shall reduce one per cent. of the present interest of money, they must of necessity increase every estate at least four years value in the purchase.

It is ever easier to meet with men that will borrow money than sell their estates. An evidence of this is, that we never have so good a revenue by buying as by lending. The first thing, therefore, that will be attempted with these twelve millions, is to lend money to those that want it. This can hardly fail of reducing one per cent. of the present interest of money, and consequently of raising every estate four years value in the purchase.

For, in all probability, all the money or value now in England, not applied to any of the uses above-mentioned, and which therefore lies dead, or affords no revenue to the owners, until it can be disposed of to such uses, doth not exceed twelve millions; yet this sum, whatever it is, is sufficient to keep down money to the present interest, and to hold up lands to their present value. One would imagine, then, if this sum should be doubled, if twelve millions extraordinary should be added to it, they should reduce half the present interest of money, and double the present value of estates. But it will easily be allowed they must reduce one per cent. of the present interest of money, and add the value of four years rent to the purchase of every estate.

To confirm the belief of this, an argument might be taken from what really happened in the province of Holland before the year one thousand six hundred and

and seventy. I think it is in Sir William Temple's Observations upon the United Netherlands. The government there was indebted about thirteen millions, and paid the interest of five per cent. per annum. They had got a sum of money, I think not above a million, with which they prepared to discharge such a part of the principal. The creditors were so unable to find so good an interest elsewhere, that they petitioned the States to keep their money, with an abatement of one per cent. of their interest. The same money was offered to the same number of other creditors with the same success, until one per cent. of their whole interest was abated, yet at last such a part of the principal was discharged. And when this sum came to be lent to private persons it had the same effect; there one per cent. of the common interest was abated throughout the whole province, as well between subject and subject, as between the subjects and their governors. And nothing is so notorious, as that the value of lands in that country has risen in proportion, and that estates are sold there for thirty years value of their whole

rents. It is not then to be doubted, that twelve millions extraordinary to be lent at interest, or purchase lands or government securities, must have the like effect in England, at least that lands will arise four years rent in every purchase above their present value. And how great an improvement must this be of the landed interest?

The rents of England, according to the proportion of the Land-Tax, should be little more than eight millions, yet perhaps they may be twelve. If there is made an addition of four years value in every purchase; this, upon all the rents of England, amounts to forty-eight millions. So that, by the importation and clear gain of twenty millions by trade, the landed-interest gains an improvement of forty-eight millions, at least six times as much as all other interests joined together.

I should think this argument, which I have endeavoured to set in a clear light, must needs be sufficient to shew that the landed and the trading interests cannot in reality but be friends to each other.

N^o LXXVII. TUESDAY, JUNE 9.

—CERTUM VOTO PETEFINEM.

HOR. EP. 2 L. I. V. 56.

—TO WISHES FIX AN END.

CREECH.

THE Writers of Morality assign two sorts of Goods, the one is in itself desirable, the other is to be desired, not on account of its own excellency, but for the sake of some other thing which it is instrumental to obtain. These are usually distinguished by the appellations of End and Means. We are prompted by nature to desire the former, but that we have any appetite for the latter is owing to choice and deliberation.

But as wise men engage in the pursuit of means, from a farther view of some natural good with which they are connected; fools, who are actuated by imitation and not by reason, blindly pursue the means, without any design or prospect of applying them. The result whereof is, that they entail upon themselves the anxiety and toil, but are debarred from the subsequent delights which arise to wiser men; since their views not reaching the end, terminate in those things, which, although they have a relative goodness, yet

considered absolutely, are indifferent, or, it may be, evil.

The principle of this misconduct is a certain short-sightedness of the mind: and as this defect is branched forth into innumerable errors in life, and hath infected all ranks and conditions of men; so it more eminently appears in three species, the Critics, Misers, and Free-thinkers. I shall endeavour to make good this observation with regard to each of them. And first of the Critic.

Profit and pleasure are the ends that a reasonable creature would propose to obtain by study, or indeed by any other undertaking. Those parts of learning which relate to the imagination, as eloquence and poetry, produce an immediate pleasure in the mind. And sublime and useful truths, when they are conveyed in apt allegories, or beautiful images, make distinct and lasting impressions; by which means the fancy becomes subservient to the understanding, and the mind is at the same

same time delighted and instructed. The exercise of the understanding in the discovery of truth, is likewise attended with great pleasure, as well as immediate profit. It not only strengthens our faculties, purifies the soul, subdues the passions; but besides these advantages, there is also a secret joy that flows from intellectual operations, proportioned to the nobleness of the faculty, and not the less affecting because inward and unseen.

But the mere exercise of the memory as such, instead of bringing pleasure or immediate benefit, is a thing of vain irksomeness and fatigue, especially when employed in the acquisition of languages, which is, of all others, the most dry and painful occupation. There must be therefore something further proposed, or wise men would never engage in it. And, indeed, the very reason of the thing plainly intimates that the motives which first drew men to affect a knowledge in dead tongues, was that they looked on them as means to convey more useful and entertaining knowledge into their minds.

There are nevertheless certain critics, who, seeing that Greek and Latin are in request, join in a thoughtless pursuit of those languages, without any farther view. They look on the ancient authors, but it is with an eye to phraseology, or certain minute particulars which are valuable for no other reason but because they are despised and forgotten by the rest of mankind. The divine maxims of morality, the exact pictures of human life, the profound discoveries in the arts and sciences, just thoughts, bright images, sublime sentiments, are overlooked while the mind is learnedly taken up in verbal remarks.

Was a critic ever known to read Plato with a contemplative mind, or Cicero, in order to imbibe the noble sentiments of virtue and a public spirit which are conspicuous in the writings of that great man; or to peruse the Greek or Roman histories, with an intention to form his own life upon the plan of the illustrious patterns they exhibit to our view? Plato wrote in Greek. Cicero's Latin is fine. And it often lies in a man's way to quote the ancient historians.

There is no entertainment upon earth more noble and befitting a reasonable mind, than the perusal of good authors; or that better qualifies a man to pass his

life with satisfaction to himself, or advantage to the public. But where men of short views and mean souls give themselves to that sort of employment which nature never designed them for, they, indeed, keep one another in countenance; but instead of cultivating and adorning their own minds, or acquiring an ability to be useful to the world, they reap no other advantage from their labours than the dry consolation arising from the applauses they bestow upon each other.

And the same weakness, or defect of the mind, from whence pedantry takes its rise, does likewise give birth to avarice. Words and money are both to be regarded as only marks of things. And as the knowledge of the one, so the possession of the other, is of no use, unless directed to a further end. A mutual commerce could not be carried on among men, if some common standard had not been agreed upon, to which the value of all the various products of art and nature were reducible, and which might be of the same use in the conveyance of property, as words are in that of ideas. Gold by its beauty, scarceness, and durable nature, seems designed by Providence to a purpose so excellent and advantageous to mankind. Upon these considerations that metal came first into esteem. But such who cannot see beyond what is nearest in the pursuit, beholding mankind touched with an affection for gold, and being ignorant of the true reason that introduced this odd passion into human nature, imagine some intrinsic worth in the metal to be the cause of it. Hence the same men who, had they been turned towards learning, would have employed themselves in laying up words in their memory, are by a different application employed to as much purpose in treasuring up gold in their coffers. They differ only in the object; the principle on which they act, and the inward frame of mind, is the same in the critic and the miser.

And upon a thorough observation, our modern sect of free-thinkers will be found to labour under the same defect with those two inglorious species. Their short views are terminated in the next objects, and their specious pretences for liberty and truth are so many instances of mistaking the means for the end. But the setting these points in a clear light must be the subject of another paper.

N^o LXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10.

DOCEBO

UNDE PARENTUR OPEE; QUID ALAT, FORMETQUE POETAM.

HOR. ART. POET. v. 304

I WILL TEACH TO WRITE,

TELL WHAT THE DUTY OF A POET IS,

WHEREIN HIS WEALTH AND ORNAMENT CONSIST,

AND HOW HE MAY BE FORM'D, AND HOW IMPROV'D.

ROSCOMMON.

IT is no small pleasure to me, who am zealous in the interests of learning, to think I may have the honour of leading the town into a very new and uncommon road of criticism. As that kind of literature is at present carried on, it consists only in a knowledge of mechanic rules, which contribute to the structure of different sorts of poetry; as the receipts of good housewives do to the making puddings of flour, oranges, plumbs, or any other ingredients. It would, methinks, make these my instructions more easily intelligible to ordinary readers, if I discoursed of these matters in the stile in which ladies learned in oeconomics dictate to their papills for the improvement of the kitchen and larder.

I shall begin with Epick Poetry, because the critics agree it is the greatest work human nature is capable of. I know the French have already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort, but at the same time they cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them; for the first qualification they unanimously require in a poet, is a genius. I shall here endeavour (for the benefit of my countrymen) to make it manifest, that Epick Poems may be made without a 'genius,' nay, without learning or much reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those poets who confess they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn. What Moliere observes of making a dinner, that any man can do it with money, and if a profess cook cannot without, he has his art for nothing; the same may be said of making a poem, it is easily brought about by him that has a genius, but the skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end, I shall present the reader with a plain and certain receipt, by which even sonneteers and ladies may be qualified for this grand performance.

I know it will be objected, that one of the chief qualifications of an Epick Poet, is to be knowing in all arts and sciences. But this ought not to discourage those that have no learning, as long as indexes and dictionaries may be had, which are the compendium of all knowledge. Besides, since it is an established rule, that none of the terms of those arts and sciences are to be made use of, one may venture to affirm, our poet cannot impertinently offend in this point. The learning which will be more particularly necessary to him, is the ancient geography of towns, mountains, and rivers: for this let him take Cluverius, value four-pence.

Another quality required is a complete skill in languages. To this I answer, that it is notorious persons of no genius have been oftentimes great linguists. To instance in the Greek, of which there are two sorts; the original Greek, and that from which our modern authors translate. I should be unwilling to promise impossibilities; but, modestly speaking, this may be learned in about an hour's time with ease. I have known one, who became a sudden professor of Greek, immediately upon application of the left-hand page of the Cambridge Homer to his eye. It is, in these days, with authors as with other men, the well-bred are familiarly acquainted with them at first sight; and as it is sufficient for a good general to have surveyed the ground he is to conquer, so it is enough for a good poet to have seen the author he is to be master of. But to proceed to the purpose of this paper.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE AN EPICK POEM.

FOR THE FABLE.

Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend, (for instance,
Geffry

Geffry of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece) those parts of story which afford most scope for long descriptions; put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero whom you may chuse for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures; there let him work for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out ready prepared to conquer or to marry; it being necessary that the conclusion of an Epick Poem be fortunate.

To make an episode. Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to any other person; who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

For the moral and allegory. These you may extract out of the fable afterwards at your leisure. Be sure you strain them sufficiently.

FOR THE MANNERS.

For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in all the celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and, to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man. For the under characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.

FOR THE MACHINES.

Take of Deities, male and female, as many as you can use. Separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use

of these machines is evident; for since no Epick Poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wits, seek relief from Heaven, and the Gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his Art of Poetry—

Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus Inciderit—

Incident—

Never presume to make a god appear,
But for a business worthy of a god.

ROSCOMMON.

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.

FOR THE DESCRIPTIONS.

For a tempest. Take Eurus, Zephyr, Austler, and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse. Add to these of rain, lightning, and of thunder, (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together until they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head, before you set it a blowing.

For a battle. Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's Iliads, with a spice or two of Virgil; and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.

For burning a town. If such a description be necessary, because it is certain there is one in Virgil, Old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the Theory of the Conflagration, well circumstanced, and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.

As for similes and metaphors, they may be found all over the creation, the most ignorant may gather them, but the danger is in applying them. For this advise with your bookseller.

FOR THE LANGUAGE.

(I mean the diction.) Here it will do well to be an imitator of Milton; for you will find it easier to imitate him in this than any thing else. Hebraisms and Grecisms

Grecisms are to be found in him, without the trouble of learning the languages. I knew a painter, who (like our poet) had no genius, make his daubings to be thought originals by setting them in the smoke: you may in the same manner give the venerable air of antiquity to your piece, by darkening it up and down with Old English. With this you may be easily furnished, upon any occasion,

by the Dictionary commonly printed at the end of Chaucer.

I must not conclude, without cautioning all writers without genius in one material point; which is, never to be afraid of having too much fire in their works. I should advise rather to take their warmest thoughts, and spread them abroad upon paper; for they are observed to cool before they are read.

N^o LXXIX. THURSDAY, JUNE 11.

—PRÆCLARA ET PULCHRA MINANTEM
VIVERE NEC RECTE, NEC SUAVITER.

HOR. EP. 8, L. 1. V. 3.

—I MAKE A NOISE, A GAUDY SHOW,
I PROMISE MIGHTY THINGS, I NOBLY STRIVE;
YET WHAT AN ILL, UNPLEASANT LIFE I LIVE!

CREECH.

IT is an employment worthy a reasonable creature, to examine into the disposition of men's affections towards each other, and, as far as one can, to improve all tendencies to good nature and charity. No one could be unmoved with this epistle, which I received the other day from one of my correspondents, and which is full of the most ardent benevolence.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

I Seldom read your political, your critical, your ludicrous, or, if you will call them so, your polite papers, but, when I observe any thing which I think written for the advancement of good-will amongst men, and laying before them objects of charity, I am very zealous for the promotion of so honest a design. Believe me, Sir, want of wit, or wisdom, is not the infirmity of this age; it is the shameful application of both that is the crying evil. As for my own part, I am always endeavouring at least to be better, rather than richer or wiser. But I never lamented that I was not a wealthy man so heartily as the other day. You must understand that I now-and-then take a walk of mortification, and pass a whole day in making myself profitably sad. I for this end visit the hospitals about this city; and when I have rambled about the galleries at Bedlam, and seen for an hour the utmost of all lamentable objects, human reason dis-

tracted; when I have from grate to grate offered up my prayers for a wretch who has been reviling me; for a figure that has seemed petrified with anguish; for a man that has held up his face in a posture of adoration toward Heaven to utter execrations and blasphemies; I say, when I have beheld all these things, and thoroughly reflected on them, until I have startled myself out of my present ill course, I have thought fit to pass to the observation of less evils, and relieve myself by going to those charitable receptacles about this town, appointed only for bodily distresses. The gay and frolic part of mankind are wholly unacquainted with the numbers of their fellow-creatures, who languish under pain and agony, for want of a trifle out of that expence by which those fortunate persons purchase the gratification of a superfluous passion or appetite. I ended the last of these pilgrimages which I made, at St. Thomas's Hospital in Southwark. I had seen all the variety of woe which can arise from the distempers which attend human frailty; but the circumstance which occasioned this letter, and gave me the quickest compassion, was beholding a little boy of ten years of age, who was just then to be expelled the house as incurable. My heart melted within me to think what would become of the poor child, who, as I was informed, had not a farthing in the world, nor father nor mother, nor friend to help it. The infant saw my

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sorrow

sorrow for it, and came towards me; and bid me speak that it might die in the house.

Alas!

There are crowds cured in this place, and the strictest care taken, in the distribution of the charity, for wholesome food, good physic, and tender care in behalf of the patients; but the provision is not large enough for those whom they do not despair of recovering, which makes it necessary to turn out the incurable, for the sake of those whom they can relieve. I was informed this was the fate of many in a year, as well as of this poor child, who, I suppose, corrupted away, yet alive in the streets. He was to be sure removed when he was only capable of giving offence, though avoided when still an object of compassion. There are not words to give mankind compunction enough on such an occasion; but I assure you I think the miserable have a property in the superfluous possessions of the fortunate; though I despair of seeing right done them until the day wherein those distinctions shall cease for ever, and they must both give an account for their behaviour under their respective sufferings and enjoyments. However, you would do your part as a Guardian, if you would mention, in the most pathetic terms, these miserable objects, and put the good part of the world in mind of exerting the most noble benevolence that can be imagined, in alleviating the few remaining moments of the incurable.

A gentleman who belonged to the hospital, was saying, he believed it would be done as soon as mentioned, if it were proposed that a ward might be erected for the accommodation of such as have no more to do in this world, but resign themselves to death. I know no readier way of communicating this thought to the world than by your paper. If you omit to publish this, I shall never esteem you to be the man you pretend; and so recommending the incurable to your Guardianship, I remain, Sir, your most humble servant,

PHILANTHROPOS.

It must be confessed, that if one turns one's eyes round these cities of London and Westminster, one cannot overlook the exemplary instances of heroic charity, in providing restraints for the wick-

ed, instructions for the young, food and raiment for the aged, with regard also to all other circumstances and relations of human life; but it is to be lamented that these provisions are made only by the middle kind of people, while those of fashion and power are raised above the species itself, and are unacquainted or unmoved with the calamities of others. But, alas! how monstrous is this hardness of heart? How is it possible that the returns of hunger and thirst should not importune men, though in the highest affluence, to consider the miseries of their fellow-creatures who languish under necessity? But as I hinted just now, the distinctions of mankind are almost wholly to be resolved into those of the rich and the poor; for as certainly as wealth gives acceptance and grace to all that it's possessor says or does, so poverty creates disesteem, scorn, and prejudice, to all the undertakings of the indigent. The necessitous man has neither hands, lips, or understanding, for his own or friend's use, but is in the same condition with the sick, with this difference only, that his is an infection no man will relieve, or assist; or, if he does, it is seldom with so much pity as contempt, and rather for the ostentation of the physician, than compassion on the patient: it is a circumstance, wherein a man finds all the good he deserves inaccessible, all the ill unavoidable; and the poor hero is as certainly ragged, as the poor villain hanged. Under these pressures the poor man speaks with hesitation, undertakes with irresolution, and acts with disappointment; he is slighted in mens conversations, overlooked in their assemblies, and beaten at their doors. But from whence, alas! has he this treatment? from a creature that has only the supply of, but not an exemption from, the wants, for which he despises him: yet such is the unaccountable insolence of man, that he will not see that he who is supported is in the same class of natural necessity with him that wants a support, and to be helped implies to be indigent. In a word; after all you can say of a man, conclude that he is rich; and you have made him friends; nor have you utterly overthrown a man in the world's opinion, until you have said he is poor. This is the emphatical expression of praise and blame; for men so stupidly forget their natural impotence

tence and want, that riches and poverty have taken in our imagination the place of innocence and guilt.

Reflections of this kind do but waste one's being, without capacity of helping

the distressed; yet though I know no way to do any service to my brethren under such calamities, I cannot help having so much respect for them, as to suffer with them in a fruitless fellow-feeling.

N^o LXXX. FRIDAY, JUNE 12.

CELESTIUS IRÆ.

VIRG. ÆN. I. V. II.

ANGER IN HEAV'NLY MINDS.

I Have found by experience, that it is impossible to talk distinctly without defining the words of which we make use. There is not a term in our language which wants explanation so much as the word *Church*. One would think when people utter it, they should have in their minds ideas of virtue and religion; but that important monosyllable drags all the other words in the language after it, and it is made use of to express both praise and blame according to the character of him who speaks it. By this means it happens, that no one knows what his neighbour means when he says such a one is for or against the church. It has happened that the person who is seen every day at church has not been in the eye of the world a church-man; and he who is very zealous to oblige every man to frequent it, but himself, has been held a very good son of the church. This prepossession is the best handle imaginable for politicians to make use of for managing the loves and hatreds of mankind to the purposes to which they would lead them. But this is not a thing for fools to meddle with, for they only bring disesteem upon those whom they attempt to serve, when they unskillfully pronounce terms of art. I have observed great evils arise from this practice; and not only the cause of piety, but also the secular interest of clergymen, has extremely suffered by the general unexplained signification of the word *Church*.

The Examiner, upon the strength of being a received church-man, has offended in this particular more grossly than any other man ever did before, and almost as grossly as ever he himself did, supposing the allegations in the following letter are just. To slander any man is a very heinous offence; but the crime is still greater, when it falls upon such

as ought to give example to others. I cannot imagine how the Examiner can divest any part of the clergy of the respect due to their characters, so as to treat them as he does, without an indulgence unknown to our religion, though taken up in the name of it, in order to disparage such of it's communicants as will not sacrifice their consciences to their fortunes. This confusion and subdivision of interests and sentiments among people of the same communion, is what would be a very good subject of mirth; but when I consider against whom this insult is committed, I think it too great, and of too ill a consequence, to be in good humour on the occasion.

SIR,

JUNE 9, 1713.

YOUR character of Universal Guardian, joined to the concern you ought to have for the cause of virtue and religion, assure me you will not think that *clergymen*, when injured, have the least right to your protection; and it is from that assurance I trouble you with this, to complain of the Examiner, who calumniates as freely as he commends, and whose *invectives* are as groundless as his *panegyrics*.

In his paper of the eighth instant, after a most furious invective against many noble lords, a considerable number of the commons, and a very great part of her majesty's good subjects, as disaffected, and full of discontent, (which, by the way, is but an awkward compliment to the Queen, whose greatest glory it is to reign in the hearts of her people) that the *clergy* may not go without their share of his resentment, he concludes with a most malicious reflection upon some of them. He names indeed nobody, but points to Windsor and St. Paul's, where he tells us, some are disrespectful to the Queen, and enemies to her peace; most

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odious

odious characters, especially in clergymen, whose profession is *peace*; and to whose duty and affection her majesty has a more immediate right, by her singular piety and great goodness to them. 'They have sucked in,' he says, this 'warlike principle from their arbitrary patrons.' It is not enough, it seems, to calumniate *them*, unless their patrons also be insulted, no less patrons than the late King and the Duke of Marlborough. These are his *arbitrary* men; though nothing be more certain than that without the King, the shadow of a *legal* government had not been left to us; nor did there ever live a man, who in the nature and temper of him, less deserved the character of *arbitrary* than the Duke. How now is this terrible charge against those clergymen supported? Why, as to St. Paul's, the fact, according to him, is this: 'Some of the church, to affront the queen, on the day the peace was proclaimed, gave orders for parochial prayers only, without singing, as is used upon Fast-days, though in this particular their inferiors were so very honest to disobey them.' This the Examiner roundly affirms after his usual manner, but without the least regard to truth; for it is fallen in my way, without enquiring, to be exactly informed of this matter, and therefore I take upon me, in their vindication, to assure you, that every part of what is said is absolutely false, and the truth is just the reverse. The *inferiors* desired there might be only *parochial* prayers; but the person applied to was aware, to what construction it might be liable, and therefore would not consent to the request, though very innocent and reasonable. The case was this; the *procession* of the ceremony had reached Ludgate just at the time of prayers, and there was such a prodigious concourse of people, that one of the *vergers* came to the *residential* in waiting, to represent, that it would be impossible to have prayers that afternoon; that the crowds all round the church were so great, there would be no getting in; but it was insisted, that there must be prayers, only the *ringing* of the bell should be deferred a little until the head of the procession was got beyond the church. When the bell had done, and none of the quire appeared, but one to read, it was upon this again represented, that there could be only *parochial* prayers,

a thing that sometimes happens twice or thrice, perhaps, in a year, when upon some allowable occasion the absence of the *quire-men* is so great, as not to leave the necessary voices for cathedral service; which very lately was the case upon a performance of the thanksgiving music at Whitehall. So that had the prayers, on this occasion, been *parochial* only, it had been neither new nor criminal, but necessary and unavoidable, unless the Examiner can tell how the service may be sung decently without singing men. However, to leave *informers* no room for calumny, it was expressly urged, that *parochial* prayers, on such a day, would look ill; that therefore, if possible, it should be avoided, and the service should be begun as usual, in hopes one or two of the quire might come in before the *psalms*; and the vergers were ordered to look out, if he could see any of the quire, to hasten them to their places; and so it proved, two of the best *voices* came in time enough, and the service was performed cathedral-wise, though in a manner, to bare walls, with an anthem suitable to the day. This is the fact on which the Examiner grounds a charge of *factious and seditious* principles against some at St. Paul's; and I am persuaded there is as little truth in what he charges some of Windfor with, though I know not certainly whom he means. Were I disposed to expostulate with the Examiner, I would ask him if he seriously thinks this be *answering her majesty's intentions*? Whether disquieting the minds of her people is the way to *calm them*? or to traduce men of learning and virtue be to *cultivate the arts of peace*? But I am too well acquainted with his writings not to see he is past correction; nor does any thing in his paper surprise me, merely because it is false; for, to use his own words, not a day passes with him, but it brings forth a mouse or a monster, some ridiculous lye, some vile calumny or forgery. He is almost equally false in every thing he says; but it is not always equally easy to make his falsehood plain and palpable. And it is chiefly for that reason I desire you to give this letter a place in your papers, that those that are willing to be undeceived, may learn from so clear an instance, what a faithful, modest writer, this is, who pretends to teach them how

to think and speak of things and persons they know nothing of themselves. As this is no way disagreeable to your character of Guardian, your publication of

it is a favour which I flatter myself you will not deny to, Sir, your humble servant,

R. A.

N^o LXXXI. SATURDAY, JUNE 13.

QUIETE ET PURE ATQUE ELEGANTER ACTÆ ETATIS PLACIDA AC LENIS
RECORDATIO.

Cicero.

THE CALM AND SOOTHING REMEMBRANCE OF A LIFE PASSED WITH QUIET,
INNOCENCE, AND ELEGANCE.

THE paper which was published on the thirtieth of last month, ended with a piece of devotion written by the Archbishop of Cambray. It would (as it was hinted in that Precaution) be of singular use for the improvement of our minds, to have the secret thoughts of men of good talents on such occasions. I shall for the entertainment of this day give my reader two pieces, which, if he is curious, will be pleasing for that reason, if they prove to have no other effect upon him. One of them was found in the closet of an Athenian libertine, who lived many ages ago, and is a soliloquy wherein he contemplates his own life and actions according to the lights men have from nature, and the compunctions of natural reason. The other is a prayer of a gentleman who died within a few years last past, and lived to a very great age, but had passed his youth in all the vices in fashion. The Athenian is supposed to have been Alcibiades, a man of great spirit, extremely addicted to pleasures, but at the same time very capable, and upon occasion very attentive to business. He was by Nature endued with all the accomplishments she could bestow; he had beauty, wit, courage, and a great understanding; but in the first bloom of his life was arrogantly affected with the advantages he had over others. That temper is pretty visible in an expression of his, when it was proposed to him to learn to play upon a musical instrument, he answered—'It is not for me to give, but to receive delight.' However, the conversation of Socrates tempered a strong inclination to licentiousness into reflections of philosophy; and if it had not the force to make a man of his genius and fortune wholly regular, it gave him some cool moments, and this following soliloquy is supposed by the learned to have been thrown together before some

expected engagement, and seems to be very much the picture of the man.

I am now wholly alone; my ears are not entertained with music, my eyes with beauty, nor any of my senses so forcibly affected, as to divert the course of my inward thoughts: methinks there is something sacred in myself, now I am alone. What is this being of mine? I came into it without my choice, and yet Socrates says it is to be imputed to me. In this repose of my senses wherein they communicate nothing strongly to myself, I taste, methinks, a being distinct from their operation. Why may not then my soul exist, when she is wholly gone out of these organs? I can perceive my faculties grow stronger, the less I admit the pleasures of sense; and the nearer I place myself to a bare existence, the more worthy, the more noble, the more celestial, does that existence appear to me. If my soul is weakened rather than improved by all that the body administers to her, she may reasonably be supposed to be designed for a mansion more suitable than this, wherein what delights her diminishes her excellence, and that which afflicts her adds to her perfection. There is an hereafter; and I will not fear to be immortal for the sake of Athens.

This soliloquy is but the first dawns of thought in the mind of a mere man given up to sensuality. The paper which I mention of our contemporary was found in his scrutoire after his death, but communicated to a friend or two of his in his life-time. You see in it a man wearied with the vanities of this life; and the reflections which the success of his wit and gallantry bring upon his old age are not unworthy the observation of those who possess the like advantages.

Oh,

‘ Oh, Almighty Being! How shall I look up towards Thee, when I reflect that I am of no consideration but as I have offended? My existence, O my God, without thy mercy, is not to be prolonged in this or another world but for my punishment. I apprehend, Oh my Maker, let it not be too late; I apprehend and tremble at thy presence; and shall I not consider Thee, who art all goodness, but with terror? — Oh, my Redeemer, do Thou behold my anguish. Turn to me, thou Saviour of the world; who has offended like me? — Oh, my God, I cannot fly out of Thy presence, let me fall down in it. I humble myself in contrition of heart; but, alas! I have not only swerved from Thee, but have laboured against Thee. If Thou wilt pardon what I have committed, how wilt Thou pardon what I have made others commit? I have rejoiced in ill, as in prosperity. Forgive, oh my God, all who have offended by my persuasion; all who have transgressed by my example. Canst Thou, O God, accept of the confession of old age, to expiate all the labour and industry of youth spent in transgressions against Thee? While I am still alive, let me implore Thee to recal to Thy grace all whom I have made to sin. Let, O Lord, Thy goodness admit of his prayer for their pardon, by whose invitation they have transgressed. Accept, O God, of this interval of age, between my sinful days and the hour of my dissolution, to wear away the corrupt habits in my soul, and prepare myself for the mansions of purity and joy. Impute not to me, O my God, the offences I may give, after my death, to those I leave behind me. Let me not transgress when I am no more seen; but prevent the ill effects of my ill-applied studies, and receive me into thy mercy.

N^o LXXXII. MONDAY, JUNE 15.

CEPAT UTI CONTIVA SATUR—

HOR. SAT. J. L. I. 119.

LET HIM DEPART LIKE A CONTENTED GUEST.

THOUGH men see every day people go to their long home, who are younger than themselves, they are not so apt to be alarmed at that, as at the

It is the most melancholy circumstance that can be imagined to be on a death-bed, and wish all that a man has most laboured to bring to pass were obliterated for ever. How emphatically worse is this, than having passed all one's days in idleness? Yet this is the frequent case of many men of refined talents. It is, methinks, monstrous that the love of fame, and value of the fashion of the world, can transport a man so far as even in solitude to act with so little reflection upon his real interest. This is premeditated madness, for it is an error done with the assistance of all the faculties of the mind.

When every circumstance about us is a constant admonition, how transient is every labour of man, it should, methinks, be no hard matter to bring one's self to consider the emptiness of all our endeavours; but I was not a little charmed the other day, when sitting with an old friend, and communing together on such subjects, he expressed himself after this manner:

‘ It is unworthy a Christian philosopher to let any thing here below stand in the least competition with his duty. In vain is reason fortified by faith, if it produces in our practice no greater effects than what reason wrought in mere man.

‘ I condemn, (in dependence on the support of Heaven I speak it) I condemn all which the generality of mankind call great and glorious. I will no longer think or act like a mortal, but consider myself as a being that commenced at my birth, and is to endure to all eternity. The accident of death will not end but improve my being; I will think of myself, and provide for myself as an immortal; and I will do nothing now which I do not believe I shall approve a thousand years hence.

‘ I will not let any thing here below stand in the least competition with my duty.

‘ I will do nothing now which I do not believe I shall approve a thousand years hence.

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concern

concern for the death of Mr. William Peer, of the theatre-royal, who was an actor at the Restoration, and took his theatrical degree with Betterton, Kynaston, and Harris. Though his station was humble, he performed it well; and the common comparison with the stage and human life, which has been so often made, may well be brought out upon this occasion. It is no matter, say the moralists, whether you act a prince or a beggar; the business is to do your part well. Mr. William Peer distinguished himself particularly in two characters, which no man ever could touch but himself; one of them was the speaker of the prologue to the play, which is contrived in the tragedy of Hamlet, to awake the consciences of the guilty princes. Mr. William Peer spoke that preface to the play with such an air, as represented that he was an actor, and with such an inferior manner as only acting an actor, as made the others on the stage appear real great persons, and not representatives. This was a nicety in acting, that none but the most subtle player could so much as conceive. I remember his speaking these words, in which there is no great matter but in the right adjustment of the air of the speaker, with universal applause—

For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Hamlet says very archly upon the pronouncing of it—'Is this a prologue, or 'a posy of a ring?' However, the speaking of it got Mr. Peer more reputation, than those who speak the length of a puritan's sermon every night will ever attain to. Besides this, Mr. Peer got great fame on another little occasion. He played the apothecary in Caius Marius, as it is called by Otway; but Romeo and Juliet, as originally in Shakespeare. It will be necessary to recite more out of the play than he spoke, to have a right conception of what Peer did in it. Marius, weary of life, recollects means to be rid of it after this manner—

I do remember an apothecary
That dwelt about this rendezvous of death,
Meagre and very rueful were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.

When this spectre of poverty appeared,
Marius addresses him thus—

I see thou art very poor;
Thou mayest do any thing: here's fifty
drachmas;
Get me a draught of what will soonest free
A wretch from all his cares.

When the apothecary objects that it is unlawful, Marius urges—

Art thou so base and full of wretchedness,
Yet fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression stareth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang on thy back;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's
law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Without all this quotation, the reader could not have a just idea of the visage and manner which Peer assumed, when in the most lamentable tone imaginable he consents; and, delivering the poison, like a man reduced to the drinking it himself, if he did not vend it, says to Marius—

My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Take this and drink it off, the work is done.

It was an odd excellence, and a very particular circumstance this of Peer's, that his whole action of life depended upon speaking five lines better than any man else in the world. But this eminence lying in so narrow a compass, the governors of the theatre observing his talents to lie in a certain knowledge of propriety, and his person admitting him to shine only in the two above parts, his sphere of action was enlarged by the addition of the post of Property-man. This officer has always ready, in a place appointed for him behind the prompter, all such tools and implements as are necessary in the play, and it is his business never to want billet-doux, poison, false money, thunderbolts, daggers, scrolls of parchment, wine, pomatum, truncheons, and wooden legs, ready at the call of the said prompter, according as his respective utensils were necessary for promoting what was to pass on the stage. The addition of this office, so important to the conduct of the whole affair of the stage, and the good economy observed by their present managers in punctual payments, made Mr. Peer's subsistence very comfortable. But it frequently happens, that men lose their virtue in prosperity who were shining characters in the contrary condition. Good fortune indeed had no effect on the

the mind, but very much on the body, of Mr. Peer. For in the seventieth year of his age he grew fat, which rendered his figure unfit for the utterance of the five lines above-mentioned: he had now unfortunately lost the wan distress necessary for the countenance of the apothecary, and was too jolly to speak the prologue with the proper humility. It is thought this calamity went too near him. It did not a little contribute to the shortening his days; and as there is no state of real happiness in this life, Mr. Peer was undone by his success, and lost all by arriving at what is the end of all other men's pursuits, his ease.

I could not forbear enquiring into the effects Mr. Peer left behind him, but find there is no demand due to him from the house, but the following bill:

	l.	s.	d.
For hire of six case of pistols	-	0	4 0
A drum for Mrs. Bignall in the Pilgrim	-	-	0 4 4
A truss of straw for the madmen	0	0	8
Pomatum and vermilion to grease the face of the stut- tering cook	-	-	0 0 8
For boarding a sitting dog two days to follow Mr. Johnson, in Epsom Wells	-	-	0 0 6
For blood in Macbeth	-	-	0 0 3
Raisins and almonds for a witch's banquet	-	-	0 0 8

This contemporary of mine, whom I have often raillied for the narrow compass of his singular perfections, is now at peace, and wants no farther assistance from any man; but men of extensive genius, now living, still depend upon the good offices of the town.

I am therefore to remind my reader, that on this day, being the fifteenth of June, the Plotting Sisters is to be acted for the benefit of the author, my old friend Mr. D'Urfe. This comedy was honoured with the presence of King

Charles the Second three of it's first five nights.

My friend has, in this work, shewn himself a master, and made not only the characters of the play, but also the furniture of the house, contribute to the main design. He has made excellent use of a table with a carpet, and the key of a closet. With these two implements, which would, perhaps, have been overlooked by an ordinary writer, he contrives the most natural perplexities (allowing only the use of these household goods in poetry) that ever were represented on a stage. He has also made good advantage of the knowledge of the stage itself; for in the nick of being surpris'd, the lovers are let down and escape at a trap-door. In a word, any who have the curiosity to observe what pleased in the last generation, and do not go to a comedy with a resolution to be grave, will find this evening ample food for mirth. Johnson, who understands what he does as well as any man, exposes the impertinence of an old fellow, who has lost his senses, still pursuing pleasures, with great mastery. The ingenious Mr. Pinkethman is a bashful rake, and is sheepish without having modesty, with great success. Mr. Bullock succeeds Nokes in the part of Bubble; and, in my opinion, is not much below him, for he does excellently that sort of folly we call absurdity, which is the very contrary of wit; but, next to that, is of all things the properest to excite mirth. What is foolish is the object of pity; but absurdity often proceeds from an opinion of sufficiency, and consequently is an honest occasion for laughter. These characters in this play cannot chuse but make it a very pleasant entertainment, and the decorations of singing and dancing will more than repay the good-nature of those who make an honest man a visit of two merry hours to make his following year unpainful.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE

TO

MR. PULTENEY.

SIR,

THE greatest honour of human life is to live well with men of merit; and I hope you will pardon me the vanity of publishing, by this means, my happiness in being able to name you among my friends. The conversation of a gentleman, that has a refined taste of letters, and a disposition in which those letters found nothing to correct, but very much to exert, is a good fortune too uncommon to be enjoyed in silence: in others, the greatest business of learning is to weed the soil; in you, it had nothing else to do but to bring forth fruit. Affability, complacency, and generosity of heart, which are natural to you, wanted nothing from literature, but to refine and direct the application of them. After I have boasted I had some share in your familiarity, I know not how to do you the justice of celebrating you for the choice of an elegant and worthy acquaintance, with whom you live in the happy communication of generous sentiments, which contribute not only to your own mutual entertainment and improvement, but to the honour and service of your country. Zeal for the public good is the characteristic of a man of honour and a gentleman, and must take place of pleasures, profits, and all other private gratifications. Whoever wants this motive is an open enemy, or an inglorious neuter to mankind, in proportion to the misapplied advantages with which nature and fortune have blessed him. But you have a soul animated with nobler views, and know that the distinction of wealth and plentiful circumstances is a tax upon an honest mind, to endeavour, as much as the occurrences of life will give him leave, to guard the properties of others, and be vigilant for the good of his fellow-subjects.

This generous inclination no man possesses in a warmer degree than yourself; which that Heaven would reward with long possession of that reputation into which you have made so early an entrance, the reputation of a man of sense, a good citizen, and agreeable companion, a disinterested friend, and an unbiassed patriot, is the hearty prayer of,

Sir,

Your most obliged,

And most obedient humble Servant,

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THE GUARDIAN.

THE PUBLISHED

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THE
GUARDIAN.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

N^o LXXXIII. TUESDAY, JUNE 16, 1713.

NIMIRUM INSANUS PAUCIS VIDEATUR, EO QUOD
MAXIMA PARS HOMINUM MORBO JACTATUR EODEM.

HOR. SAT. 3. L. 2. V. 120.

—FEW THINK THESE MAD; FOR MOST, LIKE THESE,
ARE SICK AND TROUBLED WITH THE SAME DISEASE,

CREECH.

THERE is a restless endeavour in the mind of man after happiness. This appetite is wrought into the original frame of our nature, and exerts itself in all parts of the creation that are endued with any degree of thought or sense. But as the human mind is dignified by a more comprehensive faculty than can be found in the inferior animals, it is natural for men not only to have an eye, each to his own happiness, but also to endeavour to promote that of others in the same rank of being: and in proportion to the generosity that is ingredient in the temper of the soul, the object of it's benevolence is of a larger and narrower extent. There is hardly a spirit upon earth so mean and contracted, as to centre all regards in it's own interest, exclusive of the rest of mankind. Even the selfish man has some share of love, which he bestows on his family and his friends. A nobler mind hath at heart the common interest of the society or country of which he makes a part. And there is still a more diffusive spirit, whose being or intentions reach the whole mass of mankind, and are continued, beyond the present age, to a succession of future generations.

The advantage arising to him who hath a tincture of this generosity on his soul is, that he is affected with a sublimer joy than can be comprehended by one

who is destitute of that noble relish. The happiness of the rest of mankind hath a natural connection with that of a reasonable mind. And in proportion as the actions of each individual contribute to this end, he must be thought to deserve well or ill both of the world and of himself. I have in a late paper observed, that men who have no reach of thought do oft misplace their affections on the means, without respect to the end, and by a preposterous desire of things in themselves indifferent, forego the enjoyment of that happiness which those things are instrumental to obtain. This observation has been considered with regard to critics and misers; I shall now apply it to Free-thinkers.

Liberty and truth are the main points which these gentlemen pretend to have in view. To proceed, therefore, methodically, I will endeavour to shew, in the first place, that liberty and truth are not in themselves desirable, but only as they relate to a farther end. And, secondly, that the sort of liberty and truth (allowing them those names) which our Free-thinkers use all their industry to promote, is destructive to that end, viz. human happiness: and consequently that species, as such, instead of being encouraged or esteemed, merit the detestation and abhorrence of all honest men. And, in the last place, I design to shew, that

under the pretence of advancing liberty and truth, they do in reality promote the two contrary evils.

As to the first point, it has been observed, that it is the duty of each particular person to aim at the happiness of his fellow-creatures; and that, as this view is of a wider or narrower extent, it argues a mind more or less virtuous. Hence it follows, that a liberty of doing good actions, which conduce to the felicity of mankind, and a knowledge of such truths as might either give us pleasure in the contemplation of them, or direct our conduct to the great ends of life, are valuable perfections. But shall a good man, therefore, prefer a liberty to commit murder or adultery, before the wholesome restraint of divine and human laws? Or shall a wise man prefer the knowledge of a troublesome and afflicting truth, before a pleasant error that would cheer his soul with joy and comfort, and be attended with no ill consequences? Surely no man of common sense would thank him who had put it in his power to execute the sudden suggestions of a fit of passion or madness; or imagine himself obliged to a person, who, by forwardly informing him of ill news, had caused his soul to anticipate that sorrow which he would never have felt, so long as the ungrateful truth lay concealed.

Let us then respect the happiness of our species, and in this light examine the proceedings of the Free-thinkers. From what giants and monsters would these knight-errants undertake to free the world? From the ties that religion imposeth on our minds, from the expectation of a future judgment, and from the terrors of a troubled conscience, not by reforming men's lives, but by giving encouragement to their vices. What are those important truths of which they would convince mankind? That there is no such thing as a wise and just Providence; that the mind of man is corporeal; that religion is a state-trick, contrived to make men honest and virtuous, and to procure a subsistence to others for teaching and exhorting them to be so; that the good tidings of life and immortality brought to light by the gospel, are fables and impostures: from believing that we are made in the image of God, they would degrade us to an opinion that we are on a level with the beasts that perish. What pleasure, or

what advantage, do these notions bring to mankind? Is it of any use to the public that good men should lose the comfortable prospect of a reward to their virtue, or the wicked be encouraged to persist in their impiety, from an assurance that they shall not be punished for it hereafter?

Allowing, therefore, these men to be patrons of liberty and truth, yet it is of such truths and that sort of liberty which make them justly be looked upon as enemies to the peace and happiness of the world. But upon a thorough and impartial view, it will be found that their endeavours, instead of advancing the cause of liberty and truth, tend only to introduce slavery and error among men. There are two parts in our nature; the baser, which consists of our senses and passions; and the more noble and rational, which is properly the human part, the other being common to us with brutes. The inferior part is generally much stronger, and has always the start of reason, which, if in the perpetual struggle between them, it were not aided from Heaven by religion, would almost universally be vanquished, and man become a slave to his passions, which, as it is the most grievous and shameful slavery, so it is the genuine result of that liberty which is proposed by overturning religion. Nor is the other part of their design better executed. Look into their pretended truths; are they not so many wretched absurdities, maintained in opposition to the light of nature and divine revelation by sly insinuations and cold jests; by such pitiful sophisms, and such confused and indigested notions, that one would vehemently suspect those men usurped the name of Free-thinkers, with the same view that hypocrites do that of godliness, that it may serve for a cloak to cover the contrary defect?

I shall close this discourse with a parallel reflection on these three species, who seem to be allied by a certain agreement in mediocrity of understanding. A critic is entirely given up to the pursuit of learning; when he has got it, is his judgment clearer, his imagination livelier, or his manners more polite than those of other men? Is it observed that a miser, when he has acquired his superfluous estate, eats, drinks, or sleeps, with more satisfaction; that he has a cheerfuller mind, or relishes any of the enjoyments

joyments of life better than his neighbours? The Free-thinkers plead hard for a licence to think freely; they have it: but what use do they make of it? Are they eminent for any sublime discoveries in any of the arts and sciences? Have they been authors of any inventions that conduce to the well-being of mankind? Do their writings shew a

greater depth of design, a clearer method, or more just and correct reasoning, than those of other men?

There is a great resemblance in their genius; but the critic and miser are only ridiculous and contemptible creatures, while the Free-thinker is also a pernicious one.

N^o LXXXIV. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17.

NON MISSURA CUTEM NISI PLENA CRUORIS HIRUDO.

HOR. ARS POET. V. ULT.

STICKING LIKE LEECHES, TILL THEY BURST WITH BLOOD.

ROSCOMMON.

TO THE HONOURABLE NESTOR
IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR, MIDDLE-TEMPLE, JUNE 12.

PRESUMING you may sometimes condescend to take cognizance of small enormities, I here lay one before you, which I proceed to without farther apology, as well knowing the best compliment to a man of business is to come to the point.

There is a silly habit among many of our minor-orators, who display their eloquence in the several coffee-houses of this fair city, to the no small annoyance of considerable numbers of her majesty's spruce and loving subjects; and that is, a humour they have got of twisting off your buttons. These ingenious gentlemen are not able to advance three words until they have got fast hold of one of your buttons; but as soon as they have procured such an excellent handle for discourse, they will indeed proceed with great elocution. I know not how well some may have escaped, but for my part I have often met with them to my cost; having, I believe, within these three years last past, been argued out of several dozens; insomuch that I have for some time ordered my taylor to bring me home with every suit a dozen at least of spare ones, to supply the place of such as from time to time are detached as an help to discourse, by the vehement gentlemen before mentioned. This way of holding a man in discourse is much practised in the coffee-houses within the city, and does not indeed so much prevail at the politer end of the town. It is likewise more frequently

made use of among the small politicians than any other body of men; I am therefore something cautious of entering into a controversy with this species of statesmen; especially the younger fry; for if you offer in the least to dissent from any thing that one of these advances, he immediately steps up to you, takes hold of one of your buttons, and indeed will soon convince you of the strength of his argumentation. I remember, upon the news of Dunkirk's being delivered into our hands, a brisk little fellow, a politician and an able engineer, had got into the middle of Batson's coffee-house, and was fortifying Graveling for the service of the Most Christian King, with all imaginable expedition. The work was carried on with such success, that in less than a quarter of an hour's time, he had made it almost impregnable, and, in the opinion of several worthy citizens who had gathered round him, full as strong both by sea and land as Dunkirk ever could pretend to be. I happened, however, unadvisedly to attack some of his out-works; upon which, to shew his great skill likewise in the offensive part, he immediately made an assault upon one of my buttons, and carried it in less than two minutes, notwithstanding I made as handsome a defence as was possible. He had likewise invested a second, and would certainly have been master of that too in a very little time, had he not been diverted from this enterprize by the arrival of a courier, who brought advice that his presence was absolutely necessary in the disposal of a battery, upon which he raised the siege, and indeed

indeed retired with some precipitation. In the coffee-houses here about the Temple; you may harangue even among our dabblers in politics for about two buttons a day, and many times for less. I had yesterday the good fortune to receive very considerable additions to my knowledge in state affairs; and I find this morning that it has not stood me in above a button. In most of the eminent coffee-houses at the other end of the town, for example, to go no farther than Will's in Covent Garden, the company is so refined, that you may hear and be heard, and not be a button the worse for it. Besides the gentleman before-mentioned, there are others who are no less active in their harangues, but with gentle services rather than robberies. These, while they are improving your understanding, are at the same time setting off your person; they will new-plait and adjust your neckcloth.

But though I can bear with this kind of orator, who is so humble as to aim at the good-will of his hearer by being his valet de chambre, I must rebel against another sort of them. There are some, Sir, that do not stick to take a man by the collar when they have a mind to persuade him. It is your business, I humbly presume, Mr. Ironside, to interpose, that a man is not brought over to his opponent by force of arms. It were requisite therefore that you should name a certain interval, which ought to be preserved between the speaker and him to whom he speaks. For sure no man has a right, because I am not of his opinion, to take any of my cloaths from me, or dress me according to his own liking. I assure you the most becoming thing to me in the world is in a campaign periwig to wear one side before and the other cast upon the collateral shoulder. But there is a friend of

mine who never talks to me but he throws that which I wear forward upon my shoulder, so that in restoring it to its place I lose two or three hairs out of the lock upon my buttons; though I never touched him in my whole life, and have been acquainted with him these ten years. I have seen my eager friend in danger sometimes of a quarrel by this ill custom; for there are more young gentlemen who can feel than can understand. It would be therefore a good office to my friend, if you advised him not to collar any man but one who knows what he means; and give it him as a standing Precaution in conversation, that none but a very good friend will give him the liberty of being seen, felt, heard, and understood, all at once. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

JOHANNES MISOCHIROSOPIUS.

P.S. I have a sister who saves herself from being handled by one of these manual rhetoricians by giving him her fan to play with; but I appeal to you in the behalf of us poor helpless men.

JUNE 15, 1713.

I Am of opinion, that no orator or speaker in public or private has any right to meddle with any body's cloaths but his own. I indulge men in the liberty of playing with their own hats, fumbling in their own pockets, settling their own periwigs, tossing or twisting their heads, and all other gesticulations which may contribute to their elocution; but pronounce it an infringement of the English liberty for a man to keep his neighbour's person in custody in order to force an hearing; and farther declare, that all assent given by an auditor, under such constraint, is of itself void and of no effect.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

N^o LXXXV. THURSDAY, JUNE 18.

— SED TE DECOR JURE, QUOD OPTAS

ESSE YETAT, VOTOQUE TUO TUA FORMA REPUGNAT.

OID. MET. L. 1. V. 488.

BUT SO MUCH YOUTH, WITH SO MUCH BEAUTY JOIN'D,
OPPOSE THE STATE WHICH TRY DESIRES DESIGN'D.

DRYDEN.

'TO suffer scandal,' says somebody, 'is the tax which every person of merit pays to the public;' and my Lord

Verulam finely observes, that a man who has no virtue in himself, ever envies virtue in others. I know not how it

it comes to pass, but detraction, through all ages, has been found a vice which the fair-sex too easily give into. Not the Roman satirist could use them with more severity than they themselves do one another. Some audacious critics, in my opinion, have launched out a little too far, when they take upon them to prove, in opposition to history, that *Lais* was a woman of as much virtue as beauty, which violently displeasing the *Phrynes* of those times, they secretly prevailed with the historians to deliver her down to posterity under the infamous character of an extorting prostitute. But though I have the greatest regard imaginable to that softer species, yet am I sorry to find they have very little for themselves. So far are they from being tender of one another's reputation, that they take a malicious pleasure in destroying it. My lady the other day, when Jack was asking who could be so base to spread such a report about Mrs. —, answered—'None, if you may be sure, but a woman.' A little after, Dick told my lady, that he had heard *Florella* hint as if *Cleora* wore artificial teeth. 'The reason is,' said she, 'because *Cleora* first gave out that *Florella* owed her complexion to a 'wash.' Thus the industrious pretty creatures take pains by invention to throw blemishes on each other, when they do not consider that there is a profligate set of fellows too ready to taint the character of the virtuous, or blast the charms of the blooming virgin. The young lady, from whom I had the honour of receiving the following letter, deserves, or rather claims, protection from our sex; since so barbarously treated by her own. Certainly they ought to defend innocence from injury, who gave ignorantly the occasion of it's being assaulted. Had the men been less liberal of their applauses, the women had been more sparing of these calumnious censures.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

I Do not know at what nice point you fix the bloom of a young lady; but I am one who can just look back upon fifteen. My father dying three years ago, left me under the care and direction of my mother, with a fortune not profusely great, yet such as might demand

a very handsome settlement, if ever proposals of marriage should be offered. My mother, after the usual time of retired mourning was over, was so affectionately indulgent to me, as to take me along with her in all her visits; but still not thinking she gratified my youth enough, permitted me further to go with my relations to all the public, cheerful, but innocent entertainments, where she was too reserved to appear herself. The two first years of my teens were easy, gay, and delightful. Every one caressed me; the old ladies told me how finely I grew, and the young ones were proud of my company. But when the third year had a little advanced, my relations used to tell my mother that pretty *Miss Clary* was shot up into a woman. The gentlemen begun now to let their eyes glance over me, and in most places I found myself distinguished; but observed, the more I grew into the esteem of their sex, the more I lost the favour of my own. Some of those whom I had been familiar with, grew cold and indifferent; others mistook, by design, my meaning, made me speak what I never thought, and so, by degrees, took occasion to break off all acquaintance. There were several little insignificant reflections cast upon me, as being a lady of a great many quaintnesses, and such like, which I seemed not to take notice of. But my mother coming home about a week ago, told me there was a scandal spread about town by my enemies, that would at once ruin me for ever for a beauty: I earnestly entreated her to know it; she refused me, but yesterday it discovered itself. Being in an assembly of gentlemen and ladies, one of the gentlemen who had been very facetious to several of the ladies, at last turning to me—'And as for you, Madam, *Prior* has already given us your character—'

That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, yet beautifully less.

I perceived immediately a malignant smile display itself in the countenance of some of the ladies, which they seconded with a scornful flutter of the fan; until one of them, unable any longer to contain, asked the gentleman if he did not remember what *Congreve* said about *Aurelia*, for she thought it mighty pretty. He made no answer; but instantly repeated the verses—

The Mulcibers who in the Minories sweat,
And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat;
Deform'd themselves, yet forge those stays
of steel,
Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill.

This was no sooner over, but it was easily discernible what an ill-natured satisfaction most of the company took; and the more pleasure they shewed by dwelling upon the two last lines, the more they encreased my trouble and confusion. And now, Sir, after this tedious account, what would you advise me to? Is there no way to be cleared of these malicious calumnies? What is beauty worth, that makes the possessor thus unhappy? Why was nature so lavish of her gifts to me, as to make her kindness prove a cruelty? They tell me my shape is delicate, my eyes sparkling, my lips I know not what, my cheeks, forsooth, adorned with a just mixture of the rose and lily; but I wish this face was barely not disagreeable, this voice harsh and unharmonious, these limbs only not deformed, and then perhaps I might live easy and unmolested, and neither raise love and admiration in the men, nor scandal and hatred in the women. Your very humble servant,

CLARINA,

The best answer I can make my fair correspondent is, that she ought to comfort herself with this consideration—That those who talk thus of her know it is false, but wish they could make others believe it true. It is not they think you deformed, but are vexed that they themselves were not as nicely framed. If you will take an old man's advice, laugh, and be not concerned at them: they have attained what they endeavoured, if they make you uneasy; for it is envy that has made them so. I would not have you wish your shape one sixteenth part of an inch disproportioned, nor desire your face might be impoverished with the ruin of half a feature, though numbers of remaining beauties might make the loss insensible; but take courage, go into the brightest assemblies, and the world will quickly confess it to be scandal. Thus Plato, hearing it was asserted by some persons that he was a very bad man—'I shall take care,' said he, 'to live so, that nobody will believe them.'

I shall conclude this paper with a relation of matter of fact. A gay young gentleman in the country, not many years ago, fell desperately in love with a blooming fine creature, whom give me leave to call Melissa. After a pretty long delay, and frequent solicitations, she refused several others of larger estates, and consented to make him happy. But they had not been married much above a twelvemonth, until it appeared too true what Juba says—

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in the eye, and falls upon the sense.

Polydore (for that was his name) finding himself grow every day more uneasy, and unwilling she should discover the cause, for diversion came up to town, and to avoid all suspicions, brought Melissa along with him. After some stay here, Polydore was one day informed, that a set of ladies over their tea-table, in the circle of scandal, had touched upon Melissa—And was that the silly thing so much talked of? How did she ever grow into a toast? For their parts, they had eyes, as well as the men, but could not discover where her beauties lay. Polydore, upon hearing this, flew immediately home, and told Melissa, with the utmost transport, that he was now fully convinced how numberless were her charms, since her own sex would not allow her any.

BUTTON'S COFFEE-HOUSE.

MR. IRONSIDE,

I Have observed that this day you make mention of Will's Coffee-House, as a place where people are too polite to hold a man in discourse by the button. Every body knows your honour frequents this house; therefore they will take an advantage against me, and say, if my company was as civil as that at Will's, you would do so; therefore pray your honour do not be afraid of doing me justice, because people would think it may be a conceit below you on this occasion to name the name of your humble servant,

DANIEL BUTTON.

The young poets are in the back room, and take their places as you directed.

N^o LXXXVI. FRIDAY, JUNE 19.CUI MENS DIVINIOR, ATQUE OS
MAGNA SONATURUM

HOR. SAT. 4. L. I. V. 43.

WHO WRITES
WITH FANCY HIGH, AND BOLD AND DARING FLIGHTS.

CREECH.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR,

OXFORD, JUNE 16, 1713.

THE classical writers, according to your advice, are by no means neglected by me, while I pursue my studies in divinity. I am persuaded that they are fountains of good sense and eloquence; and that it is absolutely necessary for a young mind to form itself upon such models: for, by a careful study of their style and manner, we shall at least avoid those faults, into which a youthful imagination is apt to hurry us; such as luxuriance of fancy, licentiousness of style, redundancy of thought, and false ornaments. As I have been flattered by my friends, that I have some genius for poetry, I sometimes turn my thoughts that way; and with pleasure reflect, that I have got over that childish part of life, which delights in points and turns of wit; and that I can take a manly and rational satisfaction in that which is called painting in poetry. Whether it be, that in these copyings of nature, the object is placed in such lights and circumstances as strike the fancy agreeably; or whether we are surprized to find objects, that are absent, placed before our eyes; or whether it be our admiration of the author's art and dexterity; or whether we amuse ourselves with comparing the picture and the original; or rather, which is most probable, because all these reasons concur to affect us, we are wonderfully charmed with these drawings after the life, this magic that raises apparitions in the fancy.

Landscapes, or still life, work much less upon us than representations of the postures or passions of living creatures. Again, those passions or postures strike us more or less in proportion to the ease or violence of their motions. An horse grazing moves us less than one stretching in a race, and a racer less than one in the fury of a battle. It is very difficult, I believe, to express violent mo-

tions, which are fleeting and transitory, either in colours or words. In poetry it requires great spirit in thought, and energy in style: which we find more of in the Eastern poetry, than in either the Greek or Roman. The great Creator, who accommodated himself to those he vouchsafed to speak to, hath put into the mouth of his prophets such sublime sentiments and exalted language, as must abash the pride and wit of man. In the book of Job, the most ancient poem in the world, we have such paintings and descriptions, as I have spoken of, in great variety. I shall, at present, make some remarks on the celebrated description of the horse in that holy book, and compare it with those drawn by Homer and Virgil.

Homer hath the following similitude of an horse twice over in the Iliad, which Virgil hath copied from him; at least he hath deviated less from Homer than Mr. Dryden hath from him.

Freed from his keepers, thus with broken reins,

The wanton courser prances o'er the plains;
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds,
And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds;
Or seeks his wat'ring in the well-known flood,

To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood:
He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,

And o'er his shoulders flows his waving mane;
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high,

Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly.

Virgil's description is much fuller than the foregoing, which, as I said, is only a simile; whereas Virgil professes to treat of the nature of the horse. It is thus admirably translated—

The fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets, and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and, trembling with delight,

Shifts pace, and paws; and hopes the promis'd fight.

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On his right shoulder, his thick mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.
His horny hoofs are jetty black, and round;
His chin is double; starting, with a bound
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid }
ground.

Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils
flow;

He bears his rider headlong on the foe.

Now follows that in the book of Job; which, under all the disadvantages of having been written in a language little understood; of being expressed in phrases peculiar to a part of the world, whose manner of thinking and speaking seems to us very uncouth; and, above all, of appearing in a prose translation; is nevertheless so transcendently above the heathen descriptions, that hereby we may perceive how faint and languid the images are, which are formed by mortal authors, when compared with that, which is figured, as it were, just as it appears in the eye of the Creator. God, speaking to Job, asks him—

‘Hast thou given the horse strength?
‘hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as
‘a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the
‘valley, and rejoiceth in his strength.
‘He goeth on to meet the armed men.
‘He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from
‘the sword. The quiver rattlcth against him, the glittering spear and the shield.
‘He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he
‘that it is the sound of the trumpet.
‘He saith amongst the trumpets—“Ha, ha!” and he smelleth the battle afar
‘off; the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.’

Here are all the great and sprightly images, that thought can form, of this generous beast, expressed in such force and vigour of stile, as would have given the great wits of antiquity new laws for the sublime; had they been acquainted with these writings. I cannot but particularly observe, that whereas the classical poets chiefly endeavoured to paint the outward figure, lineaments, and motions; the sacred poet makes all the beauties to flow from an inward principle in the creature he describes, and thereby gives great spirit and vivacity to his description. The following phrases and circumstances seem singularly remarkable—

‘Hast thou clothed his neck with
‘thunder?’ Homer and Virgil mention nothing about the neck of the horse, but his mane. The sacred author, by the bold figure of thunder, not only expresses the shaking of that remarkable beauty in the horse, and the flakes of hair which naturally suggest the idea of lightning; but likewise the violent agitation and force of the neck, which, in the Oriental tongues, had been flatly expressed by a metaphor less than this.

‘Canst thou make him afraid as a
‘grasshopper?’ There is a twofold beauty in this expression, which not only marks the courage of this beast, by asking if he can be scared; but likewise raises a noble image of his swiftness, by insinuating, that if he could be frightened, he would bound away with the nimbleness of a grasshopper.

‘The glory of his nostrils is terrible.’ This is more strong and concise than that of Virgil, which yet is the noblest line that was ever written without inspiration.

Collectumque premeni voluit sub naribus ignem.
GEORG. 3. v. 85.

And in his nostrils rolls collected fire.

‘He rejoiceth in his strength—He mocketh at fear—Neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet—He saith among the trumpets—“Ha, ha!”—are signs of courage, as I said before, flowing from an inward principle. There is a peculiar beauty in his ‘not believing it is the sound of the trumpet:’ that is, he cannot believe it for joy; but when he was sure of it, and is ‘amongst the trumpets, he saith—“Ha, ha!” he neighs, he rejoices. His docility is elegantly painted in his being unmoved at the ‘rattling quiver, the glittering spear, and the shield;’ and is well imitated by Oppian, who undoubtedly read Job as well as Virgil, in his poem upon Hunting.

How firm the manag’d war-horse keeps his
ground,

Nor breaks his order, tho’ the trumpets sound!
With fearless eye the glittering host surveys,
And glares directly at the helmet’s blaze:
The master’s word, the laws of war he knows,
And when to stop, and when to charge the
foes.

‘He swalloweth the ground,’ is an expression for prodigious swiftness, in use among the Arabians; Job’s countrymen,

men, at this day. The Latins have something like it.

Latumque fugâ consumere campum.

NEMESIAN.

In flight the extended champain to consume.

Carpere prata fugâ.

VIRG. GEORG. 3. 142.

In flight to crop the meads.

campumque volatu

Cum rapuere, pedum vestigia quæras.

SIL. ITAL.

When in their flight the champain they have snatch'd,

No track is left behind.

It is indeed the boldest and noblest of images for swiftneſs; nor have I met

with any thing that comes ſo near it, as Mr. Pope's, in Windſor Foreſt.

The impatient courſer pants in ev'ry vein,
And, pawing, ſeems to beat the diſtant plain;
Hills, vales, and floods, appear already croſt;
And, ere he ſtarts, a thouſand ſteps are loſt.

“He ſmelleth the battle aſar off,” and what follows about the ſhoutiſg is a circumſtance expreſſed with great ſpirit by Lucan.

So when the ring with joyful ſhouts rebounds,
With rage and pride the imprifon'd courſer bounds:

He frets, he foams, he rends his idle rein;
Springs o'er the fence, and headlong ſeeks the plain.

I am, Sir, your ever-obliged ſervant,

JOHN LIZARD.

Nº LXXXVII. SATURDAY, JUNE 20.

—CONSTITERANT HINC THISBE, PRIAMUS ILLINC,
INQUE VICEM FUERAT CAPTATUS ANHELITUS ORIS.

OID. MET. L. 4. V. 71.

HERE PYRAMUS, THERE GENTLE THISBE, STROVE
TO CATCH EACH OTHER'S BREATH, THE BALMY BREEZE OF LOVE.

MY Precautions are made up of all that I can hear and ſee, tranſlate, borrow, paraphraſe, or contract, from the perſons with whom I mingle and converſe, and the authors whom I read. But the grave diſcourſes which I ſometimes give the town, do not win ſo much attention as lighter matters. For this reaſon it is, that I am obliged to conſider vice as it is ridiculous, and accompanied with gallantry, elſe I find in a very ſhort time I ſhall lie like waſte paper on the tables of coffee-houſes. Where I have taken moſt pains I often find myſelf leaſt read. There is a ſpirit of intrigue got into all, even the meaneſt of the people, and the very ſervants are bent upon delights, and commence oglers and languishers. I happened the other day to paſs by a gentleman's houſe, and ſaw the moſt ſlippant ſcene of low love that I have ever obſerved. The maid was rubbing the windows within-ſide of the houſe, and her humble ſervant the footman was ſo happy a man as to be employed in cleaning the ſame glaſs on the ſide towards the ſtreet. The wench began with the greateſt ſeverity of aſpect imaginable, and breathing on the glaſs,

followed it with a dry cloth; her oppoſite obſerved her, and fetching a deep ſigh, as if it were his laſt, with a very diſconſolate air did the ſame on his ſide of the window. He ſtill worked on and languiſhed, until at laſt his fair-one ſmiled; but covered herſelf, and ſpreadiſg the napkin in her hand, concealed herſelf from her admirer, while he took pains, as it were, to work through all that intercepted their meeting. This pretty conteſt held for four or five large panes of glaſs, until at laſt the waggery was turned into an humorous way of breathing in each other's faces, and catching the impreſſion. The gay creatures were thus loving and pleaſiſg their imaginations with their nearneſs and diſtance, until the windows were ſo transparent, that the beauty of the female made the man-ſervant impatient of beholding it, and the whole houſe beſides being abroad, he ran in, and they romped out of my ſight. It may be imagined theſe oglers of no quality, made a more ſudden application of the intention of kind ſighs and glances, than thoſe whoſe education lays them under greater reſtraints, and who are

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consequently more flow in their advances. I have often observed all the low part of the town in love; and, taking a hackney coach, have considered all that passed by me in that light, as these cities are composed of crowds wherein there is not one who is not lawfully or unlawfully engaged in that passion. When one is in this speculation, it is not unpleasant to observe alliances between those males and females whose lot it is to act in public. Thus the woods in the middle of summer are not more entertaining with the different notes of birds, than the town is of different voices of the several sorts of people who act in public; they are divided into classes, and crowds made for crowds. The hackney-coachmen, chairmen, and porters, are the lovers of the hawker-women, fruitresses, and milk-maids. They are a wild world of themselves, and have voices significant of their private inclinations, which strangers can take no notice of. Thus a wench with fruit looks like a mad-woman when she cries wares you see she does not carry, but those in the secret know that cry is only an assignation to an hackney-coachman who is driving by, and understands her. The whole people is in an intrigue, and the undiscerning passengers are unacquainted with the meaning of what they hear all round them: they know not how to separate the cries of mercenary traders, from the sighs and lamentations of languishing lovers. The common face of modesty is lost among the ordinary part of the world, and the general corruption of manners is visible from the loss of all deference in the low people towards those of condition. One order of mankind trips fast after the next above it, and by this rule you may trace iniquity from the conversations of the most wealthy to those of the humblest degree. It is an act of great resolution to pass by a crowd of polite footmen, who can railly, make love, ridicule, and observe upon all the passengers, who are obliged to go by the places where they wait. This licence makes different characters among them, and there are beaux, partymen, and free-thinkers, in livery. I take it for a rule, that there is no bad man but makes a bad woman, and the contagion of vice is what should make people cautious of their behaviour. Juvenal says 'there is the greatest reverence to be had to the presence of children;' it

may be as well said of the presence of servants, and it would be some kind of virtue if we kept our vices to ourselves. It is a feeble authority which has not the support of personal respect; and the dependence founded only upon their receiving their maintenance of us, is not of force enough to support us against an habitual behaviour, for which they condemn and deride us. No man can be well served, but by those who have an opinion of his merit; and that opinion cannot be kept up, but by an exemption from those faults which we would restrain in our dependants.

Though our fopperies imitated are subjects of laughter, our vices transferred to our servants give matter of lamentation. But there is nothing in which our families are so docile, as in the imitation of our delights. It is therefore but common prudence to take care that our inferiors know of none but our innocent ones. It is, methinks, a very arrogant thing to expect that the single consideration of not offending us should curb our servants from vice, when much higher motives cannot moderate our own inclinations. But I began this paper with an observation that the lower world is got into fashionable vices, and above all to the understanding the language of the eye. There is nothing but writing songs which the footmen do not practise as well as their masters. Spurious races of mankind, which pine in want, and perish in their first months of being, come into the world from this degeneracy. The possession of wealth and affluence seems to carry some faint extenuation of his guilt who is sunk by it into luxury; but poverty and servitude, accompanied with the vices of wealth and licentiousness, is, I believe, a circumstance of ill peculiar to our age. This may, perhaps, be matter of jest, or is overlooked by those who do not turn their thoughts upon the actions of others. But from that one particular, of the immorality of our servants arising from the negligence of masters of families in their care of them, flows that irresistible torrent of disasters which spreads itself through all human life. Old age oppressed with beggary, youth drawn into the commission of murders and robberies, both owe their disaster to this evil. If we consider the happiness which grows out of a fatherly conduct towards servants, it would encourage

courage a man to that sort of care, as much as the effects of a libertine behaviour to them would affright us.

Lycurgus is a man of that noble disposition, that his domestics, in a nation of the greatest liberty, enjoy a freedom known only to themselves, who live under his roof. He is the banker, the council, the parent of all his numerous dependents. Kindness is the law of his house, and the way to his favour is being gentle and well-natured to their fellow-servants. Every one recommends

himself, by appearing officious to let their patron know the merit of others under his care. Many little fortunes have streamed out of his favour; and his prudence is such, that the fountain is not exhausted by the channels from it, but it's way cleared to run new meanders. He bestows with so much judgment, that his bounty is the increase of his wealth; all who share in his favour, are enabled to enjoy it by his example, and he has not only made, but qualified many a man to be rich.

Nº LXXXVIII. MONDAY, JUNE 22.

MENS AGITAT MOLEM

A MIND INFORMS THE MASS.

VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 727.

TO one who regards things with a philosophical eye, and hath a soul capable of being delighted with the sense that truth and knowledge prevail among men, it must be a grateful reflection to think that the sublimest truths, which among the heathens only here and there one of brighter parts and more leisure than ordinary could attain to, are now grown familiar to the meanest inhabitants of these nations.

Whence came this surprizing change, that regions formerly inhabited by ignorant and savage people, should now outline ancient Greece, and the other eastern countries, so renowned of old, in the most elevated notions of theology and morality? Is it the effect of our own parts and industry? Have our common mechanics more refined understandings than the ancient philosophers? It is owing to the God of Truth, who came down from Heaven, and condescended to be himself our teacher. It is as we are Christians, that we profess more excellent and divine truths than the rest of mankind.

If there be any of the Free-thinkers who are not direct Atheists, charity would incline one to believe them ignorant of what is here advanced. And it is for their information that I write this paper, the design of which is to compare the ideas that Christians entertain of the being and attributes of a God, with the gross notions of the Heathen world. Is it possible for the mind of man to conceive a more august idea of the Deity than is set forth in the holy Scriptures?

I shall throw together some passages relating to this subject, which I propose only as philosophical sentiments, to be considered by a Free-thinker.

Though there be that are called Gods, yet to us there is but one God. He made the heaven, and heaven of heavens, with all their host; the earth and all things that are therein; the sea, and all that is therein. He said—“Let them be,” and it was so. He hath stretched forth the heavens. He hath founded the earth, and hung it upon nothing. He hath shut up the sea with doors, and said—“Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be staid.” The Lord is an invisible spirit, in whom we live, and move, and have our being. He is the fountain of life. He preserveth man and beast. He giveth food to all flesh. In his hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind. The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich. He bringeth low and lifteth up. He killeth and maketh alive. He woundeth and he healeth. By him kings reign, and princes decree justice; and not a sparrow falleth to the ground without him. All angels, authorities, and powers, are subject to him. He appointeth the moon for seasons, and the sun knoweth his going down. He thundereth with his voice, and directeth it under the whole heaven, and his lightning unto the ends of the earth. Fire and hail, snow and vapour, wind and storm, fulfil his word. The Lord is King
for

for ever and ever, and his dominion is an everlasting dominion. The earth and the heavens shall perish, but thou, O Lord, remainest. They all shall wax old, as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed; but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end. God is perfect in knowledge; his understanding is infinite. He is the Father of lights. He looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven. The Lord beholdeth all the children of men from the place of his habitation, and considereth all their works. He knoweth our down-fitting and up-rising. He compasseth our path, and counteth our steps. He is acquainted with all our ways; and when we enter our closet, and shut our door, he seeth us. He knoweth the things that come into our mind, every one of them; and no thought can be withholden from him. The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. He is a Father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widow. He is the God of peace, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort and consolation. The Lord is great, and we know him not: His greatness is unsearchable. Who but he hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out the heavens with a span? Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty. Thou art very great, thou art clothed with honour. Heaven is thy throne, and earth is thy footstool.

Can the mind of a philosopher rise to a more just and magnificent, and at the same time a more amiable idea of the Deity than is here set forth in the strongest images and most emphatical language? And yet this is the language of shepherds and fishermen. The illiterate Jews and poor persecuted Christians retained these noble sentiments, while the polite and powerful nations of the earth were given up to that sottish sort of worship, of which the following elegant description is extracted from one of the inspired writers.

Who hath formed a God, and molten an image that is profitable for nothing? The smith with the tongs both worketh in the coals and fashioneth it with hammers, and worketh it with

the strength of his arms: yea he is hungry, and his strength faileth. He drinketh no water, and is faint. A man planteth an ash, and the rain doth nourish it. He burneth part thereof in the fire. He roasteth roast. He warmeth himself. And the residue thereof he maketh a God. He falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith—"Deliver me, for thou art my God." None considereth in his heart—"I have burnt part of it in the fire, yea also; I have baked bread upon the coals thereof; I have roasted flesh and eaten it; and shall I make the residue thereof of an abomination? Shall I fall down to the stock of a tree?"

In such circumstances as these, for a man to declare for Free-thinking, and disengage himself from the yoke of idolatry, were doing honour to human nature, and a work well becoming the great asserters of reason. But in a church, where our adoration is directed to the supreme Being, and (to say the least) where is nothing either in the object or manner of worship that contradicts the light of nature; there, under the pretence of free-thinking, to rail at the religious institutions of their country, sheweth an undistinguishing genius that mistakes opposition for freedom of thought. And, indeed, notwithstanding the pretences of some few among our Free-thinkers, I can hardly think there are men so stupid and inconsistent with themselves, as to have a serious regard for natural religion, and at the same time use their utmost endeavours to destroy the credit of those sacred writings, which as they have been the means of bringing these parts of the world to the knowledge of natural religion, so in case they lose their authority over the minds of men, we should of course sink into the same idolatry which we see practised by other unenlightened nations.

If a person who exerts himself in the modern way of free-thinking, be not a stupid idolater, it is undeniable that he contributes all he can to the making other men so, either by ignorance or design; which lays him under the dilemma, I will not say of being a fool or knave, but of incurring the contempt or detestation of mankind.

N^o LXXXIX. TUESDAY, JUNE 23.IGNÆUS EST OLLIS VIGOR, ET COLLESTIS ORIGO
SEMINIUS

VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 730.

THEY BOAST ETHERIAL VIGOUR, AND ARE FORM'D
FROM SEEDS OF HEAVENLY BIRTH.

THE same faculty of reason and understanding which placeth us above the brute part of the creation, doth also subject our minds to greater and more manifold disquiets than creatures of an inferior rank are sensible of. It is by this that we anticipate future disasters, and oft create to ourselves real pain from imaginary evils, as well as multiply the pangs arising from those which cannot be avoided.

It behoves us therefore to make the best use of that sublime talent, which, so long as it continues the instrument of passion, will serve only to make us more miserable, in proportion as we are more excellent than other beings.

It is the privilege of a thinking being to withdraw from the objects that solicit his senses, and turn his thoughts inward on himself. For my own part, I often mitigate the pain arising from the little misfortunes and disappointments that chequer human life by this introversion of my faculties, wherein I regard my own soul as the image of her Creator, and receive great consolation from beholding those perfections which testify her divine original, and lead me into some knowledge of her everlasting Archetype.

But there is not any property or circumstance of my being that I contemplate with more joy than my Immortality. I can easily overlook any present momentary sorrow, when I reflect that it is in my power to be happy a thousand years hence. If it were not for this thought, I had rather be an oyster than a man, the most stupid and senseless of animals than a reasonable mind tortured with an extreme innate desire of that perfection which it despairs to obtain.

It is with great pleasure that I behold Instinct, Reason, and Faith, concurring to attest this comfortable truth. It is revealed from Heaven; it is discovered by philosophers; and the ignorant, unenlightened part of mankind, have a natural propensity to believe it. It is an

agreeable entertainment to reflect on the various shapes under which this doctrine has appeared in the world. The Pythagorean transmigration, the sensual habitations of the Mahometan, and the shady realms of Pluto, do all agree in the main points, the continuation of our existence, and the distribution of rewards and punishments, proportioned to the merits or demerits of men in this life.

But in all these schemes there is something gross and improbable, that shocks a reasonable and speculative mind. Whereas nothing can be more rational and sublime than the Christian idea of a future state. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for those that love him.' The above-mentioned schemes are narrow transcripts of our present state; but in this indefinite description there is something ineffably great and noble. The mind of man must be raised to a higher pitch, not only to partake the enjoyments of the Christian Paradise, but even to be able to frame any notion of them.

Nevertheless, in order to gratify our imagination, and by way of condescension to our low way of thinking, the ideas of light, glory, a crown, &c. are made use of to adumbrate that which we cannot directly understand. 'The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away, and behold all things are new. There shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun: for the Lord God giveth them light, and shall make them drink of the river of his pleasures; and they shall reign for ever and ever.

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' They shall receive a crown of glory
' which fadeth not away.'

These are cheering reflections; and I have often wondered that men could be found so dull and phlegmatic, as to prefer the thought of annihilation before them; or so ill-natured, as to endeavour to persuade mankind to the disbelief of what is so pleasing and profitable even in the prospect; or so blind as not to see that there is a Deity; and if there be, that this scheme of things flows from his attributes, and evidently corresponds with the other parts of his creation.

I know not how to account for this absurd turn of thought, except it proceed from a want of other employment, joined with an affectation of singularity. I shall, therefore, inform our modern Free-thinkers of two points, whereof they seem to be ignorant. The first is, that it is not the being singular, but being singular for something, that argues either extraordinary endowments of nature, or benevolent intentions to mankind, which draws the admiration and esteem of the world. A mistake in this point naturally arises from that confusion of thought which I do not remem-

ber to have seen so great instances of in any writers; as in certain modern Free-thinkers.

The other point is, that there are innumerable objects within the reach of a human mind, and each of these objects may be viewed in innumerable lights and positions, and the relations arising between them are innumerable. There is, therefore, an infinity of things whereon to employ their thoughts, if not with advantage to the world, at least with amusement to themselves, and without offence or prejudice to other people. If they proceed to exert their talent of Free-thinking in this way, they may be innocently dull, and no one take any notice of it. But to see men without either wit or argument pretend to run down divine and human laws, and treat their fellow-subjects with contempt for professing a belief of those points on which the present as well as future interest of mankind depends, is not to be endured. For my own part, I shall omit no endeavours to render their persons as despicable, and their practices as odious, in the eye of the world, as they deserve.

Nº XC. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24.

—FUNGAR VICE COTIS—

HOR. ARS POET. V. 304.

I'LL PLAY THE WRETSTONE.

CREECH.

IT is, they say, frequent with authors to write letters to themselves, either out of laziness or vanity.

The following is genuine, and, I think, deserves the attention of every man of sense in England.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

JUNE 20.

THOUGH I am not apt to make complaints, and have never yet troubled you with any, and little thought I ever should, yet seeing that in your paper of this day, you take no notice of yesterday's Examiner, as I hoped you would; my love for my religion, which is so nearly concerned, would not permit me to be silent. The matter, Sir, is this. A bishop* of our church (to

whom the Examiner himself has nothing to object, but his care and concern for the Protestant religion, which by him, it seems, is thought a sufficient fault) has lately published a book, in which he endeavours to shew the folly, ignorance, and mistake of the Church of Rome, in it's worship of saints: from this the Examiner takes occasion to fall upon the author with his utmost malice, and to make him the subject of his ridicule. Is it then become a crime for a Protestant to speak or write in defence of his religion? Shall a Papist have leave to print and publish in England what he pleases in defence of his own opinion, with the Examiner's approbation; and shall not a Protestant be permitted to write in answer to it? For this, Mr.

* Dr. William Fleetwood, Bishop of St. Asaph.

Guardian, is the present case. Last year a Papist (or to please Mr. Examiner, a Roman Catholic) published the Life of St. Wenefrede, for the use of those devout pilgrims who go in great numbers to offer up their prayers to her at her well. This gave occasion to the worthy prelate, in whose diocese that well is, to make some observations upon it; and in order to undeceive so many poor deluded people, to show how little reason, and how small authority there is, not only to believe any of the miracles attributed to St. Wenefrede, but even to believe there ever was such a person in the world. And shall then a good man, upon such an account, be liable to be abused in so public a manner? Can any good Church-of-England man bear to see a bishop, one whom her present majesty was pleased to make, treated in so ludicrous a way? or shall one pass by the scurrility and the immodesty that is to be found in several parts of the paper? Who can with patience see St. Paul and St. Wenefrede set, by the Examiner, upon a level, and the authority for one made by him to be equal with that for the other? Who, that is a Christian, can endure his insipid mirth upon so serious an occasion? I must confess it raises my indignation to the greatest height, to see a pen that has been long employed in writing panegyrics upon persons of the first rank, (who would be indeed to be pitied, were they to depend upon that for their praise) to see, I say, the same pen at last made use of in defence of popery!

I think I may now, with justice, congratulate with those whom the Examiner dislikes; since, for my own part, I should reckon it my great honour to be worthy his disesteem, and should count

his censure praise. I am, Sir, your most humble servant.

The above letter complains, with great justice, against this incorrigible creature; but I do not insert any thing concerning him, in hopes what I say will have any effect upon him, but to prevent the impression which what he says may have upon others. I shall end this paper with a letter I have just now written to a gentleman, whose writings are often inserted in the Guardian, without deviation of one tittle from what he sends.

SIR,

JUNE 23.

I Have received the favour of your's with the inclosed, which made up the papers of the two last days. I cannot but look upon myself with great contempt and mortification, when I reflect that I have thrown away more hours than you have lived, though you so much excel me in every thing for which I would live. Until I knew you, I thought it the privilege of angels only to be very knowing and very innocent. In the warmth of youth to be capable of such abstracted and virtuous reflections, (with a suitable life) as those with which you entertain yourself, is the utmost of human perfection and felicity. The greatest honour I can conceive done to another, is when an elder does reverence to a younger, though that younger is not distinguished above him by fortune. Your contempt of pleasures, riches, and honour, will crown you with them all, and I wish you them not for your own sake, but for the reason which only would make them eligible by yourself, the good of others. I am, dearest youth, your friend and admirer,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

N^o XCI. THURSDAY, JUNE 25.

—IN EST SUA GRATIA PARVIS.

LITTLE THINGS HAVE THEIR VALUE.

IT is the great rule of behaviour to follow nature. The author of the following letter is so much convinced of this truth, that he turns what would render a man of little soul exceptionable, humorous, and particular in all his actions, to a subject of railery and

mirth. He is, you must know, but half as tall as an ordinary man, but is contented to be still at his friend's elbow, and has set up a club, by which he hopes to bring those of his own size into a little reputation.

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TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR,

I Remember a saying of your's concerning persons in low circumstances or stature, that their littleness would hardly be taken notice of, if they did not manifest a consciousness of it themselves in all their behaviour. Indeed, the observation that no man is ridiculous, for being what he is, but only in the affectation of being something more, is equally true in regard to the mind and the body.

I question not but it will be pleasing to you to hear, that a set of us have formed a society, who are sworn to 'Dare to be short,' and boldly bear out the dignity of littleness under the noses of those enormous engrossers of manhood, those hyperbolical monsters of the species, the tall fellows that overlook us.

The day of our institution was the tenth of December, being the shortest of the year, on which we are to hold an annual feast over a dish of shrimps.

The place we have chosen for this meeting is in the Little Piazza, notwithstanding an eye to the neighbourhood of Mr. Powell's opera; for the performers of which we have, as becomes us, a brotherly affection.

At our first resort hither, an old woman brought her son to the club-room, desiring he might be educated in this school, because she saw here were finer boys than ordinary. However, this accident no way discouraged our designs. We began with sending invitations to those of a stature not exceeding five feet, to repair to our assembly; but the greater part returned excuses, or pretended they were not qualified.

One said he was indeed but five foot at present, but represented that he should soon exceed that proportion, his perwig-maker and shoe-maker having lately promised him three inches more betwixt them.

Another alledged, he was so unfortunate as to have one leg shorter than the other, and whoever had determined his stature, to five feet, had taken him at a disadvantage; for when he was mounted on the other leg, he was at least five feet two inches and a half.

There were some who questioned the exactness of our measures; and others, instead of complying, returned us informations of people yet shorter than

themselves. In a word, almost every one recommended some neighbour or acquaintance, whom he was willing we should look upon to be less than he. We were not a little ashamed that those who are past the years of growth, and whose beards pronounce them men, should be guilty of as many unfair tricks in this point, as the most aspiring children when they are measured.

We therefore proceeded to fit up the club-room, and provide conveniences for our accommodation. In the first place we caused a total removal of all the chairs, stools, and tables, which had served the gross of mankind for many years. The disadvantages we had undergone, while we made use of these, were unspeakable. The president's whole body was sunk in the elbow-chair: and when his arms were spread over it, he appeared (to the great lessening of his dignity) like a child in a go-cart: it was also so wide in the seat, as to give a wag occasion of saying, that, notwithstanding the president sat in it, it was a *sede vacante*.

The table was so high, that one who came by chance to the door, seeing our chins just above the pewter dishes, took us for a circle of men that sat ready to be shaved, and sent in half a dozen barbers. Another time one of the club spoke contumeliously of the president, imagining he had been absent, when he was only eclipsed by a flask of Florence which stood on the table in a parallel line before his face. We therefore new-furnished the room in all respects proportionably to us; and had the door made lower, so as to admit no man of above five feet high, without brushing his foretop, which whoever does is utterly unqualified to sit among us.

Some of the statutes of the Club are as follow.

I. If it be proved upon any member, though never so duly qualified, that he strives as much as possible to get above his size, by stretching, cocking, or the like; or that he hath stood on tip-toe in a crowd, with design to be taken for as tall a man as the rest; or hath privily conveyed any large book, cricket, or other device, under him, to exalt him on his seat: every such offender shall be sentenced to walk in pumps for a whole month.

II. If any member shall take advantage,

age, from the fulness or length of his wig, or any part of his dress, or the immoderate extent of his hat, or otherwise, to seem larger or higher than he is; it is ordered, he shall wear red heels to his shoes, and a red feather in his hat, which may apparently mark and set bounds to the extremities of his small dimension, that all people may readily find him out between his hat and his shoes.

III. If any member shall purchase a horse for his own riding above fourteen hands and a half in height, that horse shall forthwith be sold, a Scotch gallo-way bought in its stead for him, and the overplus of the money shall treat the club.

IV. If any member, in direct contradiction to the fundamental laws of

the society, shall wear the heels of his shoes exceeding one inch and half, it shall be interpreted as an open renunciation of littleness, and the criminal shall instantly be expelled. Note, The form to be used in expelling a member shall be in these words—'Go from among us, and be tall if you can!'

It is the unanimous opinion of our whole society, that since the race of mankind is granted to have decreased in stature from the beginning to this present, it is the intent of nature itself that men should be little; and we believe that all human kind shall at last grow down to perfection, that is to say, be reduced to our own measure. I am very literally your humble servant,

BOB SHORT,

Nº XCII. FRIDAY, JUNE 26.

ROMUNCULI QUANTI SUNT, CUM RECOGITO!

PLAUTUS.

NOW I RECOLLECT, HOW CONSIDERABLE ARE THESE LITTLE MEN!

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR,

THE Club rising early this evening, I have time to finish my account of it. You are already acquainted with the nature and design of our institution; the characters of the members, and the topics of our conversation, are what remain for the subject of this epistle.

The most eminent persons of our assembly are a little poet, a little lover, a little politician, and a little hero. The first of these, Dick Distich by name, we have elected president, not only as he is the shortest of us all, but because he has entertained so just a sense of the stature, as to go generally in black, that he may appear yet less. Nay, to that perfection is he arrived, that he stoops as he walks. The figure of the man is odd enough; he is a lively little creature, with long arms and legs: a spider is no ill emblem of him. He has been taken at a distance for a small windmill. But indeed what principally moved us in his favour was his talent in poetry; for he hath promised to undertake a long work in short verse to celebrate the heroes of our size. He has entertained so great a respect for Statius, on the score of that line—

Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus;

A larger portion of heroic fire
Did his small limbs and little breast inspire.

that he once designed to translate the whole Thebaid for the sake of little Tydeus.

Tom Tiptoe, a dapper black fellow, is the most gallant lover of the age. He is particularly nice in his habiliments; and to the end justice may be done him that way, constantly employs the same artist who makes attire for the neighbouring princes and ladies of quality at Mr. Powell's. The vivacity of his temper inclines him sometimes to boast of the favours of the fair. He was the other night excusing his absence from the club upon account of an assignation with a lady, (and, as he had the vanity to tell us, a tall one too) who had consented to the full accomplishment of his desires that evening; but one of the company, who was his confidant, assured us she was a woman of humour, and made the agreement on this condition, that his toe should be tied to hers.

Our politician is a person of real gravity, and professed wisdom. Gravity in a man of this size, compared with that of one of ordinary bulk, appears like the gravity of a cat compared with that of

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a lion.

a lion. This gentleman is accustomed to talk to himself, and was once overheard to compare his own person to a little cabinet, wherein are locked up all the secrets of state, and refined schemes of princes. His face is pale and meagre, which proceeds from much watching and studying for the welfare of Europe, which is also thought to have stunted his growth: for he hath destroyed his own constitution with taking care of that of the nation. He is what Monsieur Balzac calls 'a great distiller of the maxims of Tacitus.' When he speaks, it is slowly, and word by word, as one that is loth to enrich you too fast with his observations; like a limbeck that gives you, drop by drop, an extract of the simples in it.

The last I shall mention is Tim Tuck, the hero. He is particularly remarkable for the length of his sword, which intersects his person in a cross line, and makes him appear not unlike a fly, that the boys have run a pin through and set a walking. He once challenged a tall fellow for giving him a blow on the pate with his elbow as he passed along the street. But what he especially values himself upon is, that in all the campaigns he has made, he never once ducked at the whiz of a cannon-ball. Tim was full as large at fourteen years old as he is now. This we are tender of mentioning, your little heroes being generally choleric.

These are the gentlemen that most enliven our conversation. The discourse generally turns upon such accidents, whether fortunate or unfortunate, as are daily occasioned by our size: these we faithfully communicate, either as matter of mirth or of consolation to each other. The president had lately an unlucky fall, being unable to keep his legs on a stormy day; whereupon he informed us, it was no new disaster, but the same a certain ancient poet had been subject to, who is recorded to have been so light, that he was obliged to poise himself against the wind with lead on one side, and his own works on the other. The lover confessed the other night that he had been cured of love to a tall woman, by reading over the legend of Ragotine in Scaron, with his tea, three mornings successively. Our hero rarely acquaints us with any of his unsuccessful adventures: and as for the poli-

tician, he declares himself an utter enemy to all kind of burlesque, so will never discompose the austerity of his aspect by laughing at our adventures, much less discover any of his own in this ludicrous light. Whatever he tells of any accidents that befall him, is by way of complaint, nor is he to be laughed at but in his absence.

We are likewise particularly careful to communicate in the club all such passages of history, or characters of illustrious personages, as any way reflect honour on little men. Tim Tuck, having but just reading enough for a military man, perpetually entertains us with the same stories, of little David, that conquered the mighty Goliath; and little Luxembourg, that made Louis XIV. a grand monarch; never forgetting little Alexander the Great. Dick Distich celebrates the exceeding humanity of Augustus, who called Horace Lepidissimum Homunculum; and is wonderfully pleased with Voiture and Scaron, for having so well described their diminutive forms to all posterity. He is peremptorily of opinion, against a great reader, and all his adherents, that Æsop was not a jot properer or handsomer than he is represented by the common pictures. But the soldier believes with the learned person above-mentioned; for he thinks none but an impudent tall author could be guilty of such an unmannerly piece of satire on little warriors, as his battle of the mouse and the frog. The politician is very proud of a certain king of Egypt, called Bocchor, who, as Diodorus assures us, was a person of very low stature, but far exceeded all that went before him in discretion and politics.

As I am secretary to the club, it is my business, whenever we meet, to take minutes of the transactions: this has enabled me to send you the foregoing particulars, as I may hereafter other memoirs. We have spies appointed in every quarter of the town, to give us informations of the misbehaviour of such refractory persons as refuse to be subject to our statutes. Whatsoever aspiring practices any of these our people shall be guilty of in their amours, single combats, or any indirect means to manhood, we shall certainly be acquainted with, and publish to the world for their punishment and reformation; for
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the president has granted me the sole property of exposing and shewing to the town all such intractable dwarfs, whose circumstances exempt them from being carried about in boxes: reserving only

to himself, as the right of a poet, those smart characters that will shine in epigrams. Venerable Nestor, I salute you in the name of the Club.

BOB SHORT, Secretary.

N^o XCIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 27.

—EST ANIMUS LUCIS CONTEMPTOR.

VIRG. *Æn.* 9. v. 205.

THE THING CALL'D LIFE WITH EASE I CAN DISCLAIM. . DRYDEN.

THE following letters are curious and instructive, and shall make up the business of the day.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

JUNE 25, 1713.

THE inclosed is a faithful translation from an old author, which, if it deserves your notice, let the readers guess whether he was a Heathen or a Christian. I am your most humble servant.

‘ I cannot, my friends, forbear letting you know what I think of death; for methinks I view and understand it much better, the nearer I approach to it. I am convinced that your fathers, those illustrious persons whom I so much loved and honoured, do not cease to live, though they have passed through what we call death; they are undoubtedly still living, but it is that sort of life which alone deserves truly to be called life. In effect, while we are confined to bodies, we ought to esteem ourselves no other than a sort of galley-slaves at the chain, since the soul, which is somewhat divine, and descends from heaven as the place of it's original, seems debased and dishonoured by the mixture with flesh and blood, and to be in a state of banishment from it's celestial country. I cannot help thinking too, that one main reason of uniting souls to bodies was, that the great work of the universe might have spectators to admire the beautiful order of nature, the regular motion of heavenly bodies, who should strive to express that regularity in the uniformity of their lives. When I consider the boundless activity of our minds, the remembrance we have of things past, our foresight of what is to come: when I reflect on the noble discoveries and vast improvements by

‘ which these minds have advanced arts and sciences; I am entirely persuaded, and out of all doubt, that a nature which has in itself a fund of so many excellent things, cannot possibly be mortal. I observe further, that my mind is altogether simple, without the mixture of any substance or nature different from it's own; I conclude from thence that it is indivisible, and consequently cannot perish.

‘ By no means think, therefore, my dear friends, when I shall have quitted you, that I cease to be, or shall subsist no where. Remember that while we live together, you do not see my mind, and yet are sure that I have one actuating and moving my body; doubt not then but that this same mind will have a being when it is separated, though you cannot then perceive it's actions. What nonsense would it be to pay those honours to great men after their deaths, which we constantly do, if their souls did not then subsist? For my own part, I could never imagine that our minds live only when united to bodies, and die when they leave them; or that they shall cease to think and understand when disengaged from bodies, which without them have neither sense nor reason; on the contrary, I believe the soul, when separated from matter, to enjoy the greatest purity and simplicity of it's nature, and to have much more wisdom and light than while it was united. We see when the body dies what becomes of all the parts which composed it; but we do not see the mind, either in the body, or when it leaves it. Nothing more resembles death than sleep, and it is in that state that the soul chiefly shews it has something divine in it's nature. How much more then must it shew it, when entirely disengaged?

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,
SINCE you have not refused to insert matters of a theological nature in those excellent papers with which you daily both instruct and divert us, I earnestly desire you to print the following paper. The notions therein advanced are, for ought I know, new to the English reader; and, if they are true, will afford room for many useful inferences.

No man that reads the Evangelists, but must observe, that our blessed Saviour does upon every occasion bend all his force and zeal to rebuke and correct the hypocrisy of the Pharisees. Upon that subject he shews a warmth which one meets with in no other part of his sermons. They were so enraged at this public detection of their secret villainies, by one who saw through all their disguises, that they joined in the prosecution of him, which was so vigorous, that Pilate at last consented to his death. The frequency and vehemence of these representations of our Lord have made the word Pharisee to be looked upon as odious among Christians, and to mean only one who lays the utmost stress upon the outward, ceremonial, and ritual part of his religion, without having such an inward sense of it, as would lead him to a general and sincere observance of those duties which can only arise from the heart, and which cannot be supposed to spring from a desire of applause or profit.

This is plain from the history of the life and actions of our Lord in the four Evangelists. One of them, St. Luke, continued his history down in a second part, which we commonly call The Acts of the Apostles. Now it is observable, that in this second part, in which he gives a particular account of what the apostles did and suffered at Jerusalem, upon their first entering upon their commission, and also of what St. Paul did after he was consecrated to the apostleship until his journey to Rome, we find not only no opposition to Christianity from the Pharisees, but several signal occasions in which they assisted its first teachers, when the Christian church was in its infant state. The true, zealous, and hearty persecutors of Christianity at that time were the Sadducees, whom we may truly call the Free-thinkers among the Jews. They believed neither resurrection, nor angel,

nor spirit; i. e. in plain English, they were Deists at least, if not Atheists. They could outwardly comply with, and conform to the establishment in church and state, and they pretended forsooth to belong only to a particular sect; and because there was nothing in the law of Moses which in so many words asserted a resurrection, they appeared to adhere to that in a particular manner beyond any other part of the Old Testament. These men, therefore, justly dreaded the spreading of Christianity after the ascension of our Lord, because it was wholly founded upon his resurrection.

Accordingly, therefore, when Peter and John had cured the lame man at the beautiful gate of the temple, and had thereby raised a wonderful expectation of themselves among the people, the priests and Sadducees (Acts iv.) clapt them up, and sent them away, for the first time, with a severe reprimand. Quickly after, when the deaths of Ananias and Sapphira, and the many miracles wrought after those severe instances of the apostolical power had alarmed the priests, who looked upon the temple-worship, and consequently their bread, to be struck at; these priests, and all they that were with them, who were of the sect of the Sadducees, imprisoned the apostles, intending to examine them in the great council the next day. Where, when the council met, and the priests and Sadducees proposed to proceed with great rigour against them, we find that Gamaliel, a very eminent Pharisee, St. Paul's master, a man of great authority among the people, many of whose determinations we have still preserved in the body of the Jewish traditions, commonly called the Talmud, opposed their heat, and told them, for ought they knew, the apostles might be actuated by the Spirit of God, and that in such a case it would be in vain to oppose them, since if they did so, they would only fight against God, whom they could not overcome. Gamaliel was so considerable a man among his own sect, that we may reasonably believe he spoke the sense of his party as well as his own. St. Stephen's martyrdom came on presently after, in which we do not find the Pharisees, as such, had any hand; it is probable that he was persecuted by those who had before imprisoned Peter

and John. One novice, indeed, of that sect, was so zealous, that he kept the cloaths of those that stoned him. This novice, whose zeal went beyond all bounds, was the great St. Paul, who was peculiarly honoured with a call from Heaven, by which he was converted; and he was afterwards, by God himself, appointed to be the apostle of the Gentiles. Besides him, and him too reclaimed in so glorious a manner, we find no one Pharisee either named or hinted at by St. Luke, as an opposer of Christianity in those earliest days. What others might do we know not. But we find the Sadducees pursuing St. Paul even to death at his coming to Jerusalem, in the 21st of the Acts. He then, upon all occasions, owned himself to be a Pharisee. In the 22d chapter he told the people, that he had been bred up at the feet of Gamaliel after the strictest manner, in the law of his fathers. In the 23d chapter he told the council that he was a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee, and that he was accused for asserting the hope and resurrection of the dead, which was their darling doctrine. Hereupon the Pharisees stood by him, though they did not own our Saviour to be the Messiah; yet they would not deny but some angel or spirit might have spoken to him, and then, if they opposed him, they should fight against God. This was the very argument Gamaliel had used before. The resurrection of our Lord, which they saw so strenuously asserted by the apostles, whose miracles they also saw and owned, (Acts iv. 16.) seems to have struck them, and many of them were converted (Acts xv. 5.) even without a miracle, and the rest stood still and made no opposition.

We see here what the part was which the Pharisees acted in this important conjuncture. Of the Sadducees we meet not with one in the whole apostolic history that was converted. We hear of no miracles wrought to convince any of them, though there was an eminent one

wrought to reclaim a Pharisee. St. Paul, we see, after his conversion, always gloried in his having been bred a Pharisee. He did so to the people of Jerusalem, to the great council, to King Agrippa, and to the Philippians. So that from hence we may justly infer, that it was not their institution, which was in itself laudable, which our blessed Saviour found fault with, but it was their hypocrisy, their covetousness, their oppression, their overvaluing themselves upon their zeal for the ceremonial law, and their adding to that yoke by their traditions; all which were not properly essentials of their institution, that our Lord blamed.

But I must not run on. What I would observe, Sir, is, that Atheism is more dreadful, and would be more grievous to human society, if it were invested with sufficient power, than religion under any shape, where it's professors do at the bottom believe what they profess. I despair not of a papist's conversion, though I would not willingly lie at a zealot papist's mercy, (and no Protestant would, if he knew what Popery is) though he truly believes in our Saviour. But the Free-thinker, who scarcely believes there is a God, and certainly disbelieves revelation, is a very terrible animal. He will talk of natural rights, and the just freedoms of mankind, no longer than until he himself gets into power; and by the instance before us, we have small grounds to hope for his salvation, or that God will ever vouchsafe him sufficient grace to reclaim him from errors, which have been so immediately levelled against himself.

If these notions be true, as I verily believe they are, I thought they might be worth publishing at this time; for which reason they are sent in this manner to you by, Sir, your most humble servant,

M. N.

N^o XCIV. MONDAY, JUNE 29.

INGENIUM SIBI QUOD VACUAS DESUMPSIT ATHENAS,
ET STUDIIS ANNOS SEPTEM DEDIT, INSENUITQUE
LIBRIS, ET CURIS; STATUA TACITURNUS EXIT
FLERUMQUE, ET RISU POPULUM QUATIT—

HOR. EP. 2. L. 2. V. 821

IMITATED.

THE MAN, WHO STRETCH'D IN ISIS' CALM RETREAT,
TO BOOKS AND STUDY GIVES SEVEN YEARS COMPLEAT,
SEE! STROW'D WITH LEARNED DUST, HIS NIGHT-CAP ON,
HE WALKS, AN OBJECT NEW BENEATH THE SUN!
THE BOYS FLOCK ROUND HIM, AND THE PEOPLE STARE;
SO STIFF, SO MUTE! SOME STATUE, YOU WOULD SWEAR,
STEPT FROM IT'S PEDESTAL TO TAKE THE AIR!

}
POPE,

SINCE our success in worldly matters may be said to depend upon our education, it will be very much to the purpose to enquire if the foundations of our fortune could not be laid deeper and firmer than they are. The education of youth falls of necessity under the direction of those who, through fondness to us and our abilities, as well as to their own unwarrantable conjectures, are very likely to be deceived; and the misery of it is, that the poor creatures, who are the sufferers upon wrong advances, seldom find out the errors, until they become irretrievable. As the greater number of all degrees and conditions have their education at the Universities, the errors which I conceive to be in those places, fall most naturally under the following observations. The first mismanagement in these public nurseries, is the calling together a number of pupils, of howsoever different ages, views, and capacities, to the same lectures: but, surely, there can be no reason to think, that a delicate tender babe, just weaned from the bosom of his mother, indulged in all the impertinencies of his heart's desire, should be equally capable of receiving a lecture of philosophy, with a hardy ruffian of full age, who has been occasionally scourged through some of the great schools, groaned under constant rebuke and chastisement, and maintained a ten years war with literature, under very strict and rugged discipline.

I know the reader has pleased himself with an answer to this already, viz. That an attention to the particular abilities and designs of the pupil cannot be expected from the trifling salary paid upon such account. The price indeed

which is thought a sufficient reward, for any advantages a youth can receive from a man of learning, is an abominable consideration; the enlarging which, would not only increase the care of tutors, but would be a very great encouragement to such as designed to take this province upon them, to furnish themselves with a more general and extensive knowledge. As the case now stands, those of the first quality pay their tutors but little above half so much as they do their footmen: what morality, what history, what taste of the modern languages, what, lastly, that can make a man happy, or great, may not be expected in return for such an immense treasure. It is monstrous indeed, that the men of the best estates and families are more solicitous about the tutelage of a favourite dog or horse, than of their heirs male. The next evil is the pedantical veneration that is maintained at the University for the Greek and Latin, which puts the youth upon such exercises, as many of them are incapable of performing with any tolerable success. Upon this emergency they are succoured by the allowed wits of their respective colleges, who are always ready to befriend them with two or three hundred Latin or Greek words thrown together, with a very small proportion of sense.

But the most established error of our University education, is the general neglect of all the little qualifications and accomplishments which make up the character of a well-bred man, and the general attention to what is called deep learning. But as there are very few blessed with a genius, that shall force success by the strength of itself alone, and

and few occasions of life that require the aid of such genius; the vast majority of the unblest souls ought to store themselves with such acquisitions, in which every man has capacity to make a considerable progress, and from which every common occasion of life may reap great advantage. The persons that may be useful to us in the making our fortunes, are such as are already happy in their own; I may proceed to say, that the men of figure and family are more superficial in their education than those of a less degree, and, of course, are ready to encourage and protect that qualification in another which they themselves are masters of. For their own application implies the pursuit of something commendable; and when they see their own characters proposed as imitable, they must be won by such an irresistible flattery. But those of the University, who are to make their fortunes by a ready insinuation into the favour of their superiors, condemn this necessary foppery so far, as not to be able to speak common sense to them, without hesitation, perplexity, and confusion. For want of care in acquiring less accomplishments which adorn ordinary life, he that is so unhappy as to be born poor, is condemned to a method that will very probably keep him so.

I hope all the learned will forgive me what is said purely for their service, and tends to no other injury against them, than admonishing them not to overlook such little qualifications, as they every day see defeat their greater excellencies in the pursuit both of reputation and fortune.

If the youth of the University were to be advanced, according to their sufficiency in the severe progress of learning; or 'riches could be secured to men of 'understanding, and favour to men of 'skill;' then indeed all studies were solemnly to be desisted, that did not seriously pursue the main end: but since our merit is to be tried by the unskilful many, we must gratify the sense of the injudicious majority, satisfying ourselves that the shame of a trivial qualification sticks only upon him that prefers it to one more substantial. The more accomplishments a man is master of, the better is he prepared for a more extended acquaintance; and upon these considerations without doubt, the author of the Italian book called *Il Cortegiano*, or *The Courtier*,

makes throwing the bar, vaulting the horse, nay, even wrestling, with several other as low qualifications, necessary for the man whom he figures for a perfect courtier; for this reason, no doubt, because his end being to find grace in the eyes of men of all degrees, the means to pursue this end, was the furnishing him with such real and seeming excellencies as each degree had its particular taste of. But those of the University, instead of employing their leisure hours in the pursuit of such acquisitions as would shorten their way to better fortune, enjoy those moments at certain houses in the town; or repair to others at very pretty distances out of it, where 'they drink 'and forget their poverty, and remember their misery no more.' Persons of this indigent education are apt to pass upon themselves and others for modest, especially in the point of behaviour; though it is easy to prove, that this mistaken modesty not only arises from ignorance, but begets the appearance of its opposite, pride: for he that is conscious of his own insufficiency to address his superiors without appearing ridiculous, is by that betrayed into the same neglect and indifference towards them, which may bear the construction of pride. From this habit they begin to argue against the base submissive application from men of letters to men of fortune, and be grieved when they see, as Ben Johnson says—

—The learned pate
Duck to the golden fool—

though these are points of necessity and convenience, and to be esteemed submissions rather to the occasion than to the person. It was a fine answer of Diogenes, who being asked in mockery, why philosophers were the followers of rich men, and not rich men of philosophers; replied—'Because the one knew 'what they had need of, and the other 'did not.' It certainly must be difficult to prove, that a man of business or a profession ought not to be what we call a gentleman, but yet very few of them are so. Upon this account they have little conversation with those who might do them most service, but upon such occasions only as application is made to them in their particular calling; and for any thing they can do or say in such matters have their reward, and therefore rather receive than confer an obligation; where-

as he that adds his being agreeable to his being serviceable, is constantly in a capacity of obliging others. The character of a beau is, I think, what the men that pretend to learning please themselves in ridiculing: and yet if we compare these persons as we see them in public, we shall find that the lettered coxcombs, without good-breeding, give more just occasion to raillery, than the unlettered coxcombs with it: as our behaviour falls within the judgment of more persons than our conversation, and a failure in it is therefore more visible. What pleasant victories over the loud, the faucy, and the illiterate, would attend the men of learning and breeding; which qualifications, could we but join them, would beget such a confidence, as,

arising from good sense and good nature, would never let us oppress others, or desert ourselves. In short, whether a man intends a life of business or pleasure, it is impossible to pursue either in an elegant manner, without the help of good-breeding. I shall conclude with the face at least of a regular discourse; and say, if it is our behaviour and address upon all common occasions that prejudice people in our favour or to our disadvantage, and the more substantial parts, as our learning and industry, cannot possibly appear but to few; it is not justifiable to spend so much time, in that which so very few are judges of, and utterly neglect that which falls within the censure of so many.

N^o XCV. TUESDAY, JUNE 30.

ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM

HOR. SAT. 6. L. 2. V. 33.

A CROWD OF PETITIONERS.

CREECH.

I Find business increase upon me very much, as will appear by the following letters.

SIR, OXFORD, JUNE 24, 1713.

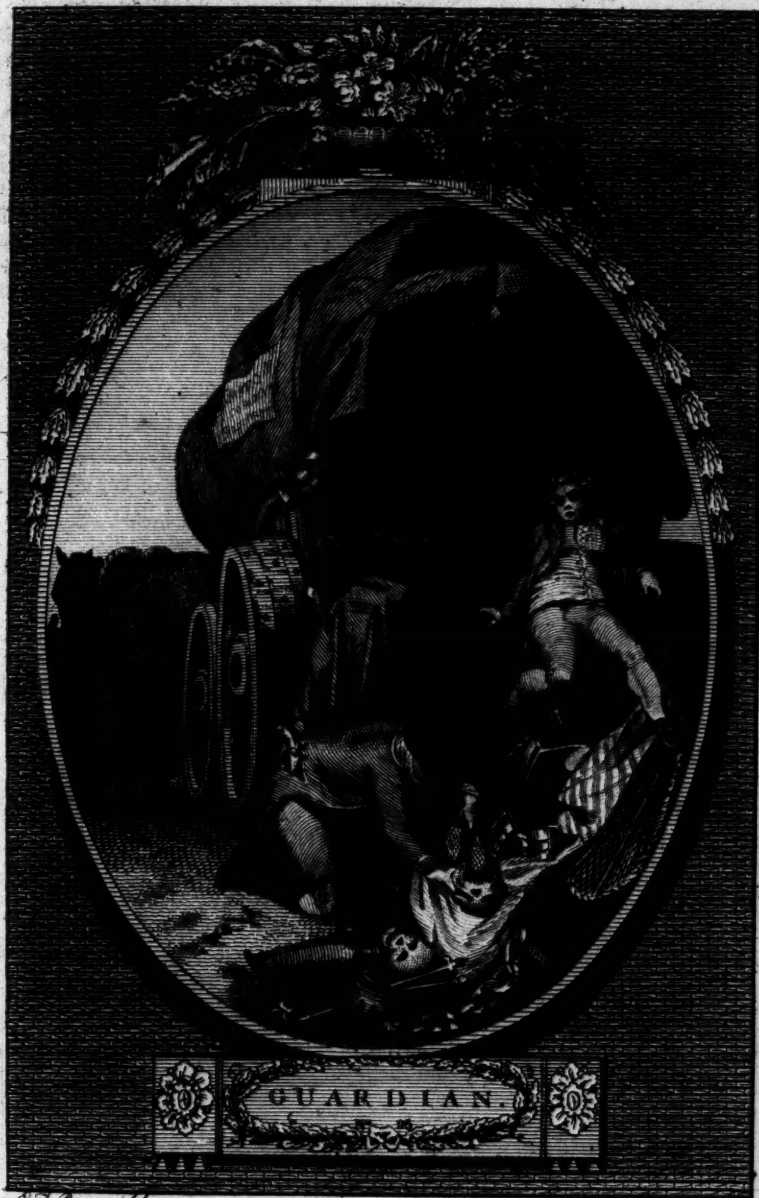
THIS day Mr. Oliver Purville, Gentleman, property-man to the Theatre Royal in the room of Mr. William Peer, deceased, arrived here in widow Bartlett's waggon. He is an humble member of the little club, and a passionate man, which makes him tell the disasters which he met with on his road hither, a little too incoherently to be rightly understood. By what I can gather from him, it seems that within three miles of this side Wickham, the party was set upon by highwaymen. Mr. Purville was supercargo to the great hamper in which were the following goods. The chains of Jaffier and Pierre; the crowns and scepters of the posterity of Banquo; the bull, bear, and horse, of Captain Otter; bones, skulls, pickaxes, and a bottle of brandy, and five muskets; fourscore pieces of stock-gold, and thirty pieces of tin-silver, hid in a green purse within a skull. These the robbers, by being put up safe, supposed to be true, and rid off with, not forgetting to take Mr. Purville's current coin,

They broke the armour of Jacomo, which was cased up in the same hamper, and one of them put on the said Jacomo's mask to escape. They also did several extravagancies with no other purpose but to do mischief; they broke a mace for the Lord Mayor of London. They also destroyed the world, the sun and moon, which lay lost in the waggon. Mrs. Bartlett is frightened out of her wits, for Purville says he has her servant's receipt for the world, and expects she shall make it good. Purville is resolved to take no lodgings in town, but makes behind the scenes a bed-chamber of the hamper: his bed is that in which Desdemona is to die, and he uses the sheet in which Mr. Johnson is tied up in a comedy, for his own bed of nights. It is to be hoped the great ones will consider Mr. Purville's loss. One of the robbers has sent, by a country fellow, the stock-gold, and had the impudence to write the following letter to Mr. Purville.

SIR,

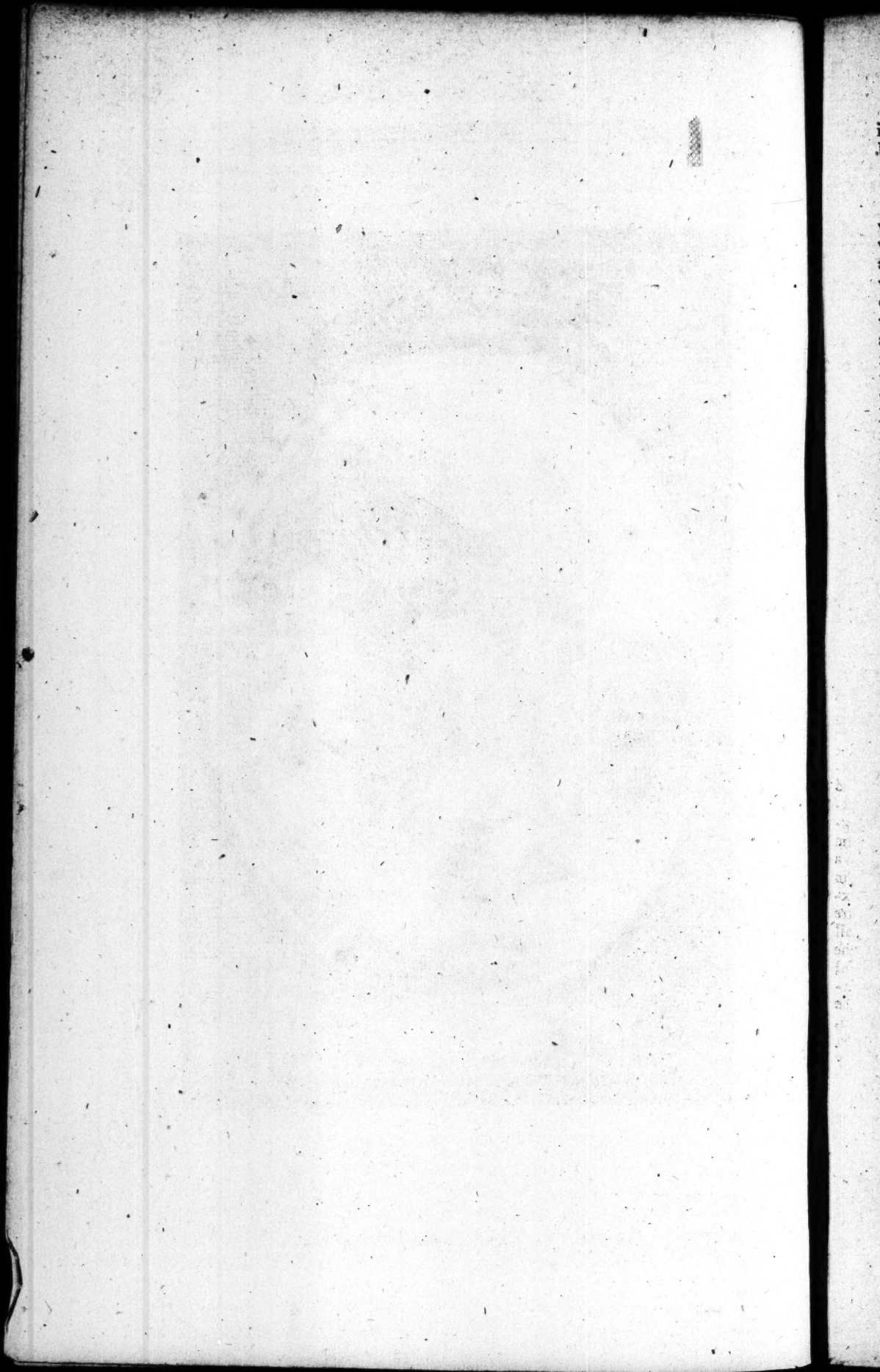
IF you had been an honest man, you would not have put bad money upon men who ventured their lives for

p15
200



C. H. Bunney del.

Angus sculp.



it. But we shall see you when you come back.

PHILIP SCOWRER.

There are many things in this matter which employ the ablest men here, as whether an action will lie for the world among people who make the most of words; or whether it be adviseable to call that round ball the world; and if we do not call it so, whether we can have any remedy? The ablest lawyer here says there is no help; for if you call it the world, it will be answered, how could the world be in one shire, to wit, that of Buckingham; for the county must be named; and if you do not name it we shall certainly be nonsuited. I do not know whether I make myself understood; but you understand me right when you believe I am your most humble servant, and faithful correspondent,

THE PROMPTER.

HONOURED SIR,

YOUR character of Guardian makes it not only necessary, but becoming, to have several employed under you. And being myself ambitious of your service, I am now your humble petitioner to be admitted into a place I do not find yet disposed of—I mean that of your lion-catcher. It was, Sir, for want of such commission from your honour, that very many lions have lately escaped. However, I made bold to distinguish a couple. One I found in a coffee-house: he was of the larger sort, looked fierce, and roared loud. I considered wherein he was dangerous; and accordingly expressed my displeasure against him, in such a manner upon his chaps, that now he is not able to shew his teeth. The other was a small lion, who was slipping by me as I stood at the corner of an alley—I smelt the creature presently, and caught at him, but he got off with the loss of a lock of hair only, which proved of a dark colour. This and the teeth above-mentioned I have by me, and design them both for a present to Button's coffee-house.

Besides this way of dealing with them, I have invented many curious traps, snares, and artificial baits, which, it is humbly conceived, cannot fail of clearing the kingdom of the whole species in a short time.

This is humbly submitted to your ho-

nour's consideration; and I am ready to appear before your honour, to answer to such questions as you, in your great wisdom, shall think meet to ask, whenever you please to command, your honour's most obedient humble servant,

HERCULES CRABTREE.

MIDSUMMER-DAY.

N. B. I have an excellent nose.

TOM'S COFFEE-HOUSE IN CORNHILL.

SIR,

JUNE 19, 1713.

READING in your yesterday's paper a letter from Daniel Button, in recommendation of his coffee-house for polite conversation and freedom from the argument by the button, I make bold to send you this to assure you, that at this place there is as yet kept up as good a *decorum* in the debates of politics, trade, stocks, &c, as at Will's, or at any other coffee-house at your end of the town. In order therefore to preserve this house from the arbitrary way of forcing an assent, by seizing on the collar, neck-cloth, or any other part of the body or dress, it would be of signal service if you would be pleased to intimate, that we, who frequent this place after Exchange time, shall have the honour of seeing you here sometimes; for that would be a sufficient guard to us from all such petty practices, and also be a means of enabling the honest man who keeps the house to continue to serve us with the best bohea, and green tea, and coffee, and will in a particular manner oblige, Sir, your most humble servant,

JAMES DIAPER.

P. S. The room above stairs is the handsomest in this part of the town, furnished with large pier-glasses for persons to view themselves in, who have no business with any body else, and every way fit for the reception of fine gentlemen.

SIR,

I Am a very great scholar, wear a fair wig, and have an immense number of books curiously bound and gilt. I excel in a singularity of diction and manners, and visit persons of the first quality. In fine, I have by me a great quantity of cockle-shells, which, however, does not defend me from the insults of another learned man, who neglects me in a most insupportable manner: for I

C c 2

have

have it from persons of undoubted veracity, that he presumed once to pass by my door without waiting upon me. Whether this be consistent with the respect which we learned men ought to have for each other, I leave to your judgment; and am, Sir, your affectionate friend,

PHILAUTUS.

OXFORD, JUNE 18, 1713.

FRIEND NESTOR,

I Had always a great value for thee, and have so still. But I must tell thee, that thou strangely affectest to be sage and solid: now pray thee let me observe to thee, that though it be common enough for people as they grow older to grow graver, yet it is not so common to become wiser. Verily to me thou seemest to keep strange company; and with a positive sufficiency, incident to old age, to follow too much thine own inventions. Thou dependest too much likewise upon thy correspondence here; and art apt to take people's words without consideration. But my present business with thee is to expostulate with thee about a late paper, occasioned, as thou sayest, by Jack Lizard's information, (my very good friend) that we are to have a Public Act.

Now, I say, in that paper, there is nothing contended for which any man of common-sense will deny; all that is there said, is; that no man or woman's reputation ought to be blasted, i.e. nobody ought to have an ill character who does not deserve it. Very true; but here's this false consequence insinuated, that therefore nobody ought to hear of their faults; or, in other words, let any body do as much ill as he pleases, he ought not to be told of it. Art thou a patriot, Mr. Ironside, and wilt thou affirm, that arbitrary proceedings and oppressions ought to be concealed or justified? Art thou a gentleman, and wouldst thou have base, sordid, ignoble tricks, connived at or tolerated? Art thou a scholar, and wouldst thou have learning and good manners discouraged? Wouldst thou have cringing servility, parasitical fluffing, fawning, and dishonest compliances, made the road to success? Art thou a Christian, and wouldst thou have all villainies within the law practised with im-

punity? Should they not be told of it? It is certain, there are many things which, though there are no laws against them, yet ought not to be done; and in such cases there is no argument so likely to hinder their being done, as the fear of public shame for doing them. The two great reasons against an Act are always the saving of money, and hiding of roguery.

Here many things are omitted which will be in the speech of the Terræfilius.

And now, dear old Iron, I am glad to hear that at these years thou hast gallantry enough left to have thoughts of setting up for a knight-errant, a tamer of monsters, and a defender of distressed damsels.

Adieu, old fellow, and let me give you this advice at parting: e'en get thyself case-hardened; for though the very best steel may snap, yet old iron you know will rust.

UMBRA.

Be just, and publish this.

OXFORD, SAT. 27, 1713.

MR. IRONSIDE,

THIS day arrived the vanguard of the theatrical army. Your friend, Mr. George Powel, commanded the artillery both celestial and terrestrial. The magazines of snow, lightning, and thunder, are safely laid up. We have had no disaster on the way, but that of breaking Cupid's bow by a jolt of the waggon; but they tell us they make them very well in Oxford. We all went in a body, and were shewn our chambers in Lincoln College. The Terræfilius expects you down; and we of the theatre design to bring you into town with all our guards. Those of Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and the faithful retinue of Cato, shall meet you at Shot-over. The ghost of Hamlet, and the statue which supped with Don John, both say, that though it be at noon-day, they will attend your entry. Every body expects you with great impatience. We shall be in very good order when all are come down. We have sent to town for a brick-wall, which we forgot. The sea is to come by water.

Your most humble and faithful correspondent,

THE PROMPTER.

N^o XCVI. WEDNESDAY, JULY 1.

CUNCTI ADSINT, MERITAQUE EXPECTENT PRÆMIA PALMÆ.

VIAG. ÆN. v. 70.

LET ALL BE PRESENT AT THE GAMES PREPAR'D;
AND JOYFUL VICTORS WAIT THE JUST REWARD.

DAYDEN.

THERE is no maxim in politics more indisputable than that a nation should have many honours in reserve for those who do national services. This raises emulation, cherishes public merit, and inspires every one with an ambition which promotes the good of his country. The less expensive these honours are to the public, the more still do they turn to its advantage.

The Romans abounded with these little honorary rewards, that, without conferring wealth or riches, gave only place and distinction to the person who received them. An oaken garland to be worn on festivals and public ceremonies, was the glorious recompence of one who had covered a citizen in battle. A soldier would not only venture his life for a mural crown, but think the most hazardous enterprize sufficiently repaid by so noble a donation.

But among all honorary rewards which are neither dangerous nor detrimental to the donor, I remember none so remarkable as the titles which are bestowed by the Emperor of China. These are never given to any subject, says Monsieur le Conte, until the subject is dead. If he has pleased his emperor to the last, he is called in all public memorials by the title which the emperor confers on him after his death, and his children take their ranks accordingly. This keeps the ambitious subject in a perpetual dependence, making him always vigilant and active, and in every thing conformable to the will of his sovereign.

There are no honorary rewards among us, which are more esteemed by the person who receives them, and are cheaper to the prince, than the giving of medals. But there is something in the modern manner of celebrating a great action in medals, which makes such a reward much less valuable than it was among the Romans. There is

generally but one coin stamped on the occasion, which is made a present to the person who is celebrated on it: by this means his whole fame is in his own custody. The applause that is bestowed upon him is too much limited and confined. He is in possession of an honour which the world perhaps knows nothing of. He may be a great man in his own family; his wife and children may see the monument of an exploit, which the public in a little time is a stranger to. The Romans took a quite different method in this particular. Their medals were their current money.

When an action deserved to be recorded in coin, it was stamped perhaps upon an hundred thousand pieces of money like our shillings, or halfpence, which were issued out of the mint, and became current. This method published every noble action to advantage, and in a short space of time spread through the whole Roman empire. The Romans were so careful to preserve the memory of great events upon their coins, that when any particular piece of money grew very scarce, it was often re-coined by a succeeding emperor, many years after the death of the emperor to whose honour it was first struck.

A friend * of mine drew up a project of this kind during the late ministry, which would then have been put in execution had it not been too busy a time for thoughts of that nature. As this project has been very much talked of by the gentleman above-mentioned to men of the greatest genius, as well as quality, I am informed there is now a design on foot for executing the proposal which was then made, and that we shall have several farthings and halfpence charged on the reverse with many of the glorious particulars of her majesty's reign. This is one of those arts of peace which may very well deserve to be cultivated, and which may be of great use to posterity.

As I have in my possession the copy of the paper above-mentioned, which was delivered to the late lord-treasurer, I shall here give the the public a sight of it. For I do not question, but that the curious part of my readers will be very much pleased to see so much matter and so many useful hints upon this subject laid together in so clear and concise a manner.

THE English have not been so careful as other polite nations to preserve the memory of their great actions and events on medals. Their subjects are few, their mottos and devices mean, and the coins themselves not numerous enough to spread among the people, or descend to posterity.

The French have outdone us in these particulars, and, by the establishment of a society for the invention of proper inscriptions and designs, have the whole history of the present king in a regular series of medals.

They have failed, as well as the English, in coining so small a number of each kind, and those of such costly metals, that each species may be lost in a few ages, and is at present no where to be met with but in the cabinets of the curious.

The ancient Romans took the only effectual method to disperse and preserve their medals, by making them their current money.

Every thing glorious or useful, as well in peace as war, gave occasion to a different coin. Not only an expedition, victory, or triumph; but the exercise of a solemn devotion, the remission of a duty or tax, a new temple, sea-port; or high-way, were transmitted to posterity after this manner.

The greatest variety of devices are

on their copper money, which have most of the designs that are to be met with on the gold and silver, and several peculiar to that metal only. By this means they were dispersed into the remotest corners of the empire, came into the possession of the poor as well as rich, and were in no danger of perishing in the hands of those that might have melted down coins of a more valuable metal.

Add to all this, that the designs were invented by men of genius, and executed by a decree of senate.

It is therefore proposed,

I. That the English farthings and halfpence be re-coined upon the union of the two nations.

II. That they bear devices and inscriptions, alluding to all the most remarkable parts of her majesty's reign.

III. That there be a society established for the finding out of proper subjects, inscriptions, and devices.

IV. That no subject, inscription, or device, be stamped without the approbation of this society; nor, if it be thought proper, without the authority of privy-council.

By this means, medals that are at present only a dead treasure, or mere curiosities, will be of use in the ordinary commerce of life, and at the same time perpetuate the glories of her majesty's reign, reward the labours of her greatest subjects, keep alive in the people a gratitude for public services, and excite the emulation of posterity. To these generous purposes nothing can so much contribute as medals of this kind, which are of undoubted authority, of necessary use and observation, not perishable by time, nor confined to any certain place; properties not to be found in books, statues, pictures, buildings, or any other monuments of illustrious actions.

Nº XCVII. THURSDAY, JULY 2.

—FUROR EST POST OMNIA PERDERE NAVLUM.

JUV. SAT. 8. v. 97.

'TIS MAD TO LAVISH WHAT THEIR RAYNE LEFT.

STEPNEY.

SIR,

+ I Was left a thousand pounds by an uncle; and being a man to my thinking very likely to get a rich widow, I laid aside all thoughts of making my fortune

any other way, and without loss of time made my application to one who had buried her husband about a week before. By the help of some of her she friends, who were my relations, I got into

into her company when she would see no man besides myself and her lawyer, who is a little ravelled, spindle-shanked gentleman, and married to boot, so that I had no reason to fear him. Upon my first seeing her, she said in conversation within my hearing, that she thought a pale complexion the most agreeable either in man or woman: now, you must know, Sir, my face is as white as chalk. This gave me some encouragement; so that to mend the matter I bought a fine flaxen long wig that cost me thirty guineas, and found an opportunity of seeing her in it the next day. She then let drop some expressions about an agate snuff-box. I immediately took the hint, and bought one, being unwilling to omit any thing that might make me desirable in her eyes. I was betrayed after the same manner into a brocade waistcoat, a sword-knot, a pair of silver-fringed gloves, and a diamond ring. But whether out of fickleness or a design upon me, I cannot tell; but I found by her discourse, that what she liked one day she disliked another: so that in six months space I was forced to equip myself above a dozen times. As I told you before, I took her hints at a distance, for I could never find an opportunity of talking with her directly to the point. All this time, however, I was allowed the utmost familiarities with her lap-dog, and have played with it above an hour together, without receiving the least reprimand, and had many other marks of favour shown me, which I thought amounted to a promise. If she chanced to drop her fan, she received it from my hands with great civility. If she wanted any thing, I reached it for her. I have filled her tea-pot above an hundred times, and have afterwards received a dish of it from her own hands. Now, Sir, do you judge, if after such encouragements she was not obliged to marry me. I forgot to tell you that I kept a chair by the week, on purpose to carry me thither and back again. Not to trouble you with a long letter, in the space of about a twelve month I have run out my whole thousand pound upon her, having laid out the last fifty in a new suit of cloaths, in which I was resolved to receive her final answer, which amounted to this, that she was engaged to another; that she never dreamt I had any such thing in my head as marriage; and that she thought I had frequented

her house only because I loved to be in company with my relations. This, you know, Sir, is using a man like a fool, and so I told her; but the worst of it is, that I have spent my fortune to no purpose. All therefore that I desire of you is, to tell me whether, upon exhibiting the several particulars which I have here related to you, I may not sue her for damages in a court of justice. Your advice in this particular will very much oblige your humble admirer,

SIMON SOFTLY.

Before I answer Mr. Softly's request, I find myself under a necessity of discussing two nice points: First of all, What it is, in cases of this nature, that amounts to an encouragement? and secondly, What it is that amounts to a promise? Each of which subjects requires more time to examine than I am at present master of. Besides, I would have my friend Simon consider, whether he has any counsel that will undertake his cause 'in forma pauperis,' he having unluckily disabled himself, by his own account of the matter, from prosecuting his suit any other way.

In answer however to Mr. Softly's request, I shall acquaint him with a method made use of by a young fellow in King Charles the Second's reign, whom I shall here call Silvio, who had long made love, with much artifice and intrigue, to a rich widow, whose true name I shall conceal under that of Zelinda. Silvio, who was much more smitten with her fortune than her person, finding a twelvemonth's application unsuccessful, was resolved to make a saving bargain of it; and since he could not get the widow's estate into his possession, to recover at least what he had laid out of his own in the pursuit of it.

In order to this he presented her with a bill of costs; having particularized in it the several expences he had been at in his long perplexed amour. Zelinda was so pleased with the humour of the fellow, and his frank way of dealing, that, upon the perusal of the bill, she sent him a purse of fifteen hundred guineas, by the right application of which, the lover, in less than a year, got a woman of a greater fortune than her he had missed. The several articles in the bill of costs I pretty well remember, though I have forgotten the particular sum charged to each article.

Laid

Laid out in supernumerary full-bottom wigs.

Fiddles for a serenade, with a speaking-trumpet.

Gilt paper in letters, and billet-doux, with perfumed wax.

A ream of sonnets and love-verses, purchased at different times of Mr. Triplett, at a crown a sheet.

To Zelinda two sticks of May cherries.

Last summer, at several times, a bushel of peaches.

Three porters whom I planted about her to watch her motions.

The first who stood centry near her door.

The second who had his stand at the stables where her coach was put up.

The third who kept watch at the corner

of the street where Ned Courtall lives, who has since married her.

Two additional porters planted over her during the whole month of May.

Five conjurers kept in pay all last winter.

Spy-money to John Trott her footman, and Mrs. Sarah Wheedle her companion.

A new Conningmark blade to fight Ned Courtall.

To Zelinda's woman (Mrs. Abigail) an Indian fan, a dozen pair of white kid gloves, a piece of Flanders lace, and fifteen guineas in dry money.

Secret-service-money to Betty at the Ring.

Ditto to Mrs. Tape the mantua-maker.

Loss of time.

N^o XCVIII. FRIDAY, JULY 3.

IN SESE REDIT—

HE RESUMES HIMSELF.

VING, GEORG. 4. V. 444:

THE first who undertook to instruct the world in single papers was Isaac Bickerstaff of famous memory: a man nearly related to the family of the Ironsides. We have often smoked a pipe together; for I was so much in his books, that at his decease he left me a silver standish, a pair of spectacles, and the lamp by which he used to write his lucubrations.

The venerable Isaac was succeeded by a gentleman of the same family, very memorable for the shortness of his face and of his speeches. This ingenious author published his thoughts, and held his tongue with great applause, for two years together.

I, Nestor Ironside, have now for some time undertaken to fill the place of these my two renowned kinsmen and predecessors. For it is observed of every branch of our family, that we have all of us a wonderful inclination to give good advice, though it is remarked of some of us, that we are apt on this occasion rather to give than take.

However it be, I cannot but observe with some secret pride, that this way of writing diurnal papers has not succeeded for any space of time in the hands of any persons who are not of our line. I believe I speak within compass, when

I affirm that above a hundred different authors have endeavoured after our family way of writing, some of which have been writers in other kinds of the greatest eminence in the kingdom; but I do not know how it has happened, they have none of them hit upon the art. Their projects have always dropt after a few unsuccessful essays. It puts me in mind of a story which was lately told me of a pleasant friend of mine, who has a very fine hand on the violin. His maid-servant seeing his instrument lying upon the table, and being sensible there was music in it, if she knew how to fetch it out, drew the bow over every part of the strings, and at last told her master she had tried the fiddle all over, but could not for her heart find where about the tune lay.

But though the whole burden of such a paper is only fit to rest on the shoulders of a Bickerstaff or an Ironside; there are several who can acquit themselves of a single day's labour in it with suitable abilities. These are gentlemen whom I have often invited to this trial of wit, and who have several of them acquitted themselves to my private emolument, as well as to their own reputation. My paper among the republic of letters is the Ulysses's bow, in which every

every man of wit or learning may try his strength. One who does not care to write a book without being sure of his abilities, may see by this means if his parts and talents are to the public taste.

This I take to be of great advantage to men of the best sense, who are always diffident of their private judgment, until it receives a sanction from the public.

'Provoco ad populum—I appeal to the people,' was the usual saying of a very excellent dramatic poet, when he had any dispute with particular persons about the justness and regularity of his productions. It is but a melancholy comfort for an author to be satisfied that he has written up to the rules of art, when he finds he has no admirers in the world besides himself. Common modesty should, on this occasion, make a man suspect his own judgment, and that he misapplies the rules of his art when he finds himself singular in the applause which he bestows upon his own writings.

The public is always even with an author who has not a just deference for them. The contempt is reciprocal. 'I laugh at every one,' said an old Cynic, 'who laughs at me.'—'Do you so?' replied the philosopher; 'then let me tell you, you live the merriest life of any man in Athens.'

It is not therefore the least use of this my paper, that it gives a timorous writer, and such is every good one, an opportunity of putting his abilities to the proof, and of sounding the public before he launches into it. For this reason, I look upon my paper as a kind of nursery for authors, and question not but some, who have made a good figure here, will hereafter flourish under their own names in more long and elaborate works.

After having thus far enlarged upon this particular, I have one favour to beg of the candid and courteous reader, that when he meets with any thing in this paper which may appear a little dull and heavy, (though I hope this will not be often) he will believe it is the work of some other person, and not of Nestor Ironside.

I have, I know not how, been drawn into tattle of myself, *more majorum*, almost the length of a whole Guardian; I shall therefore fill up the remaining part of it with what still relates to my own person, and my correspondents. Now I would have them all know, that, on the twentieth instant, it is my intention to erect a Lion's head, in imitation of those I have described in Venice, through which all the private intelligence of that commonwealth is said to pass. This head is to open a most wide and voracious mouth, which shall take in such letters and papers as are conveyed to me by my correspondents, it being my resolution to have a particular regard to all such matters as come to my hands through the mouth of the Lion. There will be under it a box, of which the key will be kept in my own custody, to receive such papers as are dropped into it. Whatever the Lion swallows I shall digest for the use of the public. This head requires some time to finish, the workman being resolved to give it several masterly touches, and to represent it as ravenous as possible. It will be set up in Button's coffee-house in Covent Garden, who is directed to shew the way to the Lion's head, and to instruct any young author how to convey his works into the mouth of it with safety and secrecy.

N^o XCIX. SATURDAY, JULY 4.

JUSTUM ET TENACEM PROPOSITI VIRUM,
 NON CIVIUM ARDOR PRAVA JUBENTUM,
 NON VULTUS INSTANTIS TYRANNI
 MENTE QUATIT SOLIDA; NEQUE AUSTER
 DUX INQUIETI TURBIDUS ADRIÆ,
 NEC FULMINANTIS MAGNA JOVIS MANUS:
 SI FRACTUS ILLABATUR ORBIS,
 IMPAVIDUM FREIENT RUINÆ.

HOR. OD. 3. L. 3. V. 2.

PARAPHRASED.

THE MAN RESOLV'D AND STRADY TO HIS TRUST,
 INFLEXIBLE TO ILL, AND OBSTINATELY JUST,
 MAY THE RUDE RABBLE'S INSOLENCE DESPISE,
 THEIR SENSELESS CLAMOURS, AND TUMULTUOUS CRIES:
 THE TYRANT'S FIERCENESS HE REGUILES,
 AND THE STERN BROW, AND THE HARSH VOICE DEFILES,
 AND WITH SUPERIOR GREATNESS SMILES.

NOT THE ROUGH WHIRL WIND, THAT DEFORMS
 ADRIÆ'S BLACK GULPH, AND VEXES IT WITH STORMS,
 THE STUBBORN VIRTUE OF HIS SOUL CAN MOVE;
 NOT THE RED ARM OF ANGRY JOVE,
 THAT FLINGS THE THUNDER FROM THE SKY,
 AND GIVES IT RAGE TO ROAR, AND STRENGTH TO FLY.

SHOULD THE WHOLE FRAME OF NATURE ROUND HIM BREAK,
 IN RUIN AND CONFUSION HURL'D,
 HE UNCONCERN'D WOULD HEAR THE MIGHTY CRACK,
 AND STAND SECURE AMIDST A FALLING WORLD.

ANON.

THERE is no virtue so truly great and godlike as Justice. Most of the other virtues are the virtues of created beings, or accommodated to our nature as we are men. Justice is that which is practised by God himself, and to be practised in it's perfection by none but him. Omniscience and omnipotence are requisite for the full exertion of it. The one to discover every degree of uprightness or iniquity in thoughts, words, and actions. The other to measure out and impart suitable rewards and punishments.

As to be perfectly just is an attribute in the Divine nature, to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of a man. Such an one who has the public administration in his hands, acts like the representative of his Maker, in recompensing the virtuous, and punishing the offender. By the extirpating of a criminal, he averts the judgments of Heaven; when ready to fall upon an impious people; or, as my friend Cato expresses it much better in a sentiment conformable to his character—

When by just vengeance impious mortals
 perish,
 The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
 And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aside.

When a nation once loses it's regard to justice; when they do not look upon it as something venerable, holy, and inviolable; when any of them dare presume to lessen, affront, or terrify those who have the distribution of it in their hands; when a judge is capable of being influenced by any thing but law, or a cause may be recommended by any thing that is foreign to it's own merits, we may venture to pronounce that such a nation is hastening to it's ruin.

For this reason the best law that has ever passed in our days is that which continues our judges in their post during their good behaviour, without leaving them to the mercy of such who in ill times might, by an undue influence over them, trouble and pervert the course of justice. I dare say the extraordinary person who is now posted in the chief station of the law, would have been the same

same had that act never passed; but it is a great satisfaction to all honest men, that while we see the greatest ornament of the profession in it's highest post, we are sure he cannot hurt himself by that assiduous, regular, and impartial administration of justice, for which he is so universally celebrated by the whole kingdom. Such men are to be reckoned among the greatest national blessings, and should have that honour paid them whilst they are yet living, which will not fail to crown their memory when dead.

I always rejoice when I see a tribunal filled with a man of an upright and inflexible temper, who in the execution of his country's laws can overcome all private fear, resentment, solicitation, and even pity itself. Whatever passion enters into a sentence or decision, so far will there be in it a tincture of injustice. In short, justice discards party, friendship, kindred, and is therefore always represented as blind, that we may suppose her thoughts are wholly intent on the equity of a cause, without being diverted or prejudiced by objects foreign to it.

I shall conclude this paper with a Persian story, which is very suitable to my present subject. It will not a little please the reader, if he has the same taste of it which I myself have.

As one of the Sultans lay encamped on the plains of Avala, a certain great man of the army entered by force into a peasant's house, and finding his wife very handsome, turned the good man out of his dwelling, and went to bed to her. The peasant complained the next morning to the sultan, and desired redress; but was not able to point out the criminal. The emperor, who was very much incensed at the injury done to the poor man, told him that probably the offender might give his wife another visit, and if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his tent and acquaint him with it. Accordingly within two or three days the officer entered again the peasant's house, and turned the owner out of doors; who thereupon applied himself to the imperial tent, as he was ordered. The sultan went in person, with his guards, to the poor

man's house, where he arrived about midnight. As the attendants carried each of them a flambeau in their hands, the sultan, after having ordered all the lights to be put out, gave the word to enter the house, find out the criminal, and put him to death. This was immediately executed, and the corpse laid out upon the floor by the emperor's command. He then bid every one light his flambeau, and stand about the dead body. The sultan approaching it, looked about the face, and immediately fell upon his knees in prayer. Upon his rising up, he ordered the peasant to set before him whatever food he had in his house. The peasant brought out a good deal of coarse fare, of which the emperor eat very heartily. The peasant seeing him in good-humour, presumed to ask of him, why he had ordered the flambeaux to be put out before he had commanded the adulterer should be slain; why, upon their being lighted again, he looked upon the face of the dead body, and fell down in prayer; and why, after this, he had ordered meat to be set before him, of which he now eat so heartily. The sultan, being willing to gratify the curiosity of his host, answered him in this manner: 'Upon hearing the greatness of the offence which had been committed by one of the army, I had reason to think it might have been one of my own sons, for who else would have been so audacious and presuming? I gave orders, therefore, for the lights to be extinguished, that I might not be led astray by partiality or compassion, from doing justice on the criminal. Upon the lighting the flambeaux a second time, I looked upon the face of the dead person, and, to my unspeakable joy, found it was not my son. It was for this reason that I immediately fell upon my knees, and gave thanks to God. As for my eating heartily of the food you have set before me, you will cease to wonder at it, when you know that the great anxiety of mind I have been in upon this occasion, since the first complaints you brought me, has hindered me eating any thing from that time until this very moment.'

N^o C. MONDAY, JULY 6.

HOC VAS PRÆCIPUE, NIVÆ, DECEIT; NOC UBI VIDI,
 OSCULA, FERRE, NUMERO, QUA PATET, USQUE LIBET.

QUID. ANS AMATOR, L. 3. V. 309.

IF SNOWY-WHITE YOUR NECK, YOU STILL SHOULD WEAR
 THAT, AND THE SHOULDER OF THE LEFT-ARM, BARE;
 SUCH SIGHTS NEER FAIL TO FIRE MY AM'ROUS HEART,
 AND MAKE ME PANT TO KISS THE NAKED PART.

CONGRÈVE.

THERE is a certain female ornament by some called a tucker, and by others the neck-piece, being a slip of fine linen or muslin that used to run in a small kind of ruffle round the uppermost verge of the women's stays, and by that means covered a great part of the shoulders and bosom. Having thus given a definition, or rather description, of the tucker, I must take notice, that our ladies have of late thrown aside this fig-leaf, and exposed in it's primitive nakedness that gentle swelling of the breast which it was used to conceal. What their design by it is, they themselves best know.

I observed this as I was sitting the other day by a famous the-visitant at my Lady Lizard's, when accidentally, as I was looking upon her face, letting my sight fall into her bosom, I was surprized with beauties which I never before discovered, and do not know where my eye would have run, if I had not immediately checked it. The lady herself could not forbear blushing, when she observed by my looks that she had made her neck too beautiful and glaring an object, even for a man of my character and gravity. I could scarce forbear making use of my hand to cover so unseemly a sight.

If we survey the pictures of our great grandmothers in Queen Elizabeth's time, we see them clothed down to the very wrists, and up to the very chin. The hands and face were the only samples they gave of their beautiful persons. The following age of females made larger discoveries of their complexion. They first of all tucked up their garments to the elbow; and, notwithstanding the tenderness of the sex, were content, for the information of mankind, to expose their arms to the coldness of the air, and injuries of the weather. This artifice hath succeeded to their wishes, and betrayed many to their arms,

who might have escaped them had they been still concealed.

About the same time, the ladies considering that the neck was a very modest part in a human body, they freed it from those yokes, I mean those monstrous linen ruffs, in which the simplicity of their grandmothers had inclosed it. In proportion as the age refined, the dress still sunk lower; so that when we now say a woman has a handsome neck, we reckon into it many of the adjacent parts. The disuse of the tucker has still enlarged it, inasmuch that the neck of a fine woman at present takes in almost half the body.

Since the female neck thus grows upon us, and the ladies seem disposed to discover themselves to us more and more, I would fain have them tell us once for all how far they intend to go, and whether they have yet determined among themselves where to make a stop.

For my own part, their necks, as they call them, are no more than busts of alabaster in my eye. I can look upon

The yielding marble of a snowy breast with as much coldness as the line of Mr. Waller represents in the object itself. But my fair readers ought to consider that all their beholders are not Nestors. Every man is not sufficiently qualified with age and philosophy to be an indifferent spectator of such allurements. The eyes of young men are curious and penetrating, their imaginations of a roving nature, and their passions under no discipline or restraint. I am impatient for a woman of rank, when I see her thus exposing herself to the regard of every impudent staring fellow. How can she expect that her quality can defend her, when she gives such provocation? I could not but observe last winter, that upon the disuse of the neck-piece, (the ladies will pardon me, if it is not the fashionable term of art) the whole tribe of

of Ogiers gave their eyes a new determination, and stare the fair-sex in the neck rather than in the face. To prevent these saucy familiar glances, I would entreat my gentle readers to sew on their tuckers again, to retrieve the modesty of their characters, and not to imitate the nakedness but the innocence of their mother Eve.

What most troubles, and indeed surprises me, in this particular, I have observed that the leaders in this fashion were most of them married women. What their design can be in making themselves bare, I cannot possibly imagine. Nobody exposes wares that are appropriated. When the bird is taken, the snare ought to be removed. It was a remarkable circumstance in the institution of the severe Lycurgus: as that great law-giver knew that the wealth and strength of a republic consisted in the multitude of citizens; he did all he could to encourage marriage: in order to it, he prescribed a certain loose dress for the Spartan maids, in which there were several artificial rents and openings, that upon their putting themselves in motion, discovered several limbs of the body to the beholders. Such were the baits and temptations made use of by that wise law-giver to incline the

young men of his age to marriage. But when the maid was once sped, she was not suffered to tantalize the male part of the commonwealth. Her garments were closed up, and stitched together with the greatest care imaginable. The shape of her limbs and complexion of her body had gained their ends, and were ever after to be concealed from the notice of the public.

I shall conclude this discourse of the tucker with a moral which I have taught upon all occasions, and shall still continue to inculcate into my female readers; namely, that nothing bestows so much beauty on a woman as modesty. This is a maxim laid down by Ovid himself, the greatest master in the art of love. He observes upon it, that Venus pleases most when she appears (*semi-reducta*) in a figure withdrawing herself from the eye of the beholder. It is very probable he had in his thoughts the statue which we see in the Venus de Medicis, where she is represented in such a shy retiring posture, and covers her bosom with one of her hands. In short, modesty gives the maid greater beauty than even the bloom of youth; it bestows on the wife the dignity of a matron, and reinstates the widow in her virginity.

N^O. CL. TUESDAY, JULY 7.

TROS TYRIVSVE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE HABETUR.

VIRG. ÆN. 1. v. 578.

TROJAN AND TYRIAN DIFFER BUT IN NAME;
BOTH TO MY FAVOUR HAVE AN EQUAL CLAIM.

THIS being the great day of thanksgiving for the peace, I shall present my reader with a couple of letters that are the fruits of it. They are written by a gentleman who has taken this opportunity to see France, and has given his friends in England a general account of what he has there met with, in several epistles. Those which follow were put into my hands, with liberty to make them public; and I question not but my reader will think himself obliged to me for so doing.

SINCE I had the happiness to see you last, I have encountered as many misfortunes as a knight-errant. I had a

fall into the water at Calais, and since that several bruises upon the land, lame post-horses by day, and hard beds at night, with many other dismal adventures—

Quorum animus meminisse horret luctuque refugit. VIRG. ÆN. 2. v. 12.

At which my memory with grief recoils.

My arrival at Paris was at first no less uncomfortable, where I could not see a face nor hear a word that I ever met with before; so that my most agreeable companions have been statues and pictures, which are many of them very extraordinary; but what particularly recommends them to me is, that they do not speak French, and have a very good quality,

quality, rarely to be met with in this country, of not being too talkative.

I am settled for some time at Paris. Since my being here I have made the tour of all the king's palaces, which has been I think the pleasantest part of my life. I could not believe it was in the power of art to furnish out such a multitude of noble scenes as I there met with, or that so many delightful prospects could lie within the compass of a man's imagination. There is every thing done that can be expected from a prince who removes mountains, turns the course of rivers, raises woods in a day's time, and plants a village or town on such a particular spot of ground only for the bettering of a view. One would wonder to see how many tricks he has made the water play for his diversion. It turns itself into pyramids, triumphal arches, glass bottles, imitates a fire-work, rises in a mist, or tells a story out of *Æsop*.

I do not believe, as good a poet as you are, that you can make finer landscapes than those about the king's houses; or with all your descriptions raise a more magnificent palace than Versailles. I am however so singular as to prefer Fontainebleau to all the rest. It is situated among rocks and woods, that give you a fine variety of savage prospects. The king has humoured the genius of the place, and only made use of so much art as is necessary to help and regulate nature, without reforming her too much. The cascades seem to break through the clefts and cracks of rocks that are covered over with moss, and look as if they were piled upon one another by accident. There is an artificial wildness in the meadows, walks, and canals; and the garden, instead of a wall, is fenced on the lower end by a natural mound of rock-work that strikes the eye very agreeably. For my part, I think there is something more charming in these rude heaps of stone than in so many statues, and would as soon see a river winding through woods and meadows, as when it is tossed up in so many whimsical figures at Versailles. To pass from works of nature to those of art. In my opinion, the pleasantest part of Versailles is the gallery. Every one sees on each side of it something that will be sure to please him. For one of them commands a view of the finest gardens in the world; and the other is wainscotted with looking-glass. The history of the present

king until the year 16. ., is painted on the roof by Le Brun, so that his majesty has actions enough by him to furnish another gallery much longer than the present.

The painter has represented his most Christian Majesty under the figure of Jupiter, throwing thunderbolts all about the ceiling, and striking terror into the Danube and Rhine, that lie astonished and blasted with lightning above the cornice.

But what makes all these shows the more agreeable is, the great kindness and affability that is shown to strangers. If the French do not excel the English in all the arts of humanity, they do at least in the outward expressions of it. And upon this, as well as other accounts, though I believe the English are a much wiser nation, the French are undoubtedly much more happy. Their old men, in particular, are, I believe, the most agreeable in the world. An antediluvian could not have more life and briskness in him at threescore and ten: for that fire and levity which makes the young ones scarce conversible, when a little wasted, and tempered by years, makes a very pleasant and gay old age. Besides, this national fault of being so very talkative, looks natural and graceful in one that has grey hairs to countenance it. The mentioning this fault in the French must put me in mind to finish my letter, lest you think me already too much infected by their conversation; but I must desire you to consider, that travelling does in this respect lay a little claim to the privilege of old age. I am, Sir, &c.

SIR,

BLOIS, MAY 15, N.S.

I Cannot pretend to trouble you with any news from this place, where the only advantage I have, besides getting the language, is, to see the manners and tempers of the people, which I believe may be better learned here than in courts and greater cities, where artifice and disguise are more in fashion.

I have already seen, as I informed you in my last, all the king's palaces, and have now seen a great part of the country. I never thought there had been in the world such an excessive magnificence or poverty as I have met with in both together. One can scarce conceive the pomp that appears in every thing about the king; but at the same time it makes half his subjects go barefoot. The

The people are, however, the happiest in the world, and enjoy, from the benefit of their climate, and natural constitution, such a perpetual gladness of heart and easiness of temper as even liberty and plenty cannot bestow on those of other nations. It is not in the power of want or slavery to make them miserable. There is nothing to be met with in the country, but mirth and poverty. Every one sings, laughs, and starves. Their conversation is generally agreeable; for if they have any wit or sense, they are sure to show it. They never mend upon a second meeting, but use all the freedom and familiarity at first sight, that a long intimacy or abundance of wine can scarce draw from an Englishman. Their women are perfect mistresses in this art

of showing themselves to the best advantage. They are always gay and sprightly, and set off the worst faces in Europe with the best airs. Every one knows how to give herself as charming a look and posture as Sir Godfrey Kneller could draw her in. I cannot end my letter without observing, that from what I have already seen of the world, I cannot but set a particular mark of distinction upon those who abound most in the virtues of their nation, and least with it's imperfections. When, therefore, I see the good sense of an Englishman in it's highest perfection, without any mixture of the spleen, I hope you will excuse me, if I admire the character, and am ambitious of subscribing myself, Sir, yours, &c.

Nº CII. WEDNESDAY, JULY 8.

NATOS AD FLUMINA PRIMUM
DEFERIMUS, SÆVOQUE GELU DURAMUS ET UNDIS.

VIRG. ÆN. 9. v. 603.

STRONG FROM THE CRADLE, OF A STURDY BROOD,
WE BEAR OUR NEW-BORN INFANTS TO THE FLOOD;
THERE, BATH'D AMID THE STREAM, OUR BOYS WE HOLD,
WITH WINTER HARDEN'D, AND INUR'D TO COLD.

DRYDEN.

I Am always beating about in my thoughts for something that may turn to the benefit of my dear countrymen. The present season of the year having put most of them in slight summer suits, has turned my speculations to a subject that concerns every one who is sensible of cold or heat, which, I believe, takes in the greatest part of my readers.

There is nothing in nature more inconstant than the British climate, if we except the humour of it's inhabitants. We have frequently in one day all the seasons of the year. I have shivered in the Dog-days, and been forced to throw off my coat in January. I have gone to bed in August, and rose in December. Summer has often caught me in my Drap de Berry, and winter in my Doily suit.

I remember a very whimsical fellow, commonly known by the name of Posture-master, in King Charles the Second's reign, who was the plague of all the tailors about town. He would often send for one of them to take measure of him, but would so contrive it, as to have

a most immoderate rising in one of his shoulders. When the cloaths were brought home, and tried upon him, the deformity was removed into the other shoulder. Upon which the tailor begged pardon for the mistake, and mended it as fast as he could; but, upon a third trial, found him a straight-shouldered man as one would desire to see, but a little unfortunate in a humpt-back. In short, this wandering tumour puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impossible to accommodate so changeable a customer. My reader will apply this to any one who would adapt a suit to a season of our English climate.

After this short descant on the uncertainty of our English weather, I come to my moral.

A man should take care that his body be not too soft for his climate; but rather, if possible, harden and season himself beyond the degree of cold wherein he lives. Daily experience teaches us how we may inure ourselves by custom to bear the extremities of weather without injury. The inhabitants of Nova Zembla

Zembla go naked, without complaining of the bleakness of the air in which they are born, as the armies of the northern nations keep the field all winter. The softest of our British ladies expose their arms and necks to the open air, which the men could not do without catching cold, for want of being accustomed to it. The whole body, by the same means, might contract the same firmness and temper. The Scythian, that was asked how it was possible for the inhabitants of his frozen climate to go naked, replied—'Because we are all over face.' Mr. Locke advises parents to have their children's feet washed every morning in cold water, which might probably prolong multitudes of lives.

I verily believe a cold bath would be one of the most healthful exercises in the world, were it made use of in the education of youth. It would make their bodies more than proof to the injuries of the air and weather. It would be somewhat like what the poets tell us of Achilles, whom his mother is said to have dipped, when he was a child, in the River Styx. The story adds, that this made him invulnerable all over, excepting that part which his mother held in her hand during this immersion, and which by that means lost the benefit of these hardening waters. Our common practice runs in a quite contrary method. We are perpetually softening ourselves by good fires and warm cloaths. The air within our rooms has generally

two or three degrees more of heat in it than the air without doors.

Crassus is an old lethargic valetudinarian. For these twenty years last past he has been clothed in frize of the same colour and of the same piece. He fancies he should catch his death in any other kind of manufacture; and though his avarice would incline him to wear it until it was threadbare, he dares not do it lest he should take cold when the nap is off. He could no more live without his frize coat than without his skin. It is not indeed so properly his coat, as what the anatomists call one of the integuments of the body.

How different an old man is Crassus from myself? It is indeed the particular distinction of the Ironsides to be robust and hardy, to defy the cold and rain, and let the weather do it's worst. My father lived until a hundred without a cough; and we have a tradition in the family, that my grandfather used to throw off his hat and go open-breasted after fourscore. As for myself, they used to sowse me over head and ears in water when I was a boy, so that I am now looked upon as one of the most case-hardened of the whole family of the Ironsides. In short, I have been so plunged in water, and inured to the cold, that I regard myself as a piece of true-tempered *Steel*, and can say, with the above-mentioned Scythian, that I am face, or if my enemies please, forehead all over.

N^o CIII. THURSDAY, JULY 9.

DUM ELAMMAS JOVIS, ET SONITUS IMITATUR OLYMPI.

VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 586.

WITH MIMIC THUNDER IMPIOUSLY HE PLAYS,

AND DARTS THE ARTIFICIAL LIGHTNING'S BLAZE.

I Am considering how most of the great phenomena, or appearances in nature, have been imitated by the art of man. Thunder is grown a common drug among the chemists. Lightning may be bought by the pound. If a man has occasion for a lambent flame, you have whole sheets of it in a handful of phosphor. Showers of rain are to be met with in every water-work; and we are informed, that some years ago, the virtuosos of France covered a little vault with artificial snow, which they made

to fall above an hour together for the entertainment of his present majesty.

I am led into this train of thinking, by the noble fire-work that was exhibited last night upon the Thames. You might there see a little sky filled with innumerable blazing stars and meteors. Nothing could be more astonishing than the pillars of flame, clouds of smoak, and multitudes of stars mingled together in such an agreeable confusion. Every rocket ended in a constellation, and strowed the air with such a shower
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of silver spangles, as opened and enlightened the whole scene from time to time. It put me in mind of the lines of OEdipus—

Why from the bleeding womb of monstrous night

Burst forth such myriads of abortive stars?

In short, the artist did his part to admiration, and was so encompassed with fire and smok, that one would have thought nothing but a salamander could have been safe in such a situation.

I was in company with two or three fanciful friends during this whole show. One of them being a critic, that is, a man who on all occasions is more attentive to what is wanting than what is present, begun to exert his talent upon the several objects we had before us.

'I am mightily pleased,' says he, 'with that burning cypher. There is no matter in the world so proper to write with as wild-fire, as no characters can be more legible than those which are read by their own light. But as for your cardinal virtues, I do not care for seeing them in such combustible figures. Who can imagine Chastity with a body of fire; or Temperance in a flame? Justice indeed may be furnished out of this element as far as her sword goes, and courage may be all over one continual blaze, if the artist pleases.'

Our companion observing that we laughed at this unseasonable severity, let drop the critic, and proposed a subject for a fire-work, which he thought would be very amusing, if executed by so able an artist as he who was at that time entertaining us. The plan he mentioned was a scene in Milton. He would have a large piece of machinery represent the Pan-dæmonium; where—

from the arched roof

Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of stary lamps, and blazing cressets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky

This might be finely represented by several illuminations, disposed in a great frame of wood, with ten thousand beautiful exhalations of fire, which men versed in this art know very well how to raise. The evil spirits at the same time might very properly appear in vehicles of flame, and employ all the tricks of art to terrify and surprize the spectator.

We were well enough pleased with this start of thought, but fancied there was something in it too serious, and perhaps too horrid to be put in execution.

Upon this, a friend of mine gave us an account of a fire-work described, if I am not mistaken, by Strada. A prince of Italy, it seems, entertained his mistress with it upon a great lake. In the midst of this lake was a huge floating mountain made by art. The mountain represented *Ætna*, being bored through the top with a monstrous orifice. Upon a signal given, the eruption began. Fire and smok, mixed with several unusual prodigies and figures, made their appearance for some time. On a sudden there was heard a most dreadful rumbling noise within the entrails of the machine. After which the mountain burst, and discovered a vast cavity in that side which faced the prince and his court. Within this hollow was Vulcan's shop full of fire and clock-work. A column of blue flame issued out incessantly from the forge. Vulcan was employed in hammering out thunderbolts, that every now and then flew up from the anvil with dreadful cracks and flashes. *Venus* stood by him in a figure of the brightest fire, with numberless Cupids on all sides of her, that shot out volleys of burning arrows. Before her was an altar with hearts of fire flaming on it. I have forgot several other particulars: no less curious, and have only mentioned these to shew that there may be a sort of fable or design in a fire-work which may give an additional beauty to those surprising objects.

I seldom see any thing that raises wonder in me, which does not give my thoughts a turn that makes my heart the better for it. As I was lying in my bed, and ruminating on what I have seen, I could not forbear reflecting on the insignificance of human art, when set in comparison with the designs of Providence. In the pursuit of this thought I considered a comet, or, in the language of the vulgar, a blazing star, as a sky-rocket discharged by an hand that is Almighty. Many of my readers saw that in the year 1680; and if they are not mathematicians, will be amazed to hear that it travelled in a much greater degree of swiftness than a cannon-ball, and drew after it a tail of fire that was fourscore millions of miles in length.

E c

What

Zembla go naked, without complaining of the bleakness of the air in which they are born, as the armies of the northern nations keep the field all winter. The softest of our British ladies expose their arms and necks to the open air, which the men could not do without catching cold, for want of being accustomed to it. The whole body, by the same means, might contract the same firmness and temper. The Scythian, that was asked how it was possible for the inhabitants of his frozen climate to go naked, replied—'Because we are all over face.' Mr. Locke advises parents to have their children's feet washed every morning in cold water, which might probably prolong multitudes of lives.

I verily believe a cold bath would be one of the most healthful exercises in the world, were it made use of in the education of youth. It would make their bodies more than proof to the injuries of the air and weather. It would be somewhat like what the poets tell us of Achilles, whom his mother is said to have dipped, when he was a child, in the River Styx. The story adds, that this made him invulnerable all over, excepting that part which his mother held in her hand during this immersion, and which by that means lost the benefit of these hardening waters. Our common practice runs in a quite contrary method. We are perpetually softening ourselves by good fires and warm cloaths. The air within our rooms has generally

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What an amazing thought is it to consider this stupendous body traversing the immensity of the creation with such a rapidity, and at the same time wheeling about in that line which the Almighty has prescribed for it: that it should move in such inconceivable fury and combustion, and at the same time with such an exact regularity? How spacious must the universe be that gives such bodies as these their full play, without suffering the least disorder or confusion by it! What a glorious show are those beings entertained with, that can look into this great theatre of nature, and see myriads

of such tremendous objects wandering through those immeasurable depths of ether, and running their appointed courses? Our eyes may hereafter be strong enough to command this magnificent prospect, and our understandings able to find out the several uses of these great parts of the universe. In the mean time they are very proper objects for our imaginations to contemplate, that we may form more exalted notions of infinite wisdom and power, and learn to think humbly of ourselves, and of all the little works of human invention.

NO. CIV. FRIDAY, JULY 10.

QUE E LONGINQUO MAGIS PLACENT.

TACIT.

THE FARTHER FETCH'D, THE MORE THEY PLEASE.

ON Tuesday last I published two letters, written by a gentleman in his travels. As they were applauded by my best readers, I shall this day publish two more from the same hand. The first of them contains a matter of fact which is very curious, and may deserve the attention of those who are versed in our British antiquities.

SIGNED I. in the BLOIS, MAY 15, N. S.

BECAUSE I am at present out of the road of news, I shall send you a story that was lately given me by a gentleman of this country, who is descended from one of the persons concerned in the relation, and very inquisitive to know if there be any of the family now in England.

I shall only premise to it, that this story is preserved with great care among the writings of this gentleman's family; and that it has been given to two or three of our English nobility, when they were in these parts, who could not return any satisfactory answer to the gentleman, whether there be any of that family now remaining in Great Britain.

In the reign of King John there lived a nobleman called John de Sigonia, lord of that place in Touraine. His brothers were Philip and Briant. Briant, when very young, was made one of the French king's pages, and served him in that quality when he was taken prisoner

by the English. The King of England chanced to see the youth, and being much pleased with his person and behaviour, begged him of the king, his prisoner. It happened, some years after this, that John, the other brother, who, in the course of the war, had raised himself to a considerable post in the French army, was taken prisoner by Briant, who at that time was an officer in the King of England's guards. Briant knew nothing of his brother, and being naturally of an haughty temper, treated him very insolently, and more like a criminal than a prisoner of war. This John resented so highly, that he challenged him to a single combat. The challenge was accepted, and time and place assigned them by the king's appointment. Both appeared on the day prefixed, and entered the lists completely armed amidst a great multitude of spectators. Their first encounters were very furious, and the success equal on both sides; until after some toil and bloodshed they were parted by their seconds to fetch breath, and prepare themselves afresh for the combat. Briant, in the mean time, had cast his eye upon his brother's escutcheon, which he saw agree in all points with his own. I need not tell you after this, with what joy and surprize the story ends. King Edward, who knew all the particulars of it, as a mark of his esteem, gave to each of them, by the King of France's

France's consent, the following coat of arms, which I will send you in the original language, not being herald enough to blazon it in English.

' Le Roi d'Angleterre par permission
' du Roi de France, pour perpetuelle
' memoire de leurs grands faits d'armes
' et fidelité envers leurs Rois, leur
' donna par ampliation à leurs armes en
' une croix d'argent cantonnée de quatre
' coquilles d'or en champ de sable,
' qu'ils avoient auparavant, une en-
' denteleuse faite en façons de Croix de
' guèulle inserée au dedans de la ditte
' croix d'argent et par le milieu d'icelle
' qui est participation des deux croix
' que portent les dits Rois en la guerre.'

I am afraid, by this time, you begin to wonder that I should send you for news a tale of three or four hundred years old; and, I dare say, never thought, when you desired me to write to you, that I should trouble you with a story of King John, especially at a time when there is a monarch on the French throne that furnishes discourse for all Europe. But I confess I am the more fond of the relation, because it brings to mind the noble exploits of our own countrymen; though, at the same time, I must own it is not so much the vanity of an Englishman which puts me upon writing it, as that I have of taking any occasion to subscribe myself, Sir, your's, &c.

ST. BLOIS, MAY 20, N.S.
I Am extremely obliged to you for your last kind letter, which was the only English that had been spoken to me in some months together, for I am at present forced to think the absence of my countrymen my good fortune:

*Votum in amante novum! vellem quod amatur
absset.*

OVID. MET. L. 3. V. 468.

Strange wish, to harbour in a lover's breast!
I wish That absent, which I love the best.

This is an advantage that I could not have hoped for, had I stayed near the French court; though I must confess I

would not but have seen it, because I believe it shewed me some of the finest places and of the greatest persons in the world. One cannot hear a name mentioned in it that does not bring to mind a piece of a gazette, nor see a man that has not signalized himself in a battle. One would fancy one's self to be in the enchanted palaces of a romance; one meets with so many heroes, and finds something so like scenes of magic in the gardens, statues, and water-works. I am ashamed that I am not able to make a quicker progress through the French tongue, because I believe it is impossible for a learner of a language to find in any nation such advantages as in this, where every body is so very courteous and so very talkative. They always take care to make a noise as long as they are in company, and are as loud any hour in the morning as our own countrymen at midnight. By what I have seen, there is more mirth in the French conversation, and more wit in the English. You abound more in jests, but they in laughter. Their language is indeed extremely proper to tattle in, it is made up of so much repetition and compliment. One may know a foreigner by his answering only No or Yes to a question, which a Frenchman generally makes a sentence of. They have a set of ceremonious phrases that run through all ranks and degrees among them. Nothing is more common than to hear a shopkeeper desiring his neighbour to have the goodness to tell him what it is o'clock, or a couple of cobblers that are extremely glad of the honour of seeing one another.

The face of the whole country where I now am, is at this season pleasant beyond imagination. I cannot but fancy the birds of this place, as well as the men, a great deal merrier than those of our own nation. I am sure the French year has got the start of ours more in the works of nature than in the new style. I have past one March in my life without being ruffled with the winds, and one April without being washed with rains.

I am, Sir, yours.

N^o CV. SATURDAY, JULY II.

QUOD NEQUE IN ARMENIIS TIGRES FECERE LATEBRIS:

PERDERE NEC FORTUS AUSA LEENA SUOS.

AT TENERE FACIUNT, SED NON IMPUNE, PUELLE;

SÆPE, SUOS UTTERO QUÆ NECAT, IPSA PERIT.

OVID. AMOR. L. 2. ELEG. 14. V. 35.

THE TIGRESSES, THAT HAUNT THE ARMENIAN WOODS;
WILL SPARE THEIR PROPER YOUNG, THO' PINCH'D FOR FOOD;
NOR WILL THE LYBIAN LIONESSES SLAY
THEIR WHelps: BUT WOMEN ARE MORE FIERCE THAN THEY,
MORE BARRAROUS TO THE TENDER FRUIT THEY BEAR;
NOR NATURE'S CALL, THO' LOUD SHE CRIES, WILL HEAR.
BUT RIGHTEOUS VENGEANCE OF THEIR CRIMES PURSUES,
AND THEY ARE LOST THEMSELVES, WHO WOULD THEIR CHILDREN LOSE.

ANON.

THERE was no part of the show on the Thanksgiving Day that so much pleased and affected me as the little boys and girls who were ranged with so much order and decency in that part of the Strand which reaches from the May-pole to Exeter-Change. Such a numerous and innocent multitude, clothed in the charity of their benefactors, was a spectacle pleasing both to God and man, and a more beautiful expression of joy and thanksgiving than could have been exhibited by all the pumps of a Roman triumph. Never did a more full and unspotted chorus of human creatures join together in a hymn of devotion. The care and tenderness which appeared in the looks of their several instructors, who were disposed among this little helpless people, could not forbear touching every heart that had any sentiments of humanity.

I am very sorry that her Majesty did not see this assembly of objects, so proper to excite that charity and compassion which she bears to all who stand in need of it, though at the same time I question not but her royal bounty will extend itself to them. A charity bestowed on the education of so many of her young subjects, has more merit in it than a thousand pensions to those of a higher fortune who are in greater stations in life.

I have always looked on this institution of Charity-Schools, which, of late years, has so universally prevailed through the whole nation, as the glory of the age we live in, and the most proper means that can be made use of to recover it out of its present degeneracy

and depravation of manners. It seems to promise us an honest and virtuous posterity: there will be few in the next generation who will not at least be able to write and read, and have not had an early tincture of religion. It is therefore to be hoped that the several persons of wealth and quality, who made their procession through the members of these new-erected seminaries, will not regard them only as an empty spectacle, or the materials of a fine show, but contribute to their maintenance and increase. For my part, I can scarce forbear looking on the astonishing victories our arms have been crowned with, to be in some measure the blessings returned upon that national charity which has been so conspicuous of late; and that the great successes of the last war, for which we lately offered up our thanks, were in some measure occasioned by the several objects which then stood before us.

Since I am upon this subject, I shall mention a piece of charity which has not been yet exerted among us, and which deserves our attention the more, because it is practised by most of the nations about us. I mean a provision for foundlings, or for those children who through want of such a provision are exposed to the barbarity of cruel and unnatural parents. One does not know how to speak on such a subject without horror: but what multitudes of infants have been made away by those who brought them into the world, and were afterwards either ashamed or unable to provide for them.

There is scarce an assizes where some unhappy wretch is not executed for the murder

murder of a child. And how many more of these monsters of inhumanity may we suppose to be wholly undiscovered, or cleared for want of legal evidence? Not to mention those who by unnatural practices do in some measure defeat the intentions of Providence, and destroy their conceptions even before they see the light. In all these the guilt is equal, though the punishment is not so. But to pass by the greatness of the crime, (which is not to be expressed by words) if we only consider it as it robs the commonwealth of its full number of citizens, it certainly deserves the utmost application and wisdom of a people to prevent it.

It is certain, that which generally betrays these profligate women into it, and overcomes the tenderness which is natural to them on other occasions, is the fear of shame, or their inability to support those whom they give life to. I shall therefore shew how this evil is prevented in other countries, as I have learned from those who have been conversant in the several great cities of Europe.

There are at Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, Rome, and many other large towns, great hospitals built like our colleges. In the walls of these hospitals are placed machines, in the shape of large lanterns, with a little door in the side of

them turned towards the street, and a bell hanging by them. The child is deposited in this lantern, which is immediately turned about into the inside of the hospital. The person who conveys the child, rings the bell and leaves it there, upon which the proper officer comes and receives it without making further inquiries. The parent or her friend, who lays the child there, generally leaves a note with it, declaring whether it be yet christened, the name it should be called by, the particular marks upon it, and the like.

It often happens that the parent leaves a note for the maintenance and education of the child, or takes it out after it has been some years in the hospital. Nay, it has been known that the father has afterwards owned the young foundling for his son, or left his estate to him. This is certain, that many are by this means preserved, and do signal services to their country, who without such a provision might have perished as abortives, or have come to an untimely end, and perhaps have brought upon their guilty parents the like destruction.

This I think is a subject that deserves our most serious consideration, for which reason I hope I shall not be thought impertinent in laying it before my readers.

Nº CVI. MONDAY, JULY 13.

QUOD LATET ARCANA, NON ENARRABILE, FIBRA.

PERS. SAT. 5. V. 29.

THE DEEP RECESSES OF THE HUMAN BREAST.

AS I was making up my Monday's provision for the public, I received the following letter, which being a better entertainment than any I can furnish out myself, I shall set it before the reader, and desire him to fall on without farther ceremony.

SIR,
YOUR two kinsmen and predecessors, of immortal memory, were very famous for their dreams and visions; and, contrary to all other authors, never pleased their readers more than when they were nodding. Now it is observed, that the *second sight* generally runs in the blood; and, Sir, we are in hopes that you yourself, like the rest of your

family, may at length prove a dreamer of dreams, and a seer of visions. In the mean while I beg leave to make you a present of a dream, which may serve to lull your readers until such time as you yourself shall think fit to gratify the public with any of your nocturnal discoveries.

You must understand, Sir, I had yesterday been reading and ruminating upon that passage where *Momus* is said to have found fault with the make of a man, because he had not a window in his breast. The moral of this story is very obvious, and means no more than that the heart of man is so full of wiles and artifices, treachery and deceit, that there is no guessing at what he is from his

his speeches and outward appearances. I was immediately reflecting how happy each of the sexes would be, if there was a window in the breast of every one that makes or receives love. What protestations and perjuries would be saved on the one side; what hypocrisy and dissimulation on the other? I am myself very far gone in this passion for Aurelia, a woman of an unsearchable heart. I would give the world to know the secrets of it, and particularly whether I am really in her good graces, or, if not, who is the happy person.

I fell asleep in this agreeable reverie, when on a sudden methought Aurelia lay by my side. I was placed by her in the posture of Milton's Adam, and with looks of cordial love hung over her enamoured. As I cast my eye upon her bosom, it appeared to be all of crystal, and so wonderfully transparent, that I saw every thought in her heart. The first images I discovered in it were fans, silk, ribbands, laces, and many other gewgaws, which lay so thick together, that the whole heart was nothing else but a toyshop. These all faded away and vanished, when immediately I discerned a long train of coaches-and-six, equipages, and liveries, that ran through the heart one after another, in a very great hurry for above half an hour together. After this, looking very attentively, I observed the whole space to be filled with a hand of cards, in which I could see distinctly three mattadors. There then followed a quick succession of different scenes. A play-house, a church, a court, a puppet-show, rose up one after another, until at last they all of them gave place to a pair of new shoes, which kept footing in the heart for a whole hour. These were driven off at last by a lap-dog, who was succeeded by a Guinea pig, a squirrel, and a monkey. I myself, to my no small joy, brought up the rear of these worthy favourites. I was ravished at being so happily posted, and in full possession of the heart: but as I saw the little figure

of myself simpering and mightily pleased with its situation, on a sudden the heart methought gave a sigh, in which, as I found afterwards, my little representative vanished; for, upon applying my eye, I found my place taken up by an ill-bred, awkward puppy, with a money-bag under each arm. This gentleman, however, did not keep his station long, before he yielded it up to a wight as disagreeable as himself, with a white stick in his hand. These three last figures represented to me in a lively manner the conflicts in Aurelia's heart between love, avarice, and ambition, for we jostled one another out by turns, and disputed the post for a great while. But at last, to my unspeakable satisfaction, I saw myself entirely settled in it. I was so transported with my success, that I could not forbear hugging my dear piece of crystal, when to my unspeakable mortification I awaked, and found my mistress metamorphosed into a pillow.

This is not the first time I have been thus disappointed.

O venerable Nestor, if you have any skill in dreams, let me know whether I have the same place in the real heart, that I had in the visionary one: to tell you truly, I am perplexed to death between hope and fear. I was very sanguine until eleven o'clock this morning, when I overheard an unlucky old woman telling her neighbour that dreams always went by contraries. I did not indeed before much like the crystal heart, remembering that confounded simile in Valentinian, of a maid 'as cold as crystal' never to be thawed. Besides, I verily believe if I had slept a little longer, that awkward whelp with his money-bags would certainly have made his second entrance. If you can tell the fair-one's mind, it will be no small proof of your art, for I dare say it is more than she herself can do. Every sentence she speaks is a riddle; all that I can be certain of is, that I am 'her and your humble servant,

PETER PUZZLE.

No. CVII.

N^o CVII. TUESDAY JULY 14.

TENTANDA VIA. EST.

VING. GEORGE. 3. V. 8.

I'LL TRY THE EXPERIMENT.

I Have lately entertained my reader with two or three letters from a traveller, and may possibly, in some of my future papers, oblige him with more from the same hand. The following one comes from a projector, which is a sort of correspondent as diverting as a traveller; his subject having the same grace of novelty to recommend it, and being equally adapted to the curiosity of the reader. For my own part, I have always had a particular fondness for a project, and may say, without vanity, that I have a pretty tolerable genius that way myself. I could mention some which I have brought to maturity, others which have miscarried, and many more which I have yet by me, and are to take their fate in the world when I see a proper juncture. I had a hand in the land-bank, and was consulted with upon the reformation of manners. I have had several designs upon the Thames and the New River, not to mention my refinements upon lotteries and insurances, and that never-to-be-forgotten project, which, if it had succeeded to my wishes, would have made gold as plentiful in this nation as tin or copper. If my countrymen have not reaped any advantages from these my designs, it was not for want of any good-will towards them. They are obliged to me for my kind intentions as much as if they had taken effect. Projects are of a two-fold nature: the first arising from public-spirited persons, in which number I declare myself; the other proceeding from a regard to our private interest, of which nature is that in the following letter.

SIR,

A Man of your reading knows very well that there were a set of men in old Rome, called by the name of Nomenclators, that is in English, men who call every one by his name. When a great man stood for any public office, as that of a tribune, a consul, or a censor, he had always one of these Nomenclators at his elbow, who whispered

in his ear the name of every one he met with, and by that means enabled him to salute every Roman citizen by his name when he asked him for his vote. To come to my purpose: I have with much pains and assiduity qualified myself for a Nomenclator to this great city, and shall gladly enter upon my office as soon as I meet with suitable encouragement. I will let myself out by the week to any curious country gentleman or foreigner. If he takes me with him in a coach to the ring, I will undertake to teach him, in two or three evenings, the names of the most celebrated persons who frequent that place. If he plants me by his side in the pit, I will call over to him, in the same manner, the whole circle of beauties that are disposed among the boxes, and at the same time point out to him the persons who ogle them from their respective stations. I need not tell you that I may be of the same use in any other public assembly. Nor do I only profess the teaching of names, but of things. Upon the sight of a reigning beauty, I shall mention her admirers, and discover her gallantries, if they are of public notoriety. I shall likewise mark out every toast, the club in which she was elected, and the number of votes that were on her side. Not a woman shall be unexplained that makes a figure either as a maid, a wife, or a widow. The men too shall be set out in their distinguishing characters, and declared whose properties they are. Their wit, wealth, or good-humour, their persons, stations, and titles, shall be described at large.

I have a wife who is a Nomenclatress, and will be ready on any occasion to attend the ladies. She is of a much more communicative nature than myself, and is acquainted with all the private history of London and Westminster, and ten miles round. She has fifty private amours which nobody yet knows any thing of but herself, and thirty clandestine marriages that have not been touched by the tip of a tongue. She will

will wait upon any lady at her own lodgings, and talk by the clock after the rate of three guineas an hour.

N. B. She is a near kinswoman of the author of the *New Atlantis*.

I need not recommend to a man of your sagacity the usefulness of this project; and do therefore beg your encouragement of it, which will lay a very great obligation upon your humble servant.

After this letter from my whimsical correspondent, I shall publish one of a more serious nature, which deserves the utmost attention of the public, and in particular of such who are lovers of mankind. It is on no less a subject than that of discovering the Longitude, and deserves a much higher name than that of a project, if our language afforded any such term. But all I can say on this subject will be superfluous when the reader sees the names of those persons by whom this letter is subscribed, and who have done me the honour to send it me. I must only take notice, that the first of these gentlemen is the same person who has lately obliged the world with that noble plan, entitled, 'A Scheme of the Solar System, with the Orbits of the Planets and Comets, belonging thereto, described from Dr. Halley's accurate Table of Comets, Philosoph. Transact. N^o 297, founded on Sir Isaac Newton's Wonderful Discoveries, by William Whiston, M. A.'

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ. AT
BUTTON'S COFFEE-HOUSE NEAR
COVENT-GARDEN.

SIR, LONDON, JULY 11, 1713.
HAVING a discovery of considerable importance to communicate to the public, and finding that you are pleased to concern yourself in any thing that tends to the common benefit of mankind, we take the liberty to desire the insertion of this letter into your *Guardian*. We expect no other recommendation of it from you, but the allowing of it a place in so useful a paper. Nor do we insist on any protection from you, if what we propose should fall short of what we pretend to; since any disgrace, which in that case must be expected, ought to lie wholly at our own doors, and to be entirely borne by ourselves,

which we hope we have provided for by putting our own names to this paper.

It is well known, Sir, to yourself, and to the learned, and trading, and sailing world, that the great defect of the art of navigation is, that a ship at sea has no certain method, in either her eastern or western voyages, or even in her less distant sailing from the coasts, to know her longitude, or how much she is gone eastward or westward, as it can easily be known in any clear day or night, how much she is gone northward or southward: the several methods by lunar eclipses, by those of Jupiter's satellites, by the appulses of the moon to fixed stars, and by the even motions of pendulum clocks and watches, upon how solid foundations soever they are built, still failing in long voyages at sea, when they come to be practised; and leaving the poor sailors frequently to the great inaccuracy of a log-line, or dead reckoning. This defect is so great, and so many ships have been lost by it, and this has been so long and so sensibly known by trading nations, that great rewards are said to be publicly offered for it's supply. We are well satisfied, that the discovery we have to make as to this matter, is easily intelligible by all, and ready to be practised at sea as well as at land; that the latitude will thereby be likewise found at the same time; and that with proper charges it may be made as universal as the world shall please; nay, that the longitude and latitude may be generally hereby determined to a greater degree of exactness than the latitude itself is now usually found at sea. So that on all accounts we hope it will appear very worthy the public consideration. We are ready to disclose it to the world, if we may be assured that no other person shall be allowed to deprive us of those rewards which the public shall think fit to bestow for such a discovery; but do not desire actually to receive any benefit of that nature till Sir Isaac Newton himself, with such other proper persons as shall be chosen to assist him, have given their opinion in favour of this discovery. If Mr. Ironside pleases so far to oblige the public as to communicate this proposal to the world, he will also lay a great obligation on his very humble servants,

WILL. WHISTON,
HUMPHRY DITTON.

N^o CVIII. WEDNESDAY, JULY 15.

ARIETIBUS JUVENES PATRIIS ET MONTIBUS ÆQUI.

VIRG. ÆN. 9. v. 674.

YOUTHS, OF HEIGHT AND SIZE,
LIKE FIRS THAT ON THEIR MOTHER-MOUNTAIN RISE. DRYDEN.

I Do not care for burning my fingers in a quarrel, but since I have communicated to the world a plan which has given offence to some gentlemen whom it would not be very safe to disoblige, I must insert the following remonstrance; and, at the same time, promise those of my correspondents who have drawn this upon themselves, to exhibit to the public any such answer as they shall think proper to make to it.

MR. GUARDIAN,

I Was very much troubled to see the two letters which you lately published concerning the short club. You cannot imagine what airs all the little pragmatical fellows about us have given themselves since the reading of those papers. Every one cocks and struts upon it, and pretends to overlook us who are two foot higher than themselves. I met with one the other day who was at least three inches above five foot, which you know is the statutable measure of that club. The overgrown runt has struck off his heels, lowered his fore top, and contracted his figure, that he might be looked upon as a member of this new erected society; nay, so far did his vanity carry him, that he talked familiarly of Tom Tiptoe, and pretends to be an intimate acquaintance of Tim Tuck. For my part, I scorn to speak any thing to the diminution of these little creatures, and should not have minded them had they been still shuffled among the crowd. Shrubs and underwoods look well enough while they grow within the shades of oaks and cedars; but when these pigmies pretend to draw themselves out from the rest of the world, and form themselves into a body, it is time for us who are men of figure to look about us. If the ladies should once take a liking to such a diminutive race of lovers, we should, in a little time, see mankind epitomized, and the whole species in miniature; daisy roots would grow fashionable diet. In order

therefore to keep our posterity from dwindling, and fetch down the pride of this aspiring race of upstarts, we have here instituted a tall club.

As the short club consists of those who are under five foot, ours is to be composed of such as are above six. These we look upon as the two extremes and antagonists of the species: considering all those as neuter, who fill up the middle space. When a man rises beyond six foot, he is an Hypermeter, and may be admitted into the tall club.

We have already chosen thirty members the most slightly of all her majesty's subjects. We elected a president, as many of the ancients did their kings, by reason of his height, having only confirmed him in that station above us which nature had given him. He is a Scotch Highlander, and within an inch of a show. As for my own part, I am but a sesquipedal having only six foot and a half in stature. Being the shortest member of the club, I am appointed secretary. If you saw us all together, you would take us for the sons of Anak. Our meetings are held like the old Gothic parliaments, 'sub dio,' in open air; but we shall make an interest, if we can, that we may hold our assemblies in Westminster Hall when it is not term-time. I must add to the honour of our club, that it is one of our society who is now finding out the longitude. The device of our public seal is a Crane grasping a Pigmy in his right-foot.

I know the short club value themselves very much upon Mr. Distich, who may possibly play some of his Pentameters upon us: but if he does, he shall certainly be answered in Alexandrines; for we have a poet among us of a genius as exalted as his stature, and who is very well read in Longinus his treatise concerning the Sublime. Besides, I would have Mr. Distich consider, that if Horace was a short man, Mææus, who makes such a noble figure in Virgil's sixth Æneid, was taller by the

Ff

head

head and shoulders than all the people of Elysium. I shall therefore confront his 'lepidissimum homuncionem' (a short quotation, and fit for a member of their club) with one that is much longer, and therefore more suitable to a member of ours.

*Quæ circumfusos sic est affata sibylla;
Museum ante omnes: medium nunc plurima turba
Hunc habet, atque bumeris extantem suscipit
altis.*

VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 666.

To these the sibyl thus her speech address'd:
And sist to him* surrounded by the rest;
Tow'ring his height, and ample was his
breast.

DRYDEN.

If, after all, this society of little men proceed as they have begun to magnify themselves, and lessen men of higher stature, we have resolved to make a detachment, some evening or other, that shall bring away their whole club in a

pair of paniers, and imprison them in a cupboard which we have set apart for that use, until they have made a public recantation. As for the little bully, Tim Tuck, if he pretends to be choleric, we shall treat him like his friend little Dicky, and hang him upon a peg until he comes to himself. I have told you our design, and let their little Machiavel prevent it if he can.

This is, Sir, the long and the short of the matter. I am sensible I shall stir up a nest of wasps by it, but let them do their worst. I think that we serve our country by discouraging this little breed, and hindering it from coming into fashion. If the fair-sex look upon us with an eye of favour, we shall make some attempts to lengthen out the human figure, and restore it to its ancient procerity. In the mean time we hope old age has not inclined you in favour of our antagonists; for I do assure you, Sir, we are all your high admirers, though none more than, Sir, yours, &c.

Nº CIX. THURSDAY, JULY 16.

PUGNABAT TUNICA SED TAMEN ILLA TEGIT.

OVID. AMOR. L. 3. ELEG. 5. V. 14.

YET STILL SHE STROVE HER NAKED CHARMS TO HIDE.

I Have received many letters from persons of all conditions in reference to my late discourse concerning the Tucker. Some of them are filled with reproaches and invectives. A lady who subscribes herself Teraminta bids me in a very pert manner mind my own affairs, and not pretend to meddle with their linen; for that they do not dress for an old fellow, who cannot see them without a pair of spectacles. Another, who calls herself Bubnelia, vents her passion in scurrilous terms; an old Ninnyhammer, a Dotard, a Nincompoop, is the best language she can afford me. Flotella indeed expostulates with me upon this subject, and only complains that she is forced to return a pair of stays which were made in the extremity of the fashion, that she might not be thought to encourage peeping.

But if on the one side I have been used ill, (the common fate of all reformers) I have on the other side received great applauses and acknowledg-

ments for what I have done, in having put a seasonable stop to this unaccountable humour of stripping, that was got among our British ladies. As I would much rather the world should know what is said to my praise, than to my disadvantage, I shall suppress what has been written to me by those who have reviled me on this occasion, and only publish those letters which approve my proceedings.

SIR,

I Am to give you thanks in the name of half a dozen superannuated beauties, for your paper of the 6th instant. We all of us pass for women of fifty, and a man of your sense knows how many additional years are always to be thrown into female computations of this nature. We are very sensible that several young flirts about town had a design to call us out of the fashionable world, and to leave us in the lurch by some of their late refinements. Two or three of them

have been heard to say, that they would kill every old woman about town. In order to it, they began to throw off their cloaths as fast as they could, and have played all those pranks which you have so seasonably taken notice of. We were forced to uncover after them, being unwilling to give out so soon, and be regarded as veterans in the beau monde. Some of us have already caught our deaths by it. For my own part, I have not been without a cold ever since this foolish fashion came up. I have followed it thus far with the hazard of my life; and how much farther I must go, no body knows, if your paper does not bring us relief. You may assure yourself that all the antiquated necks about town are very much obliged to you. Whatever fires and flames are concealed in our bosoms, (in which perhaps we vie with the youngest of the sex) they are not sufficient to preserve us against the wind and weather. In taking so many old women under your care, you have been a real Guardian to us, and saved the life of many of your contemporaries. In short, we all of us beg leave to subscribe ourselves, most venerable Nestor, your humble servants and sisters,

I am very well pleased with this approbation of my good sisters. I must confess I have always looked on the Tucker to be the *Decus et Tutamen*, the ornament and defence of the female neck. My good old lady, the Lady Lizard, condemned this fashion from the beginning; and has observed to me, with some concern, that her sex, at the same time they are letting down their stays, are tucking up their petticoats, which grow shorter and shorter every day. The leg discovers itself in proportion with the neck. But I may possibly take another occasion of handling this extremity, it being my design to keep a watchful eye over every part of the female sex, and to regulate them from head to foot. In the mean time I

shall fill up my paper with a letter which comes to me from another of my obliged correspondents.

DEAR GUARDEE,

THIS comes to you from one of those untuckered ladies whom you were so sharp upon on Monday was se'nnight. I think myself mightily beholden to you for the reprehension you then gave us. You must know I am a famous olive beauty. But though this complexion makes a very good face when there are a couple of black sparkling eyes set in it, it makes but a very indifferent neck. Your fair women therefore thought of this fashion to insult the Olives and the Brunetts. They know very well; that a neck of ivory does not make so fine a show as one of alabaster. It is for this reason, Mr. Ironside, that they are so liberal in their discoveries. We know very well, that a woman of the whitest neck in the world, is to you no more than a woman of snow; but Ovid, in Mr. Duke's translation of him, seems to look upon it with another eye, when he talks of *Corinna*, and mentions—

her heaving breast,
Courting the hand, and suing to be prest.

Women of my complexion ought to be more modest, especially since our faces debar us from all artificial whitenings. Could you examine many of these ladies who present you with such beautiful snowy chests, you would find they are not all of a piece. Good father Nestor, do not let us alone until you have shortened our necks, and reduced them to their ancient standard. I am your most obliged humble servant,

OLIVIA.

I shall have a just regard to Olivia's remonstrance; though at the same time I cannot but observe, that her modesty seems to be entirely the result of her complexion.

N^o CX. FRIDAY, JULY 17.

NON EGO PAUCIS
OFFENSOR MACULIS, QUAS AUT INCURIA FUDIT
AUT HUMANA PARUM CAVIT NATURA

HOR. ARS POET. V. 351.

I WILL NOT QUARREL WITH A SLIGHT MISTAKE,
SUCH AS OUR NATURE'S FRAILTY MAY EXCUSE.

ROSCOMMON.

THE candour which *Horace* shows in the motto of my paper, is that which distinguishes a critic from a caviller. He declares that he is not offended with those little faults in a poetical composition, which may be imputed to inadvertency, or to the imperfection of human nature. The truth of it is, there can be no more a perfect work in the world than a perfect man. To say of a celebrated piece that there are faults in it, is in effect to say no more than that the author of it was a man. For this reason I consider every critic that attacks an author in high reputation, as the slave in the Roman triumph, who was to call out to the conqueror, 'Remember, Sir, that you are a man.' I speak this in relation to the following letter, which criticises the works of a great poet, whose very faults have more beauty in them than the most elaborate compositions of many more correct writers. The remarks are very curious and just, and introduced by a compliment to the work of an author, who I am sure would not care for being praised at the expence of another's reputation. I must therefore desire my correspondent to excuse me, if I do not publish either the preface or conclusion of his letter, but only the critical part of it.

SIR,

* * * * *

OUR tragedy writers have been notoriously defective in giving proper sentiments to the persons they introduce. Nothing is more common than to hear an heathen talking of angels and devils, the joys of heaven and the pains of hell, according to the Christian system. *Lee's Alexander* discovers himself to be a *Cartesian* in the first page of *OEdipus*.

— The sun's sick too;
Shortly he'll be an earth—

As *Dryden's Cleomenes* is acquainted with the *Copernican* hypothesis two thousand years before it's invention.

I am pleas'd with my own work; Joye was
not more
With infant nature, when his spacious hand
Had rounded this huge ball of earth and seas,
To give it the first push, and see it roll
Along the vast abyfs—

I have now *Mr. Dryden's Don Sebastian* before me, in which I find frequent allusions to ancient history, and the old mythology of the heathen. It is not very natural to suppose a king of Portugal would be borrowing thoughts out of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, when he talked even to those of his own court; but to allude to these Roman fables when he talks to an emperor of *Barbary*, seems very extraordinary. But observe how he defies him out of the classics in the following lines:

Why didst not thou engage me man to man,
And try the virtue of that Gorgon face
To stare me into statue?

Almeyda at the same time is more book-learned than *Don Sebastian*. She plays an *Hydra* upon the emperor that is full as good as the *Gorgon*.

O that I had the fruitful heads of *Hydra*,
That one might bourgeon where another fell!
Still would I give thee work; still, still, thou
tyrant,

And hiss thee with the last—

She afterwards, in allusion to *Hercules*, bids him 'lay down the lion's skin, and take the distaff; and in the following speech utters her passion still more learnedly.

No, were we join'd, ev'n tho' it were in
death,
Our bodies burning in one funeral pile,
The prodigy of *Thebes* would be renew'd,
And my divided flame should break from
thine.

The

The Emperor of Barbary shews himself acquainted with the Roman poets as well as either of his prisoners, and answers the foregoing speech in the same classic strain.

Serpent, I will engender poison with thee:
Our offspring, like the seed of dragon's teeth,
Shall issue arm'd, and fight themselves to death.

Ovid seems to have been Muley Molock's favourite author; witness the lines that follow—

She, still inexorable, still imperious
And loud, as if, like Bacchus, born in thunder.

I shall conclude my remarks on his part with that poetical complaint of his being in love, and leave my reader to consider how prettily it would sound in the mouth of an Emperor of Morocco—

The god of love once more has shot his fires
Into my soul, and my whole heart receives him.

Muley Zeydan is as ingenious a man as his brother Muley Molock; as where he hints at the story of Castor and Polux:

————— May we ne'er meet?
For like the twins of Leda, when I mount,
He gallops down the skies.

As for the Musti, we will suppose that he was bred up a scholar, and not only versed in the law of Mahomet, but acquainted with all kinds of polite learning. For this reason he is not at all surprized when Dorax calls him a Phaeton in one place, and in another tells him he is like Archimedes.

The Musti afterwards mentions Ximenes, Albornoz, and Cardinal Wolfey, by name. The poet seems to think he

may make every person in his play know as much as himself, and talk as well as he could have done on the same occasion. At least, I believe every reader will agree with me, that the above-mentioned sentiments, to which I might have added several others, would have been better suited to the court of Augustus, than that of Muley Molock. I grant they are beautiful in themselves, and much more so in that noble language, which was peculiar to this great poet. I only observe, that they are improper for the persons who make use of them. Dryden is indeed generally wrong in his sentiments. Let any one read the dialogue between Octavia and Cleopatra, and he will be amazed to hear a Roman lady's mouth filled with such obscene raillery. If the virtuous Octavia departs from her character, the loose Dolabella is no less inconsistent with himself, when all of a sudden he drops the Pagan, and talks in the sentiments of revealed religion:

————— Heaven has but
Our sorrow for our sins, and then delights
To pardon erring man: sweet mercy seems
It's darling attribute, which limits justice;
As if there were degrees in infinite;
And infinite would rather want perfection
Than punish to extent.

I might shew several faults of the same nature in the celebrated Aurenge-Zebe. The impropriety of thoughts in the speeches of the Great Mogul and his empress has been generally censured. Take the sentiments out of the shining dress of words, and they would be too coarse for a scene in Billingsgate.

* * * * *



I am, &c.

N^o CXI. SATURDAY, JULY 18

NIC ALIQUIS DE GENTE HIRCOSA CENTURIONUM
DECAT: QUOD SATIS EST, SAPIO MINI; NON EGO CURO
ESSÉ QUOD ARCESILAS, ÆRUMNOSQUE SOLONES.

PERS. SAT. 3. v. 77.

BUT, HERE, SOME CAPTAIN OF THE LAND OR FLEET,
STOUT OF HIS HANDS, BUT OF A SOLDIER'S WIT,
CRIES, I HAVE SENSE, TO SEAVE MY TURN, IN STORE;
AND HE'S A RASCAL WHO PRETENDS TO MORE:
DAMME, WHATE'ER THOSE BOOK-LEARN'D BLOCKHEADS SAY,
SOLON'S THE VERIEST FOOL IN ALL THE PLAY.

DRYDEN.

I Am very much concerned when I see young gentlemen of fortune and quality so wholly set upon pleasures and diversions, that they neglect all those improvements in wisdom and knowledge which may make them easy to themselves and useful to the world. The greatest part of our British youth lose their figure and grow out of fashion by that time they are five and twenty. As soon as the natural gaiety and amiableness of the young man wears off, they have nothing left to recommend them, but *lie by* the rest of their lives among the lumber and refuse of the species. It sometimes happens indeed, that for want of applying themselves in due time to the pursuits of knowledge, they take up a book in their declining years, and grow very hopeful scholars by that time they are three-score. I must therefore earnestly press my readers, who are in the flower of their youth, to labour at those accomplishments which may set off their persons when their bloom is gone, and to *lay in* timely provisions for manhood and old age. In short, I would advise the youth of fifteen to be dressing up every day the man of fifty; or to consider how to make himself venerable at three-score.

Young men, who are naturally ambitious, would do well to observe how the greatest men of antiquity made it their ambition to excel all their contemporaries in knowledge. Julius Cæsar and Alexander, the most celebrated instances of human greatness, took a particular care to distinguish themselves by their skill in the arts and sciences. We have still extant several remains of the former, which justify the character given of him by the learned men of his own age. As for the latter, it is a known

saying of his, that he was more obliged to Aristotle who had instructed him, than to Philip who had given him life and empire. There is a letter of his, recorded by Plutarch and Aulus Gellius, which he wrote to Aristotle, upon hearing that he had published those lectures he had given him in private. This letter was written in the following words at a time when he was in the height of his Persian conquests.

ALEXANDER TO ARISTOTLE, GREETING.

YOU have not done well to publish your books of select knowledge; for what is there now in which I can surpass others, if those things which I have been instructed in are communicated to every body? For my own part, I declare to you, I would rather excel others in knowledge than power. Farewell.

We see by this letter, that the love of conquest was but the second ambition in Alexander's soul. Knowledge is indeed that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another. It finishes one half of the human soul. It makes being pleasant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and administers to it a perpetual series of gratifications. It gives ease to solitude, and gracefulness to retirement. It fills a public station with suitable abilities, and adds a lustre to those who are in possession of them.

Learning, by which I mean all useful knowledge, whether speculative or practical, is in popular and mixt governments the natural source of wealth and honour. If we look into most of the reigns from the conquest, we shall find that

that the favourites of each reign have been those who have raised themselves. The greatest men are generally the growth of that particular age in which they flourish. A superior capacity for business, and a more extensive knowledge, are the steps by which a new man often mounts to favour, and outshines the rest of his contemporaries. But when men are actually born to titles, it is almost impossible that they should fail of receiving an additional greatness, if they take care to accomplish themselves for it.

The story of Solomon's choice does not only instruct us in that point of history, but furnishes out a very fine moral to us; namely, that he who applies his heart to wisdom, does at the same time take the most proper method of gaining long life, riches, and reputation, which are very often not only the rewards but the effects of wisdom.

As it is very suitable to my present subject, I shall first of all quote this passage in the words of sacred writ, and afterwards mention an allegory, in which this whole passage is represented by a famous French poet: not questioning but it will be very pleasing to such of my readers as have a taste of fine writing.

"In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night: and God said—"Ask what I shall give thee." And Solomon said—"Thou hast showed unto thy servant David my father great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee, and thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is this day. And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David my father: and I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in. Give, therefore, thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and

"bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?" And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing. And God said unto him—"Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life, neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies, but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment; behold I have done according to thy words. Lo, I have given thee a wise and understanding heart, so that there was none like thee before thee; neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee. And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honour, so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days. And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days." And Solomon awoke, and beheld, it was a dream—

The French poet has shadowed this story in an allegory, of which he seems to have taken the hint from the fable of the three goddesses appearing to Paris, or rather from the vision of Hercules, recorded by Xenophon; where Pleasure and Virtue are represented as real persons, making their court to the hero with all their several charms and allurements. Health, Wealth, Victory, and Honour, are introduced successively in their proper emblems and characters, each of them spreading her temptations, and recommending herself to the young monarch's choice. Wisdom enters the last, and so captivates him with her appearance, that he gives himself up to her. Upon which she informs him, that those who appeared before her were nothing else but her equipage; and that since he had placed his heart upon Wisdom, Health, Wealth, Victory, and Honour, should always wait on her as her handmaids.

No CXII. MONDAY, JULY 20.

UDAM
SPERNIT HUMUM FUGIENTE PENNA.

HOR. OD. 2. L. 3. V. 23.

SCORNE THE BASE EARTH, AND CROWD BELOW;
AND WITH A SOARING WING STILL MOUNTS ON HIGH.

CREECH.

THE philosophers of King Charles's reign were busy about finding out the art of flying. The famous Bishop Wilkins was so confident of success in it, that he says he does not question but in the next age it will be as usual to hear a man call for his wings when he is going a journey, as it is now to call for his boots. The humour so prevailed among the virtuosos of this reign, that they were actually making parties to go up to the moon together, and were more put to it in their thoughts how to meet with accommodations by the way, than how to get thither. Every one knows the Story of the great Lady, who at the same time was building castles in the air for their reception. I always leave such trite quotations to my reader's private recollection. For which reason also I shall forbear extracting out of authors several instances of particular persons who have arrived at some perfection in this art, and exhibited specimens of it before multitudes of beholders. Instead of this, I shall present my reader with the following letter from an artist, who is now taken up with this invention; and conceals his true name under that of Dædalus.

MR. IRONSIDE,

KNOWING that you are a great encourager of ingenuity, I think fit to acquaint you, that I have made a considerable progress in the art of flying. I flutter about my room two or three hours in a morning, and when my wings are on, can go above a hundred yards at a hop, step, and jump. I can fly already as well as a turkey-cock, and improve every day. If I proceed as I have begun, I intend to give the world a proof of my proficiency in this art. Upon the next public Thanksgiving Day it is my design to sit astride the dragon upon Bow steeple; from whence, after the first discharge of the Tower guns, I intend

to mount into the air, fly over Fleet Street, and pitch upon the May-pole in the Strand. From thence, by a gradual descent, I shall make the best of my way for St. James's Park, and light upon the ground near Rosamond's Pond. This I doubt not will convince the world that I am no pretender; but before I set out, I shall desire to have a patent for making of wings, and that none shall presume to fly, under pain of death, with wings of any other man's making. I intend to work for the court myself, and will have journeymen under me to furnish the rest of the nation. I likewise desire, that I may have the sole teaching of persons of quality, in which I shall spare neither time nor pains until I have made them as expert as myself. I will fly with the women upon my back for the first fortnight. I shall appear at the next masquerade dressed up in my feathers and plumage like an Indian prince, that the quality may see how pretty they will look in their travelling habits. You know, Sir, there is an unaccountable prejudice to projectors of all kinds; for which reason, when I talk of practising to fly, silly people think me an owl for my pains; but, Sir, you know better things. I need not enumerate to you the benefits which will accrue to the public from this invention; as how the roads of England will be saved when we travel through these new highways, and how all family accounts will be lessened in the article of coaches and horses. I need not mention posts and packet-boats, with many other conveniences of life, which will be supplied this way. In short, Sir, when mankind are in possession of this art, they will be able to do more business in threescore and ten years, than they could do in a thousand by the methods now in use. I therefore recommend myself and art to your patronage; and am, your most humble servant.

have

I have fully considered the project of these our modern Dædalists, and am resolved so far to discourage it, as to prevent any person from flying in my time. It would fill the world with innumerable immoralities, and give such occasions for intrigues as people cannot meet with who have nothing but legs to carry them. You should have a couple of lovers make a midnight assignation upon the top of the Monument, and see the cupola of St. Paul's covered with both sexes like the outside of a pigeon-house. Nothing would be more frequent than to see a beau flying in at a garret-window, or a gallant giving chase to his mistress, like a hawk after a lark. There would be no walking in a shady wood without springing a covey of Toasts. The poor husband could not dream what was doing over his head: if he were jealous indeed, he might clip his wife's wings; but what would this avail when there were flocks of whore-masters perpetually hovering over his house? What concern would the father of a family be in

all the time his daughter was upon the wing? Every heiress must have an old woman flying at her heels. In short, the whole air would be full of this kind of Gibier, as the French call it. I do allow, with my correspondent, that there would be much more business done than there is at present. However, should he apply for such a patent as he speaks of, I question not but there would be more petitions out of the city against it than ever yet appeared against any other monopoly whatsoever. Every tradesman that cannot keep his wife a coach could keep her a pair of wings, and there is no doubt but she would be every morning and evening taking the air with them.

I have here only considered the ill consequences of this invention in the influence it would have on love-affairs. I have many more objections to make on other accounts; but these I shall defer publishing until I see my friend astride the dragon.

Nº CXIII. TUESDAY, JULY 21.

— AMPHORA COEPLIT —

INSTITUI; CURRENTE ROTA, CUR URCEUS EXIT?

HOR. ARS POET. V. 21.

WHEN YOU BEGIN WITH SO MUCH POMP AND SHOW,
WHY IS THE END SO LITTLE AND SO LOW?

ROSCOMMON.

I Last night received a letter from an honest citizen, who it seems is in his honey-moon. It is written by a plain man on a plain subject, but has an air of good sense and natural honesty in it, which may perhaps please the public as much as myself. I shall not therefore scruple the giving it a place in my paper, which is designed for common use, and for the benefit of the poor as well as rich.

CHEAPSIDE, JULY 18.

GOOD MR. IRONSIDE,

I Have lately married a very pretty body, who being something younger and richer than myself, I was advised to go a wooing to her in a finer suit of cloaths than ever I wore in my life; for I love to dress plain, and suitable to a man of my rank. However, I gained her heart by it. Upon the wedding-day I put myself, according to custom,

in another suit fire-new, with silver buttons to it. I am so out of countenance among my neighbours upon being so fine, that I heartily wish my cloaths well worn out. I fancy every body observes me as I walk the street, and long to be in my old plain gear again. Besides, forsooth, they have put me in a silk night-gown and a gaudy fool's cap, and make me now and then stand in the window with it. I am ashamed to be dandled thus, and cannot look in the glass without blushing to see myself turned into such a pretty little master. They tell me I must appear in my wedding-suit for the first month at least; after which I am resolved to come again to my every-days cloaths, for at present every day is Sunday with me. Now in my mind, Mr. Ironside, this is the wrongest way of proceeding in the world. When a man's person is new and unaccustomed to a young body, he does

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not

not want any thing else to set him off. The novelty of the lover has more charms than a wedding-suit. I should think therefore that a man should keep his finery for the latter seasons of marriage; and not begin to dress until the honey-moon is over. I have observed at a lord-mayor's feast, that the sweet-meats do not make their appearance until people are cloyed with beef and mutton, and begin to lose their stomachs. But instead of this, we serve up delicacies to our guests when their appetites are keen, and coarse diet when their bellies are full. As bad as I hate my silver-buttoned coat and silk night-gown, I am afraid of leaving them off, not knowing whether my wife would not repent of her marriage when she sees what a plain man she has to her husband. Pray, Mr. Ironside, write something to prepare her for it, and let me know whether you think she can ever love me in a hair button. I am, &c.

P. S. I forgot to tell you of my white gloves, which they say too I must wear all the first month.

My correspondent's observations are very just, and may be useful in low life; but to turn them to the advantage of people in higher stations, I shall raise the moral, and observe something parallel to the wooing and wedding suit, in the behaviour of persons of figure. After long experience in the world, and reflections upon mankind, I find one particular occasion of unhappy marriages, which, though very common, is not much attended to. What I mean is this: every man, in the time of courtship, and in the first entrance of marriage, puts on a behaviour like my correspondent's holiday suit, which is to last no longer than until he is settled in the possession of his mistress. He resigns his inclinations and understanding to her humour and opinion. He neither loves nor hates,

nor talks, nor thinks, in contradiction to her. He is controuled by a nod, mortified by a frown, and transported by a smile. The poor young lady falls in love with this supple creature, and expects of him the same behaviour for life. In a little time she finds that he has a will of his own; that he pretends to dislike what she approves; and that, instead of treating her like a goddess, he uses her like a woman. What still makes the misfortune worse, we find the most abject flatterers degenerate into the greatest tyrants. This naturally fills the spouse with fullness and discontent, spleen and vapour, which, with a little discreet management, make a very comfortable marriage. I very much approve of my friend Tom Truelove in this particular. Tom made love to a woman of sense, and always treated her as such during the whole time of courtship. His natural temper and good-breeding hindered him from doing any thing disagreeable, as his sincerity and frankness of behaviour made him converse with her, before marriage, in the same manner he intended to continue to do afterwards. Tom would often tell her—'Madam, you see what a sort of man I am. If you will take me with all my faults about me, I promise to mend rather than grow worse.' I remember Tom was once hinting his dislike of some little trifle his mistress had said or done; upon which she asked him, how he would talk to her after marriage, if he talked at this rate before. 'No, Madam,' says Tom, 'I mention this now because you are at your own disposal; were you at mine, I should be too generous to do it.' In short, Tom succeeded, and has ever since been better than his word. The lady has been disappointed on the right side, and has found nothing more disagreeable in the husband than she discovered in the lover.

Nº CXIV. WEDNESDAY, JULY 22.

ALVEOS ACCIPITE, ET CERTIS OPUS INFUNDITE;
FUCI RECUSANT, APIBUS CONDITIO PLACET.

PHÆDR. FAB. 13. L. 3. V. 9.

TAKE THE HIVES, AND FALL TO WORK UPON THE HONEY-COMBS;
THE DRONES REFUSE, THE BEES ACCEPT THE PROPOSAL.

I Think myself obliged to acquaint the public, that the Lion's head, of which I advertised them about a fortnight ago, is now erected at Button's coffee-house in Russel-Street, Covent-Garden, where it opens it's mouth at all hours for the reception

reception of such intelligence as shall be thrown into it. It is reckoned an excellent piece of workmanship, and was designed by a great hand in imitation of the antique Egyptian lion, the face of it being compounded out of that of a lion and a wizzard. The features are strong and well furrowed. The whiskers are admired by all that have seen them. It is planted on the western side of the coffee-house, holding its paws under the chin, upon a box which contains every thing that he swallows. He is indeed a proper emblem of knowledge and action, being all head and paws.

I need not acquaint my readers, that my Lion, like a moth or book-worm, feeds upon nothing but paper; and shall only beg of them to diet him with wholesome and substantial food. I must therefore desire that they will not gorge him either with nonsense or obscenity; and must likewise insist that his mouth be not defiled with scandal, for I would not make use of him to revile the human species, and satirize those who are his betters. I shall not suffer him to worry any man's reputation, nor indeed fall on any person whatsoever, such only excepted as disgrace the name of this generous animal, and under the title of lions contrive the ruin of their fellow-subjects. I must desire likewise, that intriguers will not make a pimp of my lion, and by his means convey their thoughts to one another. Those who are read in the history of the popes observe, that the Leos have been the best, and the Innocents the worst of that species; and I hope that I shall not be thought to derogate from my lion's character, by representing him as such a peaceable, good-natured, well-designing beast.

I intend to publish once every week 'the roarings of the lion;' and hope to make him roar so loud as to be heard over all the British nation.

If my correspondents will do their parts in prompting him, and supplying him with suitable provision, I question not but the lion's head will be reckoned the best head in England.

There is a notion generally received in the world, that a lion is a dangerous creature to all women who are not virgins; which may have given occasion to a foolish report, that my lion's jaws are so contrived, as to snap the hands of any of the female sex, who are not thus qua-

lified to approach it with safety. I shall not spend much time in exposing the falsity of this report, which I believe will not weigh any thing with women of sense. I shall only say, that there is not one of the sex in all the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, who may not put her hand in his mouth with the same security as if she were a vestal. However, that the ladies may not be deterred from corresponding with me by this method, I must acquaint them that the coffee-man has a little daughter of about four years old, who has been virtuously educated, and will lend her hand upon this occasion to any lady that shall desire it of her.

In the mean time I must further acquaint my fair readers, that I have thoughts of making a further provision for them at my ingenious friend Mr. Motteux's, or at Corticelli's, or some other place frequented by the wits and beauties of the sex. As I have here a Lion's head for the men, I shall there erect an Unicorn's head for the ladies, and will so contrive it, that they may put in their intelligence at the top of the horn, which shall convey it into a little receptacle at the bottom prepared for that purpose. Out of these two magazines I shall supply the town from time to time with what may tend to their edification, and at the same time carry on an epistolary correspondence between the two heads, not a little beneficial both to the public and to myself. As both these monsters will be very insatiable, and devour great quantities of paper, there will no small use redound from them to that manufacture in particular.

The following letter having been left with the keeper of the lion, with a request from the writer that it may be the first morsel which is put into his mouth, I shall communicate it to the public as it came to my hands, without examining whether it be proper nourishment, as I intend to do for the future.

MR. GUARDIAN,

YOUR predecessor, the Spectator, endeavoured, but in vain, to improve the charms of the fair-sex, by exposing their dress whenever it launched into extremities. Among the rest, the great petticoat came under his consideration; but in contradiction to whatever he has said, they still resolutely persist in this fashion. The form of their bottom is

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not, I confess, altogether the same; for whereas before it was of an orbicular make, they now look as if they were pressed, so that they seem to deny access to any part but the middle. Many are the inconveniencies that accrue to her majesty's loving subjects from the said petticoats, as hurting men's shins, sweeping down the wares of industrious females in the streets, &c. I saw a young lady fall down the other day; and believe me, Sir, she very much resembled

an overturned bell without a clapper. Many other disasters I could tell you of, that befal themselves, as well as others, by means of this unwieldy garment. I wish, Mr. Guardian, you would join with me in shewing your dislike of such a monstrous fashion; and I hope, when the ladies see it is the opinion of two of the wisest men in England, they will be convinced of their folly. I am, Sir, your daily reader and admirer,

TOM PLAIN.

Nº CXV. THURSDAY, JULY 23.

INGENIUM PAR MATERIE

JUV. SAT. I. V. 151.

A GENIUS EQUAL TO THE SUBJECT.

WHEN I read rules of criticism, I immediately enquire after the works of the author who has written them, and by that means discover what it is he likes in a composition; for there is no question but every man aims at least at what he thinks beautiful in others. If I find by his own manner of writing that he is heavy and tasteless, I throw aside his criticisms with a secret indignation, to see a man without genius or politeness dictating to the world on subjects which I find are above his reach.

If the Critic has published nothing but rules and observations in criticism, I then consider whether there be a propriety and elegance in his thoughts and words, clearness and delicacy in his remarks, wit and good breeding in his railery; but if in the place of all these I find nothing but dogmatical stupidity, I must beg such a writer's pardon if I have no manner of deference for his judgment, and refuse to conform myself to his taste.

So Macer and Mundungus school the times,
And write in rugged prose the softer rules of rhimes.

Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Instructing doubly by their matchless art;
Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,
Then shew us what are bad, by what they write.

MR. CONGRUE to SIR R. TEMPLE.

The greatest critics among the ancients are those who have the most excelled in all the other kinds of composition, and have shewn the height of good writing even in the precepts which they have given for it.

Among the moderns likewise no critic has ever pleased, or been looked upon as authentic, who did not shew by his practice that he was a master of the theory. I have now one before me, who after having given many proofs of his performances both in poetry and prose, obliged the world with several critical works. The author I mean is Strada. His Prologue on the style of the most famous among the ancient Latin poets who are extant, and have written in epic verse, is one of the most entertaining, as well as the most just pieces of criticism that I have ever read. I shall make the plan of it the subject of this day's paper.

It is commonly known that Pope Leo the Tenth was a great patron of learning, and used to be present at the performances, conversations, and disputes, of all the most polite writers of his time. Upon this bottom Strada founds the following narrative. When this pope was at his villa, that stood upon an eminence on the banks of the Tiber, the poets contrived the following pageant or machine for his entertainment. They made a huge floating mountain, that was split at the top in imitation of Parnassus. There were several marks on it that distinguished it for the habitation of heroic poets. Of all the muses, Calliope only made her appearance. It was covered up and down with groves of laurel. Pegasus appeared hanging off the side of a rock, with a fountain running from his heel. This floating Parnassus fell down the river to the sound of trumpets, and in a kind of epic measure, for it

it was rowed forward by six huge wheels, three on each side, that by their constant motion carried on the machine, until it arrived before the pope's villa.

The representatives of the ancient poets were disposed in stations suitable to their respective characters. Statius was posted on the highest of the two summits, which was fashioned in the form of a precipice, and hung over the rest of the mountain in a dreadful manner, so that people regarded him with the same terror and curiosity as they look upon a daring rope-dancer, whom they expect to fall every moment.

Claudian was seated on the other summit, which was lower, and at the same time more smooth and even than the former. It was observed likewise to be more barren, and to produce, on some spots of it, plants that are unknown to Italy, and such as the gardeners call exotics.

Lucretius was very busy about the roots of the mountains, being wholly intent upon the motion and management of the machine which was under his conduct, and was indeed of his invention. He was sometimes so engaged among the wheels, and covered with machinery, that not above half the poet appeared to the spectators, though at other times, by the working of the engines, he was raised up, and became as conspicuous as any of the brotherhood.

Ovid did not settle in any particular place, but ranged over all Parnassus with great nimbleness and activity. But as he did not much care for the toil and pains that were requisite to climb the

upper part of the hill, he was generally roving about the bottom of it.

But there was none who was placed in a more eminent station, and had a greater prospect under him, than Lucan. He vaulted upon Pegasus with all the heat and intrepidity of youth, and seemed desirous of mounting into the clouds upon the back of him. But as the hinder feet of the horse stuck to the mountain while the body reared up in the air, the poet with great difficulty kept himself from sliding off his back, inasmuch that the people often gave him for gone, and cried out every now and then that he was tumbling.

Virgil, with great modesty in his looks, was seated by Calliope, in the midst of a plantation of laurels which grew thick about him, and almost covered him with their shade. He would not perhaps have been seen in this retirement, but that it was impossible to look upon Calliope without seeing Virgil at the same time.

This poetical masquerade was no sooner arrived before the pope's villa, but they received an invitation to land, which they did accordingly. The hall prepared for their reception was filled with an audience of the greatest eminence for quality and politeness. The poets took their places, and repeated each of them a poem written in the style and spirit of those immortal authors whom they represented. The subject of these several poems, with the judgment passed upon each of them, may be an agreeable entertainment for another day's paper.

N^o CXVI. FRIDAY, JULY 24.

—RIDICULUM ACRI—

—FORTIUS ET MELIUS—

HOR. SAT. 10. L. I. V. 14.

A JEST IN SCORN POINTS OUT, AND HITS THE THING
MORE HOME, THAN THE MOROSEST SATIRE'S STING.

THERE are many little enormities in the world, which our preachers would be very glad to see removed; but at the same time dare not meddle with them, for fear of betraying the dignity of the pulpit. Should they recommend the tucker in a pathetic discourse, their audiences would be apt to laugh out. I knew a parish, where the top woman of it used always to appear with a patch

upon some part of her forehead. The good man of the place Preached at it with great zeal for almost a twelve-month; but instead of fetching out the spot which he perpetually aimed at, he only got the name of Parson Patch for his pains. Another is to this day called by the name of Doctor Topknot, for reasons of the same nature. I remember the clergy, during the time of Cromwell's usurpation,

usurpation, were very much taken up in reforming the female world, and shewing the vanity of those outward ornaments in which the sex so much delights. I have heard a whole sermon against a white-wash, and have known a coloured sabband made the mark of the unconverted. The clergy of the present age are not transported with these indiscreet fervours, as knowing that it is hard for a reformer to avoid ridicule, when he is severe upon subjects which are rather apt to produce mirth than seriousness. For this reason I look upon myself to be of great use to these good men; while they are employed in extirpating mortal sins, and crimes of a higher nature, I should be glad to rally the world out of indecencies and venial transgressions. While the Doctor is curing distempers that have the appearance of danger or death in them, the Merry-Andrew has his separate packet for the megrims and tooth-ache.

Thus much I thought fit to premise before I resume the subject which I have already handled; I mean the naked bosoms of our British ladies. I hope they will not take it ill of me, if I still beg that they will be covered. I shall here present them with a letter on that particular, as it was yesterday conveyed to me through the lion's mouth. It comes from a Quaker, and is as follows:

NESTOR IRONSIDE,

OUR friends like thee. We rejoice to find thou beginnest to have a glimmering of the light in thee: we shall pray for thee, that thou mayest be more and more enlightened. Thou givest good advice to the women of this world to cloath themselves like unto our friends, and not to expose their fleshly temptations, for it is against the record. The lion is a good lion; he roareth loud, and is heard a great way, even to the sink of Babylon; for the scarlet whore is governed by the voice of thy lion. Look on his order.

Rome, July 2, 1713. A placard

is published here, forbidding women, of whatsoever quality, to go with naked breasts; and the priests are ordered not to admit the transgressors of this law to confession, nor to communion; neither are they to enter the cathedrals, under severe penalties.

These lines are faithfully copied from the nightly paper, with this title written over it: 'The Evening Post, from Saturday July the eighteenth, to Tuesday July the twenty-first.'

Seeing thy lion is obeyed at this distance, we hope the foolish women in thy own country will listen to thy admonitions. Otherwise thou art desired to make him still roar, till all the beasts of the forest shall tremble. I must again repeat unto thee, friend Nestor, the whole brotherhood have great hopes of thee, and expect to see thee so inspired with the light, as thou mayest speedily become a great preacher of the word. I wish it heartily. Thine, in every thing that is praise-worthy,

TOM TREMBLE.

TOM'S COFFEE-HOUSE IN
BIRCHIN-LANE, THE
23d DAY OF THE MONTH
CALLED JULY.

It happens very oddly that the pope and I should have the same thoughts much about the same time. My enemies will be apt to say, that we hold a correspondence together, and act by concert in this matter. Let that be as it will, I shall not be ashamed to join with his holiness in those particulars which are indifferent between us, especially when it is for the reformation of the finer half of mankind. We are both of us about the same age, and consider this fashion in the same view. I hope that it will not be able to resist his bull and my lion. I am only afraid that our ladies will take occasion from hence to shew their zeal for the Protestant religion, and pretend to expose their naked bosoms only in opposition to Popery.

N^o CXVII. SATURDAY, JULY 25.

CURA PII DIIS SUNT.

OID. MET. L. 3. V. 724.

THE GOOD ARE HEAVEN'S PECULIAR CARE.

LOOKING over the late edition of Monsieur Boileau's works, I was very much pleased with the article which

he has added to his notes on the translation of Longinus. He there tells us, that the sublime in writing rises either from

from the nobleness of the thought, the magnificence of the words, or the harmonious and lively turn of the phrase, and that the perfect sublime arises from all these three in conjunction together. He produces an instance of this perfect sublime in four verses from the *Athalie* of Monsieur Racine. When Abner, one of the chief officers of the court, represents to Joad the high-priest, that the queen was incensed against him, the high-priest, not in the least terrified at the news, returns this answer—

*Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Sçait aussi des méchans arrêter les complots.
Soumis avec respect à sa volonté sainte,
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point
d'autre crainte.*

He who ruleth the raging of the sea, knows also how to check the designs of the ungodly. I submit myself with reverence to his holy will. O Abner, I fear my God, and I fear none but him.

Such a thought gives no less a sublimity to human nature, than it does to good writing. This religious fear, when it is produced by just apprehensions of a Divine power, naturally overlooks all human greatness that stands in competition with it, and extinguishes every other terror that can settle itself in the heart of man; it lessens and contracts the figure of the most exalted person: it disarms the tyrant and executioner, and represents to our minds the most enraged and the most powerful as altogether harmless and impotent.

There is no true fortitude which is not founded upon this fear, as there is no other principle of so settled and fixed a nature. Courage that grows from constitution very often forsakes a man when he has occasion for it; and when it is only a kind of instinct in the soul, breaks out on all occasions without judgment or discretion. That courage which proceeds from the sense of our duty, and from the fear of offending him that made us, acts always in an uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reason.

What can the man fear who takes care in all his actions to please a Being that is omnipotent? A Being who is able to crush all his adversaries? A Being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any such misfortune to his advantage? The person who lives with this constant and

habitual regard to the great Superintendent of the world, is indeed sure that no real evil can come into his lot. Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses, and disappointments; but let him have patience, and he will see them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him; but he may rest satisfied that they will either not reach him, or that, if they do, they will be the instruments of good to him. In short, he may look upon all crosses and accidents, sufferings and afflictions, as means which are made use of to bring him to happiness. This is even the worst of that man's condition whose mind is possessed with the habitual fear of which I am now speaking. But it very often happens, that those which appear evils in our own eyes, appear also as such to him who has human nature under his care; in which case they are certainly averted from the person who has made himself, by this virtue, an object of Divine favour. Histories are full of instances of this nature, where men of virtue have had extraordinary escapes out of such dangers as have inclosed them, and which have seemed inevitable.

There is no example of this kind in pagan history which more pleases me than that which is recorded in the life of Timoleon. This extraordinary man was famous for referring all his successes to Providence. Cornelius Nepos acquaints us, that he had in his house a private chapel, in which he used to pay his devotions to the goddess who represented Providence among the heathens: I think no man was ever more distinguished by the deity, whom he blindly worshipped, than the great person I am speaking of, in several occurrences of his life, but particularly in the following one, which I shall relate out of Plutarch.

Three persons had entered into a conspiracy to assassinate Timoleon, as he was offering up his devotions in a certain temple. In order to it, they took their several stands in the most convenient places for their purpose. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their design in execution, a stranger having observed one of the conspirators, fell upon him and slew him. Upon which the other two, thinking their plot had been discovered, threw themselves at Timoleon's feet, and confessed the whole.

whole matter. This stranger, upon examination, was found to have understood nothing of the intended assassination; but having several years before had a brother killed by the conspirator, whom he here put to death, and having until now sought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himself there for the above-mentioned purpose. Plutarch cannot forbear, on this occasion, speaking with a kind of rapture on the schemes of

Providence; which, in this particular, had so contrived it, that the stranger should, for so great a space of time, be debarred the means of doing justice to his brother, until, by the same blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preserved the life of another.

For my own part, I cannot wonder that a man of Timoleon's religion should have his intrepidity and firmness of mind; or that he should be distinguished by such a deliverance as I have here related.

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N^o CXVIII. MONDAY, JULY 27.

—LARGITOR INGENI
VENTER—

PERS. PROL. V. 10.

WITTY WANT.

DRYDEN.

I Am very well pleased to find that my lion has given such universal content to all that have seen him. He has had a greater number of visitants than any of his brotherhood in the Tower. I this morning examined his maw, where, among much other food, I found the following delicious morsels.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

MR. GUARDIAN,

I Am a daily peruser of your papers. I have read over and over your discourse concerning the Tucker; as likewise your paper of Thursday the 16th instant, in which you say it is your intention to keep a watchful eye over every part of the female sex, and to regulate them from head to foot. Now, Sir, being by profession a mantua-maker, who am employed by the most fashionable ladies about town, I am admitted to them freely at all hours; and seeing them both drest and undrest, I think there is no person better qualified than myself to serve you (if your honour pleases) in the nature of a lioness. I am in the whole secret of their fashion; and if you think fit to entertain me in this character, I will have a constant watch over them, and doubt not I shall send you from time to time such private intelligence as you will find of use to you in your future papers.

Sir, this being a new proposal, I hope you will not let me lose the benefit of it; but that you will first hear me roar before you treat with any body else. As a sample of my intended services, I give

you this timely notice of an improvement you will shortly see in the exposing of the female chest, which in defiance of your gravity, is going to be uncovered yet more and more; so that, to tell you truly, Mr. Ironside, I am in some fear lest my profession should in a little time become wholly unnecessary. I must here explain to you a small covering, if I may call it so, or rather an ornament for the neck, which you have not yet taken notice of. This consists of a narrow lace, or a small skirt of fine ruffled linen, which runs along the upper part of the stays before, and crosses the breasts, without rising to the shoulders; and being as it were a part of the tucker, yet kept in use, is therefore by a particular name called the Modesty-Piece. Now, Sir, what I have to communicate to you at present is, that at a late meeting of the stripping ladies, in which were present several eminent toasts and beauties, it was resolved for the future to lay the modesty-piece wholly aside. It is intended at the same time to lower the stays considerably before, and nothing but the unsettled weather has hindered this design from being already put in execution. Some few indeed objected to this last improvement, but were overruled by the rest, who alledged it was their intention, as they ingeniously expressed, to level their breast-works entirely, and to trust to no defence but their own virtue. I am, Sir, (if you please) your secret servant,

LEONILLA FIGLEAF.

DEAR

DEAR SIR,
AS by name and duty bound, I yesterday brought in a prey of paper for my patron's dinner; but by the forwardness of his paws, he seemed ready to put it into his own mouth, which does not enough resemble its prototypes, whose throats are open sepulchres. I assure you, Sir, unless he gapes wider, he will sooner be felt than heard. Witness my hand,

JACKALL.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SAGE NESTOR,

LIONS being esteemed by naturalists the most generous of beasts, the noble and majestic appearance they make in poetry, wherein they so often represent the hero himself, made me always think that name very ill applied to a profligate set of men, at present going about seeking whom to devour: and though I cannot but acquiesce in your account of the derivation of that title to them, it is with great satisfaction I hear you are about to restore them to their former dignity, by producing one of that species so public-spirited, as to roar for reformation of manners. 'I will roar,' says the clown in Shakespeare, 'that it will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say—"Let him roar again, let him roar again." Such success, and such applause, I do not question but your lion will meet with, whilst, like that of Samson, his strength shall bring forth sweetness, and his entails abound with honey.

At the same time that I congratulate with the republic of beasts upon this honour done to their king, I must condole with us poor mortals, who by distance of place are rendered incapable of paying our respects to him with the same assiduity as those who are ushered into his presence by the discreet Mr. Button. Upon this account, Mr. Ironside, I am become a suitor to you, to constitute an out-riding lion; or, if you please, a jackall or two, to receive and remit our homage in a more particular manner than is hitherto provided. As it is, our tenders of duty every now and then miscarry by the way; at least the natural self-love that makes us unwilling to think any thing that comes from us worthy of contempt, inclines us to believe so. Methinks it were likewise necessary to specify, by what means a present from a fair hand may reach his brindled majesty; the place of his residence being very unfit for a lady's personal appearance. I am your most constant reader and admirer,

N. R.

DEAR NESTOR,

IT is a well-known proverb in a certain part of this kingdom—"Love me, love my dog; and I hope you will take it as a mark of my respect for your person that I here bring a bit for your lion. ****

What follows being secret history, it will be printed in other papers; wherein the lion will publish his private intelligence.

Nº CXIX. TUESDAY, JULY 28.

POETARUM VENIET MANUS, AUXILIO QUÆ

SIT MIHI

HOR. SAT. 4. L. I. V. 141.

A HAND OF PORTS TO MY AID I'LL CALL.

CREECH.

THERE is nothing which more shews the want of taste and discernment in a writer than the decrying of any author in gross; especially of an author who has been the admiration of multitudes, and that too in several ages of the world. This, however, is the general practice of all illiterate and undistinguishing critics. Because Homer and Virgil, and Sophocles, have been commended by the learned of all times,

every scribbler who has no relish of their beauties, gives himself an air of rapture when he speaks of them. But as he praises these he knows not why, there are others whom he depreciates with the same vehemence, and upon the same account. We may see after what a different manner Sirada proceeds in his judgment on the Latin poets; for I intend to publish, in this paper, a continuation of that Prolusion which was

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the subject of the last Thursday. I shall therefore give my reader a short account in prose of every poem which was produced in the learned assembly there described; and if he is thoroughly conversant in the works of those ancient authors, he will see with how much judgment every subject is adapted to the poet who makes use of it, and with how much delicacy every particular poet's way of writing is characterised in the censure that is passed upon it. Lucan's representative was the first who recited before that august assembly. As Lucan was a Spaniard, his poem does honour to that nation, which at the same time makes the romantic bravery in the hero of it more probable.

Alphonso was the governor of a town invested by the Moors. During the blockade, they made his only son their prisoner, whom they brought before their walls, and exposed to his father's sight, threatening to put him to death, if he did not immediately give up the town. The father tells them, if he had an hundred sons, he would rather see them all perish, than do an ill action, or betray his country. 'But,' says he, 'if you take a pleasure in destroying the innocent, you may do it if you please: behold a sword for your purpose.' Upon which he threw his sword from the wall, returned to his palace, and was able, at such a juncture, to sit down to the repast, which was prepared for him. He was soon raised by the shouts of the enemy, and the cries of the besieged. Upon returning again to the walls, he saw his son lying in the pangs of death; but far from betraying any weakness at such a spectacle, he upbraids his friends for their sorrow, and returns to finish his repast.

Upon the recital of this story, which is exquisitely drawn up in Lucan's spirit and language, the whole assembly declared their opinion of Lucan in a confused murmur. The poem was praised or censured according to the prejudices which every one had conceived in favour or disadvantage of the author. These were so very great, that some had placed him in their opinions above the highest, and others beneath the lowest of the Latin poets. Most of them, however, agreed, that Lucan's genius was wonderfully great, but, at the same time, too haughty and headstrong to be governed by art; and that his style was like his

genius, learned, bold, and lively, but withal too tragical and blustering. In a word, that he chose rather a great than a just reputation; to which they added, that he was the first of the Latin poets who deviated from the purity of the Roman language.

The representative of Lucretius told the assembly, that they should soon be sensible of the difference between a poet who was a native of Rome, and a stranger who had been adopted into it: after which he entered upon his subject, which I find exhibited to my hand in a speculation of one of my predecessors.

Strada, in the person of Lucretius, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends, by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such a virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us, that two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with the four and twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. Then they fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eyes upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence to avoid confusion. The friend, in the mean while, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter, which that of his correspondent pointed at: by this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.

The whole audience were pleased with the artifice of the poet who represented Lucretius,

Lucretius, observing very well how he had laid asleep their attention to the simplicity of his stile in some verses, and to the want of harmony in others, by fixing their minds to the novelty of his subject, and to the experiment which he related. Without such an artifice they were of opinion that nothing would have sounded more harsh than Lucretius's, diction and numbers. But it was plain that the more learned part of the assembly were quite of another mind. These allowed that it was peculiar to Lucretius above all other poets, to be always doing or teaching something, that no other stile was so proper to teach in, or gave a greater pleasure to those who had a true relish for the Roman tongue. They added further, that if Lucretius had not been embarrassed with the difficulty of his matter, and a little led away by an affectation of antiquity, there could not have been any thing more perfect than his poem.

Claudian succeeded Lucretius, having chosen for his subject the famous contest between the nightingale and the lutanist, which every one is acquainted

with, especially since Mr. Philips has so finely improved that hint in one of his pastorals.

He had no sooner finished, but the assembly rung with acclamations made in his praise. His first beauty, which every one owned, was the great clearness and perspicuity which appeared in the plan of his poem. Others were wonderfully charmed with the smoothness of his verse, and the flowing of his numbers, in which there were none of those elisions and cuttings-off so frequent in the works of other poets. There were several however of a more refined judgment, who ridiculed that infusion of foreign phrases with which he had corrupted the Latin tongue, and spoke with contempt of the equability of his numbers that cloyed and fatiated the ear for want of variety: to which they likewise added, a frequent and unseasonable affectation of appearing sonorous and sublime.

The sequel of this Prolusion shall be the work of another day.

Nº CXX. WEDNESDAY, JULY 29.

NOTHING LOVELIER CAN BE FOUND
IN WOMAN, THAN TO STUDY HOUSEHOLD GOOD,
AND GOOD WORKS IN HER HUSBAND TO PROMOTE.

MILTON.

A BIT FOR THE LION.

SIR,

AS soon as you have set up your Unicorn, there is no question but the ladies will make him push very furiously at the men; for which reason I think it is good to be before-hand with them, and make the Lion roar aloud at female irregularities. Among these, I wonder how their gaming has so long escaped your notice. You who converse with the sober family of the Lizards, are perhaps a stranger to these viragos; but what would you say, should you see the Sparkler shaking her elbow for a whole night together, and thumping the table with the dice-box? Or how would you like to hear the good widow-lady herself returning to her house at midnight, and alarming the whole street with a most enormous rap, after having sat up until that time at Crimp or Ombre? Sir, I am the husband

of one of these female gamesters, and a great loser by it both in my rest and my pocket. As my wife reads your papers, one upon this subject might be of use both to her, and

Your humble servant.

I should ill deserve the name of Guardian, did I not caution all my fair wards against a practice which, when it runs to excess, is the most shameful, but one, that the female world can fall into. The ill consequences of it are more than can be contained in this paper. However, that I may proceed in method, I shall consider them, first, as they relate to the mind. Secondly, as they relate to the body.

Could we look into the mind of a female gamester, we should see it full of nothing but trumps and mattadores. Her slumbers are haunted with kings,

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queens,

queens, and knaves. The day lies heavy upon her until the play-season returns, when for half a dozen hours together all her faculties are employed in shuffling, cutting, dealing, and sorting out a pack of cards, and no ideas to be discovered in a soul which calls itself rational, excepting little square figures of painted and spotted paper. Was the understanding, that divine part in our composition, given for such an use? Is it thus that we improve the greatest talent human nature is endowed with? What would a superior being think, were he shown this intellectual faculty in a female gamester, and at the same time told, that it was by this she was distinguished from brutes, and allied to angels?

When our women thus fill their imaginations with pips and counters, I cannot wonder at the story I have lately heard of a new-born child that was marked with the five of clubs.

Their passions suffer no less by this practice than their understandings and imaginations. What hope and fear, joy and anger, sorrow and discontent, break out all at once in a fair assembly upon so noble an occasion as that of turning up a card? Who can consider without a secret indignation that all those affections of the mind which should be consecrated to their children, husbands and parents, are thus vilely prostituted and thrown away upon a hand at Loo? For my own part, I cannot but be grieved when I see a fine woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from such trivial motives; when I behold the face of an angel agitated and discomposed by the heart of a fury.

Our minds are of such a make, that they naturally give themselves up to every diversion which they are much accustomed to; and we always find that play, when followed with assiduity, engrosses the whole woman. She quickly grows uneasy in her own family, takes but little pleasure in all the domestic innocent endearments of life, and grows more fond of Pam than of her husband. My friend Theophrastus, the best of husbands and of fathers, has often complained to me, with tears in his eyes, of the late hours he is forced to keep if he would enjoy his wife's conversation.

When she returns to me with joy in

her face, it does not arise, says he, from the sight of her husband, but from the good luck she has had at cards. On the contrary, says he, if she has been a loser, I am doubly a sufferer by it. She comes home out of humour, is angry with every body, displeased with all I can do or say, and in reality for no other reason, but because she has been throwing away my estate. What charming bed-fellows and companions for life are men likely to meet with that chuse their wives out of such women of vogue and fashion? What a race of worthies, what patriots, what heroes, must we expect from mothers of this make?

I come in the next place to consider the ill consequences which gaming has on the bodies of our female adventurers. It is so ordered that almost every thing which corrupts the soul decays the body. The beauties of the face and mind are generally destroyed by the same means. This consideration should have a particular weight with the female world, who were designed to please the eye and attract the regards of the other half of the species. Now there is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the card-table, and those cutting passions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions, are the natural indications of a female gamester. Her morning sleeps are not able to repair her midnight watchings. I have known a woman carried off half-dead from Bassette, and have many a time grieved to see a person of quality gliding by me in her chair at two o'clock in the morning, and looking like a spectre amidst a glare of flambeaux. In short, I never knew a thorough-paced female gamester hold her beauty two winters together.

But there is still another case in which the body is more endangered than in the former. All play-debts must be paid in specie, or by an equivalent. The man that plays beyond his income, pawns his estate; the woman must find out something else to mortgage, when her pin-money is gone: the husband has his lands to dispose of, the wife her person. Now when the female body is once disposed, if the creditor be very importunate, I leave my reader to consider the consequences.

N^o CXXI. THURSDAY, JULY 30.

MINE EXAUDIRI GEMITUS, INÆQUE LEONUM.

VIRG. ÆN. 7. V. 15.

HENCE TO OUR EAR THE ROAR OF LIONS CAME.

ROARINGS OF THE LION.

OLD NESTOR.

EVER since the first notice you gave of the erection of that useful monument of yours in Button's coffee-house, I have had a restless ambition to imitate the renowned London Prentice, and boldly venture my hand down the throat of your Lion. The subject of this letter is a relation of a club whereof I am member, and which has made a considerable noise of late, I mean the Silent Club. The year of our institution is 1694, the number of members twelve, and the place of our meeting is Dumb's Alley in Holborn. We look upon ourselves as the relics of the old Pythagoreans, and have this maxim in common with them, which is the foundation of our design, that 'Talking 'spoils company.' The president of our society is one who was born deaf and dumb, and owes that blessing to nature, which in the rest of us is owing to industry alone. I find upon inquiry, that the greater part of us are married men, and such whose wives are remarkably loud at home. Hither we fly for refuge, and enjoy at once the two greatest and most valuable blessings, company and retirement. When that eminent relation of yours, the Spectator, published his weekly papers, and gave us that remarkable account of his silence, (for you must know, though we do not read, yet we inspect all such useful essays) we seemed unanimous to invite him to partake our secrecy; but it was unluckily objected, that he had just then published a discourse of his at his own club, and not arrived to that happy inactivity of the tongue, which we expected from a man of his understanding. You will wonder, perhaps, how we managed this debate; but it will be easily accounted for, when I tell you that our fingers are as nimble, and as infallible interpreters of our thoughts, as other men's tongues are; yet even this mechanic eloquence is only allowed

upon the weightiest occasions. We admire the wise institutions of the Turks, and other eastern nations, where all commands are performed by officious mutes; and we wonder that the polite courts of Christendom should come so far short of the majesty of barbarians. Ben Jonson has gained an eternal reputation among us by his play called *The Silent Woman*. Every member here is another Morose while the club is sitting, but at home may talk as much and as fast as his family occasions require, without breach of statute. The advantages we find from this Quaker-like assembly are many. We consider, that the understanding of man is liable to mistakes, and his will fond of contradictions; that disputes, which are of no weight in themselves, are often very considerable in their effects. The disuse of the tongue is the only effectual remedy against these. All party concerns, all private scandal, all insults over another man's weaker reasons, must there be lost, where no disputes arise. Another advantage which follows from the first, (and which is very rarely to be met with) is, that we are all upon the same level in conversation. A wag of my acquaintance used to add a third, viz. that, if ever we do debate, we are sure to have all our arguments at our fingers ends. Of all Longinus's remarks, we are most enamoured with that excellent passage, where he mentions Ajax's silence as one of the noblest instances of the sublime; and, (if you will allow me to be free with a namesake of yours) I should think that the everlasting storyteller, Nestor, had he been likened to the ass instead of our hero, he had suffered less by the comparison.

I have already described the practice and sentiments of this society, and shall but barely mention the report of the neighbourhood, that we are not only as mute as fishes, but that we drink like fishes too; that we are like the Welsh-

man's

man's owl, though we do not sing, we pay it off with thinking. Others take us for an assembly of disaffected persons; nay, their zeal to the government has carried them so far as to send, last week, a party of constables to surprize us. You may easily imagine how exactly we represented the Roman senators of old, sitting with majestic silence, and undaunted at the approach of an army of Gauls. If you approve of our undertaking, you need not declare it to the world; your silence shall be interpreted as consent given to the honourable body of mutes, and in particular to your humble servant,

NED MUM.

P.S. We have had but one word spoken since the foundation, for which the member was expelled by the old Roman custom of bending back the thumb. He had just received the news of the battle of Hochstet; and being too impatient to communicate his joy, was unfortunately betrayed into a lapsus linguae. We acted on the principles of the Roman Manlius, and though we approved of the cause of his error as just, we condemned the effect as a manifest violation of his duty.

I never could have thought a dumb man would have roared so well out of my Lion's mouth. My next pretty correspondent, like Shakespeare's Lion in Pyramus and Thisbe, roars as it were any nightingale.

MR. IRONSIDE, JULY 28, 1753.

I Was afraid at first you were only in jest, and had a mind to expose our nakedness for the diversion of the town; but since I see that you are in good earnest, and have infallibility of your side, I cannot forbear returning my thanks to you for the care you take of us, having a friend who has promised me to give my letters to the lion, until we can communicate our thoughts to you through our own proper vehicle. Now you must know, dear Sir, that if you do not take care to suppress this exorbitant growth of the female chest, all that is left of my waist must inevitably perish. It is at this time reduced to the depth of four inches, by what I have already made over to my neck. But if the stripping design mentioned by Mrs. Figleaf yesterday should take effect, Sir, I dread to think what it will come to. In short, there is no help for it; my girdle and all must go. This is the naked truth of the matter. Have pity on me then, my dear Guardian, and preserve me from being so inhumanly exposed. I do assure you that I follow your precepts as much as a young woman can, who will live in the world without being laughed at. I have no hooped petticoat; and when I am a matron, will wear broad tuckers, whether you succeed or no. If the flying project takes, I intend to be the last in wings, being resolved in every thing to behave myself as becomes



Your most obedient ward.

N^o CXXII. FRIDAY, JULY 31.

NEC MAGIS EXPRESSI VULTUS PER AHENEA SIGNA.

HOR. EP. I. L. 2. V. 248.

IMITATED.

NOT WITH SUCH MAJESTY, SUCH BOLD RELIEF,
THE FORMS AUGUST, OF KING, OR CONQU'RING CHIEF,
WERE SWELL'D ON MARBLE.

POPE.

THAT I may get out of debt with the public as fast as I can, I shall here give them the remaining part of Strada's criticism on the Latin heroic poets. My readers may see the whole work in the three papers numbered CXV, CXXI, CXXII. Those who are acquainted with the authors themselves, cannot but be pleased to see them so justly repre-

sented; and as for those who have never perused the originals, they may form a judgment of them from such accurate and entertaining copies. The whole piece will shew at least how a man of genius (and none else should call himself a critic) can make the driest art a pleasing amusement.

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THE SEQUEL OF STRADA'S PRO-
LUSION.

THE poet who personated Ovid, gives an account of the chryso-magnet, or of the loadstone, which attracts gold, after the same manner as the common loadstone attracts iron. The author, that he might express Ovid's way of thinking, derives this virtue to the chryso-magnet from a poetical metamorphosis.

'As I was sitting by a well,' says he, 'when I was a boy, my ring dropped into it, when immediately my father fastening a certain stone to the end of a line, let it down into the well. It no sooner touched the surface of the water, but the ring leaped up from the bottom, and clung to it in such a manner, that he drew it out like a fish. My father seeing me wonder at the experiment, gave me the following account of it. When Deucalion and Pyrrha went about the world to repair mankind by throwing stones over their heads, the men who rose from them differed in their inclinations according to the places on which the stones fell. Those which fell in the fields became plowmen and shepherds. Those which fell into the water produced sailors and fishermen. Those that fell among the woods and forests gave birth to huntsmen. Among the rest there were several that fell upon mountains that had mines of gold and silver in them. This last race of men immediately betook themselves to the search of these precious metals; but nature being displeased to see herself ransacked, withdrew these her treasures towards the center of the earth. The avarice of man however persisted in it's former pursuits, and ransacked her inmost bowels in quest of the riches which they contained. Nature seeing herself thus plundered by a swarm of miners, was so highly incensed, that she shook the whole place with an earthquake, and buried the men under their own works. The Stygian flames, which lay in the neighbourhood of these deep mines, broke out at the same time with great fury, burning up the whole mass of human limbs and earth, until they were hardened and baked into stone. The human bodies that were delving in iron mines were converted into those com-

mon loadstones which attract that metal. Those which were in search of gold became chryso-magnets, and still keep their former avarice in their present state of petrification.'

Ovid had no sooner given over speaking, but the assembly pronounced their opinions of him. Several were so taken with his easy way of writing, and had so formed their tastes upon it, that they had no relish for any composition which was not framed in the Ovidian manner. A great many, however, were of a contrary opinion; until at length it was determined by a plurality of voices, that Ovid highly deserved the name of a witty man, but that his language was vulgar and trivial, and of the nature of those things which cost no labour in the invention, but are ready found out to a man's hand. In the last place, they all agreed, that the greatest objection which lay against Ovid, both as to his life and writings, was his having too much wit, and that he would have succeeded better in both, had he rather checked than indulged it. Statius stood up next with a swelling and haughty air, and made the following story the subject of his poem.

'A German and a Portuguese, when Vienna was besieged, having had frequent contests of rivalry, were preparing for a single duel, when on a sudden the walls were attacked by the enemy. Upon this both the German and Portuguese consented to sacrifice their private resentments to the public, and to see who could signalize himself most upon the common foe. Each of them did wonders in repelling the enemy from different parts of the wall. The German was at length engaged amidst a whole army of Turks, until his left-arm that held the shield was unfortunately lopped off, and he himself so stunned with a blow he had received, that he fell down as dead. The Portuguese seeing the condition of his rival, very generously flew to his succour, dispersed the multitude that were gathered about him, and fought over him as he lay upon the ground. In the mean while the German recovered from his trance, and rose up to the assistance of the Portuguese, who a little after had his right-arm, which held his sword, cut off by the blow of a sabre. He would have lost his life at the same time by a spear which

'was

* was aimed at his back, had not the German slain the person who was aiming at him. These two competitors for fame having received such mutual obligations, now fought in conjunction, and as the one was only able to manage the sword, and the other a shield, made up but one warrior betwixt them. The Portuguese covered the German, while the German dealt destruction upon the enemy. At length finding themselves faint with loss of blood, and resolving to perish nobly, they advanced to the most shattered part of the wall, and threw themselves down, with a huge fragment of it, upon the heads of the besiegers.

When Statius ceased, the old factions immediately broke out concerning his manner of writing. Some gave him very loud acclamations, such as he had received in his life-time, declaring him the only man who had written in a style which was truly heroic, and that he was above all others in his fame as well as in his diction. Others censured him as one who went beyond all bounds in his images and expressions, laughing at the cruelty of his conceptions, the rumbling of his numbers, and the dreadful pomp and bombast of his expressions. There were, however, a few select judges who moderated between both these extremes, and pronounced upon Statius, that there appeared in his style much poetical heat and fire, but withal so much smoke as sullied the brightness of it. That there was a majesty in his verse, but that it was the majesty rather of a tyrant than of a king. That he was often towering

among the clouds, but often met with the fate of Icarus. In a word, that Statius was among the poets, what Alexander the Great is among heroes, a man of great virtues and of great faults.

Virgil was the last of the ancient poets who produced himself upon this occasion. His subject was the story of Theutilla, which being so near that of Judith in all its circumstances, and at the same time translated by a very ingenious gentleman in one of Mr. Dryden's miscellanies, I shall here give no further account of it. When he had done, the whole assembly declared the works of this great poet a subject rather for their admiration than for their applause, and that if any thing was wanting in Virgil's poetry, it was to be ascribed to a deficiency in the art itself, and not in the genius of this great man. There were, however, some envious murmurs and detractions heard among the crowd, as if there were very frequently verses in him which flagged or wanted spirit, and were rather to be looked upon as faultless than beautiful. But these injudicious censures were heard with a general indignation.

I need not observe to my learned reader, that the foregoing story of the German and Portuguese is almost the same in every particular with that of the two rival soldiers in Cæsar's Commentaries. This Prologue ends with the performance of an Italian poet full of those little witticisms and conceits which have infected the greatest part of modern poetry.

Nº CXXIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 1.

—HIC MURUS AENEÆUS ESTO,

NIL CONSCIRE SIBI—

HOR. EP. I. L. I. V. 60.

IMITATED.

TRUE, CONSCIOUS HONOUR, IS TO FEEL NO SIN;

HE'S ARM'D WITHOUT THAT'S INNOCENT WITHIN:

BE THIS THY SCREEN, AND THIS THY WALL OF BRASS. POPE.

THERE are a sort of knights-errants in the world, who, quite contrary to those in romance, are perpetually seeking adventures to bring virgins into distress, and to ruin innocence. When men of rank and figure pass away their lives in these criminal pursuits and prac-

tices, they ought to consider that they render themselves more vile and despicable than any innocent man can be, whatever low station his fortune or birth have placed him in. Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible.

Thy

Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And plants thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conspi-
cuous.

CATO.

I have often wondered, that these deflowerers of innocence, though dead to all the sentiments of virtue and honour, are not restrained by compassion and humanity. To bring sorrow, confusion, and infamy into a family, to wound the heart of a tender parent, and stain the life of a poor deluded young woman with a dishonour that can never be wiped off, are circumstances one would think sufficient to check the most violent passion in a heart which has the least tincture of pity and good-nature. Would any one purchase the gratification of a moment at so dear a rate? and entail a lasting misery on others, for such a transient satisfaction to himself; nay, for a satisfaction that is sure, at some time or other, to be followed with remorse? I am led to the subject by two letters which came lately to my hands. The last of them is, it seems, the copy of one sent by a mother to one who had abused her daughter; and though I cannot justify her sentiments at the latter end of it, they are such as might arise in a mind which had not yet recovered it's temper after so great a provocation. I present the reader with it as I received it, because I think it gives a lively idea of the affliction which a fond parent suffers on such an occasion.

SIR, — SHIRE, JULY 1713.

THE other day I went into the house of one of my tenants, whose wife was formerly a servant in our family, and (by my grandmother's kindness) had her education with my mother from her infancy; so that she is of a spirit and understanding greatly superior to those of her own rank. I found the poor woman in the utmost disorder of mind and attire, drowned in tears, and reduced to a condition that looked rather like stupidity than grief. She leaned upon her arm over a table, on which lay a letter folded up and directed to a certain nobleman very famous in our parts for low intrigue, or in plainer words, for debauching country girls; in which number is the unfortunate daughter of my poor tenant, as I learn from the following letter written by her mother. I have sent you here a copy of it, which, made public in your paper,

may perhaps furnish useful reflections to many men of figure and quality, who indulge themselves in a passion which they possess but in common with the vilest part of mankind.

MY LORD,

LAST night I discovered the injury you have done to my daughter. Heaven knows how long and piercing a torment that short-lived shameful pleasure of yours must bring upon me; upon me, from whom you never received any offence. This consideration alone should have deterred a noble mind from so base and ungenerous an act. But, alas! what is all the grief that must be my share, in comparison of that, with which you have requited her by whom you have been obliged? Loss of good name, anguish of heart, shame and infamy, are what must inevitably fall upon her, unless she gets over them by what is much worse, open impudence, professed lewdness, and abandoned prostitution. These are the returns you have made to her, for putting in your power all her livelihood and dependence, her virtue and reputation. O, my lord, should my son have practised the like on one of your daughters? — I know you swell with indignation at the very mention of it, and would think he deserved a thousand deaths, should he make such an attempt upon the honour of your family. It is well, my lord. And is then the honour of your daughter, whom still, though it had been violated, you might have maintained in plenty, and even luxury, of greater moment to her, than to my daughter hers, whose only sustenance it was? And must my son, void of all the advantages of a generous education, must he, I say, consider: and may your lordship be excused from all reflection? Eternal contumely attend that guilty title which claims exemption from thought, and arrogates to it's wearers the prerogative of brutes! Ever cursed be it's false lustre, which could dazzle my poor daughter to her undoing. Was it for this that the exalted merits and godlike virtues of your great ancestor were honoured with a coronet, that it might be a pander to his posterity, and confer a privilege of dishonouring the innocent and defenceless? At this rate the laws of rewards should be inverted, and he who is generous and good should be made a beggar and a slave; that industry and honest

I i diligence

diligence may keep his posterity unspotted; and preserve them from ruining virgins, and making whole families unhappy. Wretchedness is now become my everlasting portion? Your crime, my lord, will draw perdition even upon my head. I may not sue for forgiveness of my own failings and misdeeds, for I never can forgive yours; but shall curse you with my dying breath, and at the last tremendous day shall hold forth in my arms my much wronged child, and call aloud for vengeance on her defiler. Under these present horrors of mind I could be content to be your chief tor-

mentor, ever paying you mock-reverence, and sounding in your ears, to your unutterable loathing, the empty title which inspired you with presumption to tempt, and over-awed my daughter to comply.

Thus have I given some vent to my sorrow; nor fear I to awaken you to repentance, so that your sin may be forgiven: the divine laws have been broken, but much injury, irreparable injury, has been also done to me, and the just Judge will not pardon that until I do.

My lord, your conscience will help you to my name. 

Nº CXXIV. MONDAY, AUGUST 3.

QUID FREMAT IN TERRIS VIOLENTIS?

JUV. SAT. 8. v. 37.

WHAT ROAR MORE DREADFUL IN THE WORLD IS HEARD?

MORE ROARINGS OF THE LION.

MR. GUARDIAN,

BEFORE I proceed to make you my proposals, it will be necessary to inform you, that an uncommon ferocity in my countenance, together with the remarkable flatness of my nose, and extent of my mouth, have long since procured me the name of Lion in this our university.

The vast emoluments that, in all probability, will accrue to the public from the roarings of my new-erected likeness at Button's, hath made me desirous of being as like him in that part of his character, as I am told I already am in all parts of my person. Wherefore I most humbly propose to you, that (as it is impossible for this one Lion to roar, either long enough or loud enough against all things that are roar-worthy in these realms) you would appoint him a Sub-lion, as a *praefectus provinciae*, in every county in Great Britain; and it is my request, that I may be instituted his under-roarer in this university, town and county of Cambridge, as my resemblance does, in some measure, claim that I should.

I shall follow my Metropolitan's example, in roaring only against those enormities that are too slight and trivial for the notice or censures of our magistrates; and shall communicate my

roarings to him monthly, or oftener if occasion requires, to be inserted in your papers *cum privilegio*.

I shall not omit giving informations of the improvement or decay of punning, and may chance to touch upon the rise and fall of tuckers; but I will roar aloud and spare not, to the terror of, at present, a very flourishing society of people called Lowngers, gentlemen whose observations are mostly itinerant, and who think they have already too much good sense of their own, to be in need of staying at home to read other peoples.

I have, Sir, a raven that will serve, by way of jackall, to bring me in provisions, which I shall chew and prepare for the digestion of my principal; and I do hereby give notice, to all under my jurisdiction, that whoever are willing to contribute to this good design, if they will affix their information to the leg or neck of the aforesaid raven or jackall, they will be thankfully received by their (but more particularly your) humble servant,

LIO THE SECOND.

FROM MY DEN AT

COLLEGE IN CAMBRIDGE

BRISTOL, JULY 29.

N. B. The raven will not bite.

MR.

MR. IRONSIDE.

HEARING that your Unicorn is now in hand, and not questioning but his horn will prove a *Cornucopia* to you, I desire that in order to introduce it, you will consider the following proposal.

My wife and I intend a dissertation upon Horns; the province she has chosen is, the planting of them, and I am to treat of their growth, improvement, &c. The work is like to swell so much upon our hands, that I am afraid we shall not be able to bear the charge of printing without a subscription; wherefore I hope you will invite the city into it, and desire those who have any thing by them relating to that part of natural history, to communicate it to, Sir, your humble servant,

HUMPHRY BINICORN.

SIR,

I Humbly beg leave to drop a song into your lion's mouth, which will very truly make him roar like any nightingale. It has fallen into my hands by chance, and is a very fine imitation of the works of many of our English lyrics. It cannot but be highly acceptable to all those who admire the translations of Italian operas.

I.

Oh, the charming month of May!
Oh, the charming month of May!
When the breezes fan the trees
Full of blossoms fresh and gay—
Full, &c.

II.

Oh, what joys our prospects yield!
Charming joys our prospects yield!
In a new livery, when we see every
Bush and meadow, tree and field—
Bush, &c.

III.

Oh, how fresh the morning air!
Charming fresh the morning air!
When the zephyrs and the heifers
Their odoriferous breath compare—
Their, &c.

IV.

Oh, how fine our evening walk!
Charming fine our evening walk!
When the nightingale delighting
With her song, suspends our talk—
With her, &c.

V.

Oh, how sweet at night to dream!
Charming sweet at night to dream!

On mossy pillows, by the trill
Of a gentle purling stream—
Of a, &c.

VI.

Oh, how kind the country lass!
Charming kind the country lass!
Who, her cow milking, leaves her milking
For a green gown on the grass—
For a, &c.

VII.

Oh, how sweet it is to spy!
Charming sweet it is to spy!
At the conclusion, her confusion,
Blushing cheeks, and down-cast eye—
Blushing, &c.

VIII.

Oh, the cooling curds and cream!
Charming cooling curds and cream!
When all is over, she gives her lover,
Who, on her skimming-dish carves her
name—
Who on, &c.

MR. IRONSIDE,

JULY 30.

I Have always been very much pleased with the sight of those creatures which, being of a foreign growth, are brought into our island for show. I may say, there has not been a tyger, leopard, elephant, or hyghgeen, for some years past, in this nation, but I have taken their particular dimensions, and am able to give a very good description of them. But, I must own, I never had a greater curiosity to visit any of these strangers than your Lion. Accordingly, I came yesterday to town, being able to wait no longer for fair weather, and made what haste I could to Mr. Button's, who readily conducted me to his den of state. He is really a creature of as noble a presence as I have seen; he has grandeur and good humour in his countenance, which command both our love and respect; his shaggy mane and whiskers are peculiar graces. In short, I do not question but he will prove a worthy supporter of the British honour and virtue; especially when assisted by the Unicorn. You must think I would not wait upon him without a morsel to gain his favour, and had provided what I hope would have pleased, but was unluckily prevented by the presence of a bear, which constantly, as I approached with my present, threw his eyes in my way, and stared me out of my resolution. I must not forget to tell you, my younger daughter and your ward is hard at work about her tucker, having never

from her infancy laid aside the modesty-piece. I am, venerable Nestor, your friend and servant,

P. N.

I was a little surprized, having read

some of your *Lion's Roarings*, that a creature of such eloquence should want a tongue, but he has other qualifications which make good that deficiency.

N^o CXXV. TUESDAY, AUGUST 4.

NUNC FORMOSISSIMUS ANNUS.

VIRG. ECL. 3. v. 57.

NOW THE GAY YEAR IN ALL HER CHARMS IS DREST.

MEN of my age receive a greater pleasure from fine weather than from any other sensual enjoyment of life. In spite of the auxiliary bottle, or any artificial heat, we are apt to droop under a gloomy sky; and taste no luxury like a blue firmament and sunshine. I have often, in a splenetic fit, wished myself a dormouse, during the winter; and I never see one of those snug animals, wrapped up close in his fur, and compactly happy in himself, but I contemplate him with envy beneath the dignity of a philosopher. If the art of flying were brought to perfection, the use that I should make of it would be to attend the sun round the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the Zodiac. This love of warmth makes my heart glad at the return of the spring. How amazing is the change in the face of nature; when the earth, from being bound with frost, or covered with snow, begins to put forth her plants and flowers, to be cloathed with green, diversified with ten thousand various dyes; and to exhale such fresh and charming odours, as fill every living creature with delight!

Full of thoughts like these, I make it a rule to lose as little as I can of that blessed season; and accordingly rise with the sun, and wander through the fields, throw myself on the banks of little rivulets, or lose myself in the woods. I spent a day or two this spring at a country gentleman's seat, where I feasted my imagination every morning with the most luxurious prospect I ever saw. I usually took my stand by the wall of an old castle built upon a high hill. A noble river ran at the foot of it, which after being broken by a heap of misshapen stones, glided away in a clear stream, and wandering through two woods on each

side of it in many windings, shone here and there at a great distance through the trees. I could trace the mazes for some miles, until my eye was led through two ridges of hills, and terminated by a vast mountain in another county.

I hope the reader will pardon me for taking his eye from our present subject of the spring, by this landscape, since it is at this time of the year only that prospects excel in beauty. But if the eye is delighted, the ear hath likewise its proper entertainment. The music of the birds at this time of the year hath something in it so wildly sweet, as makes me less relish the most elaborate compositions of Italy. The vigour which the warmth of the sun pours afresh into their veins, prompts them to renew their species; and thereby puts the male upon wooing his mate, with more mellow warblings, and to swell his throat with more violent modulations. It is an amusement by no means below the dignity of a rational soul, to observe the pretty creatures flying in pairs, to mark the different passions in their intrigues, the curious contexture of their nests, and their care and tenderness of their little offspring.

I am particularly acquainted with a wagtail and his spouse, and made many remarks upon the several gallantries he hourly used, before the coy female would consent to make him happy. When I saw in how many airy rings he was forced to pursue her; how sometimes she tripped before him in a pretty pitty-pat step, and scarce seemed to regard the covering of his wings, and the many awkward and foppish contortions into which he put his body to do her homage, it made me reflect upon my own youth, and the caprices of the fair but fantastie Teraminta.

Teraminta. Often have I wished that I understood the language of birds, when I have heard him exert an eager chuckle at her leaving him; and do not doubt, but that he muttered the same vows and reproaches which I often have yented against that unrelenting maid.

The fight that gave me the most satisfaction was a flight of young birds, under the conduct of the father, and indulgent directions and assistance of the dam. I took particular notice of a beau goldfinch, who was picking his plumes, pruning his wings, and with great diligence adjusting all his gaudy garniture. When he had equipped himself with great trimness and nicety, he stretched his painted neck, which seemed to brighten with new glowings, and strained his throat into many wild notes and natural melody. He then flew about the nest in several circles and windings, and invited his wife and children into open air. It was very entertaining to see the trembling and the fluttering of the little strangers at their first appearance in the world, and the different care of the male and female parent, so suitable to their several sexes. I could not take my eye quickly from so entertaining an object; nor could I help wishing, that creatures of a superior rank would so manifest their mutual affection, and so cheerfully concur in providing for their offspring.

I shall conclude this tattle about the spring, which I usually call 'the youth' and health of the year, with some verses which I transcribe from a manuscript poem upon hunting. The author gives directions, that hounds should breed in the spring, whence he takes occasion, after the manner of the ancients, to make a digression in praise of that season. The verses here subjoined are not all upon that subject; but the transitions slide so easily into one another, that I knew not how to leave off, until I had writ out the whole digression.

In spring, let loose thy males. Then all things prove,
The stings of pleasure, and the pangs of love:
Æthereal Jove then glads, with genial showers,
Earth's mighty womb, and strews her lap with flowers;

Hence juices mount, and buds, embolden'd,
try
More kindly breezes, and a softer sky:
Kind Venus revels. Hark! on ev'ry bough,
In lulling strains the feather'd warblers woo.
Fell tigers soften in th' infectious flames,
And lions fawning, court their brinded dames:
Great love pervades the deep; to please his
mate,
The whale, in gambols, moves his monstrous
weight:

Heav'd by his wayward mirth old Ocean roars,
And scatter'd navies bulge on distant shores.

All nature smiles: come now, nor fear,
my love,
To taste the odours of the wood-bine grove,
To pass the evening glooms in harmless play,
And, sweetly swearing, languish life away.
An altar bound, with recent flowers, I rear
To thee, best season of the various year:
All hail! such days in beauteous order ran,
So soft, so sweet, when first the world began;
In Eden's bow'rs, when man's great Sire assign'd

The names and natures of the brutal kind.
Then lamb and lion friendly walk'd their
round,

And hares, undaunted, lick'd the fondling
hound;

Wond'rous to tell! But when with luckless
hand,

Our daring mother broke the sole command,
Then want and envy brought their meagre
train,

Then wrath came down, and death had leave
to reign:

Hence foxes earth'd, and wolves abhor'd the
day,

And hungry churls ensnar'd the nightly prey.
Rude arts at first; but witty want refin'd
The huntsman's wiles, and famine form'd
the mind.

Bold Nimrod first the lions trophies wore,
The panther bound, and lanc'd the bristling
boar;

He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
And wheel the courser in his mid career:
Ah! had he there restrain'd his tyrant hand!
Let me, ye pow'rs, an humbler wreath de-
mand:

No pomps I ask, which crowns and scepters
yield;

Nor dang'rous laurels in the dusty field:
Fast by the forest, and the limpid spring,
Give me the warfare of the woods to sing,
To breed my whelps, and healthful press the
game,

A mean, inglorious, but a guiltless name.

N^o CXXVI. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5.

HOMO SUM, HUMANI NIHIL A ME ALIENUM PUTO.

TER. HEAUT. ACT. I. SC. I.

I AM A MAN, AND HAVE A FELLOW-FEELING OF EVERY THING BELONGING TO MAN.

IF we consider the whole scope of the creation that lies within our view, the moral and intellectual, as well as the natural and corporeal; we shall perceive, throughout, a certain correspondence of the parts, a similitude of operation and unity of design, which plainly demonstrate the universe to be the work of one infinitely good and wise Being; and that the system of thinking beings is actuated by laws derived from the same Divine Power, which ordained those by which the corporeal system is upheld.

From the contemplation of the order, motion, and cohesion of natural bodies, philosophers are now agreed, that there is a mutual attraction between the most distant parts at least of this solar system. All those bodies that revolve round the sun are drawn towards each other, and towards the sun, by some secret, uniform, and never-ceasing principle. Hence it is, that the earth, as well as the other planets, without flying off in a tangent line, constantly rolls about the sun, and the moon about the earth, without deserting her companion in so many thousand years. And as the larger systems of the universe are held together by this cause, so likewise the particular globes derive their cohesion and consistence from it.

Now if we carry our thoughts from the corporeal to the moral world, we may observe in the spirits or minds of men, a like principle of attraction, whereby they are drawn together in communities, clubs, families, friendships, and all the various species of society. As in bodies, where the quantity is the same, the attraction is strongest between those which are placed nearest to each other; so it is likewise in the mind of men, *ceteris paribus*, between those which are most nearly related. Bodies that are placed at the distance of many millions of miles, may nevertheless attract and constantly operate on each other, although this action do not shew itself by an union or approach of those

distant bodies, so long as they are withheld by the contrary forces of other bodies, which, at the same time, attract them different ways; but would, on the supposed removal of all other bodies, mutually approach and unite with each other. The like holds with regard to the human soul, whose affection towards the individuals of the same species, who are distantly related to it, is rendered inconspicuous by its more powerful attraction towards those who have a nearer relation to it. But as those are removed, the tendency which before lay concealed doth gradually disclose itself.

A man who has no family is more strongly attracted towards his friends and neighbours; and, if absent from these, he naturally falls into an acquaintance with those of his own city or country who chance to be in the same place. Two Englishmen meeting at Rome or Constantinople, soon run into a familiarity. And in China or Japan, Europeans would think their being so a good reason for their uniting in particular converse. Farther, in case we suppose ourselves translated into Jupiter or Saturn, and there to meet a Chinese or other more distant native of our own planet, we should look on him as a near relation, and readily commence a friendship with him. These are natural reflections, and such as may convince us that we are linked by an imperceptible chain to every individual of the human race.

The several great bodies which compose the solar system are kept from joining together at the common center of gravity by the rectilinear motions the Author of Nature has impressed on each of them; which, concurring with the attractive principle, form their respective orbits round the sun: upon the ceasing of which motions, the general law of gravitation that is now thwarted, would shew itself by drawing them all into one mass. After the same manner, in the parallel case of society, private

vate passions and motions of the soul do often obstruct the operation of that benevolent uniting instinct implanted in human nature; which notwithstanding doth still exert, and will not fail to shew itself when those obstructions are taken away.

The mutual gravitation of bodies cannot be explained any other way than by resolving it into the immediate operation of God, who never ceases to dispose and actuate his creatures in a manner suitable to their respective beings. So neither can that reciprocal attraction in the minds of men be accounted for by any other cause. It is not the result of education, law, or fashion; but is a principle originally ingrafted in the very first formation of the soul by the Author of our nature.

And as the attractive power in bodies is the most universal principle which produceth innumerable effects, and is a key to explain the various phenomena of nature; so the corresponding social appetite in human souls is the great spring and source of moral actions. This it is that inclines each individual to an intercourse with his species, and models every one to that behaviour which best suits with the common well-being. Hence that sympathy in our nature, whereby we feel the pains and joys of our fellow-creatures. Hence that prevalent love in parents towards their children, which is neither founded on the merit of the object, nor yet on self-interest. It is this that makes us inquisitive concerning the affairs of distant nations, which can have no influence on our own. It is this that extends our care to future generations, and excites us to acts of beneficence towards those who are not yet in being, and consequently from whom we can expect no recompence. In a word, hence arises that diffusive sense of humanity so unaccountable to the selfish man who is untouched with it, and is indeed a sort of monster or anomalous production.

These thoughts do naturally suggest the following particulars: first, That as social inclinations are absolutely necessary to the well-being of the world, it

is the duty and interest of each individual to cherish and improve them to the benefit of mankind; the duty, because it is agreeable to the intention of the Author of our being, who aims at the common good of his creatures, and, as an indication of his will, hath implanted the seeds of mutual benevolence in our souls; the interest, because the good of the whole is inseparable from that of the parts; in promoting therefore the common good, every one doth at the same time promote his own private interest. Another observation I shall draw from the premises is, that it makes a signal proof of the divinity of the Christian religion; that the main duty which it inculcates above all others is charity. Different maxims and precepts have distinguished the different sects of philosophy and religion; our Lord's peculiar precept is, 'Love thy neighbour as thyself.' By this shall all men know that 'you are my disciples, if you love one another.'

I will not say, that what is a most shining proof of our religion, is not often a reproach to it's professors: but this I think very plain, that whether we regard the analogy of nature, as it appears in the mutual attraction of gravitations of the mundane system; in the general frame and constitution of the human soul; or lastly, in the ends and aptnesses which are discoverable in all parts of the visible and intellectual world; we shall not doubt but the precept, which is the characteristic of our religion, came from the Author of nature. Some of our modern Free-Thinkers would indeed insinuate the Christian morals to be defective, because, say they, there is no mention made in the gospel of the virtue of friendship. These sagacious men, if I may be allowed the use of that vulgar saying, 'cannot see the wood for trees.' That a religion, whereof the main drift is to inspire it's professors with the most noble and disinterested spirit of love, charity, and beneficence to all mankind; or, in other words, with a friendship to every individual man; should be taxed with the want of that very virtue, is surely a glaring evidence of the blindness and prejudice of it's adversaries.

N^o CXXVII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 6.

LUSIT AMABILITER

HE SPORTED AGREEABLY.

AN agreeable young gentleman, that has a talent for poetry, and does me the favour to entertain me with his performances after my more serious studies, read me yesterday the following translation. In this town, where there are so many women of prostituted charms; I am very glad when I gain so much time of reflection from a youth of a gay turn, as is taken up in any composition, though the piece he writes is not foreign to that his natural inclination. For it is a great step towards gaining upon the passions, that there is a delicacy in the choice of their object; and to turn the imaginations towards a bride, rather than a mistress, is getting a great way towards being in the interests of virtue. It is an hopeless manner of reclaiming youth, which has been practised by some moralists, to declaim against pleasure in general: no; the way is to shew, that the pleasurable course is that which is limited and governed by reason. In this case virtue is upon equal terms with vice, and has, with all the same indulgences of desire, the advantage of safety in honour and reputation. I have, for this reason often thought of exercising my pupils, of whom I have several of admirable talents, upon writing little poems, or epigrams, which in a volume I would entitle *The Seeing Cupid*. These compositions should be written on the little advances made towards a young lady of the strictest virtue, and all the circumstances alluded to in them should have something that might please her mind in it's purest innocence, as well as celebrate her person in it's highest beauty. This work would instruct a woman to be a good wife, all the while it is a wooing her to be a bride. Imagination and reason should go hand in hand in a generous amour; for when it is otherwise, real discontent and aversion in marriage, succeed the groundless and wild promise of imagination in courtship.

THE COURT OF VENUS FROM CLAUDIAN, BEING PART OF THE EPITHALAMUM ON HONORIUS AND MARIA.

IN the fam'd Cyprian isle a mountain stands,
That casts a shadow into distant lands.
In vain access by human feet is try'd;
It's lofty brow looks down with noble pride
On bounteous Nile, thro' seven wide channels spread;
And sees old Proteus in his oozy bed.
Along it's sides no hoary frosts presume
To blast the myrtle shrubs, or nip the bloom,
The winds with caution sweep the rising flow'rs,
While balmy dews descend, and vernal show'rs.
The ruling orbs no wintery horrors bring,
Fix'd in th' indulgence of eternal spring.
Unfading sweets in purple scenes appear,
And genial breezes soften all the year.
The nice luxurious soul, uncloy'd may rove;
From pleasures still to circling pleasures }
move;
For endless beauty kindles endless love.
The mountain, when the summit once you gain,
Fall, by degrees, and sinks into a plain:
Where the pleas'd eye may flow'ry meads behold,
Inclos'd with branching ore, and hedg'd with gold.
Or where large crops the gen'rous glebe supplies,
And yellow harvests, unprovok'd, arise:
For, by mild zephyrs fann'd, the teeming soil
Yields ev'ry grain, nor asks the peasant toil.
These were the bribes, the price of heav'nly charms;
These Cytherea won to Vulcan's arms:
For such a bliss he such a gift bestow'd;
The rich, th' immortal labours of a god!
A sylvan scene, in solemn state display'd,
Flatters each feather'd warbler with a shade;
But here no bird it's painted wings can move,
Unless elected by the queen of love.
Ere made a member of this tuneful throng,
She hears the songster, and approves the song:
The joyous victors hop from spray to spray;
The vanquish'd fly with mournful notes away.
Branches in branches twin'd, compose the grove;
And shoot, and spread, and blossom into love.

The

The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,
And bending poplars bending poplars meet:
The distant plantanes seem to press more nigh;
And to the sighing alder, alders sigh;
Blue heavens above them smile; and, all below,
Two murmuring streams in wild meanders
flow.

This, mix'd with gall; and that, like honey,
sweet!

But, ah! too soon th' unfriendly waters meet!
Steep'd in these springs, if verse belief can gain,
The darts of love their double pow'r attain:
Hence all mankind a bitter sweet have found,
A painful pleasure, and a grateful wound.

Along the grassy banks, in bright array,
Ten thousand little loves their wings display:
Quivers and bows their usual sports proclaim;
Their dress, their stature, and their looks, the
same;

Smiling in innocence, and ever young,
And tender, as the nymphs from whom they
sprung.

For Venus did but boast one only son,
And rosy Cupid was that boasted one;
He, uncontroll'd, thro' heav'n extends his sway,
And gods and goddesses by turns obey:
Or, if he stoops on earth, great princes burn,
Sicken on thrones, and, wreath'd with lau-
rels, mourn.

Th' inferior pow'rs o'er hearts inferior reign,
And pierce the rural fair, or homely swain.
Here love's imperial pomp is spread around
Voluptuous liberty, that knows no bound;
And sudden storms of wrath, which soon de-
cline;

And midnight watchings o'er the fumes of
wine:

Unartful tears, and hectic looks, that show
With silent eloquence the lover's woe;
Boldness unfledg'd, and to stol'n raptures new,
Half trembling stands, and scarcely dares
pursue:

Fears, that delight, and anxious doubts of joy,
Which check our swelling hopes, but not de-
stroy;

And short-breath'd vows, forgot as soon as
made,

On airy pinions flutter thro' the glade.
Youth, with a haughty look, and gay attire,
And rolling eyes, that glow with soft desire,
Shines forth exalted on a pompous seat;
While sullen cares, and wither'd age, retreat.

Now from afar the palace seems to blaze,
And hither would extend it's golden rays;
But by reflection of the grove is seen
The gold still vary'd by a waving green:
For Mulciber with secret pride beheld,
How far his skill all human wit excell'd;
And, grown uxorious, did the work design
To speak the artist, and the art divine.
Proud columns, tow'ring high, support the
frame,

That hewn from Hyacinthian quarries came.
The beams are emeralds, and yet scarce adorn
The ruby walls, on which themselves are
borne.

The pavement, rich with veins of agate lies;
And steps, with shining jasper slippery, rise.

Here spices in parterres promiscuous blow,
Not from Arabia's fields more odours flow;
The wanton winds thro' groves of Cassia play,
And steal the ripen'd fragrances away:
Here with it's load the wild amomum bends;
There cinnamon, in rival sweets contends;
A rich perfume the ravish'd senses stirs,
While from the weeping tree the balm distills.

At these delightful bow'rs arrives at last
The God of Love, a tedious journey past;
Then shapes his way to reach the fronting
gate,

Doubles his majesty, and walks in state.
It chanc'd, upon a radiant throne reclin'd,
Venus her golden tresses did unbind;
Proud to be thus employ'd, on either hand
Th' Italian sisters, rang'd in order, stand.
Ambrosial essence one bestows in show'rs,
And lavishly whole streams of nectar pours;
With iv'ry combs another's dextrous care
Or curls, or opens the dishevell'd hair;
A third, industrious with a nicer eye,
Instructs the ringlets in what form to lie;
Yet leaves some few, that, not so closely prest,
Sport in the wind, and wanton from the rest.
Sweet negligence! by artful study wrought,
A graceful error, and a lovely fault.

The judgment of the glass is here unknown;
Here mirrors are supply'd by ev'ry stone.
Where'er the goddess turns, her image falls,
And a new Venus dances on the walls.

Now while she did her spotless form survey,
Pleas'd with Love's empire, and almighty
sway,

She spy'd her son; and, fir'd with eager joy,
Sprung forwards, and embrac'd the fav'rite
boy.

N^o CXXVIII. FRIDAY, AUGUST 7.

DELEND A EST CARTHAGO

DEMOLISH CARTHAGE.

IT is usually thought, with great justice, a very impertinent thing in a private man to intermeddle in matters which regard the state. But the memorial which is mentioned in the following letter is so daring, and so apparently designed for the most traitorous purpose imaginable, that I do not care what misinterpretation I suffer, when I expose it to the resentment of all men who value their country, or have any regard to the honour, safety, or glory, of their Queen. It is certain there is not much danger in delaying the demolition of Dunkirk during the life of his present Most Christian Majesty, who is renowned for the most inviolable regard to treaties; but that pious prince is aged; and in case of his decease, now the power of France and Spain is in the same family, it is possible an ambitious successor (or his ministry in a king's minority) might dispute his being bound by the act of his predecessor in so weighty a particular.

MR. IRONSIDE,

YOU employ your important moments, methinks, a little too frivolously, when you consider so often little circumstances of dress and behaviour, and never make mention of matters wherein you and all your fellow-subjects in general are concerned. I give you now an opportunity, not only of manifesting your loyalty to your Queen, but your affection to your country, if you treat an insolence done to them both with the disdain it deserves. The inclosed printed paper in French and English has been handed about the town, and given gratis to passengers in the streets at noon-day. You see the title of it is—'A most humble Address, or Memorial, presented to her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, by the Deputy of the Magistrates of Dunkirk.' The nauseous memorialist, with the most fulsome flattery, tells the Queen of her thunder, and of wisdom and clemency adored by all the earth; at the

same time that he attempts to undermine her power, and escape her wisdom, by beseeching her to do an act which will give a well-grounded jealousy to her people. What the sycophant desires is, that the mole and dykes of Dunkirk may be spared; and it seems, the *Sieur Tugghe*, for so the petitioner is called, was thunderstruck by the denunciation (which, he says) the Lord Viscount Bolingbroke made to him; that her Majesty did not think to make any alteration in the dreadful sentence she had pronounced against the town. Mr. Ironside, I think you would do an act worthy your general humanity, if you would put the *Sieur Tugghe* right in this matter; and let him know, that her Majesty has pronounced no sentence against the town, but his Most Christian Majesty has agreed that the town and harbour shall be demolished.

That the British nation expect the immediate demolition of it.

That the very common people know, that within three months after the signing of the peace, the works towards the sea were to be demolished; and, within three months after it, the works towards the land.

That the said peace was signed the last of March, O. S.

That the Parliament has been told from the Queen, that the equivalent for it is in the hands of the French King.

That the *Sieur Tugghe* has the impudence to ask the Queen to remit the most material part of the articles of peace between her Majesty and his master.

That the British nation received more damage in their trade from the port of Dunkirk, than from almost all the ports of France, either in the ocean or the Mediterranean.

That fleets of above thirty sail have come together out of Dunkirk, during the late war, and taken ships of war as well as merchant-men.

That the Pretender sailed from thence to Scotland; and that it is the only port the

the French have until you come to Brest, for the whole length of St. George's Channel, where any considerable naval armament can be made.

That destroying the fortifications of Dunkirk is an inconsiderable advantage to England, in comparison to the advantage of destroying the mole, dykes, and harbour; it being the naval force from thence which only can hurt the British nation.

That the British nation expect the immediate demolition of Dunkirk.

That the Dutch, who suffered equally with us from those of Dunkirk, were probably induced to sign the treaty with France from this consideration, that the town and harbour of Dunkirk should be destroyed.

That the situation of Dunkirk is such, as that it may always keep runners to observe all ships sailing on the Thames and Medway.

That all the suggestions, which the Sieur Tugghe brings concerning the Dutch, are false and scandalous.

That whether it may be advantageous to the trade of Holland or not, that Dunkirk should be demolished; it is necessary for the safety, honour, and liberty of England, that it should be so.

That when Dunkirk is demolished, the power of France, on that side, should it ever be turned against us, will be removed several hundred miles further off of Great Britain than it is at present.

That after the demolition, there can be no considerable preparation made at sea by the French on all the channel,

but at Brest: and that Great Britain being an island, which cannot be attacked but by a naval power, we may esteem France effectually removed, by the demolition, from Great Britain, as far as the distance from Dunkirk to Brest.

Pray, Mr. Ironside, repeat this last particular, and put it in a different letter, *that the demolition of Dunkirk will remove France many hundred miles farther off from us*; and then repeat again, *that the British nation expects the demolition of Dunkirk*.

I demand of you, as you love and honour your Queen and country, that you insert this letter, or speak to this purpose, your own way; for in this all parties must agree, that however bound in friendship one nation is with another, it is but prudent that in case of a rupture, they should be, if possible, upon equal terms.

Be honest, old Nestor, and say all this; for whatever half-witted hot whigs may think, we all value our estates and liberties, and every true man of each party must think himself concerned that Dunkirk should be demolished.

It lies upon all who have the honour to be in the ministry to hasten this matter, and not let the credulity of an honest, brave people, be thus infamously abused in our open streets.

I cannot go on for indignation: but pray God that our mercy to France may not expose us to the mercy of France.

Your humble servant,

ENGLISH TORY.

Nº CXXIX. SATURDAY, AUGUST 8.

ANIMASQUE IN VULNERE PONUNT.

VIRG. GEORG. 4. V. 238.

AND PART WITH LIFE, ONLY TO WOUND THEIR FOE.

ANGER is so uneasy a guest in the heart, that he may be said to be born unhappy who is of a rough and choleric disposition. The moralists have defined it to be 'a desire of revenge for some injury offered.' Men of hot and heady tempers are eagerly desirous of vengeance, the very moment they apprehend themselves injured: whereas the cool and sedate watch proper opportunities to return grief for grief to their enemy. By this means it often hap-

pens, that the choleric inflict disproportioned punishments, upon slight, and sometimes imaginary offences: but the temperately revengeful have leisure to weigh the merits of the cause, and thereby either to smother their secret resentments, or to seek proper and adequate reparations for the damages they have sustained. Weak minds are apt to speak well of the man of fury; because, when the storm is over, he is full of sorrow and repentance: but the truth is, he is

K k 2

apt

apt to commit such ravages during his madness, that when he comes to himself, he becomes tame then, for the same reason that he ran wild before, 'only to give himself ease;' and is a friend only to himself in both extremities. Men of this unhappy make, more frequently than any others, expect that their friends should hear with their infirmities. Their friends should in return desire them to correct their infirmities. The common excuses, that they cannot help it, that it was soon over, that they harbour no malice in their hearts, are arguments for pardoning a bull or a mastiff; but shall never reconcile me to an intellectual savage. Why, indeed, should any one imagine, that persons, independent upon him, should venture into his society, who hath not yet so far subdued his boiling blood, but that he is ready to do something, the next minute, which he can never repair; and hath nothing to plead in his own behalf, but that he is apt to do mischief as fast as he can? Such a man may be feared, he may be pitied, he can never be loved.

I would not hereby be so understood, as if I meant to recommend slow and deliberate malice: I would only observe, that men of moderation are of a more amiable character than the rash and inconsiderate; but if they do not husband the talent that Heaven hath bestowed upon them, they are as much more odious than the choleric, as the devil is more horrible than a brute. It is hard to say which of the two, when injured, is more troublesome to himself, or more hurtful to his enemy; the one is hoisterous and gentle by fits, dividing his life between guilt and repentance, now all tempest, again all sunshine: the other hath a smoother, but more lasting anguish, lying under a perpetual gloom; the latter is a cowardly man, the former a generous beast. If he may be held unfortunate who cannot be sure but that he may do something the next minute which he shall lament during his life; what shall we think of him, who hath a soul so infected, that he can never be happy until he hath made another miserable? What wars may we imagine perpetually raging in his breast? What dark stratagems, unworthy designs, inhuman wishes, dreadful resolutions! A snake curled in many intricate mazes, ready to sting a traveller, and to hiss him in the pangs of

death, is no unfit emblem of such an artful unfeared projector. Were I to chuse an enemy, whether should I wish for one that would stab me suddenly; or one that would give me an Italian poison, subtle and lingering, yet as certainly fatal as the stroke of a stiletto: let the reader determine the doubt in his own mind.

There is yet a third sort of revenge, if it may be called a third, which is compounded of the other two: I mean the mistaken honour which hath too often a place in generous breasts. Men of good education, though naturally choleric, restrain their wrath so far as to seek convenient times for vengeance. The single combat seems so generous a way of ending controversies, that until we have strict laws, the number of widows and orphans, and I wish I could not say of wretched spirits, will be increased. Of all the medals which have been struck in honour of a neighbouring monarch, there is not one which can give him so true renown as that upon the success of his edicts for 'abolishing the impious practice of duelling.'

What inclined me at present to write upon this subject, was the sight of the following letters, which I can assure the reader to be genuine. They concern two noble names among us; but the crime of which the gentlemen are guilty, bears too prevalently the name of honour, to need an apology to their relations for reviving the mention of their duel. But the dignity of wrath, and the cool and deliberate preparation (by passing different climes, and waiting convenient seasons) for murdering each other, when we consider them as moved by a sense of honour, must raise in the reader as much compassion as horror.

A MONSIEUR. MONSIEUR. SACK-
VILLE.

I That am in France hear how much you attribute to yourself in this time, that I have given the world leave to ring your praises ***** If you call to memory, whereas I gave you my hand last, I told you I reserved the heart for a truer reconciliation. Now be that noble gentleman my love once spoke you, and come and do him right that could recite the trials you owe your birth and country, were I not confident your honour gives you the same courage to

to do me right, that it did to do me wrong. Be master of your own weapons and time; the place whereof I will wait on you. By doing this you shall shorten revenge, and clear the idle opinion the world hath of both our worths.

ED. BRUCE.

A MR. MONSIEUR LE BARON DE KINLOSS.

AS it shall be always far from me to seek a quarrel, so will I always be ready to meet with any that desire to make trial of my valour by so fair a course as you require. A witness whereof yourself shall be, who within a month shall receive a strict account of time, place, and weapon, where you shall find me ready disposed to give you honourable satisfaction, by him that shall conduct you thither. In the mean time be as secret of the appointment as it seems you are desirous of it.

ED. SACKVILLE.

A MR. MONSIEUR LE BARON DE KINLOSS.

I Am ready at Tergoso, a town in Zealand, to give you that satisfaction your sword can render you, accompanied with a worthy gentleman my second, in degree a knight; and for your coming I will not limit you a peremptory day, but desire you to make a definite and speedy repair for your own honour, and fear of prevention; until which time you shall find me there.

ED. SACKVILLE.

TERGOSA, 10TH OF AUGUST, 1613.

A MR. MONSIEUR SACKVILLE.

I Have received your letter by your man, and acknowledge you have dealt nobly with me; and now I come with all possible haste to meet you.

ED. BRUCE.

N^o CXXX. MONDAY, AUGUST 10.

—VACUUM SINE MENTE POPELLUM.

MUSE ANGLICANÆ.

AN EMPTY, THOUGHTLESS TRIBE.

AS the greatest part of mankind are more affected by things which strike the senses, than by excellences that are to be discerned by reason and thought, they form very erroneous judgments when they compare the one with the other. An eminent instance of this is, that vulgar notion, that men addicted to contemplation are less useful members of society than those of a different course of life. The business, therefore, of my present paper, shall be to compare the distinct merits of the speculative and the active parts of mankind.

The advantages arising from the labours of generals and politicians are confined to narrow tracts of the earth; and while they promote the interest of their own country, they lessen or obstruct that of other nations. Whereas the light and knowledge that spring from speculation are not limited to any single spot, but equally diffused to the benefit of the whole globe. Besides, for the most part, the renown only of men of action is transmitted to distant posterity, their great exploits either dy-

ing with themselves, or soon after them; whereas speculative men continue to deserve well of the world thousands of years after they have left it. Their merits are propagated with their fame which is due to them; but a free gift to those to whom their beneficence has outlived their persons.

What benefit do we receive from the renowned deeds of Cæsar or Alexander; that we should make them the constant themes of our praise? while the name of Pythagoras is more sparingly celebrated, though it be to him that we are indebted for our trade and riches. This may seem strange to a vulgar reader, but the following reflection will make it plain. That philosopher invented the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid, which is the foundation of trigonometry, and consequently of navigation, upon which the commerce of Great Britain depends.

The mathematics are so useful and ornamental to human life, that the ingenious Sir William Temple acknowledges, in some part of his writings, all those

those advantages which distinguish polite nations from barbarians to be derived from them. But as these sciences cultivate the exterior parts of life, there are others of a more excellent nature, that endue the heart with rudiments of virtue, and by opening our prospects, and awakening our hopes, produce generous emotions and sublime sentiments in the soul.

The divine sages of antiquity, who by transmitting down to us their speculations upon good and evil, upon Providence, and the dignity and duration of thinking beings, have imprinted an idea of moral excellence on the minds of men, are most eminent benefactors to human nature; and, however overlooked in the loud and thoughtless applause that are every day bestowed on the slaughterers and disturbers of mankind, yet they will never want the esteem and approbation of the wise and virtuous.

This apology in behalf of the speculative part of mankind, who make useful truth the end of their being, and it's acquisition the business as well as entertainment of their lives, seems not improper, in order to rectify the mistake of those who measure merit by noise and outward appearance, and are too apt to depreciate and ridicule men of thought and retirement. The railery and reproaches which are thrown on that species by those who abound in the animal life, would incline one to think the world not sufficiently convinced, that whatsoever is good or excellent proceeds from reason and reflection.

Even those who only regard truth as such, without communicating their thoughts, or applying them to practice, will seem worthy members of the commonwealth, if we compare the innocence and tranquillity with which they pass their lives, with the fraud and impertinence of other men. But the number of those who by abstracted thoughts become useless, is inconsiderable in respect of them who are hurtful to mankind by an active and restless disposition.

As in the distribution of other things, so in this the wisdom of Providence appears, that men addicted to intellectual pursuits, bear a small proportion to those who rejoice in exerting the force and activity of their corporeal organs; for operations of the latter sort are limited to a narrow extent of time and place, whereas those of the mind are perma-

nent and universal. Plato and Euclid enjoy a sort of immortality upon earth, and at this day read lectures to the world.

But if to inform the understanding, and regulate the will, is the most lasting and diffusive benefit, there will not be found so useful and excellent an institution as that of the Christian Priesthood, which is now become the scorn of fools. That a numerous order of men should be consecrated to the study of the most sublime and beneficial truths, with a design to propagate them by their discourses and writings, to inform their fellow-creatures of the being and attributes of the Deity, to possess their minds with a sense of a future state, and not only to explain the nature of every virtue and moral duty, but likewise to persuade mankind to the practice of them by the most powerful and engaging motives, is a thing so excellent and necessary to the well-being of the world, that nobody but a modern Free-thinker could have the forehead or folly to turn it into ridicule.

The light in which these points should be exposed to the view of one who is prejudiced against the names, *religion, church, priest*, and the like, is to consider the Clergy as so many Philosophers, the Churches as Schools, and their sermons as lectures, for the information and improvement of the audience. How would the heart of Socrates or Tully have rejoiced, had they lived in a nation where the law had made provision for philosophers to read lectures of morality and theology every seventh day, in several thousands of schools erected at the public charge throughout the whole country; at which lectures all ranks and sexes, without distinction, were obliged to be present for their general improvement? And what wicked wretches would they think those men who would endeavour to defeat the purpose of so divine an institution?

It is indeed usual with that low tribe of writers, to pretend their design is only to reform the church, and expose the vices, and not the order, of the clergy. The author of a pamphlet printed the other day, (which, without my mentioning the title, will on this occasion occur to the thoughts of those who have read it) hopes to insinuate by that artifice, what he is afraid or ashamed openly to maintain. But there are two points which

which clearly shew what it is he aims at. The first is, that he constantly uses the word *priests* in such a manner, as that his reader cannot but observe he means to throw an odium on the clergy of the church of England, from their being called by a name which they enjoy in common with heathens and impostors. The other is, his raking together and exaggerating, with great spleen and industry, all those actions of churchmen, which, either by their own illness, or the bad light in which he places them, tend to give men an ill impression of the dispensers of the gospel: all which he pathetically addresses to the consideration of his wife and honest countrymen of the laity. The sophistry and ill-breeding of these proceedings are so obvious to men who have any pretence to that character, that I need say no more either of them or their author.

The inhabitants of the earth may properly be ranged under the two general heads of Gentlemen and Mechanics. This distinction arises from the different occupations wherein they exert themselves. The former of these species is universally acknowledged to be more honourable than the other, who are looked upon as a base and inferior order of men. But if the world is in the right in this natural judgment, it is not generally so in the distribution of particular persons under their respective denominations. It is a clear settled point, that the gentleman should be preferred to the mechanic: but who is the gentleman, and who the mechanic, wants to be explained.

The philosophers distinguish two parts in human nature; the rational and the animal. Now, if we attend to the reason of the thing, we shall find it difficult to assign a more just and adequate idea of these distinct species, than by defining the Gentleman to be him whose occupation lies in the exertion of his rational faculties; and the Mechanic him who is employed in the use of his animal parts, or the organic parts of his body.

The concurring assent of the world, in preferring Gentlemen to Mechanics, seems founded in that preference which the rational part of our nature is entitled to above the animal; when we consider it in itself, as it is the seat of wisdom and understanding, as it is pure and immortal, and as it is that which,

of all the known works of the creation, bears the brightest impress of the Deity.

It claims the same dignity and pre-eminence, if we consider it with respect to it's object. Mechanical motives or operations are confined to a narrow circle of low and little things: whereas reason enquires concerning the nature of intellectual beings; the great Author of our existence; it's end, and the proper methods of attaining it. Or, in case that noble faculty submit itself to nearer objects, it is not, like the organic powers, confined to a slow and painful manner of action; but shifts the scenes, and applies itself to the most distant objects with incredible ease and dispatch. Neither are the operations of the mind, like those of the hands, limited to one individual object, but at once extended to a whole species.

And as we have shewn the intellectual powers to be nobler than those of motion, both in their own nature, and in regard to their object, the same will still hold, if we consider their office. It is the province of the former to preside and direct, of the latter to execute and obey. Those who apply their hands to the materials, appear the immediate builders of an edifice; but the beauty and proportion of it is owing to the architect, who designed the plan in his closet. And in like manner, whatever there is either in art or nature, of use or regularity, will be found to proceed from the superior principle of reason and understanding. These reflections, how obvious soever, do nevertheless seem not sufficiently attended to by those who, being at great pains to improve the figure and motions of the body, neglect the culture of the mind.

From the premises it follows, that a man may descend from an ancient family, wear fine cloaths, and be master of what is commonly called good-breeding, and yet not merit the name of *Gentleman*. All those whose principal accomplishments consist in the exertion of the mechanic powers, whether the organ made use of be the eye, the muscles of the face, the fingers, feet, or any other part, are in the eye of reason to be esteemed mechanics.

I do therefore, by these presents, declare, that all men and women, by what title soever distinguished, whose occupation it is either to ogle with the eye,
flirt

flirt with the fan, dress, cringe, adjust the muscles of the face, or other parts of the body, are degraded from the rank of Gentry; which is from this time forward appropriated to those who employ the talents of the mind in the pursuit of knowledge and practice of virtue, and are content to take their places as they are distinguished by moral and intellectual accomplishments.

The rest of the human species come under the appellation of Mechanics, with this difference, that the professed Mechanics, who, not pretending to be Gentlemen, contain themselves within their proper sphere, are necessary to the well-being of mankind, and consequently should be more respected in a well-regulated commonwealth, than those Mechanics who make a merit of being useless.

Having hitherto considered the human species as distinguished into Gentlemen and Mechanics, I come now to treat of the *Machines*; a sort of beings that have the outside or appearance of men, without being really such. The Free-thinkers have often declared to the world, that they are not actuated by any incorporeal being or spirit; but that all the operations they exert proceed from the collision of certain corpuscles, endued with proper figures and motions. It is now a considerable time that I have been their proselyte in this point. I am even

so far convinced that they are in the right; that I shall attempt proving it to others.

The mind being itself invisible, there is no other way to discern it's existence than by the effects which it produceth. Where design, order, and symmetry, are visible in the effects, we conclude the cause to be an intelligent being; but where nothing of these can be found, we ascribe the effect to hazard, necessity, or the like. Now I appeal to any one who is conversant in the modern productions of our Free-thinkers, if they do not look rather like effects of chance, or at best of mechanism, than of a thinking principle, and consequently whether the authors of those rhapsodies are not mere Machines.

The same point is likewise evident from their own assertion; it being plain that no one could mistake thought for motion, who knew what thought was. For these reasons, I do hereby give it in charge to all Christians, that hereafter they speak of Free-thinkers in the neuter gender, using the term *it* for *him*. They are to be considered as Automata, made up of bones and muscles, nerves, arteries, and animal spirits; not so innocent indeed, but as destitute of thought and reason as those little machines, which the excellent *author* from whom I take the motto of this paper has so elegantly described *.

Nº CXXXI. TUESDAY, AUGUST II.

ITER FIGURORUM QUASI SEPE SPINARUM.

EX LATIN. PROV.

THE WAY OF THE SLOTHFUL MAN IS AN HEDGE OF THORNS.

PROV. XV. 19.

THERE are two sorts of persons within the consideration of my frontispiece; the first are the mighty body of lingerers, persons who do not indeed employ their time criminally, but are such pretty innocents; who, as the poet says—

—waste away
In gentle inactivity the day.

The others being something more vivacious, are such as do not only omit to spend their time well, but are in the constant pursuit of criminal satisfactions. Whatever the divine may think, the

case of the first seems to be the most deplorable, as the habit of sloth is more invincible than that of vice. The first is preferred even when the man is fully possessed of himself, and submitted to with constant deliberation and cool thought. The other we are driven into generally through the heat of wine or youth, which Mr. Hobbs calls a natural drunkenness; and therefore consequently are more excusable for any errors committed during the deprivation or suspension of our reason, than in the possession of it. The irregular starts of vicious appetites are in time destroyed by

the gratification of them; but a well-ordered life of sloth receives daily strength from its continuance. 'I went,' says Solomon, 'by the field of the slothful, and the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone-wall thereof was broken down.' To raise the image of this person, the same author adds—'The slothful man hideth his hand in his bosom, and it grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth.' If there were no future account expected of spending our time, the immediate inconvenience that attends a life of idleness should of itself be persuasion enough to the men of sense to avoid it: I say, to the men of sense, because there are of these that give into it, and for these chiefly is this paper designed. Arguments drawn from future rewards and punishments, are things too remote for the consideration of stubborn, sanguine youth: they are affected by such only as propose immediate pleasure or pain; as the strongest persuasive to the children of Israel was a land flowing with milk and honey. I believe I may say there is more toil, fatigue, and uneasiness, in sloth, than can be found in any employment a man will put himself upon. When a thoughtful man is once fixed this way, spleen is the necessary consequence. This directs him instantly to the contemplation of his health or circumstances, which must ever be found extremely bad upon these melancholy enquiries. If he has any common business upon his hands, numberless objections arise, that make the dispatch of it impossible; and he cries out, with Solomon—'There is a lion in the way, a lion in the streets;' that is, there is some difficulty or other, which to his imagination is as invincible as a lion really would be. The man, on the contrary, that applies himself to books or business, contracts a cheerful confidence in all his undertakings, from the daily improvements of his knowledge or fortune; and instead of giving himself up to

Thick-ey'd, musing, curst melancholy,

SHAKESPEARE.

has that constant life in his visage and conversation, which the idle splenetic man borrows sometimes from the sunshine, exercise, or an agreeable friend.

A reclusive idle sobriety must be attended with more bitter remorse than the most active debauchery can at any intervals be molested with. The rake, if he is a cautious manager, will allow himself very little time to examine his own conduct, and will bestow as few reflections upon himself, as the lingerer does upon any thing else, unless he has the misfortune to repent. I repeat the misfortune to repent, because I have put the great day of account out of the present case, and am now enquiring, not whose life is most irreligious, but most inconvenient. A gentleman that has formerly been a very eminent lingerer, and something splenetic, informs me, that in one winter he drank six hampers of Spaw-water, several gallons of Chalybeate tincture, two hogheads of biters, at the rate of sixty pounds an hog-head, laid one hundred and fifty infallible schemes, in every one of which he was disappointed, received a thousand affronts during the north-easterly winds, and, in short, run through more misery and expence than the most meritorious bravo could boast of. Another tells me, that he fell into this way at the university, where the youth are too apt to be lulled into a state of such tranquillity as prejudices them against the bustle of that worldly business, for which this part of their education should prepare them. As he could with the utmost secrecy be idle in his own chamber, he says he was for some years irrecoverably sunk, and immersed in the luxury of an easy-chair, though at the same time, in the general opinion, he passed for a hard student. During this lethargy he had some intervals of application to books, which rather aggravated than suspended the painful thoughts of a mis-spent life. Thus his supposed relief became his punishment, and, like the damned in Milton, upon their conveyance at certain revolutions from fire to ice—

He felt by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more
fierce.

When he had a mind to go out, he was so scrupulous as to form some excuse or other, which the idle are ever provided with, and could not satisfy himself without this ridiculous appearance of justice. Sometimes by his own contrivance and insinuation, the woman that looked after

L I

his

his chamber would convince him of the necessity of washing his room, or any other matter of the like joyous import, to which he always submitted, after having decently opposed it, and made his exit with much seeming reluctance, and inward delight. Thus did he pass the noon of his life in the solitude of a monk, and the guilt of a libertine. He is since awakened, by application, out of slumber; has no more spleen than a Dutchman, who, as Sir W. Temple observes, is not delicate or idle enough to suffer from this enemy, but is always well when he is not ill, always pleased when he is not angry.

There is a gentleman I have seen at a coffee-house near the place of my abode, who having a pretty good estate, and a disinclination to books or business, to secure himself from some of the above-mentioned misfortunes, employs himself with much alacrity in the following method. Being vehemently disposed to loquacity, he has a person constantly with him, to whom he gives an annual pension for no other merit but being very attentive, and never interrupting him by question and answer, whatever he may utter that may seemingly require it. To secure to himself discourse, his fundamental maxim seems to be, by no means to consider what he is going to say. He delivers therefore every thought as it first intrudes itself upon him; and then, with all the freedom you could wish, will examine it, and raily the impertinence, or evince the truth of it. In short, he took the same pleasure in confuting himself as he could have done in discomfiting an opponent; and his discourse was as that of two persons attacking each other with exceeding warmth, incoherence, and good-nature. There is another, whom I have seen in the park, employing himself with the same industry, though not with the same innocence. He is very dextrous in taking flies, and fixing one at each end of a horse-hair, which his periwig supplies him with: he hangs them over a little stick, which suspension inclines them immediately to war upon each other, there being no possibility of retreat. From the frequent attention of his eyes to these combats, he perceives the several turns and advantages of the battle, which are altogether invisible to a common spectator. The other day found him in the enjoy-

ment of a couple of gigantic blue bottles, which were hung out and embattled in the afore said warlike appointments. That I might enter into the secret shocks of this conflict, he lent me a magnifying-glass, which presented me with an engagement between two of the most rueful monsters I have ever read of even in romance.

If we cannot bring ourselves to appoint and perform such tasks as would be of considerable advantage to us, let us resolve upon some other, however trifling, to be performed at appointed times. By this we may gain a victory over a wandering unsettled mind, and by this regulation of the impulse of our wills, may, in time, make them obedient to the dictates of our reason.

When I am disposed to treat of the irreligion of an idle life, it shall be under this head, *Perunt et imputantur*; which is an inscription upon a sun-dial in one of the inns of court, and is with great propriety placed to public view in such a place, where the inhabitants being in an everlasting hurry of business or pleasure, the busy may receive an innocent admonition to keep their appointments, and the idle a dreadful one not to keep theirs.

MR. IRONSIDE, AT AUGUST 10, 1713.

I Am obliged to you for inserting my letter concerning the demolition of Dunkirk in your paper of the seventh instant; but you will find, upon perusal, that you have printed the word *Three* where you should have printed the word *Two*; which I desire you would amend by inserting the whole paragraph, and that which immediately follows it, in your very next paper. The paragraph runs thus:

The very common people know, that within two months after the signing of the peace, the works towards the sea were to be demolished, and within three months after it the works towards the land.

That the said peace was signed the last of March O. S.

I beg pardon for giving you so much trouble, which was only to avoid mistakes, having been very much abused by some whiggish senseless fellows, that give out I am for the Pretender. Your most humble servant,

ENGLISH TORY.

Nº CXXXII.

No CXXXII. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12.

QUISQUE SUOS PATIMUR MANES—

VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 743.

ALL HAVE THEIR MANES.

DRYDEN.

MR. IRONSIDE,

THE following letter was really written by a young gentleman in a languishing illness, which both himself and those who attended him thought it impossible for him to outlive. If you think such an image of the state of a man's mind in that circumstance be worth publishing, it is at your service, and take it as follows:

DEAR SIR,

YOU formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the disparity we often find in him sick and well. Thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, or of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and hope I have received some advantage by it. If what Mr. Waller says be true, that—

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time
has made:

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inclosed structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence on our outworks. Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age: it is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon its bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly

with me! it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I began where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures.

When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer— 'What care I for the house? I am only a lodger.' I fancy it is the best time to die when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will arise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast, as they were used to do. 'The memory of man' (as it is elegantly expressed in the Wisdom of Solomon) 'passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day.' There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. 'For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the grey hair to men, and an unspotted life is old age.' He was taken away speedily, lest that 'wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul.'

I am yours.

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TO

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.
GREETING.

OLD DAD,

I Am so happy as to be the husband of a woman that never is in the wrong, and yet is at continual war with every body, especially with all her servants, and myself. As to her maids, she never fails of having at least a dozen or fourteen in each year, yet never has above one at a time, and the last that comes is always the worst that ever she had in her life; although they have given very good content in better families than mine for several years together: not that she has the pleasure of turning them away, but she does so ferrit them about, *farsooth* and *mistress* them up, and so find fault with every thing they do, and talks to them so loud and so long, that they either give her immediate warning, or march off without any wages at all. So that through her great zeal and care to make them better servants than any in the world, and their obstinacy in being no better than they can, our house is a sort of Bedlam, and nothing in order; for by that time a maid comes to know where things stand, whip, she is gone, and so we have not another in four or five days, and this all the year round: as to myself, all the world believes me to be one of the best of husbands, and I am of the world's mind, until my dear Patient Grizzel comes to give her opinion about me, and then you would believe I am as bad as her maids. Oh, Mr. Ironside, never was a woman used as she is. The world does not think how unhappy she is! I am a wolf in sheep's clothing. And then her neighbours are so ill-natured, that they refuse to suffer her to say what she pleases of their families, without either returning her compliments, or withdrawing from her oratory; so that the poor woman has scarcely any society abroad, nor any comfort at home, and all through the fauciness of servants, and the unkindness of a husband, that is so cruel to her as to desire her to be quiet. But she is coming. I am in haste, Sir, your humble servant,

NICHOLAS EARRING.

SIR,

I Hope you will not endure this Dumb Crib, for I am the unlucky spouse of one of those gentlemen; and when my dear comes from this joyless society, I

am an impertinent noisy rattle-snake; my maid is a faucy sow; the man is a thick-skulled puppy, and founders like a horse; my cook is a tasteless ass; and if a child cry, the maid is a careless bear: if I have company, they are a parcel of chattering magpies; if abroad, I am a gagging goose; when I return, you are a fine galloper; women, like cats, should keep the house. This is a frequent sentence with him. Consider some remedy against a temper that seldom speaks, and then speaks only unkindness. This will be a relief to all those miserable women who are married to the worst of tempers, the sullen, more especially to your distressed appellant,

GOODY DUMP.

FRIEND NESTOR,

OUR brother Tremble having lately given thee wholesome advice concerning tuckers, I send thee a word of counsel touching thyself: verily thou hast found great favour with the godly sisters. I have read in that mysterious book called *Aesop's Fables*, how once upon a time an ass arrayed himself in the skin of a lion, thereby designing to appear as one of the mighty. But behold the vanity of this world was found light, the spirit of untruth became altogether naked. When the vain-glorious animal opened his jaws to roar, the lewd voice of an ass braying was heard in the mountains. Friend, friend, let the moral of this sink deep into thy mind; the more thou ponderest thereon, the sitter thou wilt become for the fellowship of the faithful: we have every day more and more hopes of thee; but between thee and me, when thou art converted, thou must take to thee a scripture name: one of thy writing brethren bore a very good name, he was entitled Isaac, but now sleepeth. Jacob suiteth thy book-feller well. Verily Nestor soundeth Babylonish in the ears of thy well-wisher and constant reader,

RUTH PRIM.

THE THIRD DAY OF THE
WEEK, PROPHANELY
CALLED TUESDAY.

SIR,

NOTwithstanding your grave advice to the fair-sex not to lay the beauties of their necks so open, I find they mind you so little, that we young men are in as much danger as ever.

Yesterday,

Yesterday, about seven in the evening, I took a turn with a gentleman just come to town, in a public walk. We had not walked above two rounds, when the spark on a sudden pretended weariness, and as I importuned him to stay longer, he turned short, and pointing to a celebrated beauty—'What,' said he, 'do you think I am made of, that I should bear the sight of such snowy breasts? Oh! she is intolerably handsome!' Upon this we parted, and I resolved to take a little more air in the garden, yet avoid the danger by casting

my eyes downwards: but, to my unspeakable surprize, I discovered, in the same fair creature, the finest ankle and prettiest foot that ever fancy imagined. If the petticoats, as well as the stays, thus diminish, what shall we do, dear Nestor? If it is neither safe to look at the head nor the feet of the charmer, whither shall we direct our eyes? I need not trouble you with any further description of her, but I beg you would consider that your wards are frail and mortal. Your most obedient servant,
EPIMETRIUS.

Nº CXXXIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 13.

OH! FATAL LOVE OF FAME! OH, GLORIOUS HEAT!
ONLY DESTRUCTIVE TO THE BRAVE AND GREAT.

ADDISON'S CAMPAIGN.

THE letters which I published in the Guardian of Saturday last, are written with such spirit and greatness of mind, that they had excited a great curiosity in my Lady Lizard's family, to know what occasioned a quarrel betwixt the two brave men who wrote them; and what was the event of their combat. I found the family the other day listening in a circle to Mr. William the Templar, who was informing the ladies of the ceremonies used in the single combat, when the Kings of England permitted such trials to be performed in their presence. He took occasion, from the chance of such judicial proceedings, to relate a custom used in a certain part of India, to determine law-suits, which he produced as a parallel to the single combat. The custom is, that the plaintiff and defendant are thrown into a river, where each endeavours to keep under water as long as he is able; and he who comes up first loses the cause. The author adds, that 'if they had no other way of deciding controversies in Europe, the lawyers might even throw themselves in after them.'

The mirth occasioned by this Indian law did not hinder the ladies from reflecting still more upon the above-named letters. I found they had agreed that it must be a mistress which caused the duel; and Mrs. Cornelia had already settled in her mind the fashion of their arms, their colours and devices: my lady only asked with a sigh, if either of the combatants had a wife and children.

In order to give them what satisfaction I could, I looked over my papers; and though I could not find the occasion of the difference, I shall present the world with an authentic account of the fight, written by the survivor to a courtier. The gallant behaviour of the combatants may serve to raise in our minds a yet higher detestation of that false honour, which robs our country of men so fitted to support and adorn it.

SIR EDWARD SACKVILLE'S RELATION OF THE FIGHT BETWEEN HIM AND THE LORD BRUCE.

WORTHY SIR,

AS I am not ignorant, so ought I to be sensible of the false aspersions some authorless tongues have laid upon me, in the report of the unfortunate passage lately happened between the Lord Bruce and myself, which as they are spread here, so I may justly fear they reign also where you are. There are but two ways to resolve doubts of this nature; by oath, or by sword. The first is due to magistrates, and communicable to friends; the other to such as maliciously slander, and impudently defend their assertion. Your love, not my merit, assure me, you hold me your friend, which esteem I am much desirous to retain. Do me therefore the right to understand the truth of that; and in my behalf inform others, who either are, or may be infected with sinister rumours, much prejudicial to that fair opinion I desire

desire to hold amongst all worthy persons. And on the faith of a gentleman, the relation I shall give is neither more nor less than the bare truth. The inclosed contains the first citation, sent me from Paris by a Scotch gentleman who delivered it to me in Derbyshire at my father-in-law's house: after it follows my then answer, returned him by the same bearer. The next is my accomplishment of my first promise, being a particular assignation of place and weapons, which I sent by a servant of mine, by post from Rotterdam, as soon as I landed there. The receipt of which, joined with an acknowledgment of my too fair carriage to the deceased lord, is testified by the last, which periods the business until we met at Tergosa in Zealand, it being the place allotted for rendezvous; where he, accompanied with one Mr. Crawford, an English gentleman, for his second, a surgeon, and a man, arrived with all the speed he could. And there having rendered himself, I addressed my second, Sir John Heidon, to let him understand, that now all following should be done by consent, as concerning the terms whereon we should fight, as also the place. To our seconds we gave power for their appointments, who agreed we should go to Antwerp, from thence to Bergen-op-Zoom, where in the mid-way but a village divides the States territories from the Arch-Duke's. And there was the destined stage, to the end that, having ended, he that could might presently exempt himself from the justice of the country, by retiring into the dominion not offended. It was farther concluded, that in case any should fall or slip, that then the combat should cease, and he whose ill fortune had so subjected him, was to acknowledge his life to have been in the other's hands. But in case one party's sword should break, because that could only chance by hazard, it was agreed that the other should take no advantage, but either then be made friends, or else upon even terms go to it again. Thus these conclusions being each of them related to his party, was by us both approved, and assented to. Accordingly we embarked for Antwerp. And by reason my lord, as I conceive, because he could not handsomely, without danger of discovery, had not paired the sword I sent him to

Paris, bringing one of the same length, but twice as broad; my second excepted against it, and advised me to match my own, and send him the choice, which I obeyed; it being you know the challenger's privilege to elect his weapon. At the delivery of the sword, which was performed by Sir John Heidon, it pleased the Lord Bruce to chuse my own, and then, past expectation, he told him, that he found himself so far behind hand, as a little of my blood would not serve his turn; and therefore he was now resolved to have me alone, because he knew (for I will use his own words) 'that so worthy a gentleman, and my friend, could not endure to stand by and see him do that which he must, to satisfy himself and his honour.' Hereupon Sir John Heidon replied, that such intentions were bloody and butcherly, far unfitting so noble a personage, who should desire to bleed for reputation, not for life; withal adding, he thought himself injured, being come thus far, now to be prohibited from executing those honourable offices he came for. The lord, for answer, only reiterated his former resolutions; whereupon, Sir John leaving him the sword he had elected, delivered me the other, with his determinations. The which, not for matter, but manner, so moved me, as though to my remembrance I had not of a long while eaten more liberally than at dinner, and therefore unfit for such an action, (seeing the surgeons hold a wound upon a full stomach much more dangerous than otherwise) I requested my second to certify him, I would presently decide the difference, and therefore he should presently meet me on horseback, only waited on by our surgeons, they being unarmed. Together we rode, but one before the other, some twelve score, about two English miles; and then, passion having so weak an enemy to assail as my direction, easily became victor, and using his power, made me obedient to his commands. I being verily mad with anger, the Lord Bruce should thirst after my life with a kind of assuredness, seeing I had come so far, and needlessly, to give him leave to regain his lost reputation; I bade him alight, which with all willingness he quickly granted; and there in a meadow ankle deep in water at the least, bidding farewell to our doublets, in our shirts began

began to charge each other; having afore commanded our surgeons to withdraw themselves a pretty distance from us, conjuring them besides, as they respected our favours, or their own safeties, not to stir, but suffer us to execute our pleasures. We being fully resolved (God forgive us!) to dispatch each other by what means we could, I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short; and in drawing back my arm I received a great wound thereon, which I interpreted as a reward for my short shooting; but in revenge I prest in to him, though I then missed him also, and then received a wound in my right pap, which past level through my body, and almost to my back. And there we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect trial for, honour and life: in which struggling my hand, having but an ordinary glove on it, lost one of her servants, though the meanest; which hung by a skin, and to fight yet remaineth as before, and I am put in hope one day to recover the use of it again. But at last, breathless, yet keeping our holds, there past on both sides propositions of quitting each other's sword. But when amity was dead, confidence could not live; and who should quit first was the question; which, on neither part, either would perform; and restraining again afresh, with a kick and a wrench together, I freed my long captivated weapon; which incontinently levying at his throat, being master still of his, I demanded, if he would ask his life, or yield his sword; both which, though in that imminent danger, he bravely denied to do. Myself being wounded, and feeling loss of blood, having three conduits running on me, which began to make me faint; and he courageously persisting not to accord to either of my propositions; through remembrance of his former bloody desire, and feeling of my present estate, I struck at his heart, but with his avoiding mist my aim, yet past

through the body, and drawing out my sword, repassed it again through another place; when he cried, 'Oht I am slain!' seconding his speech with all the force he had to cast me. But being too weak, after I had defended his assault, I easily became master of him, laying him on his back; when being upon him, I re-demanded if he would request his life; but it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholden for it, bravely replying he scorned it. Which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down until at length his surgeon, afar off, cried out, he would immediately die if his wounds were not stopped. Whereupon I asked if he desired his surgeon should come, which he accepted of; and so being drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, accounting it inhuman to rob a dead man, for so I held him to be. This thus ended, I retired to my surgeon, in whose arms after I had remained a while, for want of blood, I lost my sight, and withal, as I then thought, my life also. But strong water and his diligence quickly recovered me, when I escaped a great danger: for my lord's surgeon, when nobody dreamt of it, came full at me with his lord's sword; and had not mine, with my sword, interposed himself, I had been slain by those base hands; although my Lord Bruce, weltering in his blood, and past all expectation of life, conformable to all his former carriage, which was undoubtedly noble, cried out, 'Rascall hold thy hand!' So may I prosper as I have dealt sincerely with you in this relation; which I pray you, with the inclosed letter, deliver to my Lord Chamberlain. And so, &c. yours,

EDWARD SACKVILLE.

LOUVAIN, THE 8th OF
SEPT. 1613.

Nº CXXXIV.

N^o CXXXIV. FRIDAY, AUGUST 14.

MATRONE PRÆTER FACIEM NIL CERNERE POSSIS,
CÆTERA, NI CATIA EST, DEMISSA VESTE TEGENTIS.

HOR. SAT. 2. L. I. V. 94.

IN VIRTUOUS DAMES, YOU SEE THEIR FACE ALONE;
NONE SHOW THE REST, BUT WOMEN OF THE TOWN.

MY Lion having given over roaring for some time, I find that several stories have been spread abroad in the country to his disadvantage. One of my correspondents tells me, it is confidently reported of him, in their parts, that he is silenced by authority; another informs me, that he hears he was sent for by a messenger, who had orders to bring him away with all his papers, and that upon examination he was found to contain several dangerous things in his maw. I must not omit another report which has been raised by such as are enemies to me and my Lion, namely, that he is starved for want of food, and that he has not had a good meal's meat for this fortnight. I do hereby declare these reports to be altogether groundless; and, since I am contradicting common fame, I must likewise acquaint the world, that the story of a two hundred pound bank-bill being conveyed to me through the mouth of my Lion has no foundation of truth in it. The matter of fact is this, my Lion has not roared for these twelve days past, by reason that his prompters have put very ill words in his mouth, and such as he could not utter with common honour and decency. Notwithstanding the admonitions I have given my correspondents, many of them have crammed great quantities of scandal down his throat; others have choaked him with lewdness and ribaldry. Some of them have gorged him with so much nonsense, that they have made a very ass of him. On Monday last, upon examining, I found him an arrant French tory; and the day after, a virulent whig. Some have been so mischievous as to make him fall upon his keeper, and give me very reproachful language; but as I have promised to restrain him from hurting any man's reputation, so my reader may be assured that I myself shall be the last man whom I will suffer him to abuse. However, that I may give general sa-

tisfaction, I have a design of converting a room in Mr. Button's house to the Lion's library, in which I intend to deposit the several packets of letters and private intelligence which I do not communicate to the public. These manuscripts will in time be very valuable, and may afford good lights to future historians who shall give an account of the present age. In the mean while, as the Lion is an animal which has a particular regard for chastity, it has been observed that mine has taken delight in roaring very vehemently against the untuckered neck, and, as far as I can find by him, is still determined to roar louder and louder, until that irregularity be thoroughly reformed.

GOOD MR. IRONSIDE,

I Must acquaint you, for your comfort, that your lion is grown a kind of bull-beggar among the women where I live. When my wife comes home late from cards, or commits any other enormity, I whisper in her ear partly jest and earnest, that 'I will tell the Lion of her.' Dear Sir, do not let them alone until you have made them put on their tuckers again. What can be a greater sign, that they themselves are sensible they have been stripped too far, than their pretending to call a bit of linen, which will hardly cover a silver groat, their modesty-piece? it is observed that this modesty-piece still sinks lower and lower, and who knows where it will fix at last?

You must know, Sir, I am a Turkey merchant, and I lived several years in a country where the women show nothing but their eyes. Upon my return to England I was almost out of countenance to see my pretty countrywomen laying open their charms with so much liberality, though at that time many of them were concealed under the modest shade of the tucker. I soon after married a very fine woman, who always

goes

goes in the extremity of the fashion. I was pleased to think, as every married man must be, that I should make daily discoveries in the dear creature, which were unknown to the rest of the world. But since this new airy fashion is come up, every one's eye is as familiar with her as mine; for I can positively affirm, that her neck is grown eight inches within these three years. And what makes me tremble when I think of it, that pretty foot and ankle are now exposed to the sight of the whole world, which made my very heart dance within me, when I first found myself their proprietor. As in all appearance the curtain is still rising, I find a parcel of rascally young fellows in the neighbourhood are in hopes to be presented with some new scene every day.

In short, Sir, the tables are now quite turned upon me. Instead of being acquainted with her person more than other men, I have now the least share of it. When she is at home, she is continually muffled up, and concealed in mobs, morning gowns, and handkerchiefs; but strips every afternoon to appear in public. For aught I can find, when she has thrown aside half her cloaths, she begins to think herself half dressed. Now, Sir, if I may presume to say so, you have been in the wrong to think of reforming this fashion, by showing the immodesty of it. If you expect to make female proselytes, you must convince them, that if they would get husbands, they must not shew all

before marriage. I am sure, had my wife been dressed before I married her as she is at present, she would have satisfied a good half of my curiosity. Many a man has been hindered from laying out his money on a show, by seeing the principal figure of it hung out before the door. I have often observed a curious passenger so attentive to these objects which he could see for nothing, that he took no notice of the master of the show, who was continually crying out, 'Pray, gentlemen, walk in.'

I have told you at the beginning of this letter, how Mahomet's she-disciples are obliged to cover themselves: you have lately informed us from the foreign newspapers of the regulations which the pope is now making among the Roman ladies in this particular; and I hope, our British dames, notwithstanding they have the finest skins in the world, will be content to shew no more of them than what belongs to the face and to the neck properly speaking. Their being fair is no excuse for their being naked.

You know, Sir, that in the beginning of last century, there was a sect of men amongst us, who called themselves Adamites, and appeared in public without cloaths. This heresy may spring up in the other sex, if you do not put a timely stop to it, there being so many in all public places, who show so great an inclination to be Eveites.

I am, Sir, &c.

N^o CXXXV. SATURDAY, AUGUST 15.

—MEA
VIRTUTE ME INVOLVO — HOR. OD. 29. L. 3. V. 54.

—VIRTUE, THOUGH IN RAGS, WILL KEEP ME WARM. DRYDEN.

A Good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body; it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us. I know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and reproach, and cannot find any method of quieting the soul under them, besides this single one, of our being conscious to ourselves that we do not deserve them.

I have been always mightily pleased

with that passage in Don Quixote, where the fantastical knight is represented as loading a gentleman of good sense with praises and eulogiums. Upon which the gentleman makes this reflection to himself: 'How grateful is praise to human nature! I cannot forbear being secretly pleased with the commendations I receive, though I am sensible it is a madman that bestows them on me.' In the same manner, though we are often sure that the censures which are passed upon us are uttered by those who know no

M m thing

thing of us, and have neither means nor abilities to form a right judgment of us, we cannot forbear being grieved at what they say.

In order to heal this infirmity, which is so natural to the best and wisest of men, I have taken a particular pleasure in observing the conduct of the old philosophers, how they bore themselves up against the malice and detraction of their enemies.

'The way to silence, calumny,' says Bias, 'is to be always exercised in such things as are praise-worthy.' Socrates, after having received sentence, told his friends, that he had always accustomed himself to regard truth and not censure, and that he was not troubled at his condemnation, because he knew himself free from guilt. It was in the same spirit that he heard the accusations of his two great adversaries, who had uttered against him the most virulent reproaches. 'Anytus and Melitus,' says he, 'may procure sentence against me, but they cannot hurt me.' This divine philosopher was so well fortified in his own innocence, that he neglected all the impotence of evil tongues which were engaged in his destruction. This was properly the support of a good conscience, that contradicted the reports which had been raised against him, and cleared him to himself.

Others of the philosophers rather chuse to retort the injury by a smart reply, than thus to disarm it with respect to themselves. They show that it stung them, though at the same time they had the address to make their aggressors suffer with them. Of this kind was Aristotle's reply to one who pursued him with long and bitter invectives. 'You,' says he, 'who are used to suffer reproaches, utter them with delight; I, who have not been used to utter them, take no pleasure in hearing them.' Diogenes was still more severe on one who spoke ill of him; 'Nobody will believe you when you speak ill of me, any more than they would believe me should I speak well of you.'

In these, and many other instances I could produce, the bitterness of the answer sufficiently testifies the uneasiness of mind the person was under who made it. I would rather advise my reader, if he has not in this case the secret consolation, that he deserves no such reproaches

as are cast upon him, to follow the advice of Epictetus: 'If any one speaks ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and, if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee.' When Anaximander was told, that the very boys laughed at his singing; 'Ay,' says he, 'then I must learn to sing better.' But of all the sayings of philosophers which I have gathered together for my own use on this occasion, there are none which carry in them more candour and good sense than the two following ones of Plato. Being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him—'It is no matter,' said he, 'I will live so that none shall believe them.' Hearing at another time, that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him—'I am sure he would not do it,' says he, 'if he had not some reason for it.' This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and a true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny, 'a good conscience.'

I designed in this essay to show, that there is no happiness wanting to him who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, and that no person can be miserable who is in the enjoyment of it; but I find this subject so well treated in one of Dr. South's sermons, that I shall fill this Saturday's paper with a passage of it, which cannot but make the man's heart burn within him who reads it with due attention.

That admirable author having shown the virtue of a good conscience in supporting a man under the greatest trials and difficulties of life, concludes with representing it's force and efficacy in the hour of death.

'The third and last instance, in which above all others this confidence towards God does most eminently show and exert itself, is at the time of death; which, surely, gives the grand opportunity of trying both the strength and worth of every principle. When a man shall be just about to quit the stage of this world, to put off his mortality, and to deliver up his last accounts to God; at which sad time his memory shall serve him for little else but to terrify him with a frightful review of his past life, and his former extravagancies stripped of all their

‘ their pleasure, but retaining their
 ‘ guilt: what is it then that can pro-
 ‘ mise him a fair passage into the other
 ‘ world, or a comfortable appearance
 ‘ before his dreadful Judge when he is
 ‘ there? Not all the friends and inte-
 ‘ rests, all the riches and honours un-
 ‘ der heaven can speak so much as a
 ‘ word for him, or one word of com-
 ‘ fort to him in that condition; they may
 ‘ possibly reproach, but they cannot re-
 ‘ lieve him.

‘ No, at this disconsolate time, when
 ‘ the busy tempter shall be more than
 ‘ usually apt to vex and trouble him,
 ‘ and the pains of a dying body to hin-
 ‘ der and discompose him, and the set-
 ‘ tlement of worldly affairs to disturb
 ‘ and confound him; and, in a word,
 ‘ all things conspire to make his sick-
 ‘ bed grievous and uneasy; nothing can
 ‘ then stand up against all these ruins,
 ‘ and speak life in the midst of death,
 ‘ but a clear conscience.

‘ And the testimony of that shall
 ‘ make the comforts of heaven descend
 ‘ upon his weary head, like a refreshing

‘ dew, or shower upon a parched ground.
 ‘ It shall give him some lively earnest,
 ‘ and secret anticipations, of his ap-
 ‘ proaching joy. It shall bid his soul
 ‘ go out of the body undauntedly, and
 ‘ lift up his head with confidence be-
 ‘ fore saints and angels. Surely the
 ‘ comfort which it conveys at this sea-
 ‘ son, is something bigger than the ca-
 ‘ pacities of mortality, mighty and un-
 ‘ speakable, and not to be understood
 ‘ until it comes to be felt.

‘ And now, who would not quit all
 ‘ the pleasures, and trash, and trifles,
 ‘ which are apt to captivate the heart of
 ‘ man, and pursue the greatest rigours
 ‘ of piety, and austerities of a good
 ‘ life, to purchase to himself such a
 ‘ conscience, as at the hour of death,
 ‘ when all the friendship in the world
 ‘ shall bid him adieu, and the whole
 ‘ creation turn it’s back upon him, shall
 ‘ dismiss the soul and close his eyes
 ‘ with that blessed sentence—“ Well
 ‘ done, thou good and faithful servant,
 ‘ enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!”



Nº CXXXVI. MONDAY, AUGUST 17.

NOCTES ATQUE DIES PATET ATRI JANUA DITIS.

VIRG. ÆN. 6. V. 127.

THE GATES OF DEATH ARE OPEN NIGHT AND DAY.

DRYDEN.

SOME of our quaint moralists have
 pleased themselves with an observa-
 tion, that there is but one way of coming
 into the world, but a thousand to go out
 of it. I have seen a fanciful dream
 written by a Spaniard, in which he in-
 troduces the person of Death metamor-
 phosing himself, like another Proteus,
 into innumerable shapes and figures. To
 represent the fatality of fevers and agues,
 with many other distempers and acci-
 dents that destroy the life of man, Death
 enters first of all in a body of fire; a lit-
 tle after he appears like a man of snow,
 then rolls about the room like a cannon-
 ball, then lies on the table like a gilded
 pill; after this he transforms himself all
 of a sudden into a sword, then dwindles
 successively to a dagger, to a bodkin, to
 a crooked pin, to a needle, to a hair.
 The Spaniard’s design by this allegory,
 was to shew the many assaults to which
 the life of man is exposed, and to let his
 reader see that there was scarce any

thing in nature so very mean and in-
 considerable, but that it was able to
 overcome him, and lay his head in the
 dust. I remember Monsieur Pascal,
 in his Reflections on Providence, has
 this observation upon Cromwell’s death:
 ‘ That usurper,’ says he, ‘ who had
 ‘ destroyed the royal family in his own
 ‘ nation, who had made all the princes
 ‘ of Europe tremble, and struck a ter-
 ‘ ror into Rome itself, was at last taken
 ‘ out of the world by a fit of the gravel.
 ‘ An atom, a grain of sand,’ says he,
 ‘ that would have been of no signifi-
 ‘ cancy in any other part of the uni-
 ‘ verse, being lodged in such a particu-
 ‘ lar place, was an instrument of Pro-
 ‘ vidence to bring about the most happy
 ‘ revolutions, and to remove from the
 ‘ face of the earth this troubler of man-
 ‘ kind.’ In short, swarms of distempers
 are every where hovering over us; ca-
 sualties, whether at home or abroad,
 whether we wake or sleep, sit or walk,

M m 2

are

are planted about us in ambuscade; every element, every climate, every season, all nature is full of death.

There are more casualties incident to men than women, as battles, sea-voyages, with several dangerous trades and professions, that often prove fatal to the practitioners. I have seen a treatise written by a learned physician on the distempers peculiar to those who work in stone or marble. It has been therefore observed by curious men, that upon a strict examination there are more males brought into the world than females. Providence, to supply this waste in the species, has made allowances for it by a suitable redundancy in the male sex. Those who have made the nicest calculations, have found, I think, that taking one year with another, there are about twenty boys produced to nineteen girls. This observation is so well grounded, that I will at any time lay five to four, that there appear more male than female infants in every weekly bill of mortality. And what can be a more demonstrative argument for the superintendency of Providence?

There are casualties incident to every particular station and way of life. A friend of mine was once saying, that he fancied there would be something new and diverting in a country bill of mortality. Upon communicating this hint to a gentleman who was then going down to his seat, which lies at a considerable distance from London, he told me he would make a collection, as well he could, of the several deaths that had happened in his country for the space of a whole year, and send them up to me in the form of such a bill as I mentioned. The reader will here see that he has been as good as his promise. To make it the more entertaining, he has set down, among the real distempers, some imaginary ones, to which the country people ascribe the deaths of some of their neighbours. I shall extract out of them such only as seem almost peculiar to the coun-

try, laying aside fevers, apoplexies, small-pox, and the like, which they have in common with towns and cities.

Of a six bar-gate, fox-hunters	4
Of a quick-set hedge	2
Two duels, viz.	
First, between a frying-pan and a pitch-fork	1
Second, between a joint-stool and a brown jug	1
Bewitched	13
Of an evil tongue	9
Croft in love	7
Broke his neck in robbing a hen-roost	1
Cut finger turned to a gangrene by an old gentlewoman of the parish	1
Surfeit of curds and cream	2
Took cold sleeping at church	11
Of a sprain in his shoulder by saving his dog at a bull-baiting	1
Lady B——'s cordial water	2
Knoeked down by a quart bottle	1
Frighted out of his wits by a headless dog with saucer eyes	1
Of October	25
Broke a vein in bawling for a knight of the shire	1
Old women drowned upon trial of witchcraft	3
Climbing a crow's nest	1
Chalk and green apples	4
Led into a horse-pond by a Will of the Wisp	1
Died of a fright in an exercise of the Trained Bands	1
Over-eat himself at a house-warming	1
By the parson's bull	2
Vagrant beggars worried by the squire's house-dog	2
Shot by mistake	1
Of a mountebank doctor	6
Of the Merry Andrew	1
Caught her death in a wet ditch	1
Old age	100
Foul distemper	0

N^o. CXXXVII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 18.

—SANCTUS HABERE

JUSTITIÆQUE TENAX, FACTIS DICTISQUE MERERIS?

AGNOSCO PROCERE—

JUV. SAT. 8. v. 24.

CONVINCE THE WORLD, THAT YOU'RE DEVOUT AND TRUE,

BE JUST IN ALL YOU SAY, IN ALL YOU DO;

WHATEVER BE YOUR BIRTH, YOU'RE SURE TO BE

A PEER OF THE FIRST QUALITY TO ME. STEPNEY.

HORACE, Juvenal, Boileau, and indeed the greatest writers in almost every age, have exposed with all the strength of wit and good sense, the vanity of a man's valuing himself upon his ancestors, and endeavoured to shew that true nobility consists in virtue, not in birth. With submission, however, to so many great authorities, I think they have pushed this matter a little too far. We ought in gratitude to honour the posterity of those who have raised either the interest or reputation of their country; and by whose labours we ourselves are more happy, wise, or virtuous, than we should have been without them. Besides, naturally speaking, a man bids fairer for greatness of soul, who is the descendant of worthy ancestors, and has good blood in his veins, than one who is come of an ignoble and obscure parentage. For these reasons, I think a man of merit, who is derived from an illustrious line, is very justly to be regarded more than a man of equal merit, who has no claim to hereditary honours. Nay, I think those who are indifferent in themselves, and have nothing else to distinguish them but the virtues of their forefathers, are to be looked upon with a degree of veneration even upon that account, and to be more respected than the common run of men who are of low and vulgar extraction.

After having thus ascribed due honours to birth and parentage, I must however take notice of those who arrogate to themselves more honours than are due to them on this account. The first are such who are not enough sensible that vice and ignorance taint the blood, and that an unworthy behaviour degrades and disennobles a man in the eye of the world, as much as birth and family aggrandize and exalt him.

The second are those who believe a new man of an elevated merit is not

more to be honoured than an insignificant and worthless man who is descended from a long line of patriots and heroes: or, in other words, behold with contempt a person who is such a man as the first founder of their family was, upon whose reputation they value themselves.

But I shall chiefly apply myself to those whose quality fits uppermost in all their discourses and behaviour. An empty man, of a great family, is a creature that is scarce conversible. You read his ancestry in his smile, in his air, in his eye-brow. He has indeed nothing but his nobility to give employment to his thoughts. Rank and precedence are the important points which he is always discussing within himself. A gentleman of this turn began a speech in one of King Charles's parliaments: 'Sir, I had the honour to be born at a time—' Upon which a rough honest gentleman took him up short—'I would fain know what that gentleman means? Is there any one in the house that has not had the honour to be born as well as himself?' The good sense which reigns in our nation has pretty well destroyed this starched behaviour among men who have seen the world, and know that every gentleman will be treated upon a foot of equality. But there are many who have had their education among women, dependents, or flatterers, that lose all the respect which would otherwise be paid them, by being too assiduous in procuring it.

My Lord Froth has been so educated in punctilio, that he governs himself by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He measures out his bow to the degree of the person he converses with. I have seen him in every inclination of the body, from a familiar nod to the low stoop in the salutation sign. I remember five of us, who were acquainted

quainted with one another, met together one morning at his lodgings, when a wag of the company was saying, it would be worth while to observe how he would distinguish us at his first entrance. Accordingly he no sooner came into the room, but casting his eye about — ‘My lord such a one,’ says he, ‘your most humble servant.—Sir Richard, your humble servant.—Your servant, Mr. Ironside.—Mr. Ducker, how do you do?—Ha! Frank, are you there?’

There is nothing more easy than to discover a man whose heart is full of his family. Weak minds that have imbibed a strong tincture of the nursery, younger brothers that have been brought up to nothing, superannuated retainers to a great house, have generally their thoughts taken up with little else.

I had, some years ago, an aunt of my own, by name Mrs. Martha Ironside, who would never marry beneath herself, and is supposed to have died a maid in the eightieth year of her age. She was the chronicle of our family, and passed away the greatest part of the last forty years of her life in recounting the antiquity, marriages, exploits, and alliances of the Ironsides. Mrs. Martha conversed generally with a knot of old virgins, who were likewise of good families, and had been very cruel all the beginning of the last century. They were every one of them as proud as Lucifer, but said their prayers twice a day, and in all other respects were the best women in the world. If they saw a fine petticoat at church, they immediately took to pieces the pedigree of her that wore it, and would lift up their eyes to heaven at the confidence of the saucy minx, when they found she was an honest tradesman’s daughter. It is impossible to describe the pious indignation that would rise in them at the sight of a man who lived plentifully on an estate of his own getting. They were transported with zeal beyond measure, if they

heard of a young woman’s matching into a great family upon account of her beauty, her merit, or her money. In short, there was not a female within ten miles of them that was in possession of a gold watch, a pearl necklace, or piece of Mecklin lace, but they examined her title to it. My aunt Martha used to chide me very frequently for not sufficiently valuing myself. She would not eat a bit all dinner-time, if at an invitation she found she had been seated below herself; and would frown upon me for an hour together, if she saw me give place to any man under a baronet. As I was once talking to her of a wealthy citizen whom she had refused in her youth, she declared to me with great warmth, that she preferred a man of quality in his shirt, to the richest man upon the ‘Change in a coach and six. She pretended that our family was nearly related by the mother’s side to half a dozen peers; but as none of them knew any thing of the matter, we always kept it as a secret among ourselves. A little before her death she was reciting to me the history of my forefathers; but dwelling a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of Sir Gilbert Ironside, who had a horse shot under him at Edgehill fight, I gave an unfortunate ‘Pish!’ and asked, What was all this to me? Upon which she retired to her closet, and fell a scribbling for three hours together, in which time, as I afterwards found, she struck me out of her will, and left all she had to my sister Margaret, a wheedling baggage, that used to be asking questions about her great grandfather from morning to night. She now lies buried among the family of the Ironsides; with a stone over her, acquainting the reader, that she died at the age of eighty years, a spinster, and that she was descended of the ancient family of the Ironsides. After which follows the genealogy drawn up by her own hand.

N^o CXXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19.

INCENDITQUE ANIMUM FAME VENIENTIS AMORE.

VIRG. *Æn.* 6, v. 389.

AND FIRES HIS MIND WITH LOVE OF FUTURE FAME.

THERE is nothing which I study so much in the course of these my daily dissertations as variety. By this

means every one of my readers is sure some time or other to find a subject that pleases him, and almost every paper has some

some particular set of men for it's advocates. Instead of seeing the number of my papers every day increasing, they would quickly lie as a drug upon my hands, did not I take care to keep up the appetite of my guests, and quicken it from time to time by something new and unexpected. In short, I endeavour to treat my reader in the same manner as Eve does the angel in that beautiful description of Milton—

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to chuse for delicacy best;
What order, so contrived as not to mix
Tastes, not well joined, inelegant; but bring
Taste after taste, upheld with kindest change.
Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India East or West, or middle shore;
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
Alcinous reign'd; fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth-rind, or bearded husk, or
shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand.

FIFTH BOOK.

If by this method I can furnish out a *Splendida farago*, according to the compliment lately paid me in a fine poem published among the exercises of the last Oxford act; I have gained the end which I propose to myself.

In my yesterday's paper, I shewed how the actions of our ancestors and forefathers should excite us to every thing that is great and virtuous. I shall here observe, that a regard to our posterity, and those who are to descend from us, ought to have the same kind of influence on a generous mind. A noble soul would rather die than commit an action that should make his children blush when he is in his grave, and be looked upon as a reproach to those who shall live a hundred years after him. On the contrary, nothing can be a more pleasing thought to a man of eminence, than to consider that his posterity, who he many removes from him, shall make their boasts of his virtues, and be honoured for his sake.

Virgil represents this consideration as an incentive of glory to Æneas, when, after having shewn him the race of heroes who were to descend from him, Anchises adds, with a noble warmth—

Et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis?

ÆN. 6. v. 806.

And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue
The paths of honour?—

DRYDEN.

Since I have mentioned this passage in Virgil, where Æneas was entertained with the view of his great descendants, I cannot forbear observing a particular beauty, which I do not know that any one has taken notice of. The list which he has there drawn up was in general to do honour to the Roman name, but more particularly to compliment Augustus. For this reason, Anchises, who shews Æneas most of the rest of his descendants in the same order that they were to make their appearance in the world, breaks his method for the sake of Augustus, whom he singles out immediately after having mentioned Romulus, as the most illustrious person who was to rise in that empire which the other had founded. He was impatient to describe his posterity raised to the utmost pitch of glory, and therefore passes over all the rest to come at this great man, whom by this means he implicitly represents as making the most conspicuous figure among them. By this artifice the poet did not only give his emperor the greatest praise he could bestow upon him; but hindered his reader from drawing a parallel, which would have been disadvantageous to him, had he been celebrated in his proper place, that is, after Pompey and Cæsar, who each of them eclipsed the other in military glory.

Though there have been finer things spoken of Augustus than of any other man, all the wits of his age having tried to out-rival one another on that subject; he never received a compliment, which, in my opinion, can be compared, for sublimity of thought, to that which the poet here makes him. The English reader may see a faint shadow of it in Mr. Dryden's translation, for the original is inimitable.

Hic vir, hic est, &c. ÆN. 6. v. 791.

But next behold the youth of form divine,
Cæsar himself, exalted in his line;
Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
Born to restore a better age of gold.
Afric, and India, shall his pow'r obey,
He shall extend his propagated sway
Beyond the solar year, without the starry
way,

Where Atlas turns the rolling heav'n's around,
And his broad shoulders with their lights are
crown'd.

At his foreseen approach, already quake
The Caspian kingdoms and Mæotian lake.

Their

Their fears behold the tempest from afar;
And threat'ning oracles denounce the war.
Nile hears him knocking at his sev'nfold gates;
And seeks his hidden spring; and fears his nephew's fate;

Not Hercules more lands or labours knew,
Not though the brazen-footed hind he slew;
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar;
And dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan gore.
Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car;
From Nisus top descending on the plains.
With curling vines around his purple reins.
And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue
The paths of honour? —

I could shew out of other poets the same kind of vision as this in Virgil, wherein the chief persons of the poem have been entertained with the sight of those who were to descend from them: but instead of that, I shall conclude with a Rabbinical story, which has in it the oriental way of thinking, and is therefore very amusing.

'Adam,' say the Rabbins, 'a little after his creation, was presented with a view of all those souls who were to be united to human bodies, and take their turn after him upon the earth. Among others, the vision set before him the soul of David. Our great ancestor was transported at the sight of so beautiful an apparition; but, to his

'unspeakable grief, was informed that it was not to be conversant among men the space of one year.

*Offendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
Esse fiant.* — *ÆN. 6. v. 869.*

This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
Shall just be shewn on earth, and snatch'd away. *DRYDEN.*

'Adam, to procure a longer life for so fine a piece of human nature, begged that threecore and ten years (which he heard would be the age of man in David's time) might be taken out of his own life, and added to that of David. Accordingly, say the Rabbins, Adam falls short of a thousand years, which was to have been the compleat term of his life, by just so many years as make up the life of David: Adam having lived 930 years, and David 70.'

This story was invented to shew the high opinion which the Rabbins entertained of this man after God's own heart, whom the prophet, who was his own contemporary, could not mention without rapture, where he records the last poetical composition of David—'of David the son of Jesse, of the man who was raised up on high, of the appointed of the God of Jacob, of the sweet psalmist of Israel.'

Nº CXXXIX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 20.

—PRISCA FIDES FACTO, SED FAMA PERENNIS.

VIRG. ÆN. 9. v. 79.

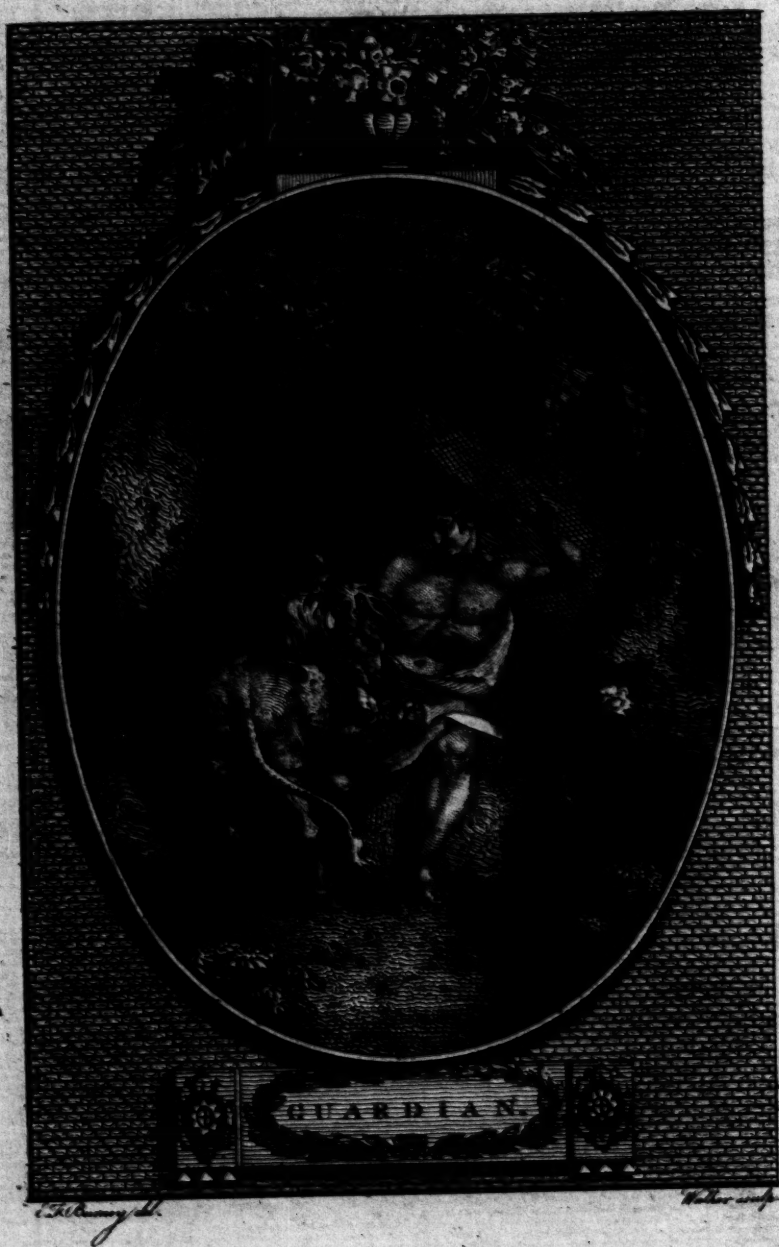
—THE FACT, THRO' LENGTH OF TIME OBSCURE,
IS HARD TO FAITH: YET SHALL THE SAME ENDURE.

DRYDEN.

MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,

I Find that every body is very much delighted with the voice of your Lion. His roarings against the tucker have been most melodious and emphatical. It is to be hoped, that the ladies will take warning by them, and not provoke him to greater outrages; for I observe, that your Lion, as you yourself have told us, is made up of mouth and paws. For my own part, I have long considered with myself how I might express my gratitude to this noble animal, that has so much the good of our country at his heart. After many thoughts on this subject, I have at

length resolved to do honour to him, by compiling an history of his species, and extracting out of all authors whatever may redound to his reputation. In the prosecution of this design, I shall have no manner of regard to what Æsop has said upon the subject, whom I look upon to have been a republican by the unworthy treatment which he often gives to the king of beasts, and whom, if I had time, I could convict of falsehood and forgery in almost every matter of fact which he has related of this generous animal. Your romance writers are likewise a set of men whose authority I shall build upon very little in this case.



case. They all of them are born with a particular antipathy to Lions, and give them no more quarter than they do giants, wherever they chance to meet them. There is not one of the seven champions, but when he has nothing else to do, encounters with a Lion, and you may be sure always gets the better of him. In short, a knight-errant lives in a perpetual state of enmity with this noble creature, and hates him more than all things upon the earth, except a dragon. Had the stories recorded of them by these writers been true, the whole species would have been destroyed before now. After having thus renounced all fabulous authorities, I shall begin my memoirs of the Lion with a story related of him by Aulus Gellius, and extracted by him out of Dion Cassius, an historian of undoubted veracity. It is the famous story of Androcles the Roman slave, which I premise for the sake of my learned reader, who needs go no farther in it, if he has read it already.

Androcles was the slave of a noble Roman who was proconsul of Afric. He had been guilty of a fault, for which his master would have put him to death, had not he found an opportunity to escape out of his hands, and fled into the deserts of Numidia. As he was wandering among the barren sands, and almost dead with heat and hunger, he saw a cave in the side of a rock. He went into it, and finding at the farther end of it a place to sit down upon, rested there for some time. At length, to his great surprise, a huge overgrown Lion entered at the mouth of the cave, and seeing a man at the upper end of it, immediately made towards him. Androcles gave himself for gone; but the Lion, instead of treating him as he expected, laid his paw upon his lap, and with a complaining kind of voice fell a licking his hand. Androcles, after having recovered himself a little from the fright he was in, observed the Lion's paw to be exceedingly swelled by a large thorn that stuck in it. He immediately pulled it out, and by squeezing the paw very gently, made a great deal of corrupt matter run out of it, which probably freed the Lion from the great anguish he had felt some time before. The Lion left him upon receiving this good office from him, and soon after returned with a fawn which he had just killed. This he laid down at the feet

of his benefactor, and went off again in pursuit of his prey. Androcles, after having soddened the flesh of it by the sun, subsisted upon it until the Lion had supplied him with another. He lived many days in this frightful solitude, the Lion catering for him with great assiduity. Being tired at length with this savage society, he was resolved to deliver himself up into his master's hands, and suffer the worst effects of his displeasure, rather than be thus driven out from mankind. His master, as was customary for the proconsul of Africa, was at that time getting together a present of all the largest Lions that could be found in the country, in order to send them to Rome, that they might furnish out a show to the Roman people. Upon his poor slave's surrendering himself into his hands, he ordered him to be carried away to Rome as soon as the Lions were in readiness to be sent, and that for his crime he should be exposed to fight with one of the Lions in the amphitheatre, as usual, for the diversion of the people. This was all performed accordingly. Androcles, after such a strange run of fortune, was now in the area of the theatre amidst thousands of spectators, expecting every moment when his antagonist would come out upon him. At length, a huge monstrous Lion leaped out from the place where he had been kept hungry for the show. He advanced with great rage towards the man, but on a sudden, after having regarded him a little wistfully, fell to the ground, and crept towards his feet with all the signs of blandishment and caress. Androcles, after a short pause, discovered that it was his old Numidian friend, and immediately renewed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were very surprizing to the beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter from Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned, and the Lion to be given up into his possession. Androcles returned at Rome the civilities which he had received from him in the deserts of Afric. Dion Cassius says, that he himself saw the man leading the Lion about the streets of Rome, the people every where gathering about them, and repeating to one another—*Hic est leo hospes hominis, hic est homo medicus leonis.*—This is the Lion who was the man's host; this is the man who was the Lion's physician.

N^o CXL. FRIDAY, AUGUST 21.

—QUIBUS INCENDI JAM FRIGIDUS EVO
LAOMEDONTIADES, VEL NESTORIS HERNIA POSUIT.

JUV. SAT. 6. V. 324.

A SIGHT, MIGHT THAW OLD PRIAM'S FROZEN AGE,
AND WARM EV'N NESTOR INTO AMOROUS RAGE.

I Have lately received a letter from an astrologer in Moorfields, which I have read with great satisfaction. He observes to me, that my Lion at Button's coffee-house was very luckily erected in the very month when the sun was in Leo. He further adds, that upon conversing with the above-mentioned Mr. Button, whose other name he observes is Daniel, (a good omen still with regard to the Lion his cohabitant) he had discovered the very hour in which the said Lion was set up; and that by the help of other lights, which he had received from the said Mr. Button, he had been enabled to calculate the nativity of the Lion. This mysterious philosopher acquaints me, that the sign of Leo in the heavens immediately precedes that of Virgo, 'By which,' says he, 'is signified the natural love and friendship the Lion bears to virginity; and not only to virginity, but to such matrons likewise as are pure and unspotted: from whence he foretels the good influence which the roarings of my Lion are likely to have over the female world, for the purifying of their behaviour, and bettering of their manners. He then proceeds to inform me, that in the most exact astrological schemes, the Lion is observed to affect, in a more particular manner, the legs and the neck, as well as to allay the power of the scorpion in those parts which are allotted to that fiery constellation. From hence he very naturally prognosticates, that my Lion will meet with great success in the attacks he has made on the untucked stays and short petticoat; and that, in a few months, there will not be a female bosom or ankle uncovered in Great Britain. He concludes, that by the rules of his art he foresaw five years ago, that both the Pope and myself should about this time unite our endeavours in this particular, and that sundry mutations and revolutions would happen in the female dress.

I have another letter by me from a person of a more volatile and airy genius, who, finding this great propension in the fair-sex to go uncovered, and thinking it impossible to reclaim them entirely from it, is for compounding the matter with them, and finding out a middle expedient between nakedness and cloathing. He proposes, therefore, that they should imitate their great grandmothers the Briths or Piets, and paint the parts of their bodies which are uncovered with such figures as shall be most to their fancy. 'The bosom of the coquette,' says he, 'may bear the figure of a Cupid, with a bow in his hand, and his arrow upon the string. The prude might have a Pallas, with a shield and Gorgon's head.' In short, by this method, he thinks every woman might make very agreeable discoveries of herself, and at the same time shew us what she would be at. But, by my correspondent's good leave, I can by no means consent to spoil the skin of my pretty countrywomen. They could find no colours half so charming as those which are natural to them; and though, like the old Piets, they painted the sun itself upon their bodies, they would still change for the worse, and conceal something more beautiful than what they exhibited.

I shall therefore persist in my first design, and endeavour to bring about the reformation in neck and legs, which I have so long aimed at. Let them but raise their stays and let down their petticoats, and I have done. However, as I will give them space to consider of it, I design this for the last time, that my Lion shall roar upon the subject during this season, which I give public notice of for the sake of my correspondents, that they may not be at an unnecessary trouble or expence in furnishing me with any informations relating to the tucker before the beginning of next winter, when I may again resume that

that point, if I find occasion for it. I shall not, however, let it drop without acquainting my reader, that I have written a letter to the Pope upon it, in order to encourage him in his present good intentions, and that we may act by concert in this matter. Here follows the copy of my letter:

TO POPE CLEMENT THE EIGHTH,
NESTOR IRONSIDE, GREETING.

DEAR BROTHER,

I Have heard, with great satisfaction, that you have forbidden your priests to confess any woman who appears before them without a tucker, in which you please me well. I do agree with you, that it is impossible for the good man to discharge his office as he ought, who gives an ear to those alluring penitents that discover their hearts and necks to him at the same time. I am labouring as much as in me lies to stir up the same spirit of modesty among the women of this island, and should be glad we might assist one another in so good a work. In order to it, I desire that you would send me over the length of a Roman lady's neck, as it stood before your late prohibition. We have some here who have necks of one, two, and three feet in length; some that have necks which reach down to their middles; and, indeed, some who may be said to be all neck and no body. I hope, at the same time you observe the stays of your fe-

male subjects, that you have also an eye to their petticoats, which rise in this island daily. When the petticoat reaches but to the knee, and the stays fall to the fifth rib, (which I hear is to be the standard of each, as it has been lately settled in a juncto of the sex) I will take care to send you one of either sort, which I advertise you of before-hand, that you may not compute the stature of our English women from the length of their garments. In the mean time, I have desired the master of a vessel, who tells me that he shall touch at Civita Vecchia, to present you with a certain female machine, which, I believe, will puzzle your infallibility to discover the use of it. Not to keep you in suspense, it is what we call in this country a hoop'd petticoat. I shall only beg of you to let me know whether you find any garment of this nature among all the relics of your female saints, and in particular, whether it was ever worn by any of your twenty thousand virgin martyrs.

Yours, *asque ad aras*,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

I must not dismiss this letter without declaring myself a good Protestant, as I hint in the subscribing part of it. This I think necessary to take notice of, lest I should be accused by an author of *unexampled* stupidity, for corresponding with the head of the Romish church.



Nº CXLI. SATURDAY, AUGUST 22.

FRANGE, MISER, CALAMOS, VIGILATAQUE REGELIA DELE,
QUI FACIS IN PARVA SUBLIMIA CARMINA SELLA,
UT DIGNUS VENIAS HEDERIS, ET IMAGINE MACRA.

[IV. SAT. 7. V. 27.]

LET FLAMES ON YOUR UNLUCKY PAPERS PERY,
OR MOTHS THRO' WRITTEN PAGES EAT THEIR WAY;
YOUR WARS, YOUR LOVES, YOUR PRAISES BE FORGOTT,
AND MAKE OF ALL AN UNIVERSAL BLOT—
THE REST IS EMPTY PRAISE, AN IVY CROWN,
OR THE LEAN STATUE OF A MEAN RENOWN.

CH. DRYDEN.

'WIT,' saith the Bishop of Rochester, in his elegant sermon against the scorner, 'as it implies a certain uncommon reach and vivacity of thought, is an excellent talent, very fit to be employed in the search of truth, and very capable of assisting us to discern and embrace it.' I shall

take leave to carry this observation farther into common life, and remark, that it is a faculty, when properly directed, very fit to recommend young persons to the favour of such patrons as are generously studious to promote the interest of politeness, and the honour of their country. I am therefore much grieved

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QUI FACIS IN PARVA SUBLIMIA CARMINA BELLA,
UT DIGNUS VENIAS HEDERIS, ET IMAGINE MACRA.

JUV. SAT. 7. V. 27.

LET FLAMES ON YOUR UNLUCKY PAPERS BURN,
OR MOTHS THRO' WRITTEN PAGES EAT THEIR WAY;
YOUR WARS, YOUR LOVES, YOUR PRAISES BE FORGOTTEN,
AND MAKE OF ALL AN UNIVERSAL BLOT—
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CH. DAYDEN.

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take leave to carry this observation farther into common life, and remark, that it is a faculty, when properly directed, very fit to recommend young persons to the favour of such patrons as are generously studious to promote the interest of politeness, and the honour of their country. I am therefore much grieved

to hear the frequent complaints of some rising authors whom I have taken under my guardianship. Since my circumstances will not allow me to give them due encouragement, I must take upon me the person of a philosopher, and make them a present of my advice. I would not have any poet whatsoever, who is not born to five hundred a year, deliver himself up to wit, but as it is subservient to the improvement of his fortune. This talent is useful in all professions, and should be considered not as a wife, but as an attendant. Let them take an old man's word; the desire of fame grows languid in a few years, and thoughts of ease and convenience erase the fairy images of glory and honour. Even those who have succeeded both in fame and fortune, look back on the petty trifles of their youth with some regret, when their minds are turned to more exalted and useful speculations. This is admirably expressed in the following lines, by an author whom I have formerly done justice to on the account of his pastoral poems.

In search of wisdom far from wit I fly;
Wit is a harlot, beauteous to the eye,
In whose bewitching arms our early time
We waste, and vigour of our youthful prime;
But when reflection comes with riper years,
And manhood with a thoughtful brow appears;
We cast the mistress off to take a wife,
And, wed to wisdom, lead a happy life.

A passage which happened to me some years ago, confirmed several maxims of frugality in my mind. A woollen-drafter of my acquaintance, remarkable for his learning and good-nature, pulled out his pocket-book, wherein he shewed me at the one end several well-chosen mottos, and several patterns of cloth at the other. I, like a well-bred man, praised both sorts of goods: whereupon he tore out the mottos, and generously gave them to me; but, with great prudence, put up the patterns in his pocket again.

I am sensible that any accounts of my own secret history can have but little weight with young men of sanguine expectations. I shall therefore take this opportunity to present my wards with the history of an ancient Greek poet, which was sent me from the library of Fez, and is to be found there in the end of a very ancient manuscript of Homer's

works, which was brought by the barbarians from Constantinople. The name of the poet is torn out, nor have the critics yet determined it. I have faithfully translated part of it, and desire that it may be diligently perused by all men who design to live by their wits.

I was born at the foot of a certain mountain in Greece called Parnassus, where the country is remarkably delicious. My mother, while she was with child of me, longed for laurel leaves; and as I lay in my cradle, a swarm of bees settled about my mouth, without doing me any injury. These were looked upon as presages of my being a great man; and the early promises I gave of a quick wit and lively fancy, confirmed the high opinion my friends had conceived of me. It would be an idle tale to relate the trifling adventures of my youth, until I arrived at my twentieth year. It was then that the love I bore to a beautiful young virgin, with whom I had innocently and familiarly conversed from my childhood, became the public talk of our village. I was so taken up with my passion, that I entirely neglected all other affairs: and though the daughter of Machaon the physician, and a rich heiress, the daughter of a famous Grecian orator, were offered me in marriage, I peremptorily refused both the matches, and rashly vowed to live and die with the lovely Polyhymnia. In vain did my parents remonstrate to me, that the tradition of her being descended from the gods was too poor a portion for one of my narrow fortunes; that, except her fine green-house and garden, she had not one foot of land; and though she should gain the law-suit about the summit of Parnassus, (which yet had many pretenders to it) that the air was so bleak there, and the ground so barren, that it would certainly starve the possessor. I fear my obstinacy in this particular broke my mother's heart, who died a short time after, and was soon followed by my father.

I now found myself at liberty; and, notwithstanding the opposition of a great many rivals, I won and enjoyed Polyhymnia. Our amour was known to the whole country, and all who saw, extolled the beauty of my mistress, and pronounced me happy in the possession of so many charms. We lived

lived in great splendor and gaiety, I being persuaded that high living was necessary to keep up my reputation and the beauty of my mistress; from whom I had daily expectations given me of a post in the government, or some lavish present from the great men of our commonwealth. I was so proud of my partner, that I was perpetually bringing company to see her, and was a little tiresome to my acquaintance, by talking continually of her several beauties. She herself had a most exalted conceit of her charms, and often invited the ladies to ask their opinions of her dress; which if they disapproved in any particular, she called them a pack of envious, insipid things, and ridiculed them in all companies. She had a delicate set of teeth, which appeared most to advantage when she was angry; and therefore she was very often in a passion. By this imprudent behaviour, when we had run out of our money, we had no living soul to befriend us; and every body cried out, it was a judgment upon me, for being a slave to such a proud minx, such a conceited hussy.

I loved her passionately, and exclaimed against a blind and injudicious world. Besides, I had several children by her, and was likely still to have more; for I always thought the youngest the most beautiful. I must not forget that a certain great lord offered me a considerable sum in my

necessity, to have the reputation of fathering one of them; but I rejected his offer with disdain. In order to support her family and vanities, she carried me to Athens; where she put me upon a hundred pranks to get money. Sometimes she dressed me in an antic robe, and placed a diadem on my head, and made me gather a mob about me by talking in a blustering tone, and unintelligible language. Sometimes she made me foam at the mouth, roll my eyes, invoke the gods, and act a sort of madness which the Athenians call the Pindarism. At another time she put a sheep-hook into my hand, and drove me round my garret, calling it the plains of Arcadia. When these projects failed, she gave out, with great success, that I was an old astrologer; after that, a dumb man; and, last of all, she made me pass for a lion.

It may seem strange, that, after so tedious a slavery, I should ever get my freedom. But so it happened, that during the three last transformations, I grew acquainted with the Lady Sophia, whose superior charms cooled my passion for Polyhymnia; inasmuch that some envious dull fellows gave it out, my mistress had jilted and left me. But the slanders of my enemies were silenced by my public espousal of Sophia; who, with a greatness of soul, void of all jealousy, had taken Polyhymnia for her woman, and is dressed by her every day.

N^o CXLII. MONDAY, AUGUST 24.

PACIS MALA: SEVITOR ARMIS

LUXURIA INCUBUIT, VICTUMQUE ULCISCITUR

JUV. SAT. 6. v. 291.

THE INVETERATE ILLS OF PEACE,
AND WASTEFUL RIOT; WHOSE DESTRUCTIVE CHARMS
REVENGE THE VANQUISH'D

DEYDEN.

BEING obliged, at present, to attend a particular affair of my own, I do empower my printer to look into the Arcana of the Lion, and select out of them such as may be of public utility; and Mr. Button is hereby authorised and commanded to give my said printer free ingress and egress to the Lion, without any hindrance, let, or molestation whatsoever, until such time as he shall

receive orders to the contrary. And for so doing this shall be his warrant.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

By virtue of the foregoing order, the Lion has been carefully examined, and the two following papers being found upon him, are thought very proper for public use.

GIVEN

GIVEN IN AT THE LION'S MOUTH
AT SIX OF THE CLOCK IN THE
MORNING.

MR. IRONSIDE,

I Came very early this morning to rouse your Lion, thinking it the properest time to offer him trash when his stomach was empty and sharp set; and being informed too that he is so very modest, as to be shy of swallowing any thing before much company; and not without some other politic views, the principal of which was, that his digestion being then the most keen and vigorous, it might probably refine this raw piece from several of it's crudities, and so make it proper food for his master; for as great princes keep their taster, so I perceive you keep your digester, having an appetite peculiarly turned for delicacies. If a fellow-feeling and similitude of employment, are any motives to engage your attention, I may for once promise myself a favourable hearing. By the account you have given us of the Sparkler, and your other female wards, I am pretty confident you cannot be a stranger to the many great difficulties there are in weaning a young lady's inclination from a frolic which she is fully bent upon. I am Guardian to a young heiress, whose conduct I am more than ordinarily solicitous to keep steady in the slippery age we live in. I must confess Miss hath hitherto been very tractable and toward, considering she is an heiress, and now upon the brink of fifteen: but here of late Tom Whirligig has so turned her head with the gallantries of a late masquerade, (which no doubt Tom, according to his usual vivacity, set forth in all it's gayest colours) that the young creature has been perfectly giddy ever since, and so set agog with the thoughts of it, that I am teased to death by her importuning me, to let her go to the next. In the mean time, I have surprised her more than once or twice very busy in pulling all her cloaths to pieces, in order to make up a strange dress, and with much ado have reprimed them from her merciless scissars. Now you must understand, Old Iron, I am very loth to trust her all alone into such an ocean of temptations. I have made use of all manner of dissuaves to her, and have sufficiently demonstrated to her, that the devil first addressed himself to

Eye in a mask, and that we owe the loss of our first happy state to a masquerade, which that sly intriguer made in the garden, where he seduced her; but she does not at all regard all this, the passion of curiosity is as predominant in her as ever it was in her predecessor. Therefore I appeal, sage Nestor, to your experienced age, whether these nocturnal assemblies have not a bad tendency, to give a loose turn to a young lady's imagination. For the being in disguise takes away the usual checks and restraints of modesty; and consequently the beaux do not blush to talk wantonly nor the belles to listen; the one as greedily sucks in the poison, as the other industriously infuses it; and I am apt to think too, that the ladies might possibly forget their own selves in such strange dresses, and do that in a personated character which may stain their real ones. A young milk-maid may indulge herself in the innocent freedom of a green-gown; and a shepherdess, without thinking any harm, may lie down with a shepherd on a mossy bank; and all this while poor Sylvia may be so far lost in the pleasing thoughts of her new romantic attire, and Damon's soft endearing language, as never once to reflect who she is, until the romance is completed. Besides, do but consider, dear Nestor, when a young lady's spirits are fermented with sparkling champagne; her heart opened and dilated by the attractive gaiety of every thing about her; her soul melted away by the soft airs of music and the gentle powers of motion; in a word, the whole woman dissolved in a luxury of pleasure: I say, in such critical circumstances, in such unguarded moments, how easy is it for a young thing to be led aside by her stars! Therefore, good Mr. Ironside, set your Lion a roaring against these dangerous assemblies: I can assure you, one good loud roar will be sufficient to deter my ward from them, for she is naturally mighty fearful, and has been always used from her childhood to be frightened into good behaviour. And it may prove too some benefit to yourself in the management of your own females, who, if they are not already, I do not at all question but they will be very shortly, gadding after these midnight gambols. Therefore, to promote your own peace and quietness, as well as mine, and the safety of all young virgins, pray order your Lion

to exert his loudest notes against masquerades; I am sure it would be a perfect concert to all good mothers, and particularly charm the ears of your faithful friend and companion,

OLD RUSTISIDES.

MOST WORTHY SIR,

BEING informed that the Eveites daily increase, and that fig-leaves are shortly coming into fashion; I have hired me a piece of ground, and planted it with fig-trees, the soil being naturally productive of them. I hope, good Sir, you will so far encourage my new project, as to acquaint the ladies, that I have now by me a choice collection of fig-leaves of all sorts and sizes, of a delicate texture and a lovely bright verdure, beautifully scolloped at the extremities, and most curiously wrought with variety of slender fibres ranged in beautiful meanders and windings. I have some very cool ones for summer, so transparently thin, that you may see through them, and others of a thicker substance for winter; I have likewise some very small ones of a particular species for

little misses. So that I do not question but to give general satisfaction to all ladies whatsoever, that please to repair to me at the sign of the Adam and Eve near Cupid's-Gardens. If you will favour me with the insertion of this in your Guardian, I will make your favourite, the Sparkler, a present of some of the choicest fig-leaves I have, and lay before her feet the primitias of my new garden; and if you bring me a great many customers for my leaves, I promise you my figs shall be at your service. I am, worthy Sir, your worship's most obedient humble servant,

ANTHONY EVER-GREEN.

N. B. I am now rearing up a set of fine furbelowed dock-leaves, which will be exceeding proper for old women and superannuated maids; those plants having two excellent and good properties; the one, that they flourish best in dry ground; the other, that being clothed with several integuments of downy surfaces, they are exceedingly warm and cherishing.

Nº CXLIII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 25.

QUIS FUIT, HORRENDOS PRIMUS QUI PROTULIT ENSES?
QUAM FERUS, ET VERE FERREUS ILLE FUIT!

TIBUL. ELEG. 10. L. I. V. 1.

WHO FIRST, WITH SKILL INHUMAN, DID PRODUCE,
AND TEACH MANKIND, THE SWORD'S DESTRUCTIVE USE?
WHAT SENSE OF PITY COULD THE MONSTER FEEL!
HIMSELF RELENTLESS AS THE MURD'ROUS STEEL!

NOTwithstanding the levity of the pun, which is in the second line of my motto, the subject I am going upon is of the most serious consequence, and concerns no less than the peace and quiet, and (for aught I know) the very life and safety, of every inoffensive and well-disposed inhabitant of this city. Frequent complaints have been made to me, by men of discretion and sobriety, in most of the coffee-houses from St. James's to Jonathan's, that there is sprung up of late a very numerous race of young fellows about the town, who have the confidence to walk the streets, and come into all public places in open day-light, with swords of such immoderate length, as strike terror into a great many of her majesty's good subjects. Besides this, half a dozen of this

fraternity, in a room or a narrow street, are as inconvenient as so many turnstiles, because you can pass neither backward nor forward, until you have first put their weapons aside. When Jack Lizard made his first trip to town from the university, he thought he could never bring up with him too much of the gentleman; this I soon perceived in the first visit he made me, when, I remember, he came scraping in at the door, encumbered with a bar of cold iron so irksomely long, that it banged against his calf, and jarred upon his right-heel, as he walked, and came rattling behind him as he ran down the stairs. But his sister Annabella's raillery soon cured him of this awkward air, by telling him that his sword was only fit for going up stairs, or walking up hill, and that she shrewdly

shrewdly suspected he had stolen it out of the college-kitchen.

But to return to the public grievance of this city; it is very remarkable, that these 'brothers of the blade,' began to appear upon the first suspension of arms; and that since the conclusion of the peace the order is very much increased, both as to the number of the men, and the size of their weapons. I am informed, that these men of preposterous bravery, who affect a military air in a profound peace, and dare to look terrible amongst their friends and fellow-citizens, have formed a plan to erect themselves into a society, under the name of the Terrible Club; and that they entertain hopes of getting the great armory-hall in the Tower for their club-room. Upon this I have made it my business to enquire more particularly into the cabals of these hectors; and, by the help of my Lion, I have got such informations as will enable me to countermine their designs, together with a copy of some fundamental articles drawn up by three of their ringleaders; the which it seems are to be augmented and assented to by the rest of the gang on the first of January next, (if not timely prevented) at a general meeting in the Sword-cutlers hall. I shall at present (to let them see that they are not unobserved) content myself with publishing only the said articles.

ARTICLES TO BE AGREED UPON BY
THE MEMBERS OF THE TERRIBLE
CLUB.

I. Imprimis, That the club do meet at midnight in the great armory-hall in the Tower, (if leave can be obtained) the first Monday in every month.

II. That the president be seated upon a drum at the upper end of the table, accoutred with a helmet, a basket-hilt sword, and a buff-belt.

III. That the president be always obliged to provide, for the first and standing dish of the club, a patty of bull beef, baked in a target made for that purpose.

IV. That the members do cut their meat with bayonets instead of knives.

V. That every member do sit to the table, and eat with his hat, his sword, and his gloves on.

VI. That there be no liquor drank but rack-punch, quickened with brandy and gunpowder.

VII. That a large mortar be made use of for a punch-bowl.

In all appearance it could be no other than a member of this club, who came last week to Button's, and sat over-against the Lion with such a settled fierceness in his countenance, as if he came to vie with that animal in sternness of looks. His stature was somewhat low; his motions quick and smart, and might be mistaken for startings and convulsions. He wore a broad stiff hat, cudgel-proof, with an edging three-fingers deep, trussed up into the fierce trooper's cock: to this was added a dark wig, very moderately curled, and tied in two large knots up to his ears; his coat was short, and rich in tarnished lace; his nostrils and his upper lip were all begrimed with snuff. At first I was in hopes the gentleman's friends took care not to entrust him with any weapon; until, looking down, I could perceive a sword of a most unwarrantable size, that hung carelessly below his knee, with two large tassels at the hilt, that played about his ankles.

I must confess I cannot help shrewdly suspecting the courage of the Terribles. I beg pardon if I am in the wrong when I think, that the long sword, and the swaggering cock, are the ordinary disguises of a faint heart. These men, while they think to impose terror upon others, do but render themselves contemptible; their very dress tells you that they are surrounded with fears, that they live in Hobbs's state of nature, and that they are never free from apprehensions. I dare say, if one were to look into the hearts of these champions, one should find there a great tendency to go cased in armour, and that nothing but the fear of a stronger ridicule restrains them from it. A brave man scorns to wear any thing that may give him an advantage over his neighbour; his great glory is neither to fear nor to be feared. I remember, when I was abroad, to have seen a buffoon in an opera, whose excessive cowardice never failed to set the whole audience into a loud laughter; but the scene which seemed to divert them most, was that in which he came on with a sword that reached quite across the stage, and was put to flight by an adversary, whose stature was not above four feet high, and

and whose weapon was not three feet long. This brings to my mind what I have formerly read of a King of Arabia, who shewing a rich sword that had been presented to him, his courtiers unanimously gave their opinion, that it had no other fault, but that of being too short; upon which the king's son said, that there was no weapon too short for a brave man, since there needed no more but to advance one step to make it long

enough. To this I shall subjoin, by way of corollary, that there is no weapon long enough for a coward, who never thinks himself secure while he is within sight of his adversary's point. I would therefore advise these men of distant courage, as they tender their honour, to shorten their dimensions, and reduce their tilts to a more reputable, as well as a more portable size.

N^o CXLIV. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26.

SUA CUIQUE QUUM SIT ANIMI COGITATIO,
COLORQUE PRIVUS—

PHÆD. PROL. L. 5. v. 7.

EVERY MAN HAS HIS PARTICULAR WAY OF THINKING AND ACTING.

IT is a very just, and a common observation upon the natives of this island, that in their different degrees, and in their several professions and employments, they abound as much, and perhaps more, in good sense, than any people; and yet, at the same time, there is scarce an Englishman of any life and spirit, that has not some odd cast of thought, some original humour that distinguishes him from his neighbour. Hence it is, that our comedies are enriched with such a diversity of characters, as is not to be seen upon any other theatre in Europe. Even in the masquerades that have been lately given to the town, (though they are diversions we are not accustomed to) the singularities of dress were carried much farther than is usual in foreign countries, where the natives are trained up, as it were, from their infancy, to those amusements. The very same measure of understanding, the very same accomplishments, the very same defects, shall, amongst us, appear under a quite different aspect in one man, to what they do in another. This makes it as impracticable to foreigners to enter into a thorough knowledge of the English, as it would be to learn the Chinese language, in which there is a different character for every individual word. I know not how to explain this vein of humour so obvious in my countrymen better, than by comparing it to what the French call *Le goût du terroir* in wines; by which they mean the different flavour one and the same grape shall draw from the different soils in which it is planted. This na-

tional mark is visible amongst us in every rank and degree of men, from the persons of the first quality and politest sense, down to the rudest and most ignorant of the people. Every mechanic has a peculiar cast of head and turn of wit, or some uncommon whim, as a characteristic, that distinguishes him from others of his trade, as well as from the multitudes that are upon a level with him. We have a small coalman, who from beginning with two plain notes, which made up his daily cry, has made himself master of the whole compass of the gamut, and has frequent concerts of music at his own house for the entertainment of himself and his friends. There is a person of great hospitality, who lives in a plaistered cottage upon the road to Hampstead, and gets a superfluity of wealth, by accommodating holiday passengers with ale, brandy, pipes, tobacco, cakes, gingerbread, apples, pears, and other small refreshments of life; and on worky-days takes the air in his chaise, and recreates himself with the elegant pleasures of the Beau-monde. The shining men amongst our mob, dignified by the title of Ring-leaders, have an inexhaustible fund of archness and raillery; as likewise have our sailors and watermen. Our very street-beggars are not without their peculiar oddities, as the schoolmen term them. The other day a tattered wag followed me across the Meuse with—
'One farthing or halfpenny, good your
'honour, do your honour; and I shall
'make bold to pray for you,
Shakespeare, (who was a great copier
O o of

of nature) whenever he introduces any artisans, or low characters into his plays, never fails to dash them strongly with some distinguishing stain of humour, as may be seen more remarkably in the scene of the grave-diggers in Hamlet.

Though this singularity of temper, which runs through the generality of us, may make us seem whimsical to strangers; yet it furnishes out a perpetual change of entertainment to ourselves, and diversifies all our conversations with such a variety of mirth, as is not to be met with in any other country. Sir William Temple, in his Essay upon Poetry, endeavours to account for the British humours in the following manner:

' This may proceed from the native plenty of our soil, the unequality of our climate, as well as the ease of our government, and the liberty of professing opinions and factions, which perhaps our neighbours have about them, but are forced to disguise, and thereby may come in time to be extinguished. Thus we come to have more originals, and more that appear what they are: we have more humour, because every man follows his own, and takes a pleasure, perhaps a pride, to shew it. On the contrary, where the people are generally poor, and forced to hard labour, their actions and lives are all of a piece; where they serve hard masters, they must follow their examples, as well as commands, and are forced upon imitation in small matters, as well as obedience in great: so that the nations look as if

' they were cast all in one mould, or cut out all by one pattern, (at least the common people in one, and the gentlemen in another.) They seem all of a sort in their habits, their customs, and even their talk and conversation, as well as in the application and pursuit of their actions and their lives. Besides all this, there is another sort of variety amongst us, which arises from our climate, and the dispositions it naturally produces. We are not only more unlike one another, than any nation I know; but we are more unlike ourselves too, at several times, and owe to our very air some ill qualities, as well as many good.'

Ours is the only country, perhaps in the whole world, where every man, rich and poor, dares to have a humour of his own, and to avow it upon all occasions. I make no doubt, but that it is to this great freedom of temper, and this unconstrained manner of living, that we owe, in a great measure, the number of shining geniuses, which rise up amongst us from time to time, in the several arts and sciences, for the service and for the ornament of life. This frank and generous disposition in a people will likewise never fail to keep up in their minds an aversion to slavery, and be, as it were, a standing bulwark of their liberties. So long as ever wit and humour continues, and the generality of us will have their own way of thinking, speaking, and acting, this nation is not like to give any quarter to an invader, and much less to bear with the absurdities of Popery, in exchange for an established and a reasonable faith.

Nº CXLV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 27.

JURA NECET SIBI NATA, NIHIL NON ARROGET ARMIS.

HOR. ARS POET. V. 122.

SCORNING ALL JUDGES, AND ALL LAW, BUT ARMS.

ROSCOMMON.

AMONGST the several challenges and letters which my paper of the twenty-fifth has brought upon me, there happens to be one, which I know not well what to make of. I am doubtful whether it is the archness of some wag, or the serious resentment of a coxcomb, that vents his indignation with an insipid pertness. In either of these two lights I think it may divert my readers,

for which reason I shall make no scruple to comply with the gentleman's request, and make his letter public.

TILT-YARD COFFEE-HOUSE.

OLD TESTY,

YOUR grey hairs for once shall be your protection, and this billet a fair warning to you for your audacious raillery upon the dignity of long swords.

Look

Look to it for the future; consider we brothers of the Blade are men of a long reach: think betimes—

How many perils do environ

The man that meddles with cold iron.

It has always been held dangerous to play with edge-tools. I grant you, we men of valour are but awkward jesters; we know not how to repay joke for joke; but then we always make up in point what we want in wit. He that shall rashly attempt to regulate our hilts, or reduce our blades, had need to have a heart of oak, as well as 'Sides of Iron.' Thus much for the present. In the mean time, Bilbo is the word; remember that and tremble.

THO. SWAGGER.

This jocose manner of bullying an old man, so long as it affords some entertainment to my friends, is what I shall not go about to discourage. However, my witty antagonist must give me leave, since he attacks me in proverbs, to exchange a thrust or two with him at the same weapons; and so let me tell Mr. Swagger—'There is no catching old birds with chaff; and that 'Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast is a better.' Fore-warned, fore-armed.' Having dispatched this combatant, and given him as good as he brings, I proceed to exhibit the case of a person who is the very reverse of the former, the which he lays before me in the following epistle.

WORTHY SIR, I am the most unfortunate of men; if you do not speedily interpose with your authority in behalf of a gentleman, who, by his own example, has for these six months endeavoured, at the peril of his life, to bring little swords into fashion, in hopes to prevail upon the gentry by that means, (winning them over inch by inch) to appear without any swords at all. It was my misfortune to call in at Tom's last night, a little fuddled, where I happened only to point towards an odd fellow with a monstrous sword, that made a ring round him, as he turned upon his heel to speak to one or other in the room. Upon this Peccadillo the bloody-minded villain has sent me a challenge this morning: I tremble at the very thought of it, and am sick with the apprehension of seeing that weapon naked, which terrified me

in the scabbard. The unconscionable ruffian desires, in the most civil terms, he may have the honour of measuring swords with me. Alas, Sir, mine is not (hilt and all) above a foot and a half. I take the liberty of inclosing it to you in my wig-box, and shall be eternally obliged to you, if, upon sight of it, your compassion may be so far moved, as to occasion you to write a good word for me to my adversary, or to say any thing that may shame him into reason, and save at once the life and reputation of, Sir, your most devoted slave,

TIMOTHY BODKIN.

GOOD MR. BODKIN,

THE perusal of this paper will give you to understand, that your letter, together with the little implement you sent me in the hand-box, came safe to my hands. From the dimensions of it, I perceive your couragelies in a narrow compass. Suppose you should send this bravo the fellow to it, and desire him to meet you in a closter, letting him know, at the same time, that you fight all your duels under lock and key, for the sake of privacy. But, if this proposal seems a little too rash, I shall send my servant with your sword to the person offended, and give him instructions to tell him you are a little purblind, and dare not, for that reason, trust to a longer weapon; and that an inch in his body will do your business as well as an ell: or, if you would have me proceed yet more cautiously, my servant shall let him know, as from me, that he should meddle with his match; and that alone, if he be a man of honour, will make him reflect; if otherwise, (as I am very inclinable to doubt it) you need give yourself no farther unnecessary fears; but rely upon the truth of my remarks upon the Terribles. I have bethought myself of one expedient more for you, which seems to be the most likely to succeed. Send your own servant to wait upon the gentleman. Let him carry with him your sword, and a letter, in which you tell him, that, admiring the magnificence and grandeur of his weapon at Tom's, you thought it great pity so gallant a cavalier should not be completely armed; for which reason, you humbly request that you may have the honour of presenting him with a dagger. I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

I received a letter last week from one of my femalewards, who subscribes herself Teraminta. She seems to be a lady of great delicacy, by the concern she shows for the loss of a small covering, which the generality of the sex have laid aside. She is in pain, and full of those fears, which are natural in a state of virginity, lest any the smallest part of her linen should be in the possession of a man. In compliance therefore with her request, and to gratify her modesty so far as lies in my power, I have given orders to my printer to make room for her advertisement in this day's paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AUGUST 19.

WHEREAS a Modesty-Piece was lost at the masquerade last Monday night, being the 17th instant, between the hours of twelve and one; the author of this paper gives notice, that if any person will put it into the hands of Mr. Daniel Button, to be returned to the owner, it shall by her be acknowledged as the last favour, and no questions asked.

N.B. It is of no use but to the owner,

N^o CXLVI. FRIDAY, AUGUST 28.

PRIMUS HOMINUM LEONEM MANU TRACTARE AUSUS, ET OSTENDERE MANSUEFACTUM, HANNO 2 CLARISSIMIS POENORUM TRADITUS. PLIN.

HANNO, A NOBLE CARTHAGINIAN, IS REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN THE FIRST MAN WHO VENTURED TO HANDLE A LION, AND BRING HIM UP TAME.

THE generality of my readers, I find, are so well pleased with the story of the Lion, in my paper of the twentieth instant, and with my friend's design of compiling a history of that noble species of animals, that a great many ingenious persons have promised me their assistance to bring in materials for the work, from all the storehouses of ancient and modern learning, as well as from oral tradition. For a farther encouragement of the undertaking, a considerable number of virtuosi have offered, when my collection shall swell into a reasonable bulk, to contribute very handsomely, by way of subscription, towards the printing of them in folio, on a large royal paper, curiously adorned with variety of forests, deserts, rocks, and caves, and lions of all sorts and sizes, upon copper-plates, by the best hands. A rich old bachelor of Lion's-Inn, (who is zealous for the honour of the place in which he was educated) sends me word, I may depend upon a hundred pounds from him, towards the embellishing of the work; assuring me, at the same time, that he will let his clerk to search the records, and enquire into the antiquities of that house, that there may be no stone left unturned to make the book complete. Considering the volumes that have been written upon insects and reptiles, and the vast expence and pains some philosophers have been

at to discover, by the help of glasses, their almost imperceptible qualities and perfections; it will not, I hope, be thought unreasonable, if the Lion (whose majestic form lies open to the naked eye) should take up a first-rate folio.

A worthy merchant, and a friend of mine, sends me the following letter, to be inserted in my commentaries upon Lions.

SIR,

SINCE one of your correspondents has of late entertained the public with a very remarkable and ancient piece of history, in honour of the grandees of the forest; and since it is probable you may in time collect a great many curious records and amazing circumstances, which may contribute to make these animals respected over the face of the whole earth; I am not a little ambitious to have the glory of contributing somewhat to so generous an undertaking. If you throw your work into the form of chronicle, I am in hopes I may furnish out a page in it towards the latter end of the volume, by a narration of a modern date, which I had in the year 1700, from the gentleman to whom it happened.

About sixty years ago, when the plague raged at Naples, Sir George Davis, consul there for the English nation, retired to Florence. It happened one day

day he went out of curiosity to see the great duke's lions. At the farther end, in one of the dens, lay a lion, which the keepers in three years time could not tame, with all the art and gentle usage imaginable. Sir George no sooner appeared at the grates of the den, but the lion ran to him with all the marks of joy and transport he was capable of expressing: he reared himself up, and licked his hand, which this gentleman put in through the grates. The keeper, affrighted, took him by the arm and pulled him away, begging him not to hazard his life by going so near the fiercest creature of that kind that ever entered those dens. However, nothing would satisfy Sir George, notwithstanding all that could be said to dissuade him, but he must go into the den to him. The very instant he entered, the lion threw his paws upon his shoulders and licked his face, and ran to and fro in the den, fawning, and full of joy, like a dog at the sight of his master. After several embraces and salutations exchanged on both sides, they parted very good friends. The rumour of this interview between the lion and the stranger rung immediately through the whole city, and Sir George was very near passing

for a saint among the people. The great duke, when he heard of it, sent for Sir George, who waited upon his highness to the den; and to satisfy his curiosity, gave him the following account of what seemed so strange to the duke and his followers:

A captain of a ship from Barbary gave me this lion when he was a young whelp. I brought him up tame; but when I thought him too large to be suffered to run about the house, I built a den for him in my court-yard; from that time he was never permitted to go loose, except when I brought him within doors to shew him to my friends. When he was five years old, in his gamesome tricks, he did some mischief by pawing and playing with people: having griped a man one day a little too hard, I ordered him to be shot, for fear of incurring the guilt of what might happen; upon this, a friend, who was then at dinner with me, begged him: how he came here I know not.

Here Sir George Davis ended; and thereupon the Duke of Tuscany assured him, that he had the lion from that very friend of his. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant, and constant reader, &c.

N^o CXLVII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 29.

BONUM EST, FUGIENDA ASPICERE ALIENO IN MALO. PUBL. SYR.

IT IS A GOOD THING TO LEARN CAUTION BY THE MISFORTUNES OF OTHERS.

HAVING, in my paper of the 21st of July, shewed my dislike of the ridiculous custom of garnishing a new-married couple, and setting a gloss upon their persons which is to last no longer than the honey-moon; I think it may be much for the emolument of my disciples of both sexes, to make them sensible, in the next place, of the folly of launching out into extravagant expences, and a more magnificent way of living, immediately upon marriage. If the bride and bridegroom happen to be persons of any rank, they come into all public places, and go upon all visits with so gay an equipage, and so glittering an appearance, as if they were making so many public entries. But to judicious minds, and to men of experience in this life, the gilt chariot, the coach and six, the gaudy liveries, the

supernumerary train of servants, the great house, the sumptuous table, the services of plate, the embroidered cloaths, the rich brocades, and the profusion of jewels, that upon this occasion break out at once, are so many symptoms of madness in the happy pair, and prognostications of their future misery.

I remember a country neighbour of my Lady Lizard's, Squire Wifacre by name, who enjoyed a very clear estate of five hundred pounds per annum, and, by living frugally upon it, was beforehand in the world. This gentleman unfortunately fell in love with Mrs. Fanny Flippant, the then reigning toast in those parts. In a word, he married her; and to give a lasting proof of his affection, consented to make both her and himself miserable, by setting out in the high mode of wedlock. He, in less than

than the space of five years, was reduced to starve in prison for debt; and his lady, with a son and three daughters, became a burden to the parish. The conduct of Frank Foresight was the very reverse to Squire Wiseacre's. He had lived a bachelor some years about this town, in the best of companies; kept a chariot and four footmen, besides six saddle-horses; he did not exceed, but went to the utmost stretch of his income; but when he married the beautiful Clarinda, (who brought him a plentiful fortune) he dismissed two of his footmen, four of the saddle-horses, and his chariot; and kept only a chair for the use of his lady. Embroidered cloaths and laced linen were quite laid aside; he was married in a plain druggat, and from that time forward, in all the accommodations of life, never coveted any thing beyond cleanliness and conveniency. When any of his acquaintance asked him the reason of this sudden change, he would answer—'In single life I could easily compute my wants, and provide against them; but the condition of life I am now engaged in, is attended with a thousand unforeseen casualties, as well as a great many distant, but unavoidable expences. The happiness or misery, in this world, of a future progeny, will probably depend upon my good or ill husbandry. I shall never think I have discharged my duty, until I have laid up a provision for three or four children at least.'—'But prythee, Frank,' says a pert coxcomb that stood by, 'why shouldst thou reckon thy chickens before—' upon which he cut him short, and replied—'It is no matter; a brave man can never want heirs, while there is one man of worth living.' This precautionary way of reasoning and acting, has proved to Mr. Foresight and his lady an uninterrupted source of felicity. Wedlock sits light and easy upon them; and they are at present happy in two sons and a daughter, who a great many years hence will feel the good effects of their parents' prudence.

My memory fails me in recollecting where I have read, that in some parts of Holland it is provided by law, that every man, before he marries, shall be obliged to plant a certain number of trees, proportionable to his circumstances, as a pledge to the government for the maintenance of his children. Every honest

as well as every prudent man should do something equivalent to this, by retrenching all superfluous and idle expences, instead of following the extravagant practice of persons who sacrifice every thing to their present vanity, and never are a day before-hand in thought. I know not what delight splendid nuptials may afford to the generality of the great world; I could never be present at any of them without a heavy heart. It is with pain I refrain from tears, when I see the bride thoughtlessly jiggling it about the room, dishonoured with jewels, and dazzling the eyes of the whole assembly at the expence of her children's future subsistence. How singular, in the age we live in, is the moderate behaviour of young Sophia, and how amiable does she appear in the eyes of wise men! Her lover, a little before marriage, acquainted her, that he intended to lay out a thousand pounds for a present in jewels; but before he did it, desired to know what sort would be most acceptable to her. 'Sir,' replied Sophia, 'I thank you for your kind and generous intentions, and only beg they may be executed in another manner: be pleased only to give me the money, and I will try to lay it out to a better advantage. I am not,' continues she, 'at all fond of those expensive trifles; neither do I think the wearing of diamonds can be any addition, nor the absence of them any diminution, to my happiness. I should be ashamed to appear in public for a few days in a dress which does not become me at all times. Besides, I see by that modest plain garb of yours, that you are not yourself affected with the gaiety of apparel. When I am your wife, my only care will be to keep my person clean and neat for you, and not to make it fine for others.' The gentleman, transported with this excellent turn of mind in his mistress, presented her with the money in new gold. She purchased an annuity with it; out of the income of which, at every revolution of her wedding-day, she makes her husband some pretty present, as a token of her gratitude, and a fresh pledge of her love; part of it she yearly distributes among her indigent and best-deserving neighbours; and the small remainder she lays out in something useful for herself, or the children.

N^o CXLVIII. MONDAY, AUGUST 31.

FAS EST ET AB HOSTE DOCERI.

OVID. MET. L. 4. v. 428.

TIS GOOD TO LEARN EV'N FROM AN ENEMY.

THERE is a kind of apophthegm, which I have frequently met with in my reading, to this purpose, that there are few, if any books, out of which a man of learning may not extract something for his use. I have often experienced the truth of this maxim, when calling in at my bookseller's, I have taken the book next to my hand off the counter, to employ the minutes I have been obliged to linger away there, in waiting for one friend or other. Yesterday when I came there, the Turkish Tales happened to lie in my way; upon opening of that amusing author, I happened to dip upon a short tale, which gave me a great many serious reflections. The very same fable may fall into the hands of a great many men of wit and pleasure, who, it is probable, will read it with their usual levity; but since it may as probably divert and instruct a great many persons of plain and virtuous minds, I shall make no scruple of making it the entertainment of this day's paper. The moral to be drawn from it is entirely Christian, and is so very obvious, that I shall leave to every reader the pleasure of picking it out for himself. I shall only premise, to obviate any offence that may be taken, that a great many notions in the Mahometan religion are borrowed from the Holy Scriptures.

THE HISTORY OF SANTON BARSISA.

THERE was formerly a Santon whose name was Barsisa, who for the space of an hundred years very fervently applied himself to prayers; and scarce ever went out of the grotto in which he made his residence, for fear of exposing himself to the danger of offending God. He fasted in the day-time, and watched in the night. All the inhabitants of the country had such a great veneration for him, and so highly valued his prayers, that they commonly applied to him, when they had any favour to beg of Heaven. When he made

vows for the health of a sick person, the patient was immediately cured.

It happened that the daughter of the king of that country fell into a dangerous distemper, the cause of which the physicians could not discover, yet they continued prescribing remedies by guess; but instead of helping the princess, they only augmented her disease. In the mean time the king was inconsolable, for he passionately loved his daughter; wherefore, one day, finding all human assistance vain, he declared it as his opinion that the princess ought to be sent to the Santon Barsisa.

All the Beys applauded his sentiment, and the king's officers conducted her to the Santon; who, notwithstanding his frozen age, could not see such a beauty without being sensibly moved. He gazed on her with pleasure; and the devil taking this opportunity, whispered in his ear thus: "O Santon! don't let slip such a fortunate minute: tell the king's servants that it is requisite for the princess to pass this night in the grotto, to see whether it will please God to cure her; that you will put up a prayer for her, and that they need only come to fetch her to-morrow."

How weak is man! The Santon followed the devil's advice, and did what he suggested to him. But the officers, before they would yield to leave the princess, sent one of their number to know the king's pleasure. That monarch, who had an entire confidence in Barsisa, never in the least scrupled the trusting of his daughter with him. "I consent," said he, "that she stay with that holy man, and that he keep her as long as he pleases: I am wholly satisfied on that head."

When the officers had received the king's answer, they all retired, and the princess remained alone with the hermit. Night being come, the devil presented himself to the Santon, saying—"Canst thou let slip so favourable an opportunity with so charming a creature?"

Fear

• Fear not her telling of the violence
• you offer her; if she were even so in-
• discreet as to reveal it, who will believe
• her? The court, the city, and all the
• world, are too much prepossessed in
• your favour, to give any credit to
• such a report. You may do any thing
• unpunished, when armed by the great
• reputation for wisdom, which you
• have acquired. The unfortunate
Barbula was so weak as to hearken to the
enemy of mankind. He approached the
princess, took her into his arms, and in
a moment cancelled a virtue of an hun-
dred years duration.

He had no sooner perpetrated his
crime, than a thousand avenging hor-
rors haunted him night and day. He
thus accosts the devil: "Oh wretch,"
says he, "it is thou which hast destroyed
me! Thou hast encompassed me for a
whole age, and endeavoured to seduce
me; and now at last thou hast gained
thy end."—"Oh Santon!" answered
the devil, "do not reproach me with
the pleasure thou hast enjoyed. Thou
mayest repent; but what is unhappy
for thee is, that the princess is im-
pregnated, and thy sin will become
public: thou wilt become the laugh-
ing-stock of those who admire and re-
verence thee at present, and the king
will put thee to an ignominious death."

Barbula, terrified by this discourse,
says to the devil—"What shall I do to
prevent the publication of my shame?"
—"To hinder the knowledge of your
crime, you ought to commit a fresh
one," answered the devil: "kill the
princess, bury her at the corner of the
grotto; and when the king's messen-
ger's come to-morrow, tell them you
have cured her, and that she went
from the grotto very early in the morn-
ing: they will believe you, and search
for her all over the city and count-
y; and the king her father will be in great
pain for her, but after several vain
searches it will wear off."

The hermit, abandoned by God, pur-
suant to this advice, killed the princess,
buried her in a corner of the grotto, and
the next day told the officers what the
devil bid him say. They made diligent
enquiry for the king's daughter, but
not being able to hear of her, they de-
spaired of finding her, when the devil
told them that all their search for the
princess was vain, and relating what had
passed betwixt her and the Santon, he
told them the place where she was in-
terred. The officers immediately went
to the grotto, seized Barbula, and found
the princess's body in the place to which
the devil had directed them; whereupon
they took up the corpse, and carried that
and the Santon to the palace.

When the king saw his daughter
dead, and was informed of the whole
event, he broke out into tears and bitter
lamentations; and assembling the doc-
tors, he laid the Santon's crime before
them, and asked their advice how he
should be punished. All the doctors
condemned him to death, upon which
the king ordered him to be hanged: ac-
cordingly, a gibbet was erected; the
hermit went up the ladder, and when
he was going to be turned off, the devil
whispered in his ear these words: "O
Santon! if you will worship me, I will
extricate you out of this difficulty, and
transport you two thousand leagues
from hence, into a country where you
shall be revered by men, as much as
you were before this adventure."—"I
am content," says Barbula; "deliver
me, and I will worship thee."—"Give
me first a sign of adoration," replies
the devil. Whereupon the Santon bow-
ed his head, and said—"I give myself
to you." The devil then raising his
voice, said—"O Barbula, I am satisfied;
I have obtained what I desired;" and
with these words, spitting in his face,
he disappeared; and the deluded Santon
was hanged.

N^o CXLIX. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

—URATUR VESTIS AMORE TUX.

OVID.

YOUR VERY DRESS SHALL CAPTIVATE HIS HEART.

I Have, in a former Precaution, en-
deavoured to shew the mechanism of
an epic poem; and given the reader pre-

scriptions whereby he may, without the
scarce ingredient of a genius, compose the
several parts of that great work. I shall
now



now treat of an affair of more general importance, and make dress the subject of the following paper.

Dress is grown of universal use in the conduct of life. Civilities and respect are only paid to appearance. It is a varnish that gives a lustre to every action, '*a passe par tout*,' that introduces us into all polite assemblies, and the only certain method of making most of the youth of our nation conspicuous.

There was formerly an absurd notion among the men of letters, that to establish themselves in the character of wits, it was absolutely necessary to shew a contempt of dress. This injudicious affectation of theirs flattened all their conversation, took off the force of every expression, and incapacitated a female audience from giving attention to any thing they said: while the man of dress catches their eyes as well as ears, and at every ludicrous turn obtains a laugh of applause by way of compliment.

I shall lay down as an established maxim, which hath been received in all ages, that no person can dress without a genius.

A genius is never to be acquired by art, but is the gift of nature; it may be discovered even in infancy. Little Master will smile when you shake his plume of feathers before him, and thrust it's little knuckles in papa's full-bottom; Miss will toy with her mother's Mechlin lace, and gaze on the gaudy colours of a fan; she smacks her lips for a kiss at the appearance of a gentleman in embroidery, and is frightened at the indecency of the house-maid's blue apron: as she grows up, the dress of her baby begins to be her care, and you will see a genteel fancy open itself in the ornaments of the little machine.

We have a kind of sketch of dress, if I may so call it, among us, which, as the invention was foreign, is called a *Disfhabille*: every thing is thrown on with a loose and careless air; yet a genius discovers itself even through this negligence of dress, just as you may see the masterly hand of a painter in three or four swift strokes of the pencil.

The most fruitful in geniuses is the French nation; we owe most of our janty fashions, now in vogue, to some adept beau among them. Their ladies exert the whole scope of their fancies upon every new petticoat; every head-dress undergoes a change; and not a lady of

genius will appear in the same shape two days together; so that we may impute the scarcity of geniuses in our climate to the stagnation of fashions.

The ladies among us have a superior genius to the men; which have for some years past shot out in several exorbitant inventions for the greater consumption of our manufacture. While the men have contented themselves with the retrenchment of the hat, or the various scallop of the pocket, the ladies have sunk the head-dress, inclosed themselves in the circumference of the hoop-petticoat, furbelows and flounces have been disposed of at will, the stays have been lowered behind, for the better displaying the beauties of the neck; not to mention the various rolling of the sleeve, and those other nice circumstances of dress upon which every lady employs her fancy at pleasure.

The sciences of poetry and dress have so near an alliance to each other, that the rules of the one, with very little variation, may serve for the other.

As in a poem all the several parts of it must have a harmony with the whole; so, to keep to the propriety of dress, the coat, waistcoat, and breeches, must be of the same piece.

As Aristotle obliges all dramatic writers to a strict observance of time, place, and action, in order to compose a just work of this kind of poetry; so it is absolutely necessary for a person that applies himself to the study of dress, to have a strict regard to these three particulars.

To begin with the *time*. What is more absurd than the velvet gown in summer? and what is more agreeable in the winter? The muff and fur are preposterous in June, which are charmingly supplied by the Turkey handkerchief and the fan. Every thing must be suitable to the season; and there can be no propriety in dress without a strict regard to *time*.

You must have no less respect to *place*. What gives a lady a more easy air than the wrapping gown in the morning at the tea-table? The Bath countenances the men of dress in showing themselves at the pump in their Indian night-gowns, without the least indecorum.

Action is what gives the spirit both to writing and dress. Nothing appears graceful without *action*; the head, the arms, the legs, must all conspire to give

N^o CL. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.—NESCIO QUA DULCEDINE LÆTI,
PROGENIEM NIDOSQUE FOVENT—

VIRG. GEORG. 4. v. 55.

—WITH SECRET JOY,
THEIR YOUNG SUCCESSION ALL THEIR CARES EMPLOY.

DRYDEN.

I Went the other day to visit Eliza, who, in the perfect bloom of beauty, is the mother of several children. She had a little prating girl upon her lap, who was begging to be very fine, that she might go abroad; and the indulgent mother, at her little daughter's request, had just taken the knots off her own head, to adorn the hair of the pretty trifler. A smiling boy was at the same time caressing a lap-dog, which is their mother's favourite, because it pleases the children; and she, with a delight in her looks which heightened her beauty, so divided her conversation with the two pretty prattlers, as to make them both equally cheerful.

As I came in, she said with a blush—'Mr. Ironside, though you are an old bachelor, you must not laugh at my tenderness to my children.' I need not tell my reader, what civil things I said in answer to the lady, whose matron-like behaviour gave me infinite satisfaction; since I myself take great pleasure in playing with children, and am seldom unprovided of plums or marbles, to make my court to such entertaining companions.

'Whence is it,' said I to myself, when I was alone, 'that the affection of parents is so intense to their offspring? Is it because they generally find such resemblances in what they have produced, as that thereby they think themselves renewed in their children, and are willing to transmit themselves to future times? or is it, because they think themselves obliged, by the dictates of humanity, to nourish and rear what is placed so immediately under their protection; and what by their means is brought into this world, the scene of misery, of necessity? These will not come up to it. Is it not rather the good providence of that Being, who in a super-eminent degree protects and cherishes the whole race of mankind, his sons and creatures?' How

shall we, any other way, account for this natural affection, so signally displayed throughout every species of the animal creation, without which the course of nature would quickly fail, and every various kind be extinct? Instances of tenderness in the most savage brutes are so frequent, that quotations of that kind are altogether unnecessary.

If we, who have no particular concern in them, take a secret delight in observing the gentle dawn of reason in babes; if our ears are soothed with their half forming and aiming at articulate sounds; if we are charmed with their pretty mimicry, and surprised at the unexpected starts of wit and cunning in these miniatures of man; what transport may we imagine in the breasts of those into whom natural instinct hath poured tenderness and fondness for them! How amiable is such a weakness in human nature! or rather, how great a weakness is it, to give humanity so reproachful a name! The bare consideration of paternal affection should methinks create a more grateful tenderness in children toward their parents than we generally see; and the silent whispers of nature be attended to, though the laws of God and man did not call aloud.

These silent whispers of nature have had a marvellous power, even when their cause hath been unknown. There are several examples in story of tender friendships formed betwixt men who knew not of their near relation. Such accounts confirm me in an opinion I have long entertained, that there is a sympathy betwixt souls, which cannot be explained by the prejudice of education, the sense of duty, or any other human motive.

The memoirs of a certain French nobleman, which now lie before me, furnish me with a very entertaining instance of this secret attraction, implanted by Providence in the human soul.

It will be necessary to inform the reader, that the person whose story I am going to relate, was one whose roving and romantic temper, joined to a disposition singularly amorous, had led him through a vast variety of gallantries and amours. He had, in his youth, attended a princess of France into Poland, where he had been entertained by the king her husband, and married the daughter of a grandee. Upon her death he returned into his native country; where his intrigues and other misfortunes having consumed his paternal estate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceased wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warsaw, and lay ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventures, which shall be related in his own words.

'I had been in this condition for four days, when the Countess of Venoski passed that way. She was informed that a stranger of good fashion lay sick, and her charity led her to see me. I remembered her, for I had often seen her with my wife, to whom she was nearly related; but when I found she knew me not, I thought fit to conceal my name. I told her I was a German; that I had been robbed; and that if she had the charity to send me to Warsaw, the queen would acknowledge it; I having the honour to be known to her majesty. The countess had the goodness to take compassion of me; and ordering me to be put in a litter, carried me to Warsaw, where I was lodged in her house until my health should allow me to wait on the queen.

'My fever increased after my journey was over, and I was confined to my bed for fifteen days. When the countess first saw me, she had a young lady with her about eighteen years of age, who was much taller and better shaped than the Polish women generally are. She was very fair, her skin exceeding fine, and her air and shape inexpressibly beautiful. I was not so sick as to overlook this young beauty; and I felt in my heart such emotions at the first view, as made me fear that all my misfortunes had not armed me sufficiently against the charms of the fair-sex. The amiable creature seemed afflicted at my sickness; and she appeared to have so much concern

and care for me, as raised in me a great inclination and tenderness for her. She came every day into my chamber to enquire after my health. I asked who she was, and I was answered, that she was niece to the Countess of Venoski.

'I verily believe that the constant sight of this charming maid, and the pleasure I received from her careful attendance, contributed more to my recovery than all the medicines the physicians gave me. In short, my fever left me, and I had the satisfaction to see the lovely creature overjoyed at my recovery. She came to see me oftener as I grew better; and I already felt a stronger and more tender affection for her than I ever bore to any woman in my life: when I began to perceive that her constant care of me was only a blind, to give her an opportunity of seeing a young Pole whom I took to be her lover. He seemed to be much about her age, of a brown complexion, very tall, but finely shaped. Every time she came to see me the young gentleman came to find her out; and they usually retired to a corner of the chamber, where they seemed to converse with great earnestness. The aspect of the youth pleased me wonderfully; and if I had not suspected that he was my rival, I should have taken delight in his person and friendship.

'They both of them often asked me if I were in reality a German; which when I continued to affirm, they seemed very much troubled. One day I took notice, that the young lady and gentleman, having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture; and that every now and then they cast their eyes upon me, as if they had found some resemblance betwixt that and my features. I could not forbear to ask the meaning of it; upon which the lady answered, that if I had been a Frenchman, she should have imagined that I was the person for whom the picture was drawn, because it so exactly resembled me. I desired to see it. But how great was my surprize! when I found it to be the very painting, which I had sent to the queen, five years before, and which she commanded me to get drawn to be given to my children. After I had viewed the piece, I cast my eyes upon

upon the young lady, and then upon the gentleman I had thought to be her lover. My heart beat, and I felt a secret emotion which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young persons some of my own features, and at that moment I said to myself—"Are not these my children?" The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them; but constraining myself with pain, I asked whose picture it was. The maid, perceiving that I could not

“speak without tears, fell a weeping. Her tears absolutely confirmed me in my opinion, and falling upon her neck—"Ah, my dear child!" said I, "yes, I am your father." I could say no more. The youth seized my hands at the same time, and kissing, bathed them with his tears. Throughout my life, I never felt a joy equal to this; and it must be owned, that nature inspires more lively motions and pleasing tenderness, than the passions can possibly excite.

N^o CLI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.

ACCIPIT SANÆ MERCEDEM SANGUINIS, ET SIC
PALLEAT, UT NUDIS PRESSIT QUI CALCIVS ANGUEN.

JUV. SAT. I. v. 42.

A DEAR-BOUGHT BARGAIN, ALL THINGS DULY WEIGH'D,
FOR WHICH THEIR THRICE-CONCOCTED BLOOD IS PAID;
WITH LOOKS AS WAN, AS HE, WHO, IN THE SNAKE,
AT UNAWARES HAS TROD UPON A SNAKE.

DRYDEN.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

OLD NESTOR,

I Believe you distance me not so much in years as in wisdom; and therefore, since you have gained so deserved a reputation, I beg your assistance in correcting the manners of an untoward lad, who perhaps may listen to your admonitions, sooner than to all the severe checks and grave reproofs of a father. Without any longer preamble, you must know, Sir, that about two years ago, Jack, my eldest son and heir, was sent up to London, to be admitted of the Temple, not so much with a view of his studying the law, as a desire to improve his breeding. This was done out of complaisance to a cousin of his, an airy lady, who was continually teasing me, that the boy would shoot up into a mere country booby, if he did not see a little of the world. She herself was bred chiefly in town, and since she was married into the country, neither looks, nor talks, nor dresses like any of her neighbours, and is grown the admiration of every one but her husband. The latter end of last month, some important business called me up to town, and the first thing I did, the next morning about ten, was to pay a visit to my son at his chambers; but as I began to knock at the door, I was interrupted by the bed-maker in the stair-case, who told me her

master seldom rose till about twelve, and about one I might be sure to find him drinking tea. I bid her somewhat hastily hold her prating, and open the door, which accordingly she did. The first thing I observed upon the table was the secret amours of ———, and by it stood a box of pills; on a chair lay a snuff-box with a fan half broke, and on the floor a pair of foils. Having seen this furniture, I entered his bed-chamber, not without some noise; whereupon he began to swear at his bed-maker (as he thought) for disturbing him so soon, and was turning about for the other nap, when he discovered such a thin, pale, sickly visage, that had I not heard the voice, I should never have guessed him to have been my son. How different was this countenance from that ruddy, hale complexion, which he had at parting with me from home! After I had waked him, he gave me to understand, that he was but lately recovered out of a violent fever; and the reason why he did not acquaint me with it was, lest the melancholy news might occasion too many tears among his relations; and be an unsupportable grief to his mother. To be short with you, old Nestor, I hurried my young spark down into the country along with me, and there am endeavouring to plump him up, so as to be no disgrace to his pedigree; for I assure you it was never known in the memory

memory of man, that any one of the family of the Ringwoods ever fell into a consumption, except Mrs. Dorothy Ringwood, who died a maid at forty-five. In order to bring him to himself, and to be one of us again, I make him go to bed at ten, and rise half an hour past five; and when he is puling for bohea tea and cream, I place upon a table a jolly piece of cold roast beef, or well-powdered ham, and bid him eat and live; then take him into the fields to observe the reapers, how the harvest goes forwards. There is nobody pleased with his present constitution, but his gay cousin, who spirits him up, and tells him he looks fair, and is grown well-shaped; but the honest tenants shake their heads, and cry—'Lack-a-day, how 'thin is poor young master fallen!' The other day, when I told him of it, he had the impudence to reply—'I hope, Sir, you would not have me as fat as Mr. ———. Alas! what would then become of me? how would the ladies 'pish at such a great monstrous thing?'—If you are truly what your title imports; a Guardian, pray, Sir, be pleased to consider what a noble generation must in all probability ensue from the lives which the town-bred gentlemen too often lead. A friend of mine not long ago, as we were complaining of the times, repeated two stanzas out of my Lord Roscommon, which I think may here be applicable.

'Twas not the spawn of such as these,
That dy'd with Punick blood the conquer'd
seas;
And quash'd the stern *Ætides*;
Made the proud Asian monarch feel
How weak his gold was against Europe's
steel;
Forc'd e'en dire Hannibal to yield;
And won the long-disputed world at Zama's
fatal field;

N^O. CLII. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

QUIN POTIVO PACEM ETERNAM FACTOSQUE HYMNÆOS
EXERCIMUS—

RATHER IN LEAGUES OF ENDLESS PEACE UNITE,
AND CELEBRATE THE HYMNÆAL RITE.

THERE is no rule in Longinus which I more admire than that wherein he advises an author who would attain to the sublime, and writes for

But soldiers of a rustic mould,
Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold;
Either they dug the stubborn ground,
Or thro' hewn woods their weighty strokes
did sound:
And after the declining sun
Had chang'd the shadows, and their task
was done;
Home with their weary team they took
their way,
And drown'd in friendly bowls the labours
of the day.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,
JONATHAN RINGWOOD.

P.S. I forgot to tell you, that while I waited in my son's anti-chamber, I found upon the table the following bill:

' Sold to Mr. Jonathan	1. s. d.
' Ringwood, a plain muslin	1 18 6
' head and ruffles, with col-	
' bertine lace	
' Six pair of white kid	0 14 0
' gloves for Madam Salley	
' Three handkerchiefs for	0 15 0
' Madam Salley	

In his chamber-window I saw his shoemaker's bill, with this remarkable article:

' For Mr. Ringwood, three
' pair of laced shoes - 3 00 0

And in the drawer of the table was the following billet:

MR. RINGWOOD,

I Desire, that because you are such a country booby, that you forget the use and care of your snuff-box, you would not call me thief. Pray see my face no more. Your abused friend,
SARAH GALLOPP.

Under these words my hopeful heir had writ—'Memorandum, to send her word I have found my box, though I know she has it.'

eternity, to consider, when he is engaged in his composition, what Homer or Plato, or any other of those heroes in the learned world, would have said or thought upon

upon the same occasion. I have often practised this rule, with regard to the best authors among the ancients, as well as among the moderns; with what success, I must leave to the judgment of others. I may at least venture to say with Mr. Dryden, where he professes to have imitated Shakespeare's style, that in imitating such great authors, I have always excelled myself.

I have also by this means revived several antiquated ways of writing, which, though very instructive and entertaining, had been laid aside, and forgotten for some ages. I shall in this place only mention those allegories wherein virtues, vices, and human passions, are introduced as real actors. Though this kind of composition was practised by the finest authors among the ancients, our countryman Spenser is the last writer of note who has applied himself to it with success.

That an allegory may be both delightful and instructive, in the first place, the fable of it ought to be perfect, and if possible, to be filled with surprizing turns and incidents. In the next, there ought to be useful morals and reflections couched under it, which still receive a greater value from their being new and uncommon; as also from their appearing difficult to have been thrown into emblematical types and shadows.

I was once thinking to have written a whole canto in the spirit of Spenser; and in order to it, contrived a fable of imaginary persons and characters. I raised it on that common dispute between the comparative perfections and pre-eminence of the two sexes, each of which have very frequently had their advocates among the men of letters. Since I have not time to accomplish this work, I shall present my reader with the naked fable, reserving the embellishments of verse and poetry to another opportunity.

The two sexes contending for superiority, were once at war with each other, which was chiefly carried on by their auxiliaries. The males were drawn up on the one side of a very spacious plain, the females on the other; between them was left a very large interval for their auxiliaries to engage in. At each extremity of this middle space lay encamped several bodies of neutral forces, who waited for the event of the battle before they would declare themselves,

that they might then act as they saw occasion.

The main body of the male auxiliaries was commanded by *Fortitude*; that of the female by *Beauty*. *Fortitude* began the onset on *Beauty*; but found, to his cost, that she had such a particular witchcraft in her looks, as withered all his strength. She played upon him so many smiles and glances, that she quite weakened and disarmed him.

In short, he was ready to call for quarter, had not *Wisdom* come to his aid: this was the commander of the male right-wing, and would have turned the fate of the day, had not he been timely opposed by *Cunning*, who commanded the left-wing of the female auxiliaries. *Cunning* was the chief engineer of the fair army; but upon this occasion was posited, as I have here said, to receive the attacks of *Wisdom*. It was very entertaining to see the workings of those two antagonists, the conduct of the one, and the stratagems of the other. Never was there a more equal match. Those who beheld it gave the victory sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other; though most declared the advantage was on the side of the female commander.

In the mean time, the conflict was very great in the left-wing of the army, where the battle began to turn to the male side. This wing was commanded by an old experienced officer called *Patient*, and on the female side by a general known by the name of *Scorn*. The latter, that fought after the manner of the Parthians, had the better of it all the beginning of the day; but being quite tired out with the long pursuits, and repeated attacks of the enemy, who had been repulsed above a hundred times, and rallied as often, began to think of yielding; when on a sudden a body of neutral forces began to move. The leader was of an ugly look, and gigantic stature. He acted like a Draw-cansir, sparing neither friend nor foe. His name was *Lust*. On the female side he was opposed by a select body of forces, commanded by a young officer that had the face of a cherubim, and the name of *Modesty*. This beautiful young hero was supported by one of a more masculine turn, and fierce behaviour, called by *men* *HONOUR*, and by the *gods* *PRIDE*. This last made an ob-

finite defence, and drove back the enemy more than once, but at length resigned at discretion.

The dreadful monster, after having overturned whole squadrons in the female army, fell in among the males, where he made a more terrible havoc than on the other side. He was here opposed by *Reason*, who drew up all his forces against him, and held the fight in suspense for some time; but at length quitted the field.

After a great ravage on both sides, the two armies agreed to join against this common foe. And in order to it drew out a small chosen band, whom they placed by consent under the conduct of *Virtue*, who in a little time drove this foul ugly monster out of the field.

Upon his retreat, a second neutral leader, whose name was *Love*, marched in between the two armies. He headed a body of ten thousand winged boys that threw their darts and arrows promiscuously among both armies. The wounds they gave were not the wounds of an enemy. They were pleasing to

those that felt them; and had so strange an effect, that they wrought a spirit of mutual friendship, reconciliation, and good-will, in both sexes. The two armies now looked with cordial love on each other, and stretched out their arms with tears of joy, as longing to forget old animosities, and embrace one another.

The last general of neutrals that appeared in the field was *Hymen*, who marched immediately after *Love*, and seconding the good inclinations which he had inspired, joined the hands of both armies. *Love* generally accompanied him, and recommended the sexes pair by pair to his good offices.

But as it is usual enough for several persons to dress themselves in the habit of a great leader, *Ambition* and *Avarice* had taken on them the garb and habit of *Love*, by which means they often imposed on *Hymen*, by putting into his hands several couples whom he would never have joined together, had it not been brought about by the delusion of these two impostors.

Nº CLIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.

ADMIRANDA TIBI LEVIUM SPECTACULA RERUM.

VING. GEORG. 4. V. 3.

A MIGHTY POMP, THO' MADE OF LITTLE THINGS. DRYDEN.

THERE is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itself under more disguises, than Pride. For my own part, I think if there is any passion or vice which I am wholly a stranger to, it is this; though at the same time, perhaps, this very judgment which I form of myself proceeds in some measure from this corrupt principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that sentence in holy writ — 'Pride was not made for man.' There is not indeed any single view of human nature, under it's present condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret seeds of pride; and, on the contrary, to sink the soul into the lowest state of humility; and what the schoolmen call self-annihilation. Pride was not made for man, as he is —

1. A sinful,
2. An ignorant,
3. A miserable being.

There is nothing in his understanding, in his will, or in his present condition, that can tempt any considerate creature to pride or vanity.

These three very reasons why he should not be proud, are notwithstanding the reasons why he is so. Were not he a sinful creature, he would not be subject to a passion which rises from the depravity of his nature; were he not an ignorant creature, he would see that he has nothing to be proud of; and were not the whole species miserable, he would not have those wretched objects of comparison before his eyes, which are the occasions of his passion, and which make one man value himself more than another.

A wise man will be contented that his glory be deferred until such time as he shall be truly glorified; when his understanding shall be cleared, his will rectified, and his happiness assured; or, in other words, when he shall be nei-

ther sinful, nor ignorant, nor miserable.

If there be any thing which makes human nature appear *ridiculous* to beings of superior faculties, it must be pride. They know so well the vanity of those imaginary perfections that swell the heart of man, and of those little supernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his neighbours on any of these accounts, at the same time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the species.

To set this thought in it's true light, we will fancy, if you please, that yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reasonable creatures, and that every pismire (his shape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human passions. How should we smile to hear one give us an account of the pedigrees, distinctions, and titles, that reign among them? Observe how the whole swarm divide and make way for the pismire that passes through them! you must understand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any pismire in the mole-hill. Do not you see how sensible he is of it, how slow he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their distance? Here you may observe one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He is the richest insect on this side the hillock, he has a walk of half a yard in length and a quarter of an inch in breadth; he keeps an hundred mental servants, and has at least fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and belaving the emmet that stands before him, and who, for all that we can discover, is as good an emmet as himself.

But here comes an insect of figure! Do not you take notice of a little white straw that he carries in his mouth? That straw, you must understand, he would

not part with for the longest tract about the mole-hill: did you but know what he has undergone to purchase it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions swarm about him! Should this straw drop out of his mouth, you would see all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the discarded insect, or run over his back, to come at his successor.

If now you have a mind to see all the ladies of the mole-hill, observe first the pismire that listens to the emmet on her left-hand, at the same time that she seems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor insect that she is a goddess, that her eyes are brighter than the sun, that life and death are at her disposal. She believes him, and gives herself a thousand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the pismire on your left-hand. She can scarce crawl with age; but you must know she values herself upon her birth; and, if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette that is running along by the side of her, is a wit. She has broke many a pismire's heart. Do but observe what a drove of lovers are running after her.

We will here finish this imaginary scene; but first of all, to draw the parallel closer, will suppose, if you please, that death comes down upon the mole-hill, in the shape of a cock-sparrow, who picks up, without distinction, the pismire of quality and his flatterers, the pismire of substance and day-labourers, the white-straw officer and his sycophants, with all the goddesses, wits, and beauties of the mole-hill.

May we not imagine that beings of superior natures and perfections regard all the instances of pride and vanity, among our own species, in the same kind of view, when they take a survey of those who inhabit the earth: or, in the language of an ingenious French poet; of those pismires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions? 

N^o CLIV. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.

OMNIA TRANSFORMAT SESE IN MIRACULA RERUM.

VIRG. GEORG. 4. V. 441.

ALL SHAPES, THE MOST PRODIGIOUS, THEY ASSUME.

I Question not but the following letter will be entertaining to those who were present at the late masquerade, as it will recal into their minds several merry particulars that passed in it, and at the same time be very acceptable to those who were at a distance from it, as they may form from hence some idea of this fashionable amusement.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

PER VIA LEONIS.

SIR,

I Could scarce ever go into good company, but the discourse was on the ambassador, the politeness of his entertainments, the goodness of his Burgundy and Champaign, the gaiety of his masquerades, with the odd fantastical dresses which were made use of in those midnight solemnities. The noise these diversions made, at last raised my curiosity, and for once I resolved to be present at them, being at the same time provoked to it by a lady I then made my addressee to, one of a sprightly humour, and a great admirer of such novelties. In order to it I hurried my habit, and got it ready a week before the time, for I grew impatient to be initiated in these new mysteries. Every morning I dressed myself in it, and acted before the looking-glass; so that I am vain enough to think I was as perfect in my part, as most who had oftener frequented those diversions. You must understand I personated a Devil, and that for several weighty reasons. First, because appearing as one of that fraternity, I expected to meet with particular civilities from the more polite and better-bred part of the company. Besides, as from their usual reception they are called Familiars, I fancied I should, in this character, be allowed the greatest liberties, and soonest be led into the secrets of the masquerade. To recommend and distinguish me from the vulgar, I drew a very long tail after me. But to speak the

truth, what persuaded me most to this disguise was, because I heard an intriguing lady say, in a large company of females, who unanimously assented to it, that she loved to converse with such, for that generally they were very clever fellows who made choice of that shape. At length when the long-wished-for evening came, which was to open to us such vast scenes of pleasure, I repaired to the place appointed about ten at night, where I found nature topsy-turvy, women changed into men, and men into women, children in leading-strings seven feet high, courtiers transformed into clowns, ladies of the night into saints, people of the first quality into beasts or birds, gods or goddesses. I fancied I had all Ovid's Metamorphoses before me. Among these were several monsters to which I did not know how to give a name—

——— worse

Than fables yet have feign'd, or fears conceived;
Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire.

MILTON.

In the middle of the first room I met with one dressed in a shroud. This put me in mind of the old custom of serving up a death's head at a feast. I was a little angry at the dress, and asked the gentleman whether he thought a dead man was fit company for such an assembly; but he told me, that he was one who loved his money, and that he considered this dress would serve him another time. This walking corse was followed by a gigantic woman with a high-crowned hat, that stood up like a steeple over the heads of the whole assembly. I then chanced to tread upon the foot of a female Quaker, to all outward appearance; but was surprised to hear her cry out—'D—n you, you son of 'a ———!' upon which I immediately rebuked her, when all of a sudden resuming her character—'Verily,' says she, 'I was to blame; but thou hast bruised me sorely.' A few moments

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after

after this adventure, I had like to have been knocked down by a shepherdess for having run my elbow a little inadvertently into one of her sides. She swore like a trooper, and threatened me with a very masculine voice; but I was timely taken off by a Presbyterian parson, who told me in a very soft tone, that he believed I was a pretty fellow, and that he would meet me in Spring-Garden to morrow night. The next object I saw was a chimney-sweeper made up of black crape and velvet, with a huge diamond in his mouth, making love to a butterfly. On a sudden I found myself among a flock of bats, owls, and lawyers. But what took up my attention most was, one dressed in white feathers that represented a swan. He would fain have found out a Leda among the fair-sex, and indeed was the most unlucky bird in the company. I was then engaged in a discourse with a running-footman; but as I treated him like what he appeared to be, a Turkish emperor whispered me in the ear, desiring me to use him civilly, for that it was his master. I was here interrupted by the famous large figure of a woman hung with little looking-glasses. She had a great many that followed her as she passed by me; but I would not have her value herself upon that account, since it was plain they did not follow so much to look upon her as to see themselves. The next I observed was a nun making an assignation with a heathen god; for I heard them mention the Little Piazza in Covent Garden. I was by this time exceeding hot and thirsty; so that I made the best of my way to the place where wine was dealt about in great quantities. I had no sooner presented myself before the table, but a magician seeing me, made a circle over my head with his wand, and seemed to do me homage. I was at a loss to account for his behaviour, until I recollected who I was; this however drew the eyes of the servants upon me, and immediately procured me a glass of excellent champagne. The magician said I was a spirit of an adult and dry constitution; and desired that I might have another refreshing glass; adding withal, that it ought to be a brimmer. I took it in my hand, and drank it off to the magician. This so enlivened me, that I led him by the hand into the next room, where we

danced a rigadon together. I was here a little offended at a jackanapes of a Scaramouth, that cried out—'Avant, Satan!' and gave me a little tap on my left-shoulder, with the end of his lath-sword. As I was considering how I ought to resent this affront, a well-shaped person that stood at my left-hand, in the figure of a bellman, cried out with a suitable voice—'Past twelve o'clock!' This put me in mind of bed-time: accordingly I made my way towards the door, but was intercepted by an Indian king, a tall, slender youth, dressed up in a most beautiful party-coloured plumage. He regarded my habit very attentively, and after having turned me about once or twice, asked me whom I had been tempting: I could not tell what was the matter with me, but my heart leaped as soon as he touched me, and was still in greater disorder upon my hearing his voice. In short, I found after a little discourse with him, that his Indian majesty was my dear Leonora, who knowing the disguise I had put on, would not let me pass by her unobserved. Her awkward manliness made me guess at her sex, and her own confession quickly let me know the rest. This masquerade did more for me than a twelve-month's courtship; for it inspired her with such tender sentiments, that I married her the next morning.

How happy I shall be in a wife taken out of a masquerade, I cannot yet tell; but I have reason to hope the best, Leonora having assured me it was the first, and shall be the last, time of her appearing at such an entertainment.

And now, Sir, having given you the history of this strange evening, which looks rather like a dream than a reality, it is my request to you, that you will oblige the world with a dissertation on masquerades in general; that we may know how far they are useful to the public, and consequently how far they ought to be encouraged. I have heard of two or three very odd accidents that have happened upon this occasion; as, in particular, of a lawyer's being now big-bellied, who was present at the first of these entertainments; not to mention (what is still more strange) an old man with a long beard, who was got with child by a milk-maid! But in cases of this nature, where there is such a confusion of sex, age, and quality, men are apt to report rather

rather what might have happened, than what really came to pass. Without giving credit therefore to any of these rumours, I shall only renew my peti-

tion to you, that you will tell us your opinion at large of these matters, and am, Sir, &c.

LUCIFER.

Nº CLV. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

—LINELLI STOICI INTEN SERICOS
JACERE PULVILLOS AMANT.

HOR. EPOD. 8. v. 25.

THE BOOKS OF STOICS EVER CHOSE
ON SILKEN CUSHIONS TO REPOSE.

I Have often wondered that learning is not thought a proper ingredient in the education of a woman of quality or fortune. Since they have the same improveable minds as the male part of the species, why should they not be cultivated by the same method? why should reason be left to itself in one of the sexes, and be disciplined with so much care in the other?

There are some reasons why learning seems more adapted to the female world than to the male. As, in the first place, because they have more spare time upon their hands, and lead a more sedentary life. Their employments are of a domestic nature, and not like those of the other sex, which are often inconsistent with study and contemplation. The excellent lady, the Lady Lizard, in the space of one summer furnished a gallery with chairs and couches of her own and her daughters working; and at the same time heard all Doctor Tillotson's Sermons twice over. It is always the custom for one of the young ladies to read, while the others are at work; so that the learning of the family is not at all prejudicial to its manufactures. I was mightily pleased the other day to find them all busy in preserving several fruits of the season, with the Sparkler in the midst of them, reading over 'The Plurality of Worlds.' It was very entertaining to me to see them dividing their speculations between jellies and stars, and making a sudden transition from the sun to an apricot, or from the Copernican System to the figure of a cheese-cake.

A second reason why women should apply themselves to useful knowledge rather than men, is because they have that natural gift of speech in greater perfection. Since they have so excellent a talent, such a copia verborum, or plenty of words, it is pity they should

not put it to some use. If the female tongue will be in motion, why should it not be set to go right? Could they discourse about the spots in the sun, it might divert them from publishing the faults of their neighbours: could they talk of the different aspects and conjunctions of the planets, they need not be at the pains to comment upon oglings and clandestine marriages. In short, were they furnished with matters of fact, out of arts and sciences, it would now and then be of great ease to their invention.

There is another reason why those especially who are women of quality, should apply themselves to letters; namely, because their husbands are generally strangers to them.

It is great pity there should be no knowledge in a family. For my own part, I am concerned when I go into a great house, where perhaps there is not a single person that can spell, unless it be by chance the butler, or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir likely to make, who is a dunce both by father and mother's side?

If we look into the histories of famous women, we find many eminent philosophers of this sex. Nay, we find that several females have distinguished themselves in those sects of philosophy which seem almost repugnant to their natures. There have been famous female Pythagoreans, notwithstanding most of that philosophy consisted in keeping a secret, and that the disciple was to hold her tongue five years together. I need not mention Portia, who was a Stoick in petticoats; nor Hipparchia, the famous She-cynic, who arrived at such a perfection in her studies, that she conversed with her husband, or man-planter, in broad day-light, and in the open streets.

Learning and knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are men, but as we

we are reasonable creatures, in which order of beings the female world is upon the same level with the male. We ought to consider in this particular, not what is the sex, but what is the species to which they belong. At least I believe every one will allow me, that a female philosopher is not so absurd a character and so opposite to the sex, as a female gamester; and that it is more irrational for a woman to pass away half a dozen hours at cards or dice, than in getting up stores of useful learning. This therefore is another reason why I would recommend the studies of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loss how to employ those hours that lie upon their hands.

I might also add this motive to my fair readers, that several of their sex, who have improved their minds by books and literature, have raised themselves to the highest posts of honour and fortune. A neighbouring nation may at this time furnish us with a very remarkable instance of this kind; but I shall conclude this head with the History of Athenais, which is a very signal example to my present purpose.

The Emperor Theodosius being about the age of one and twenty, and designing to take a wife, desired his sister Pulcheria and his friend Paulinus to search his whole empire for a woman of the most exquisite beauty and highest accomplishments. In the midst of this search, Athenais, a Grecian virgin, accidentally offered herself. Her father, who was an eminent philosopher of Athens, and had bred her up in all the learning of

that place, at his death left her but a very small portion, in which also she suffered great hardships from the injustice of her two brothers. This forced her upon a journey to Constantinople, where she had a relation who represented her case to Pulcheria, in order to obtain some redress from the emperor. By this means that religious princeess became acquainted with Athenais, whom she found the most beautiful woman of her age, and educated under a long course of philosophy in the strictest virtue, and most unspotted innocence. Pulcheria was charmed with her conversation, and immediately made her reports to the Emperor her brother Theodosius. The character she gave made such an impression on him, that he desired his sister to bring her away immediately to the lodgings of his friend Paulinus, where he found her beauty and her conversation beyond the highest idea he had framed of them. His friend Paulinus converted her to Christianity, and gave her the name of Eudofia; after which the emperor publicly espoused her, and enjoyed all the happiness in his marriage which he promised himself from such a virtuous and learned bride. She not only forgave the injuries which her two brothers had done her, but raised them to great honours; and by several works of learning, as well as by an exemplary life, made herself so dear to the whole empire, that she had many statues erected to her memory, and is celebrated by the fathers of the church as the ornament of her sex.

Nº CLVI. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.

—MAGNI FORMICA LABORIS

ORE TRAHIT QUODCUNQUE POTEST, ATQUE ADDIT ACERVO;

QUEM STRUIT HAUD IGNARA, AC NON INCAUTA FUTURI.

QUE, SIMUL INVERSUM CONTRISTAT AQUARIUS ANNUM,

NON USQUAM PROREPIT, ET ILLIS UTITUR ANTE

QUÆSITIS PATIENS.

HOR. SAT. I. L. I. V. 33.

AS THE SMALL ANT (FOR SHE INSTRUCTS THE MAN,

AND PREACHES LABOUR) GATHERS ALL SHE CAN,

AND BRINGS IT TO INCREASE HER HEAP AT HOME,

AGAINST THE WINTER, WHICH SHE KNOWS WILL COME:

BUT, WHEN THAT COMES, SHE CREEPS ABROAD NO MORE,

BUT LIES AT HOME, AND FEASTS UPON HER STORE.

CREECH.

IN my last Saturday's paper I supposed a mole-hill, inhabited by pismires or ants, to be a lively image of the earth,

peopled by human creatures. This supposition will not appear too forced or strained to those who are acquainted with

the

the natural history of these little insects; in order to which I shall present my reader with the extract of a letter upon this curious subject, as it was published by the members of the French academy, and since translated into English. I must confess I was never in my life better entertained than with this narrative, which is of undoubted credit and authority.

In a room next to mine, which had been empty for a long time, there was upon a window a box full of earth, two feet deep, and fit to keep flowers in. That kind of parterre had been long uncultivated; and therefore it was covered with old plaister, and a great deal of rubbish that fell from the top of the house, and from the walls, which, together with the earth formerly-imbibed with water, made a kind of a dry and barren soil. That place lying to the south, and out of the reach of the wind and rain, besides the neighbourhood of a granary, was a most delightful spot of ground for ants; and therefore they had made three nests there, without doubt for the same reason that men build cities in fruitful and convenient places, near springs and rivers.

Having a mind to cultivate some flowers, I took a view of that place; and removed a tulip out of the garden into that box; but casting my eyes upon the ants, continually taken up with a thousand cares, very inconsiderable with respect to us, but of the greatest importance for them, they appeared to me more worthy of my curiosity than all the flowers in the world. I quickly removed the tulip, to be the admirer and restorer of that little commonwealth. This was the only thing they wanted; for their policy and the order observed among them, are more perfect than those of the wisest republics; and therefore they have nothing to fear, unless a new legislator should attempt to change the form of their government.

I made it my business to procure them all sorts of conveniences. I took out of the box every thing that might be troublesome to them; and frequently visited my ants, and studied all their actions. Being used to go to bed very late, I went to see them work in a moon-shiny night; and I did frequently get up in the night, to take a view of their labours. I always

found some going up and down, and very busy: one would think that they never sleep. Every body knows that ants come out of their holes in the day-time, and expose to the sun the corn, which they keep under ground in the night. Those who have seen ant-hillocks, have easily perceived those small heaps of corn about their nests. What surprised me at first was, that my ants never brought out their corn but in the night, when the moon did shine, and kept it under ground in the day-time; which was contrary to what I had seen, and saw still, practised by those insects in other places. I quickly found out the reason of it: there was a pigeon-house not far from thence; pigeons and birds would have eaten their corn, if they had brought it out in the day-time. It is highly probable they knew it by experience; and I frequently found pigeons and birds in that place, when I went to it in a morning. I quickly delivered them from those robbers: I frightened the birds away with some pieces of paper tied to the end of a string over the window. As for the pigeons, I drove them away several times; and when they perceived that the place was more frequented than before, they never came to it again. What is most admirable, and what I could hardly believe, if I did not know it by experience, is, that those ants knew some days after that they had nothing to fear, and began to lay out their corn in the sun. However, I perceived they were not fully convinced of being out of all danger; for they durst not bring out their provisions all at once, but by degrees, first in a small quantity, and without any great order, that they might quickly carry them away in case of any misfortune, watching and looking every way. At last, being persuaded that they had nothing to fear, they brought out all their corn, almost every day, and in good order, and carried it in at night.

There is a straight hole in every ant's nest, about half an inch deep; and then it goes down sloping into a place where they have their magazine, which I take to be a different place from that where they rest and eat. For it is highly improbable that an ant, which is a very cleanly insect, and throws out of her nest all the small remains of the corn on which she feeds,

as I have observed a thousand times, would fill up her magazine, and mix her corn with dirt and ordure.

The corn that is laid up by ants, would shoot under ground, if those insects did not take care to prevent it. They bite off all the buds before they lay it up; and therefore the corn that has lain in their nests will produce nothing. Any one may easily make this experiment, and even plainly see that there is no bud in their corn. But though the bud be bitten off, there remains another inconvenience, that corn must needs swell and rot under ground; and therefore it could be of no use to the nourishment of ants. Those insects prevent that inconvenience by their labour and industry, and contrive the matter so, that corn will keep as dry in their nests as in our granaries.

They gather many small particles of dry earth, which they bring every day out of their holes, and place them round to heat them in the sun. Every ant brings a small particle of that earth in her pincers, lays it by the hole, and then goes and fetches another. Thus, in less than a quarter of an hour, one may see a vast number of such small particles of dry earth, heaped up round the hole. They lay their corn under ground upon that earth, and cover it with the same. They perform this work almost every day, during the heat of the sun; and though the sun went from the window about three or four of the clock in the afternoon, they did not remove their corn and their particles of earth, because the ground was very hot, until the heat was over.

If any one should think that those animals should use sand, or small particles of brick or stone, rather than take so much pains about dry earth; I answer, that upon such an occasion nothing can be more proper than earth heated in the sun. Corn does not keep upon sand: besides, a grain of corn that is cut, being deprived of its bud, would be filled with small sandy particles that could not easily come out. To which I add, that sand consists of such small particles, that an ant could not take them up one after another; and therefore those insects are seldom to be seen near rivers, or in a very sandy ground.

As for the small particles of brick or stone, the least moistness would join them together, and turn them into a kind of mastic, which those insects could not divide. Those particles sticking together, could not come out of an ant's nest, and would spoil its symmetry.

When ants have brought out those particles of earth, they bring out their corn after the same manner, and place it round the earth. Thus one may see two heaps surrounding their hole, one of dry earth, and the other of corn; and then they fetch out a remainder of dry earth, on which doubtless their corn was laid up.

Those insects never go about this work, but when the weather is clear, and the sun very hot. I observed, that those little animals having one day brought out their corn at eleven of the clock in the forenoon, removed it, against their usual custom, before one in the afternoon: the sun being very hot, and sky very clear, I could perceive no reason for it. But half an hour after, the sky began to be overcast; and there fell a small rain which the ants foresaw; whereas the Milan almanack had foretold there would be no rain upon that day.

I have said before, that those ants which I did so particularly consider, fetched their corn out of a garret. I went very frequently into that garret: there was some old corn in it; and because every grain was not alike, I observed that they chose the best.

I know, by several experiments, that those little animals take great care to provide themselves with wheat when they can find it, and always pick out the best; but they can make shift without it. When they can get no wheat, they take rye, oats, millet, and even crumbs of bread; but seldom any barley, unless it be in a time of great scarcity, and when nothing else can be had.

Being willing to be more particularly informed of their forecast and industry, I put a small heap of wheat in a corner of the room, where they were kept; and to prevent their fetching corn out of the garret, I shut up the window, and stopp all the holes. Though ants are very knowing, I do not take them to be conjurers; and therefore they could not guess that I had put

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some corn in that room. I perceived for several days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make them more easy, for I had a mind to know, whether they would at last find out the treasure, and see it at a great distance; and whether smelling enabled them to know what is good for their nourishment. Thus they were some time in great trouble, and took a great deal of pains: they went up and down a great way looking out for some grains of corn; they were sometimes disappointed, and sometimes they did not like their corn, after many long and painful excursions. What appeared to me wonderful, was, that none of them came home without bringing something: one brought a grain of wheat, another a grain of rye or oats, or a particle of dry earth, if she could get nothing else.

The window, upon which these ants had made their settlement, looked into a garden, and was two stories high. Some went to the farther end of the garden, others to the fifth story, in quest of some corn. It was a very hard journey for them, especially when they came home loaded with a pretty large grain of corn, which must needs be a heavy burden for an ant, and as much as she can bear. The bringing of that grain from the middle of the garden to the nest, took up four hours; whereby one may judge of the strength and prodigious labour of those little animals. It appears from thence, that an ant works as hard as a man, who should carry a very heavy load on his shoulders almost every day for the space of four leagues. It is true, those insects do not take so much pains upon a flat ground: but then how great is the hardship of a poor ant, when she carries a grain of corn to the second story, climbing up a wall with her head downwards, and her back-

side upwards. None can have a true notion of it, unless they see those little animals at work in such a situation. The frequent stops they made in the most convenient places are a plain indication of their weariness. Some of them were strangely perplexed, and could not get to their journey's end. In such a case, the strongest ants, or those that are not so weary, having carried their corn to their nests, came down again to help them. Some are so unfortunate as to fall down with their load, when they are almost come home: when this happens they seldom lose their corn, but carry it up again.

I saw one of the smallest carrying a large grain of wheat with incredible pains: when she came to the box where the nest was, she made so much haste that she fell down with her load, after a very laborious march: such an unlucky accident would have vexed a philosopher. I went down, and found her with the same corn in her paws: she was ready to climb up again. The same misfortune happened to her three times. Sometimes she fell in the middle of her way, and sometimes higher; but she never let go her hold, and was not discouraged. At last her strength failed her: she stooped, and another ant helped her to carry her load, which was one of the largest and finest grains of wheat that an ant can carry. It happens sometimes, that a corn slips out of their paws, when they are climbing up; they take hold of it again, when they can find it; otherwise they look for another, or take something else, being ashamed to return to their nest without bringing something. This I have experimented, by taking away the grain which they looked for. All those experiments may easily be made by any one that has patience enough: they do not require so great a patience as that of ants; but few people are capable of it.

Nº CLVII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.

GO TO THE ANT, THOU SLUGGARD; CONSIDER HER WAYS, AND BE WISE.

PROV. VI. 6.

IT has been observed by writers of morality, that in order to quicken human industry, Providence has so con-

trived it, that our daily food is not to be procured without much pains and labour. The chase of birds and beasts,

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the several arts of fishing, with all the different kinds of agriculture, are necessary scenes of business, and give employment to the greatest part of mankind. If we look into the brute creation, we find all its individuals engaged in a painful and laborious way of life, to procure a necessary subsistence for themselves, or those that grow up under them: the preservation of their being is the whole business of it. An idle man is therefore a kind of monster in the creation. All nature is busy about him; every animal he sees reproaches him. Let such a man, who lies as a burden or dead weight upon the species, and contributes nothing either to the riches of the commonwealth, or to the maintenance of himself and family, consider that instinct with which Providence has endued the ant, and by which is exhibited an example of industry to rational creatures. This is set forth under many surprizing instances in the paper of yesterday, and in the conclusion of that narrative, which is as follows:

Thus my ants were forced to make shift for a livelihood, when I had shut up the garret, out of which they used to fetch their provisions. At last being sensible that it would be a long time before they could discover the small heap of corn, which I had laid up for them, I resolved to shew it to them.

In order to know how far their industry could reach, I contrived an expedient, which had good success: the thing will appear incredible to those who never considered, that all animals of the same kind which form a society are more knowing than others. I took one of the largest ants, and threw her upon that small heap of wheat. She was so glad to find herself at liberty, that she ran away to her nest, without carrying off a grain; but she observed it: for an hour after all my ants had notice given them of such a provision; and I saw most of them very busy in carrying away the corn I had laid up in the room. I leave it to you to judge, whether it may not be said, that they have a particular way of communicating their knowledge to one another; for otherwise how could they know, one or two hours after, that there was corn in that place? It was quickly exhausted; and I put in more, but in a

small quantity, to know the true extent of their appetite or prodigious avarice; for I make no doubt but they lay up provisions against the winter: we read it in Holy Scripture; a thousand experiments teach us the same; and I do not believe that any experiment has been made that shews the contrary.

I have said before, that there were three ants-nests in that box or parterre, which formed, if I may say so, three different cities, governed by the same laws, and observing the same order and the same customs. However, there was this difference, that the inhabitants of one of those holes seemed to be more knowing and industrious than their neighbours. The ants of that nest were disposed in a better order; their corn was finer; they had a greater plenty of provisions; their nest was furnished with more inhabitants, and they were bigger and stronger: it was the principal and the capital nest. Nay, I observed, that those ants were distinguished from the rest, and had some pre-eminence over them.

Though the box full of earth, where the ants had made their settlement, was generally free from rain, yet it rained sometimes upon it, when a certain wind blew. It was a great inconvenience for those insects: ants are afraid of water; and when they go a great way in quest of provisions, and are surprized by the rain, they shelter themselves under some tile, or something else, and do not come out until the rain is over. The ants of the principal nest found out a wonderful expedient to keep out the rain: there was a small piece of a flat slate, which they laid over the hole of their nest in the day-time, when they foresaw it would rain, and almost every night. Above fifty of those little animals, especially the strongest, surrounded that piece of slate, and drew it equally in a wonderful order: they removed it in the morning; and nothing could be more curious than to see those little animals about such a work. They had made the ground uneven about their nest, inasmuch that the slate did not lie flat upon it, but left a free passage underneath. The ants of the two other nests did not so well succeed in keeping out the rain: they laid over their holes several pieces of old and dry

dry plaster one upon the other; but they were still troubled with the rain, and the next day they took a world of pains to repair the damage. Hence it is, that those insects are so frequently to be found under tiles, where they settle themselves to avoid the rain. Their nests are at all times covered with those tiles, without any incumbrance, and they lay out their corn and their dry earth in the sun about the tiles, as one may see every day. I took care to cover the two ants-nests that were troubled with the rain: as for the capital nest, there was no need of exercising my charity towards it.

M. de la Loubere says, in his relation of Siam, that in a certain part of that kingdom, which lies open to great inundations, all the ants make their settlements upon trees: no ants-nests are to be seen any where else. I need not insert here what that author says about those insects: you may see his relation.

Here follows a curious experiment, which I made upon the same ground, where I had three ants-nests. I undertook to make a fourth, and went about it in the following manner. In a corner of a kind of a terrace, at a considerable distance from the box, I found a hole swarming with ants, much larger than all those I had already seen; but they were not so well provided with corn, nor under so good a government. I made a hole in the box like that of an ant's-nest, and laid, as it were, the foundations of a new city. Afterwards I got as many ants as I could out of the nest in the terrace, and put them into a bottle, to give them a new habitation in my box; and because I was afraid they would return to the terrace, I destroyed their old nest, pouring boiling water into the hole, to kill those ants that remained in it. In the next place, I filled the new hole with the ants that were in the bottle; but none of them would stay in it. They went away in less than two hours; which made me believe, that it was impossible to make a fourth settlement in my box.

Two or three days after, going accidentally over the terrace, I was much surprized to see the ant's nest which I had destroyed very artfully

repaired. I resolved then to destroy it entirely, and to settle those ants in my box. To succeed in my design, I put some gunpowder and brimstone into their hole, and sprung a mine, whereby the whole nest was overthrown; and then I carried as many ants as I could get, into the place which I designed for them. It happened to be a very rainy day, and it rained all night; and therefore they remained in the new hole all that time. In the morning, when the rain was over, most of them went away to repair their old habitation; but finding it impracticable, by reason of the smell of the powder and brimstone, which kills them, they came back again, and settled in the place I had appointed for them. They quickly grew acquainted with their neighbours, and received from them all manner of assistance out of their holes. As for the inside of their nest, none but themselves were concerned in it, according to the inviolable laws established among those animals.

An ant never goes into any other nest but her own; and if she should venture to do it, she would be turned out, and severely punished. I have often taken an ant out of one nest, to put her into another; but she quickly came out, being warmly pursued by two or three other ants. I tried the same experiment several times with the same ant; but at last the other ants grew impatient, and tore her to pieces. I have often frightened some ants with my fingers, and pursued them as far as another hole, stopping all the passages to prevent their going to their own nest. It was very natural for them to fly into the next hole. Many a man would not be so cautious, and would throw himself out of the windows, or into a well, if he were pursued by assassins. But the ants I am speaking of, avoided going into any other hole but their own, and rather tried all other ways of making their escape. They never fled into another nest, but at the last extremity; and sometimes chose rather to be taken, as I have often experienced. It is therefore an inviolable custom among those insects, not to go into any other hole but their own. They do not exercise hospitality; but

they are very ready to help one another out of their holes. They put down their loads at the entrance of a neighbouring nest; and those that live in it, carry them in.

They keep up a sort of trade among themselves; and it is not true that those insects are not for lending. I know the contrary: they lend their corn; they make exchanges; they are always ready to serve one another; and I can assure you, that more time and patience would have enabled me to observe a thousand things more curious and wonderful than what I have mentioned. For instance, how they lend and recover their loans; whether it be in the same quantity, or with usury; whether they pay the strangers that work for them, &c. I do not think it impossible to examine all those things; and it would be a great curiosity to know by what maxims they govern themselves. Perhaps such a knowledge might be of some use to us.

They are never attacked by any enemies in a body, as it is reported of bees. Their only fear proceeds from birds, which sometimes eat their corn when they lay it out in the sun; but they keep it under ground when they are afraid of thieves. It is said, that some birds eat them; but I never saw any instance of it. They are also infested by small worms; but they turn them out and kill them. I observed, that they punished those ants which probably had been wanting to their duty; nay, sometimes they killed them, which they did in the following manner: three or four ants fell upon one, and pulled her several ways, until she was torn in pieces. Generally speaking, they live very quietly; from

whence I infer, that they have a very severe discipline among themselves, to keep so good an order; or that they are great lovers of peace, if they have no occasion for any discipline.

Was there ever a greater union in any commonwealth? Every thing is common among them; which is not to be seen any where else. Bees, of which we are told so many wonderful things, have each of them a hole in their hives; their honey is their own; every bee minds her own concerns. The same may be said of all other animals. They frequently fight, to deprive one another of their portion. It is not so with ants; they have nothing of their own; a grain of corn which an ant carries home, is deposited in a common stock; it is not designed for her own use, but for the whole community; there is no distinction between a private and a common interest. An ant never works for herself, but for the society.

Whatever misfortune happens to them, their care and industry find out a remedy for it; nothing discourages them. If you destroy their nests, they will be repaired in two days. Any body may easily see how difficult it is to drive them out of their habitations, without destroying the inhabitants; for, as long as there are any left, they will maintain their ground.

I had almost forgot to tell you, Sir, that mercury has hitherto proved a mortal poison for them; and that it is the most effectual way of destroying those insects. I can do something for them in this case: perhaps you will hear in a little time that I have reconciled them to mercury.

N^o CLVIII. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

GNOSIUS HÆC RHADAMANTHUS HABET DURISSIMA REGNA;
CASTIGATQUE, AUDITQUE DOLGÆ; SUBIGITQUE PATERI
QUÆ QUIS APUD SUPEROB, FURTO LÆTATUS INANI,
DISTULIT IN SERAM COMMISSA PIACULA MORTEM.

VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 566.

THESE ARE THE REALMS OF UNRELENTING FATE;
AND AWFUL RHADAMANTHUS RULES THE STATE.
HE HEARS, AND JUDGES, EACH COMMITTED CRIME;
ENQUIRES INTO THE MANNER, PLACE, AND TIME.
THE CONSCIOUS WRETCH MUST ALL HIS ACTS REVEAL,
LOTH TO CONFESS, UNABLE TO CONCEAL,
FROM THE FIRST MOMENT OF HIS VITAL BREATH,
TO THE LAST HOUR OF UNREPENTING DEATH.

DRYDEN.

I Was yesterday pursuing the hint which I mentioned in my last paper, and comparing together the industry of man with that of other creatures; in which I could not but observe, that notwithstanding we are obliged by duty to keep ourselves in constant employ, after the same manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by instinct, we fall very short of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcusable, because there is a greater variety of business to which we may apply ourselves. Reason opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beasts of prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their natural state of being, divide their time between action and rest. They are always at work or asleep. In short, their waking hours are wholly taken up in seeking after their food, or in consuming it. The human species only, to the great reproach of our natures, are filled with complaints, that 'the day hangs heavy on them,' that 'they do not know what to do with themselves,' that 'they are at a loss how to pass away their time,' with many of the like shameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of those who are styled reasonable beings. How monstrous are such expressions among creatures, who have the labours of the mind, as well as those of the body, to furnish them with proper employments; who, besides the business of their proper callings and professions, can apply themselves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of useful books, to discourse; in a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded pursuits of knowledge

and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before.

After having been taken up for some time in this course of thought, I diverted myself with a book according to my usual custom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to sleep. The book I made use of on this occasion was Lucian, where I amused my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which in all probability produced the following dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated on his tribunal. On his left-hand stood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elysium. I was told he sat upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived, who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprized to hear him ask every one of them the same question, namely, What they had been doing? Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared one upon another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. 'Madam,' says he, to the first of them, 'you have been upon the earth about fifty years: what have you been doing there all this while?'—'Doing,' says she, 'really I do not know what I have been doing: I desire I may have time given me to recollect.' After about half an hour's pause she told him, that she had been playing at crimp; upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left-hand, to take her into custody.—And

‘And you, Madam,’ says the judge, ‘that look with such a soft and languishing air, I think you set out for this place in your nine and twentieth year; what have you been doing all this while?’—‘I had a great deal of business on my hands,’ says she, ‘being taken up the first twelve years of my life, in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it reading plays and romances.’—‘Very well,’ says he, ‘you have employed your time to a good purpose. Away with her.’ The next was a plain country-woman. ‘Well, mistress,’ says Rhadamanthus, ‘and what have you been doing?’—‘An’t please your worship,’ says she, ‘I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him, to look after his house in my absence, and who I may venture to say is as pretty a housewife as any in the country.’ Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care. ‘And you, fair lady,’ says he, ‘what have you been doing these five-and-thirty years?’—‘I have been doing no hurt,’ I assure you, Sir,’ said she. ‘That is well,’ said he; ‘but what good have you been doing?’ The lady was in great confusion at this question; and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elysium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus observing an ingenious modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sour look, presented herself next at the bar, and being asked what she had been doing—‘Truly,’ says she, ‘I lived threescore and ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I passed most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages.’—‘Very well,’ says Rhadamanthus; ‘but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions?’—‘Why truly,’ says she, ‘I was so taken

up with publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own.’—‘Madam,’ says Rhadamanthus, ‘be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you.—Old gentlewoman,’ says he, ‘I think you are fourscore. You have heard the question, What have you been doing so long in the world?’—‘Ah, Sir!’ says she, ‘I have been doing what I should not have done; but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end.’—‘Madam,’ says he, ‘you will please to follow your leader;’ and spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied—‘I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest son is blest by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it.’ Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands; so that pressing through the crowd, she was the next that appeared at the bar. And being asked what she had been doing the five-and-twenty years that she had passed in the world—‘I have endeavoured,’ says she, ‘ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely, and gain admirers.’ In order to it, I passed my time in bottling up May-dew, inventing white-washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my stays. Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus, her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

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I was then surprized with a distant sound of a whole troop of females that came forward, laughing, singing, and dancing. I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive that Rhadamanthus would spoil their mirth: but at their nearer approach the noise grew so very great that it awakened me.

I lay some time, reflecting in myself on the oddness of this dream; and could not forbear asking my own heart, what I was doing? I answered myself that I was writing Guardians. If my readers make as good a use of this work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude this paper with recommending to them the same short self-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or what is worse, the vicious moments of life, lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confessions, of 'leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and of doing those things which they ought not to have done.'

Nº CLIX. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.

PRÆSENS VEL IMO TOLLERE DE GRADU
MORTALE CORPUS, VEL SUPERBOS
VERTERE FUNERIBUS TRIUMPHOS.

HOR. OD. 35. L. I. V. 2.

WHOSE FORCE IS STRONG, AND QUICK TO RAISE
THE LOWEST TO THE HIGHEST PLACE;
OR, WITH A WOND'ROUS FALL,
TO BRING THE HAUGHTY LOWER,
AND TURN PROUD TRIUMPHS TO A FUNERAL.

CREECH.

HAVING read over your paper of Tuesday last, in which you recommend the pursuits of wisdom and knowledge to those of the fair-sex who have much time lying upon their hands; and among other motives make use of this, that several women, thus accomplished, have raised themselves by it to considerable posts of honour and fortune; I shall beg leave to give you an instance of this kind, which many now living can testify the truth of, and which I can assure you is matter of fact.

About twelve years ago I was familiarly acquainted with a gentleman, who was in a post that brought him a yearly revenue, sufficient to live very handsomely upon. He had a wife, and no child but a daughter, whom he bred up, as I thought, too high for one that could expect no other fortune than such a one as her father could raise out of the income of his place; which, as they managed it, was scarce sufficient for their ordinary expences. Miss Betty had al-

ways the best sort of cloaths, and was hardly allowed to keep company but with those above her rank; so that it was no wonder she grew proud and haughty towards those she looked upon as her inferiors. There lived by them a barber who had a daughter about Miss's age, that could speak French, had read several books at her leisure hours, and was a perfect mistress of her needle, and in all kinds of female manufacture. She was at the same time a pretty, modest, witty girl. She was hired to come to Miss an hour or two every day, to talk French with her, and teach her to work; but Miss always treated her with great contempt; and when Molly gave her any advice, rejected it with scorn.

About the same time several young fellows made their addresses to Miss Betty, who had indeed a great deal of wit and beauty, had they not been infected with so much vanity and self-conceit. Among the rest was a plain, sober young man, who loved her almost to distraction. His passion was the com-

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mon talk of the neighbourhood, who used to be often discoursing of Mr. T——'s angel, for that was the name he always gave her in ordinary conversation. As his circumstances were very indifferent, he being a younger brother, Mrs. Betty rejected him with disdain. Inasmuch that the young man, as is usual among those who are crossed in love, put himself aboard the fleet, with a resolution to seek his fortune, and forget his mistress. This was very happy for him; for in a very few years, being concerned in several captures, he brought home with him an estate of about twelve thousand pounds.

Mean while days and years went on, Miss lived high, and learned but little, most of her time being employed in reading plays and practising to dance, in which she arrived at great perfection; when of a sudden, at a change of ministry, her father lost his place, and was forced to leave London, where he could no longer live upon the foot he had formerly done. Not many years after I was told that the poor gentleman was dead, and had left his widow and daughter in a very desolate condition, but I could not learn where to find them, though I made what enquiry I could; and I must own, I immediately suspected their pride would not suffer them to be seen or relieved by any of their former acquaintance. I had left enquiring after them for some years, when I happened, not long ago, as I was asking at a house for a gentleman I had some business with, to be led into a parlour by a handsome young woman, who I presently fancied was that very daughter I had so long sought in vain. My suspicion increased, when I observed her to blush at the sight of me, and to avoid, as much as possible, looking upon, or speaking to me: 'Madam,' said I, 'are not you Mrs. such-a-one?' At which words the tears ran down her cheeks, and she would fain have retired without giving me an answer; but I stopped her, and being to wait a while for the gentleman I was to speak to, I resolved not to lose this opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. I could not well discern by her dress, which was genteel, though not fine, whether she was the mistress of the house, or only a servant; but supposing her to be the first — 'I am glad, Madam,' said I, 'after having long enquired after you, to

' have so happily met with you, and to ' find you mistress of so fine a place.' These words were like to have spoiled all, and threw her into such a disorder, that it was some time before she could recover herself; but as soon as she was able to speak — 'Sir,' said she, 'you ' are mistaken; I am but a servant.' Her voice fell in these last words, and she burst again into tears. I was sorry to have occasioned in her so much grief and confusion, and said what I could to comfort her. 'Alas, Sir,' said she, 'my condition is much better than I ' deserve. I have the kindest and best ' of women for my mistress. She is ' wife to the gentleman you come to ' speak withal. You know her very ' well, and have often seen her with me.' To make my story short, I found that my late friend's daughter was now a servant to the barber's daughter whom she had formerly treated so disdainfully. The gentleman at whose house I now was, fell in love with Moll, and being master of a great fortune, married her, and lives with her as happily, and as much to his satisfaction, as he could desire. He treats her with all the friendship and respect possible, but not with more than her behaviour and good qualities deserve. And it was with a great deal of pleasure I heard her maid dwell so long upon her commendation. She informed me, that after her father's death, her mother and she lived for a while together in great poverty. But her mother's spirit could not bear the thoughts of asking relief of any of her own, or her husband's acquaintance, so they retired from all their friends, until they were providentially discovered by this new-married woman, who heaped on them favours upon favours. Her mother died shortly after, who, while she lived, was better pleased to see her daughter a beggar than a servant; but being freed by her death, she was taken into this gentlewoman's family, where she now lived, though much more like a friend or a companion, than like a servant.

I went home full of this strange adventure; and about a week after chancing to be in company with Mr. T. the rejected lover, whom I mentioned in the beginning of my letter, I told him the whole story of his angel, not questioning but he would feel on this occasion the usual pleasures of a repenting lover,

lover, when he hears that fortune has avenged him of the cruelty of his mistress. As I was recounting to him at large these several particulars, I observed that he covered his face with his hand, and that his breast heaved as though it would have bursted, which I took at first to have been a fit of laughter; but upon lifting up his head, I saw his eyes all red with weeping. He forced a smile at the end of my story, and we parted.

About a fortnight after I received from him the following letter:

DEAR STR,

I Am infinitely obliged to you for bringing me news of my angel. I have since married her; and think the low circumstances she was reduced to, a piece of good luck to us both, since it has quite removed that little pride and vanity, which was the only part of her character that I disliked, and given me an opportunity of shewing her the constant and sincere affection which I professed to her in the time of her prosperity.



Yours,

R. T.

Nº CLX. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.

SOLVENTUR RISU TABULÆ, TU MISSUS ABIBIS.

HOR. SAT. I. L. 2. V. ULT.

IMITATED.

MY LORDS THE JUDGES LAUGH, AND YOU'RE DISMISS'D. POPE.

FROM writing the history of Lions, I lately went off to that of Ants; but, to my great surprize, I find that some of my good readers have taken this last to be a work of invention, which was only a plain narrative of matter of fact. They will several of them have it that my last Thursday's and Friday's papers are full of concealed satire; and that I have attacked people in the shape of pismires, whom I durst not meddle with in the shape of men. I must confess that I write with fear and trembling, ever since that ingenious person, the Examiner, in his little pamphlet, which was to make way for one of his following papers, found out treason in the word *expect*.

But I shall, for the future, leave my friend to manage the controversy in a separate work, being unwilling to fill with disputes a paper which was undertaken purely out of good-will to my countrymen. I must therefore declare, that those jealousies and suspicions, which have been raised in some weak minds, by means of the two above-mentioned discourses concerning Ants or Pismires, are altogether groundless. There is not an emmet in all that whole narrative who is either Whig or Tory; and I could heartily wish, that the individuals of all parties among us, had the good of their country at heart, and endeavoured to advance it by the same spirit of frugality, justice, and mutual benevolence, as are visibly exercised by the members of those little commonwealths.

After this short preface, I shall lay before my reader a letter or two which occasioned it.

MR. IRONSIDE,

I Have laid a wager with a friend of mine about the pigeons that used to peck up the corn which belonged to the ants. I say that by these pigeons you meant the Palatines. He will needs have it that they were the Dutch. We both agree that the papers upon the strings, which frightened them away, were pamphlets, Examiners, and the like. We beg you will satisfy us in this particular, because the wager is very considerable, and you will much oblige two of your daily readers.

OLD IRON,

WHY so rusty? Will you never leave your innuendoes? Do you think it hard to find out who is the tulip in your last Thursday's paper? Or can you imagine that three nests of ants is such a disguise, that the plainest reader cannot see three kingdoms through it? The blowing up of a neighbouring settlement, where there was a race of poor beggarly ants, under a worse form of government, is not so difficult to be explained as you imagine. Dunkirk is not yet demolished. Your ants are enemies to rain, are they! Old Bermingham, no more of your ants, if you do not intend to stir up a nest of hornets.

WILL WASPE.

DEAR GUARDIAN,

CALLING in yesterday at a coffee-house in the city, I saw a very short, corpulent, angry man, reading your paper about the Ants. I observed that he reddened and swelled over every sentence of it. After having perused it throughout, he laid it down upon the table, called the woman of the coffee-house to him, and asked her in a magisterial voice, if she knew what she did in taking in such papers! The woman was in such a confusion, that I thought it a piece of charity to interpose in her behalf, and asked him whether he had found any thing in it of dangerous import. 'Sir,' said he, 'it is a republican paper from 'one end to the other; and if the author 'had his deserts —' He here grew so exceeding choleric and fierce, that he could not proceed; till after having recovered himself, he laid his finger upon the following sentence, and read it with a very stern voice: 'Though ants are 'very knowing, I don't take them to 'be conjurers: and therefore they could 'not guess that I had put some corn in 'that room. I perceived for several 'days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch 'their provisions. I was not willing 'for some time to make them more 'easy; for I had a mind to know whether they would at last find out the 'treasure, and see it at a great distance; 'and whether smelling enabled them 'to know what is good for their nourishment.' Then throwing the paper upon the table—'Sir,' says he, 'these things are not to be suffered—I would 'engage out of this sentence to draw 'up an indictment that——' He here lost his voice a second time; in the extremity of his rage; and the whole company, who were all of them Tories, bursting out into a sudden laugh, he threw down his penny in great wrath, and retired with a most formidable frown.

This, Sir, I thought fit to acquaint you with, that you may make what use of it you please. I only wish that you would sometimes diversify your papers with many other pieces of natural history, whether of insects or animals; this being a subject which the most common reader is capable of understanding, and which is very diverting in its nature; besides that it highly redounds to the praise of that Being who has inspired the several parts of the sensitive world

with such wonderful and different kinds of instinct as enable them to provide for themselves, and preserve their species in that state of existence wherein they are placed. There is no party concerned in speculations of this nature, which, instead of inflaming those unnatural heats that prevail among us, and take up most of our thoughts, may divert our minds to subjects that are useful, and suited to reasonable creatures. Dissertations of this kind are the more proper for your purpose, as they do not require any depth of mathematics, or any previous science, to qualify the reader for the understanding of them. To this I might add, that it is a shame for men to be ignorant of these worlds of wonders which are transacted in the midst of them, and not be acquainted with those objects which are every where before their eyes. To which I might further add, that several are of opinion there is no other use in many of these creatures than to furnish matter of contemplation and wonder to those inhabitants of the earth, who are it's only creatures that are capable of it.

I am, Sir, your constant reader,
And humble servant.

After having presented my reader with this set of letters, which are all upon the same subject, I shall here insert one that has no relation to it. But it has always been my maxim never to refuse going out of my way to do any honest man a service, especially when I have an interest in it myself.

MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,

AS you are a person that very eminently distinguish yourself in the promotion of the public good, I desire your friendship in signifying to the town what concerns the greatest good of life, health. I do assure you, Sir, there is in a vault under the Exchange in Cornhill, over-against Pope's-Head-Alley, a parcel of French wines, full of the seeds of good-humour, cheerfulness, and friendly mirth. I have been told, the learned of our nation agree there is no such thing as bribery in liquors, therefore I shall presume to send you of it, lest you should think it inconsistent with integrity to recommend what you do not understand by experience. In the mean time, please to insert this, that every man may judge for himself.

I am, Sir, &c.

N^o CLXI.

N^o CLXI. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

—INCOCTUM GENEROSO PECTUS HONESTO.

PERS. SAT. 2. V. 74.

A GENUINE VIRTUE OF A VIGOROUS KIND,
PURE IN THE LAST RECESSES OF THE MIND.

DRYDEN.

EVERY principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, since men are of so different a make, that the same principle does not work equally upon all minds. What some men are prompted to by conscience, duty, or religion, which are only different names for the same thing, others are prompted to by honour.

The sense of honour is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is not only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This paper, therefore, is chiefly designed for those who by means of any of these advantages are, or ought to be actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action, when it is misunderstood, I shall consider honour with respect to three sorts of men. First of all, with regard to those who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it. And, thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In the first place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; Honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man *fears*, the man of honour *scorns*, to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him, the other as something that is offensive to the Divine Being; the one as what is *unbecoming*, the other as what is *forbidden*. Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares that were there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature.

I shall conclude this head with the description of honour in the part of young Juba—

Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing pe-
That aids and strengthens virtue where it
meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not.
It ought not to be sported with. CATO.

In the second place, we are to consider those who have mistaken notions of honour. And these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honour which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge than to forgive an injury; who make no scruple of telling a lye, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed so becoming in human nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man; but we find several who so much abuse this notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage; by which means we have had many among us who have called themselves men of honour, that would have been a disgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode or fashion; who looks upon any thing as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to society; who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice of some virtues and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

Timogenes was a lively instance of one actuated by false honour. Timogenes would smile at a man's jest who ridiculed his Maker, and at the same time run a man through the body that spoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have scorned to have betrayed a secret that was entrusted with him, though the fate of his country depended upon the discovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having spoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To close his character, Ti-

S s 2

mogenes,

mogenes, after having ruined several poor tradesmen's families, who had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors; but like a man of honour, disposed of all the money he could make of it, in the paying off his play debts, or, to speak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place, we are to consider those persons who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are professedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even those who are actuated by false notions of it, as there is more hopes of a heretic than of an atheist. These sons of infamy consider honour with old Syphax, in the play before-mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion that leads astray young unexperienced men, and draws them into real mischiefs, while they are engaged in the pursuits

of a shadow. These are generally persons who, in Shakespeare's phrase, 'are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men;' whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic that comes in competition with their present interest, and treat those persons as visionaries, who dare stand up in a corrupt age, for what has not it's immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience, of such men, make them very often useful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider, that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of *Honour* by any other way than through that of *Virtue*. 

Nº CLXII. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

PROPRIMUM HOC ESSE PRUDENTIÆ, CONCILIARE SIBI ANIMOS HOMINUM, ET AD
USUS SUOS ADJUNGERE.

CICERO.

THE ART OF PRUDENCE LIES IN GAINING THE ESTEEM OF THE WORLD, AND
TURNING IT TO A MAN'S OWN ADVANTAGE.

I Was the other day in company at my Lady Lizard's, when there came in among us their cousin Tom, who is one of those country squires that set up for plain honest gentlemen who speak their minds. Tom is, in short, a lively impudent clown, and has wit enough to have made him a pleasant companion, had it been polished and rectified by good-manners. Tom had not been a quarter of an hour with us, before he set every one in the company a blushing, by some blunt question, or unlucky observation. He asked the Sparkler if her wit had yet got her a husband; and told her eldest sister she looked a little wan under the eyes, and that it was time for her to look about her, if she did not design to lead apes in the other world. The good Lady Lizard, who suffers more than her daughters on such an occasion, desired her cousin Thomas, with a smile, not to be so severe on his relations; to which the booby replied, with a rude country laugh—'If I be not mistaken, aunt, you were a mother at fifteen; and why do you expect that your daughters should be maids till five and twenty!' I endea-

youred to divert the discourse; when without taking notice of what I said—'Mr. Ironside,' says he, 'you fill my cousins heads with your fine notions, as you call them; can you teach them to make a pudding?' I must confess he put me out of countenance with his rustic raillery, so that I made some excuse, and left the room.

This fellow's behaviour made me reflect on the usefulness of complaisance, to make all conversation agreeable. This, though in itself it be scarce reckoned in the number of moral virtues, is that which gives a lustre to every talent a man can be possessed of. It was Plato's advice to an unpolished writer, that he should sacrifice to the Graces. In the same manner, I would advice every man of learning, who would not appear in the world a mere scholar, or philosopher, to make himself master of the social virtue which I have here mentioned.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smooths distinction, sweetens conversation, and makes every one in the company pleased with himself.

It

It produces good-nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanises the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages. In a word, complaisance is a virtue that blends all orders of men together in a friendly intercourse of words and actions, and is suited to that equality in human nature which every one ought to consider, so far as is consistent with the order and oeconomy of the world.

If we could look into the secret anguish and affliction of every man's heart, we should often find that more of it arises from little imaginary distresses, such as checks, frowns, contradictions, expressions of contempt, and (what Shakespeare reckons among other evils under the sun)—

—The proud man's contumely,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

than from the more real pains and calamities of life. The only method to remove these imaginary distresses as much as possible out of human life, would be the universal practice of such an ingenuous complaisance, as I have been here describing, which, as it is a virtue, may be defined to be a constant endeavour to please those whom we converse with, so far as we may do it innocently. I shall here add, that I know nothing so effectual to raise a man's fortune as complaisance; which recommends more to the favour of the great, than wit, knowledge, or any other talent whatsoever. I find this consideration very prettily illustrated by a little wild Arabian tale, which I shall here abridge, for the sake of my reader, after having again warned him, that I do not recommend to him such an impertinent or vicious complaisance as is not consistent with honour and integrity.

SCHACABAC being reduced to great poverty, and having eat nothing for two days together, made a visit to a noble Barmecide in Persia, who was very hospitable, but withal a great humourist. The Barmecide was sitting at his table, that seemed ready covered for an entertainment. Upon hearing Schacabac's complaint, he desired him to sit down and fall on. He then gave him an empty plate, and asked him how he

liked his rice-soup. Schacabac, who was a man of wit, and resolved to comply with the Barmecide in all his humours, told him it was admirable, and at the same time, in imitation of the other, lifted up the empty spoon to his mouth with great pleasure. The Barmecide then asked him if he ever saw whiter bread? Schacabac, who saw neither bread nor meat—'If I did not like it, you may be sure,' says he, 'I should not eat so heartily of it.'—'You oblige me mightily,' replied the Barmecide; 'pray let me help you to this leg of a goose.' Schacabac reached out his plate, and received nothing on it with great cheerfulness. As he was eating very heartily on this imaginary goose, and crying up the sauce to the skies, the Barmecide desired him to keep a corner of his stomach for a roasted lamb fed with pistacho-nuts, and after having called for it, as though it had really been served up—'Here is a dish,' says he, 'that you will see at nobody's table but my own.' Schacabac was wonderfully delighted with the taste of it, 'which is like nothing,' says he, 'I ever eat before.' Several other nice dishes were served up in idea, which both of them commended, and feasted on after the same manner. This was followed by an invisible dessert, no part of which delighted Schacabac so much as a certain lozenge, which the Barmecide told him was a sweet-meat of his own invention. Schacabac at length, being courteously reproached by the Barmecide, that he had no stomach, and that he eat nothing, and at the same time being tired with moving his jaws up and down to no purpose, desired to be excused, for that really he was so full he could not eat a bit more. 'Come then,' says the Barmecide, 'the cloth shall be removed, and you shall taste of my wines, which I may say, without vanity, are the best in Persia.' He then filled both their glasses out of an empty decanter. Schacabac would have excused himself from drinking so much at once, because he said he was a little quarrelsome in his liquor; however, being pressed to it, he pretended to take it off, having before-hand praised the colour, and afterwards the flavour. Being plied with two or three other imaginary bumpers of different wines, equally delicious, and a little vexed with his fantastic treat, he pretended to grow flustered

flushed, and gave the Barmecide a good box on the ear, but immediately recovering himself—'Sir,' says he, 'I beg ten thousand pardons, but I told you before, that it was my misfortune to be quarrelsome in my drink.' The Barmecide could not but smile at the humour of his guest, and instead of being angry at him—'I find,' says he, 'thou art a complaisant fellow, and deservest to be entertained in my house. Since thou canst accommodate thyself

to my humour, we will now eat together in good earnest.' Upon which calling for his supper, the rice-soup, the goose, the pistacho-lamb, the several other nice dishes, with the dessert, the lozenges, and all the variety of Persian wines, were served up successively, one after another; and Schacabac was feasted in reality, with those very things which he had before been entertained with in imagination. 

N° CLXIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.

—MISERUM EST ALIENA VIVERE QUADRA.

JUV. SAT. 5. V. 2.

HOW WRETCHED HE, BY CRUEL FORTUNE CROSS'D,
WHO NEVER DINES BUT AT ANOTHER'S COST!

WHEN I am disposed to give myself a day's rest, I order the Lion to be opened, and search into that magazine of intelligence for such letters as are to my purpose. The first I looked into comes to me from one who is chaplain to a great family. He treats himself in the beginning of it, after such a manner, as I am persuaded no man of sense would treat him. Even the lawyer and the physician, to a man of quality, expect to be used like gentlemen, and much more may any one of so superior a profession. I am by no means for encouraging that dispute, whether the chaplain or the master of the house be the better man, and the more to be respected. The two learned authors, Doctor Hicks and Mr. Collier, to whom I might add several others, are to be excused, if they have carried the point a little too high in favour of the chaplain, since in so corrupt an age as that we live in, the popular opinion runs so far into the other extreme. The only controversy between the patron and the chaplain ought to be which should promote the good designs and interests of each other most; and for my own part, I think it is the happiest circumstance in a great estate or title, that it qualifies a man for chusing out of such a learned and valuable body of men as that of the English clergy, a friend, a spiritual guide, and a companion. The letter I have received, from one of this order, is as follows.

MR. GUARDIAN,

I Hope you will not only indulge me in the liberty of two or three questions, but also in the solution of them.

I have had the honour many years of being chaplain to a noble family, and of being accounted the highest servant in the house, either out of respect to my cloth, or because I lie in the uppermost garret.

Whilst my old lord lived, his table was always adorned with useful learning and innocent mirth, as well as covered with plenty. I was not looked upon as a piece of furniture fit only to sanctify and garnish a feast, but treated as a gentleman, and generally desired to fill up the conversation an hour after I had done my duty. But now my young lord is come to the estate, I find I am looked upon as a *censor morum*, an obstacle to mirth and talk, and suffered to retire constantly with—'Prosperity to the church!' in my mouth. I declare solemnly, Sir, that I have heard nothing from all the fine gentlemen who visit us, more remarkable for half a year, than that one young lord was seven times drunk at Genoa, and another had an affair with a famous courtesan at Venice. I have lately taken the liberty to stay three or four rounds beyond the church, to see what topics of discourse they went upon; but, to my great surprise, have hardly heard a word all the time besides the toasts. Then they all stare full in my face, and shew all the

actions

actions of uneasiness till I am gone. Immediately upon my departure, to use the words in an old comedy, 'I find by the noise they make, that they had a mind to be private.' I am at a loss to imagine what conversation they have among one another, which I may not be present at; since I love innocent mirth as much as any of them, and am shocked with no freedoms whatsoever, which are consistent with Christianity. I have, with much ado, maintained my post hitherto at the desert, and every day eat tart in the face of my patron; but how long I shall be invested with this privilege I do not know. For the servants, who do not see me supported as I was in my old lord's time, begin to brush very familiarly by me, and thrust aside my chair, when they set the sweet-meats on the table. I have been born and educated a gentleman, and desire you will make the public sensible, that the Christian priesthood was never thought in any age, or country to debase the man who is a member of it. Among the great services which your useful papers daily do to religion, this perhaps will not be the least, and will lay a very great obligation on your unknown servant,

G. W.

VENERABLE NESTOR,

I Was very much pleased with your paper of the 7th instant, in which you recommend the study of useful knowledge to women of quality or fortune. I have since that met with a very elegant poem, written by the famous Sir Thomas More. It is inscribed to a friend of his, who was then seeking out a wife; he advises him on that occasion to overlook wealth and beauty, and if he desires a happy life, to join himself with a woman of virtue and knowledge. His words on this last head are as follow:

Proculque stulta sit,	Armata cum quibus,
Parvis labellulis,	Nec illa prosperis
Semper loquacitas;	Superba turgeat;
Proculque rusticum	Nec illa turbidis
Semper silentium.	Miscella lugeat,
Sit illa, vel modò	Prostrata casibus.
Instructa literis;	Jucunda sic erit
Vel talis, ut modò	Semper, nec unquam
Sit apta literis,	erit
Felix quævis bene	Gravis, molestave
Præcis ab omnibus	Vitæ comes tuæ;
Possit libellulis	Quæ docta parvulus
Vitam beantia	Docebit et tuos
Haurire dogmata:	Cum lacte literas

Olim nepotulos.	Certabit in quibus
Jam te juvaverit	Summa eloquentia,
Viros relinquere,	Jam cum omnium
Doctræque conjugis	gravi
Sinu quiescere:	Rerum scientia.
Dum grata te fovet;	Talem olim ego pu-
Manuque mobili	tem
Dum plectra per-	Et vatis Orphei
sonat;	Fuisse conjugem;
Et voce (quæ nec est,	Nec unquam ab in-
Progne, sororeculæ	feris
Tuæ scavior)	Curâset, improbo
Amœna cantillat,	Labore, sceminam
Apollo quæ velit	Referre rusticam:
Audire carmina.	Talemque credimus
Jam te juvaverit	Nafonis inclytam,
Sermone blandulo,	Quæ vel patrem queat
Docto tamen, dies	Æquare carmine,
Noctesque ducere;	Fuisse filiam;
Notare verbula	Talemque suspicor
Mellita, maximis	(Quæ nulla charior
Non absque gratiis,	Unquam fuit patri,
Ab ore melleo	Quo nemo doctior)
Semper fluentia:	Fuisse Tulliam:
Quibus coërceat,	Talisque, quæ tulit
Si quando te levet	Gracchos duos, fuit;
Inane gaudium;	Quæ quos tulit, bonis
Quibus levaverit,	Instruxit artibus;
Si quando deprimat	Nec profuit minus
Te mœror anxius.	Magistra, quam parens.

The sense of this elegant description is as follows.

May you meet with a wife who is not always stupidly silent, not always prattling nonsense! May she be learned, if possible, or at least capable of being made so! A woman thus accomplished will be always drawing sentences and maxims of virtue out of the best authors of antiquity. She will be herself in all changes of fortune; neither blown up in prosperity, nor broken with adversity. You will find in her an even, cheerful, good-humoured friend, and an agreeable companion for life. She will infuse knowledge into your children with their milk, and from their infancy train them up to wisdom. Whatever company you are engaged in, you will long to be at home, and retire with delight from the society of men into the bosom of one who is so dear, so knowing, and so amiable. If she touches her lute, or sings to it any of her own compositions, her voice will soothe you in your solitudes, and sound more sweetly in your ear than that of the nightingale. You will waste with pleasure whole days and nights in her conversation, and be ever finding out new beauties in her discourse. She will keep your mind in perpetual serenity, restrain its mirth from being dissolute, and prevent its melancholy from being painful.

Such

Such was doubtless the wife of Orpheus; for who would have undergone what he did to have recovered a foolish bride? Such was the daughter of Ovid, who was his rival in poetry. Such was Tullia as she is ce-

lebrated by the most learned and the most fond of fathers. And such was the mother of the two Gracchi, who is no less famous for having been their instructor, than their parents.

Nº CLXIV. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.

SIMILI FRONDESCIT VIRGA METALLO.

VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 144.

THE SAME RICH METAL GLITTERS ON THE TREE.

AN eminent prelate of our church observes that 'there is no way of writing so proper, for the refining and polishing a language, as the translating of books into it, if he who undertakes it has a competent skill of the one tongue, and is a master of the other. When a man writes his own thoughts, the heat of his fancy, and the quickness of his mind, carry him so much after the notions themselves, that for the most part he is too warm to judge of the aptness of words, and the justness of figures; so that he either neglects these too much, or overdoes them: but when a man translates, he has none of these heats about him; and therefore the French took no ill method, when they intended to reform and beautify their language, in setting their best writers on work to translate the Greek and Latin authors into it.' Thus far this learned prelate.

And another lately deceased, tells us, that 'the way of leaving verbal translations, and chiefly regarding the sense and genius of the author, was scarce heard of in England before this present age.' As for the difficulty of translating well; every one, I believe, must allow my Lord Roscommon to be in the right, when he says—

'Tis true, composing is the nobler part,
But good translation is no easy art:
For the materials have long since been found,
Yet both your fancy, and your hands are bound;

And by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours less, but judgment more.

Dryden judiciously remarks, that 'a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself.'

And a too close and servile imitation, which the same poet calls 'treading on the heels of an author,' is deservedly laughed at by Sir John Denham. 'I conceive it,' says he, 'a vulgar error in translating poets, to affect being *fidus interpres*: let that care be with them who deal in matters of fact, or matters of faith; but whosoever aims at it in poetry, as he attempts what is not required, so shall he never perform what he attempts; for it is not his business alone to translate language into language, but poetry into poetry; and poetry is of so subtle a spirit, that in pouring out one language into another, it will all evaporate; and if a new spirit is not added in the transposition, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*, there being certain graces and happinesses peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words; and whosoever offers at verbal translation, shall have the misfortune of that young traveller, who lost his own language abroad, and brought home no other instead of it. For the grace of the Latin will be lost by being turned into English words, and the grace of the English by being turned into the Latin phrase.'

After this collection of authorities out of some of our greatest English writers, I shall present my reader with a translation, in which the author has conformed himself to the opinion of these great men. The beauty of the translation is sufficient to recommend it to the public, without acquainting them that the translator is Mr. Eusden of Cambridge: who obliged them in the Guardian of August the 6th, with the Court of Venus out of the same Latin poet, which was highly applauded by the best judges in performances of this nature.

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THE SPEECH OF PLUTO TO PROSERPINE,
FROM THE SECOND BOOK OF HER RAPE,
BY CLAUDIAN.

CEASE, cease, fair nymph, to lavish pre-
cious tears,
And discompose your soul with airy fears.
Look on Sicilia's glittering courts with scorn;
A nobler scepter shall that hand adorn.
Imperial pomp shall soothe a gen'rous pride;
The bridegroom never will disgrace the bride.
If you above terrestrial thrones aspire,
From heav'n I spring, and Saturn was my fire.
The pow'r of Pluto stretches all around,
Uncircumscrib'd by nature's utmost bound:
Where matter mould'ring dies, where forms
decay,

Thro' the vast trackless void extends my sway.
Mark not with mournful eyes the fainting light,
Nor tremble at this interval of night;
A fairer scene shall open to your view,
An earth more verdant, and a heav'n more blue.
Another Phœbus gilds those happy skies,
And other stars, with purer flames, arise.
There chaste adorers shall their praises join,
And with the choicest gifts enrich your shrine.
The blissful climes no change of ages knew,
The golden first began, and still is new.
That golden age your world a while could
boast,

But here it flourish'd, and was never lost.
Perpetual zephyrs breathe thro' fragrant
bow'rs,

And painted meads smile with unbidden
flow'rs;

Flow'rs of immortal bloom and various hue;
No rival sweets in your own Enna grew.
In the recess of a cool sylvan glade
A monarch-tree projects no vulgar shade.
Encumber'd with their wealth, the branches
bend,

And golden apples to your reach descend.
Spare not the fruit, but pluck the blooming ore,
The yellow harvest will increase the more.

But I too long on trifling themes explain,
Nor speak th' unbounded glories of your reign.
Whole nature owns your pow'r: whate'er
have birth,

And live, and move o'er all the face of earth;
Or in old ocean's mighty caverns sleep,
Or sportive roll along the foamy deep;
Or on stiff pinions airy journeys take,

Or cut the floating stream or stagnant lakes
In vain they labour to preserve their breath,
And soon fall victims to your subject, death.
Unnumber'd triumphs swift to you he brings,
Hail! Goddess of all sublunary things!

Empires, that sink above, here rise again,
And worlds unpeopled croud th' Elysian plain.
The rich, the poor, the monarch, and the slave,
Know no superior honours in the grave. 1
Proud tyrants once, and laurel'd chiefs shall
come,

And kneel, and trembling wait from you
their doom.

The impious, forc'd, shall then their crimes
disclose,

And see past pleasures teem with future woes;
Deplore in darkness your impartial sway,
While spotless souls enjoy the fields of day.
When ripe for second birth, the dead shall
stand

In shiv'ring throngs on the Lethæan strand,
That shade whom you approve, shall first be
brought

To quaff oblivion in the pleasing draught.
Whose thread of life, just spun, you would
renew,

But nod—and Clotho shall re-wind the clue.
Let no distrust of pow'r your joys abate,
Speak what you wish, and what you speak is
fate.

The ravisher thus sooth'd the weeping fair,
And check'd the fury of his steeds with care:
Possess'd of beauty's charms, he calmly rode,
And love first soften'd the relentless god.

Nº CLXV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19.

DECEPIT EXEMPLAR, VITIIS IMITABILE

HOR. EP. 19. L. I. V. 17.

EXAMPLES, VICE CAN IMITATE, DECEIVE.

CREECH.

IT is a melancholy thing to see a cox-
comb at the head of a family. He
scatters infection through the whole
house. His wife and children have al-
ways their eyes upon him: if they have
more sense than himself, they are out of
countenance for him; if less, they sub-
mit their understandings to him, and
make daily improvements in folly and
impertinence. I have been very often
secretly concerned, when I have seen a

circle of pretty children cramped in their
natural parts, and prattling even below
themselves, while they are talking after
a couple of silly parents. The dulness
of a father often extinguishes a genius
in the son, or gives such a wrong cast
to his mind, as it is hard for him ever
to wear off. In short, where the head
of a family is weak, you hear the repe-
titions of his insipid pleasantries, shal-
low conceits, and topical points of

T t mirth,

mirth, in every member of it. His table, his fire-side, his parties of diversion, are all of them so many standing scenes of folly.

This is one reason why I would the more recommend the improvements of the mind to my female readers, that a family may have a double chance for it, and if it meets with weakness in one of the heads, may have it made up in the other. It is indeed an unhappy circumstance in a family, where the wife has more knowledge than the husband; but it is better it should be so than that there should be no knowledge in the whole house. It is highly expedient that at least one of the persons, who sits at the helm of affairs should give an example of good-sense to those who are under them in their little domestic governments.

If folly is of ill consequence in the head of a family, vice is much more so, as it is of a more pernicious and of a more contagious nature. When the master is a profligate, the rake runs through the house. You hear the sons talking loosely and swearing after the father, and see the daughters either familiarized to his discourse, or every moment blushing for him.

The very footman will be a fine gentleman in his master's way. He improves by his table-talk, and repeats in the kitchen what he learns in the parlour. Invest him with the same title and ornaments, and you would scarce know him from his lord. He practises the same oaths, the same ribaldry, the same way of joking.

It is therefore of very great concern to a family, that the ruler of it should be wise and virtuous. The first of these qualifications does not indeed lie within his power; but though a man cannot abstain from being weak, he may from being vicious. It is in his power to give a good example of modesty, of temperance, of frugality, of religion, and of all other virtues, which though the greatest ornaments of human nature, may be put in practice by men of the most ordinary capacities.

As wisdom and virtue are the proper qualifications in the master of a house, if he is not accomplished in both of them, it is much better that he should be deficient in the former than in the latter, since the consequences of vice are

of an infinitely more dangerous nature than those of folly.

When I read the histories that are left us of Pythagoras, I cannot but take notice of the extraordinary influence which that great philosopher, who was an illustrious pattern of virtue and wisdom, had on his private family. This excellent man, after having perfected himself in the learning of his own country, travelled into all the known parts of the world, on purpose to converse with the most learned men of every place; by which means he gleaned up all the knowledge of the age, and is still admired by the greatest men of the present times, as a prodigy of science. His wife, Theano, wrote several books; and after his death taught his philosophy in his public school, which was frequented by numberless disciples of different countries. There are several excellent sayings recorded of her. I shall only mention one, because it does honour to her virtue, as well as to her wisdom. Being asked by some of her sex, in how long a time a woman might be allowed to pray to the gods, after having conversed with a man—'If it were her husband,' says she, 'the next day; if a stranger, never.' Pythagoras had by his wife two sons and three daughters. His two sons, Telauges and Mnesarchus, were both eminent philosophers, and were joined with their mother in the government of the Pythagorean school. Arignote was one of the daughters, whose writings were extant, and very much admired, in the age of Porphyrius. Daimo was another of his daughters, in whose hands Pythagoras left his works, with a prohibition to communicate them to strangers, which she observed to the hazard of her life; and though she was offered a great sum for them, rather chose to live in poverty, than not obey the commands of her beloved father. Mila was the third of the daughters, whose works and history were very famous, even in Lucian's time. She was so signally virtuous, that for her unblemished behaviour in her virginity, she was chosen to lead up the chorus of maids in a national solemnity; and for her exemplary conduct in marriage, was placed at the head of all the matrons, in the like public ceremony. The memory of this learned woman was so precious among her

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her countrymen, that her house was after her death converted into a temple, and the street she lived in called by the name of the Museum. Nor must I omit, whilst I am mentioning this great philosopher, under his character as the master of a family, that two of his servants so improved themselves under him, that they were instituted into his sect, and make an eminent figure in the list of Pythagoreans. The names of these two ser-

vants were Astræus and Zamolxes. This single example sufficiently shews us both the influence and the merit of one who discharges as he ought the office of a good master of a family; which, if it were well observed in every house, would quickly put an end to that universal depravation of manners, by which the present age is so much distinguished; and which it is more easy to lament than to reform.

Nº CLXVI. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

—ALIIQUE MALO FUIT USUS IN ILLO.

—OVID. MET. L. 2. V. 331.

SOME COMFORT FROM THE MIGHTY MISCHIEF ROSE.

ADDISON.

CHARITY is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands,' says an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence of this virtue. A man may bestow great sums on the poor and indigent without being charitable, and may be charitable when he is not able to bestow any thing. Charity is therefore a habit of goodwill, or benevolence, in the soul, which disposes us to the love, assistance, and relief of mankind, especially of those who stand in need of it. The poor man who has this excellent frame of mind, is no less entitled to the reward of this virtue than the man who founds a college. For my own part, I am charitable to an extravagance this way. I never saw an indigent person in my life without reaching out to him some of this imaginary relief. I cannot but sympathize with every one I meet that is in affliction; and if my abilities were equal to my wishes, there should be neither pain nor poverty in the world.

To give my reader a right notion of myself in this particular, I shall present him with the secret history of one of the most remarkable parts of my life.

I was once engaged in search of the philosophers stone. It is frequently observed of men who have been busied in this pursuit, that though they have failed in their principal design, they have however made such discoveries in their way to it, as have sufficiently recompensed their enquiries. In the same manner, though I cannot boast of my success in that affair, I do not repent

of my engaging in it, because it produced in my mind such an habitual exercise of charity, as made it much better than perhaps it would have been, had I never been lost in so pleasing a delusion.

As I did not question but I should soon have a new Indies in my possession, I was perpetually taken up in considering how to turn it to the benefit of mankind. In order to it, I employed a whole day in walking about this great city, to find out proper places for the erection of hospitals. I had likewise entertained that project, which has since succeeded in another place, of building churches at the court-end of the town; with this only difference, that instead of fifty, I intended to have built a hundred, and to have seen them all finished in less than one year.

I had with great pains and application got together a list of all the French Protestants; and by the best accounts I could come at, had calculated the value of all those estates and effects which every one of them had left in his own country for the sake of his religion, being fully determined to make it up to him, and return some of them the double of what they had lost.

As I was one day in my laboratory, my operator, who was to fill my coffers for me, and used to foot it from the other end of the town every morning, complained of a sprain in his leg, that he had met with over against St. Clement's church. This so affected me, that, as a standing mark of my gratitude to him, and out of compassion to

the rest of my fellow-citizens, I resolved to new-pave every street within the liberties, and entered a memorandum in my pocket-book accordingly. About the same time I entertained some thoughts of mending all the highways on this side the Tweed, and of making all the rivers in England navigable.

But the project I had most at heart was the settling upon every man in Great Britain three pounds a year, (in which sum may be comprised, according to Sir William Pettit's observations, all the necessities of life) leaving to them whatever else they could get by their own industry to lay out on superfluities.

I was above a week debating in myself what I should do in the matter of impropriations; but at length came to a resolution to buy them all up, and restore them to the church.

As I was one day walking near St. Paul's, I took some time to survey that structure; and not being entirely satisfied with it, though I could not tell why, I had some thoughts of pulling it down, and building it up anew at my own expence.

For my own part, as I have no pride in me, I intended to take up with a coach and six, half a dozen footmen, and live like a private gentleman.

It happened about this time that public matters looked very gloomy, taxes came hard, the war went on heavily, people complained of the great burdens that were laid upon them: this made me resolve to set aside one morning, to consider seriously the state of the nation. I was the more ready to enter on it, because I was obliged, whether I would or no, to sit at home in my morning-gown, having, after a most incredible expence, pawned a new suit of cloaths, and a full-bottomed wig, for a sum of money, which my operator assured me was the last he should want to bring all our matters to bear. After having considered many projects, I at length resolved to beat the common enemy at his own weapons, and laid a scheme

which would have blown him up in a quarter of a year, had things succeeded to my wishes. As I was in this golden dream, somebody knocked at my door. I opened it, and found it was a messenger that brought me a letter from the laboratory. The fellow looked so miserably poor, that I was resolved to make his fortune before he delivered his message: but seeing he brought a letter from my operator, I concluded I was bound to it in honour, as much as a prince is to give a reward to one that brings him the first news of a victory. I knew this was the long-expected hour of projection, and which I had waited for with great impatience, above half a year before. In short, I broke open my letter in a transport of joy, and found it as follows:

SIR,

AFTER having got out of you every thing you can conveniently spare, I scorn to trespass upon your generous nature, and therefore must ingenuously confess to you, that I know no more of the philosophers-stone than you do. I shall only tell you, for your comfort, that I could never yet bubble a block-head out of his money. They must be men of wit and parts who are for my purpose. This made me apply myself to a person of your wealth and ingenuity. How I have succeeded, you yourself can best tell.

Your humble servant to command,

THOMAS WHITE.

I have locked up the laboratory, and laid the key under the door.

I was very much shocked at the unworthy treatment of this man, and not a little mortified at my disappointment, though not so much for what I myself, as what the public suffered by it. I think, however, I ought to let the world know what I designed for them, and hope that such of my readers who find they had a share in my good intentions, will accept of the will for the deed.

N^o CLXVII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

FATA VIAM INVENIENT

VIRG. *Æn.* 3. v. 395.

FATE THE WAY WILL FIND.

DRYDEN.

THE following story is lately translated out of an Arabian manuscript, which I think has very much the turn of an oriental tale; and as it has never before been printed, I question not but it will be highly acceptable to my reader.

The name of Helim is still famous through all the eastern parts of the world. He is called among the Persians, even to this day, Helim the great physician. He was acquainted with all the powers of simples, understood all the influences of the stars, and knew the secrets that were engraved on the seal of Solomon the son of David. Helim was also governor of the Black Palace, and chief of the physicians to Alnarefchin, the great King of Persia.

Alnarefchin was the most dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in this country. He was of a fearful, suspicious, and cruel nature, having put to death, upon very slight jealousies and surmises, five and thirty of his queens, and above twenty sons whom he suspected to have conspired against his life. Being at length wearied with the exercise of so many cruelties in his own family, and fearing lest the whole race of Caliphs should be entirely lost, he one day sent for Helim, and spoke to him after this manner: 'Helim,' said he, 'I have long admired thy great wisdom, and retired way of living. I shall now shew the entire confidence which I place in thee. I have only two sons remaining, who are as yet but infants. It is my design that thou take them home with thee, and educate them as thy own. Train them up in the humble unambitious pursuits of knowledge. By this means shall the line of Caliphs be preserved, and my children succeed after me, without aspiring to my throne whilst I am yet alive.' The words of my lord the king shall be obeyed,' said Helim. After which he bowed, and went out of the king's presence. He then received his children into his own house, and from that time bred them up with him in the stu-

dies of knowledge and virtue. The young princes loved and respected Helim as their father, and made such improvements under him, that by the age of one and twenty they were instructed in all the learning of the east. The name of the eldest was Ibrahim, and of the youngest Abdallah. They lived together in such a perfect friendship, that to this day it is said of intimate friends, that they live together like Ibrahim and Abdallah. Helim had an only child, who was a girl of a fine soul, and a most beautiful person. Her father omitted nothing in her education that might make her the most accomplished woman of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the rest of the world, they frequently conversed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up by her father in the same course of knowledge and of virtue. Abdallah, whose mind was of a softer turn than that of his brother, grew by degrees so enamoured of her conversation, that he did not think he lived, when he was not in company with his beloved Balfora, for that was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was so great, that at length it came to the ears of the king, who pretending to visit the young princes his sons, demanded of Helim the sight of Balfora, his fair daughter. The king was so enflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he sent for Helim the next morning, and told him it was now his design to recompense him for all his faithful services; and that, in order to it, he intended to make his daughter queen of Persia. Helim, who knew very well the fate of all those unhappy women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the secret love which Abdallah bore his daughter—'Far be it,' says he, 'from the King of Persia to contaminate the blood of the Caliphs, and join himself in marriage with the daughter of his physician.' The king, however, was so impatient for such a bride, that, without hearing any excuses, he immediately ordered Balfora

Balfora to be sent for into his presence, keeping the father with him, in order to make her sensible of the honour which he designed her. Balfora, who was too modest and humble to think her beauty had made such an impression on the king, was a few moments after brought into his presence as he had commanded.

She appeared in the king's eye as one of the virgins of paradise. But upon hearing the honour which he intended her, she fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. Helim wept, and after having recovered her out of the trance into which she was fallen, represented to the king, what so unexpected an honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleased, he would himself prepare her for it. The king bid him take his own way, and dismissed him. Balfora was conveyed again to her father's house, where the thoughts of Abdallah renewed her affliction every moment, in so much that at length she fell into a raging fever. The king was informed of her condition by those that saw her. Helim, finding no other means of extricating her from the difficulties she was in, after having composed her mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a certain potion, which he knew would lay her asleep for many hours; and afterwards, in all the seeming distress of a disconsolate father, informed the king she was dead. The king, who never let any sentiments of humanity come too near his heart, did not much trouble himself about the matter; however, for his own reputation, he told the father, that since it was known through the empire that Balfora died at a time when he designed her for his bride, it was his intention that she should be honoured as such after her death, that her body should be laid in the Black Palace, among those of his deceased queens.

In the mean time, Abdallah, who had heard of the king's design, was not less afflicted than his beloved Balfora. As for the several circumstances of his distress, as also how the king was informed of an irrecoverable distemper into which he was fallen, they are to be found at length in the history of Helim. It shall suffice to acquaint the reader, that Helim, some days after the supposed death of his daughter, gave the prince a potion of the same nature with that which had laid asleep Balfora.

It is the custom among the Persians to convey in a private manner the bodies of all the royal family, a little after their death, into the Black Palace; which is the repository of all who are descended from the Caliphs, or any way allied to them. The chief physician is always governor of the Black Palace; it being his office to embalm and preserve the holy family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The Black Palace is so called from the colour of the building, which is all of the finest polished black marble. There are always burning in it five thousand everlasting lamps. It has also a hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night by a hundred negroes, who are to take care that nobody enters besides the governor.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repository, and at the appointed time received her out of the sleep into which she was fallen, took care some time after to bring that of Abdallah into the same place. Balfora watched over him till such time as the dose he had taken lost its effect. Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's design when he gave him this sleepy potion. It is impossible to describe the surprize, the joy, the transport, he was in at his first awaking. He fancied himself in the retirements of the blest, and that the spirit of his dear Balfora, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first who came to congratulate his arrival. She soon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithstanding all its horrors, appeared to him more sweet than the bower of Mahomet, in the company of his Balfora.

Helim, who was supposed to be taken up in embalming of the bodies, visited the place very frequently. His greatest perplexity was how to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in such a manner as I have before related. This consideration did not a little disturb the two interred lovers. At length Helim bethought himself, that the first day of the full moon of the month Tipza was near at hand. Now it is a received tradition among the Persians, that the souls of those of the royal family who are in a state of bliss, do on the first full moon after their decease, pass through the eastern gate of the Black Palace, which is therefore called the Gate of Paradise, in order to take their flight for
that

that happy place. Helim, therefore, having made due preparation for this night, dressed each of the lovers in a robe of azure silk, wrought in the finest looms of Persia, with a long train of linen whiter than snow, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon Abdalla's head he fixed a wreath of the greenest myrtle; and on Balsora's a garland of the freshest roses. Their garments were scented with the richest perfumes of Arabia; Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its brightness, but he privately opened the gate of paradise, and shut it after the same manner as soon as they had passed through it. The band of negroes, who were posted at a little distance from the gate, seeing two such beautiful apparitions, that shewed themselves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being ravished with the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghosts of the two persons lately deceased. They fell upon their faces, as they passed through the midst of them, and continued prostrate on the earth until such time as they were out of sight. They reported the next day what they had seen; but this was looked upon by the king himself, and most others, as the compliment that was usually paid to any of the deceased of his family. Helim had placed two of his own mules at about a mile's distance from the Black Temple, on the spot which they had agreed upon for their rendezvous. Here he met them, and conducted them to one of his own houses, which was situated on Mount Khacan. The air of this mountain was so very healthful, that Helim had formerly transported the king thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of sickness; which succeeded so well, that the king made him a present of the whole mountain, with a beautiful house and gardens that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived Abdallah and Balsora. They were both so fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and possessed with so constant and mutual a passion for each other, that their solitude never lay heavy on them. Abdallah applied himself to those arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the situation of the place; inasmuch that in a few years he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part

of it with plantations or spots of flowers. Helim was too good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleasant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place the old king died, and was succeeded by his son Ibrahim; who, upon the supposed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the Persian empire. Though he was some years inconsolable for the death of his brother, Helim durst not trust him with the secret, which he knew would have fatal consequences, should it by any means come to the knowledge of the old king. Ibrahim was no sooner mounted to the throne, but Helim sought after a proper opportunity of making a discovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to so good-natured and generous a prince. It so happened, that before Helim found such an opportunity as he desired, the new King Ibrahim, having been separated from his company in a chase, and almost fainting with heat and thirst, saw himself at the foot of Mount Khacan. He immediately ascended the hill; and, coming to Helim's house, demanded some refreshments. Helim was very luckily there at that time; and after having set before the king the choicest of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleased with so seasonable a treat, told him that the best part of his entertainment was to come. Upon which he opened to him the whole history of what had passed. The king was at once astonished and transported at so strange a relation, and seeing his brother enter the room with Balsora in his hand, he leaped off from the sofa on which he sat, and cried out — 'It is he! it is my Abdallah!' having said this, he fell upon his neck, and wept. The whole company, for some time, remained silent, and shedding tears of joy. The king at length, having kindly reproached Helim for depriving him so long of such a brother, embraced Balsora with the greatest tenderness, and told her that she should now be a queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother king of all the conquered nations on the other side the Tigris. He easily discovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that instead of being transported with the offer, they preferred their present retirement to empire. At their request therefore he changed his intentions, and made them a present of all the open country

country as far as they could see from the top of Mount Khacan. Abdallah continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified this whole prospect with groves and fountains, gardens and seats of pleasure, until it became the most delicious spot of ground within the empire, and is therefore called the Garden of Persia. This Caliph,

Ibrahim, after a long and happy reign, died without children, and was succeeded by Abdallah, a son of Abdallah and Balsora. This was that King Abdallah, who afterwards fixed the imperial residence upon Mount Khacan, which continues at this time to be the favourite palace of the Persian empire.

N^o CLXVIII. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

—LOCA JAM RECITATA REVOLVIMUS—

HOR. EP. 1. L. 2. V. 223.

THE SAME SUBJECTS WE REPEAT.

SIR,

I observe that many of your late papers have represented to us the characters of accomplished women; but among all of them I do not find a quotation which I expected to have seen in your works: I mean the character of the mistress of a family as it is drawn out at length in the Book of Proverbs. For my part, considering it only as a human composition, I do not think that there is any character in Theophrastus which has so many beautiful particulars in it, and which is drawn with such elegance of thought and phrase. I wonder that it is not written in letters of gold in the great hall of every country gentleman.

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

The heart of her husband doth fully trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

She is like the merchant ships, she bringeth her food from afar.

She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.

She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.

She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.

She perceiveth that her merchandise is good; her candle goeth not out by night.

She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

She stretcheth out her hand to the

poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet.

She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple.

Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

She maketh fine linen, and selleth it, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates.

Your humble servant.

SIR,

I ventured to your Lion with the following lines, upon an assurance, that if you thought them not proper food for your beast, you would at least permit him to tear them.

FROM

FROM ANACREON.

Ἄνε ζωνέσσαν ἀρίστη, &c.

BEST and happiest artisan,
 Best of painters, if you can
 With your many-coloured art
 Paint the mistress of my heart:
 Describe the charms you hear from me,
 (Her charms you could not paint and see)
 And make the absent nymph appear,
 As if her lovely self was here.
 First draw her easy flowing hair,
 As soft and black as she is fair;
 And if your art can rise so high,
 Let breathing odours round her fly:
 Beneath the shade of flowing jet
 The ivory forehead smoothly set.
 With care the sable brows extend,
 And in two arches nicely bend;
 That the fair space, which lies between,
 The melting shade, may scarce be seen.
 The eye must be uncommon fire;
 Sparkle, languish, and desire:
 The flames unseen must yet be felt;
 Like Pallas kill, like Venus melt.
 The rosy cheeks must seem to glow
 Amidst the white of new-fall'n snow,
 Let her lips persuasion wear,
 In silence elegantly fair;
 As if the blushing rivals strove,
 Breathing and inviting love.
 Below her chin be sure to deck
 With ev'ry grace her polish'd neck;
 While all that's pretty, soft, and sweet,
 In the swelling bosom meet.
 The rest in purple garments veil;
 Her body, not her shape, conceal.
 Enough—the lovely work is done,
 The breathing paint will speak anon.

I am,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

MR. IRONSIDE,

THE letter which I sent you some time ago, and was subscribed English Tory, has made, as you must have observed, a very great bustle in town. There are come out against me two Pamphlets and two Examiners; but there are printed on my side a letter to the Guardian about Dunkirk, and a pamphlet called Dunkirk or Dover. I am no proper judge who has the better of the argument, the Examiner or myself: but I am sure my seconds are better than his. I have addressed a defence against the ill treatment I have received for my letter, (which ought to have made every man in England my friend) to the bailiff of Stockbridge, because, as the world goes, I am to think myself very much obliged to that honest man, and esteem him my patron, who allowed that fifty was a greater number than one and twenty, and returned me accordingly to serve for that borough.

There are very many scurrilous things said against me; but I have turned them to my advantage, by quoting them at large, and by that means swelling the volume to one shilling price. If I may be so free with myself, I might put you in mind upon this occasion of one of those animals which are famous for their love of mankind, that when a bone is thrown at them, fall to eating it, instead of flying at the person who threw it. Please to read the account of the channel, by the map at Will's, and you will find what I represent concerning the importance of Dunkirk, as to it's situation, very just. I am, Sir, very often your great admirer,

RICHARD STEELE,

N^o CLXIX. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

—COELUMQUE TURI

JUSSIT—

OVID. MET. L. I. v. 85.

AND MADE HIM LIFT TO HEAV'N HIS WOND'RING EYES.

IN fair weather, when my heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of spirits which results from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful prospect of nature, I regard myself as one placed by the hand of God in the midst of an ample theatre, in which the sun, moon, and stars, the fruits also, and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their

positions, or their aspects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the understanding, as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow, and the glaring comets, are decorations of this mighty theatre. And the sable hemisphere studded with spangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious glidings and rich colours in the

U u horizon,

horizon, I look on as so many successive scenes.

When I consider things in this light, methinks it is a sort of impiety to have no attention to the course of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardless of those phenomena that are placed within our view, on purpose to entertain our faculties, and display the wisdom and power of their Creator, is an affront to Providence of the same kind, (I hope it is not impious to make such a simile) as it would be to a good poet, to sit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it.

And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial structure, and those admirable machines, whereby the passions of a philosopher are gratefully agitated, and his soul affected with the sweet emotions of joy and surprise?

How many fox-hunters and rural squires are to be found in Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have all this while lived on a planet; that the sun is several thousand times bigger than the earth; and that there are other worlds within our view greater and more glorious than our own? 'Ay,' but says some illiterate fellow, 'I enjoy the world, and leave others to contemplate it.' Yes, you eat and drink, and run about upon it, that is, you enjoy it as a brute; but to enjoy it as a rational being, is to know it, to be sensible of its greatness and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by these reflections to obtain just sentiments of the Almighty Mind that framed it.

The man who, unembarrassed with vulgar cares, leisurely attend to the flux of things in heaven, and things on earth, and observes the laws by which they are governed, hath secured to himself an easy and convenient seat, where he beholds with pleasure all that passes on the stage of nature; while those about him are, some fast asleep, and others struggling for the highest places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at push-pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profusion of good things that distinguish the seasons, yield a prospect which annihilates all human grandeur.

But when we have seen frequent returns of the same things, when we have often viewed the heaven and the earth in all their various array, our attention flags, and our admiration ceases. All the art and magnificence in nature could not make us pleased with the same entertainment, presented a hundred years successively to our view.

I am led into this way of thinking by a question started the other night, viz. Whether it were possible that a man should be weary of a fortunate and healthy course of life? My opinion was, that the bare repetition of the same objects, abstracted from all other inconveniencies, was sufficient to create in our minds a distaste of the world; and that the abhorrence old men have of death, proceeds rather from a distrust of what may follow, than from the prospect of losing any present enjoyments. For (as an ancient author somewhere expresses it) when a man has seen the vicissitudes of night and day, winter and summer, spring and autumn, the returning faces of the several parts of nature, what is there further to detain his fancy here below?

The spectacle indeed is glorious, and may bear viewing several times. But in a very few scenes of revolving years, we feel a satiety of the same images; the mind grows impatient to see the curtain drawn, and behold new scenes disclosed; and the imagination is in this life filled with a confused idea of the next.

Death, considered in this light, is no more than passing from one entertainment to another. If the present objects are grown tiresome and distasteful, it is in order to prepare our minds for a more exquisite relish of those which are fresh and new. If the good things we have hitherto enjoyed are transient, they will be succeeded by those which the inexhaustible power of the Deity will supply to eternal ages. If the pleasures of our present state are blended with pain and uneasiness, our future will consist of sincere unmixed delights. Blessed hope! the thought whereof turns the very imperfections of our nature into occasions of comfort and joy.

But what consolation is left to the man who hath no hope or prospect of these things? View him in that part of life when the natural decay of his faculties concurs with the frequency of the same objects to make him weary of this world, when

when like a man who hangs upon a precipice, his present situation is uneasy, and the moment that he quits his hold, he is sure of sinking into hell or annihilation.

There is not any character so hateful as his who invents racks and tortures for

mankind. The Free-thinkers make it their business to introduce doubts, perplexities and despair into the minds of men, and according to the poet's rule, are most justly punished by their own schemes.

Nº CLXX. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

—TIMEO DANAOS ET DONA FERENTES.

VIRG. ÆN. 2. v. 49.

I FEAR YOUR GREEKS, WITH PRESENTS IN THEIR HANDS.

LONDON, SEPT. 22.

MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,

THE plan laid down in your first paper gives me a title and authority to apply to you, in behalf of the trading world. According to the general scheme you proposed in your said first paper, you have not professed only to entertain men of wit and polite taste, but also to be useful to the trader and the artificer. You cannot do your country greater service than by informing all ranks of men amongst us, that the greatest benefactor to them all is the merchant. The merchant advances the gentleman's rent, gives the artificer food, and supplies the courtier's luxury. But give me leave to say, that neither you, nor all your clan of wits, can put together so useful and commodious a treatise for the welfare of your fellow-subjects as that which an eminent merchant of the city has lately written. It is called 'General Maxims of Trade, particularly applied to the commerce between Great Britain and France.' I have made an extract of it, so as to bring it within the compass of your paper; which take as follows.

I. That trade which exports manufactures made of the product of the country, is undoubtedly good; such is the sending abroad our Yorkshire cloth, Colchester bays, Exeter serges, Norwich stuffs, &c. which being made purely of British wool, as much as those exports amount to, so much is the clear gain of the nation.

II. That trade which helps off the consumption of our superfluities, is also visibly advantageous; as the exporting of allum, copperas, leather, tin, lead, coals, &c. So much as the exported superfluities amount unto, so much also is the clear national profit.

III. The importing of foreign materials, to be manufactured at home, especially when the goods, after they are manufactured, are mostly sent abroad, is also without dispute very beneficial; as for instance, Spanish wool, which for that reason is exempted from paying any duties.

IV. The importation of foreign materials, to be manufactured here, although the manufactured goods are chiefly consumed by us, may be also beneficial; especially when the said materials are procured in exchange for our commodities; as raw-silk, program, yarn, and other goods, brought from Turkey.

V. Foreign materials, wrought up here into such goods as would otherwise be imported ready manufactured, is a means of saving money to the nation: such is the importation of hemp, flax, and raw-silk; it is therefore to be wondered at, that these commodities are not exempt from all duties, as well as Spanish wool.

VI. A trade may be called good which exchanges manufactures for manufactures, and commodities for commodities. Germany takes as much in value of our woollen and other goods, as we do of their linen: by this means numbers of people are employed on both sides, to their mutual advantage.

VII. An importation of commodities, bought partly for money and partly for goods, may be of national advantage; if the greatest part of the commodities thus imported are again exported, as in the case of East India goods: and generally all imports of goods which are re-exported, are beneficial to a nation.

VIII. The carrying of goods from one foreign country to another, is a profitable article in trade: our ships are often thus employed between Portugal,

U u 2

Italy,

Italy, and the Levant, and sometimes in the East Indies.

IX. When there is a necessity to import goods which a nation cannot be without, although such goods are chiefly purchased with money, it cannot be accounted a bad trade, as our trade to Norway and other parts, from whence are imported naval stores and materials for building.

But a trade is disadvantageous to a nation—

1. Which brings in things of mere luxury and pleasure, which are entirely, or for the most part, consumed among us; and such I reckon the wine trade to be, especially when the wine is purchased with money, and not in exchange for our commodities.

2. Much worse is that trade which brings in a commodity that is not only consumed amongst us, but hinders the consumption of the like quantity of ours. As is the importation of brandy, which hinders the spending of our extracts of malt and molasses; therefore very prudently charged with excessive duties.

3. That trade is eminently bad, which supplies the same goods as we manufacture ourselves, especially if we can make enough for our consumption: and I take this to be the case of the silk manufacture; which, with great labour and industry, is brought to perfection in London, Canterbury, and other places.

4. The importation upon easy terms of such manufactures as are already introduced in a country, must be of bad consequence, and check their progress; as it would undoubtedly be the case of the linen and paper manufactures in Great Britain, (which are of late very much improved) if those commodities were suffered to be brought in without paying very high duties.

Let us now judge of our trade with France by the foregoing maxims.

1. The exportation of our woollen goods to France is so well barred against, that there is not the least hope of reaping any benefit by this article. They have their work done for half the price we pay for ours. And since they send great quantities of woollen goods to Italy, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, the Rhine, and other places, although they pay a duty upon exportation, it is a demonstration that they have more than is sufficient for their own wear, and

consequently no great occasion for any of ours. The French cannot but be so sensible of the advantage they have over us in point of cheapness, that I do not doubt they will give us leave to import into France not only woollen goods, but all other commodities whatsoever, upon very easy duties, provided we permit them to import into Great-Britain wines, brandies, silk, linen, and paper, upon paying the same duties as others do. And when that is done, you will send little more to France than now you do, and they will import into Great Britain ten times more than now they can.

II. As to our superfluities, it must be owned the French have occasion for some of them, as lead, tin, leather, copperas, coals, allum, and several other things of small value, as also some few of our plantation commodities: but these goods they will have whether we take any of theirs or no, because they want them. All these commodities together, that the French want from us, may amount to about 200,000l. yearly.

III. As to materials, I do not know of any one sort useful to us that ever was imported from France into England. They have indeed hemp, flax, and wool in abundance, and some raw silk; but they are too wise to let us have any, especially as long as they entertain any hopes we shall be so self-denying as to take those materials from them after they are manufactured.

IV. Exchanging commodities for commodities, (if for the like value on both sides) might be beneficial; but it is far from being the case between us and France: our ships went constantly in ballast (except now and then some lead) to St. Malo, Morlaix, Nantz, Rochelle, Bourdeaux, Bayonne, &c. and ever came back full of linen, wines, brandy, and paper: and if it was so before the Revolution, when one of our pounds sterling cost the French but thirteen livres, what are they like to take from us, (except what they of necessity want) now that for each pound sterling they must pay us twenty livres, which enhances the price of all British commodities to the French above fifty per cent.

V. Goods imported to be re-exported, is certainly a national advantage; but few or no French goods are ever exported from Great Britain, except to our plantations, but all are consumed at home;

home; therefore no benefit can be reaped this way by the French trade.

VI. Letting ships to freight cannot but be of some profit to a nation; but it is very rare if the French ever make use of any other ships than their own: they victual and man cheaper than we, therefore nothing is to be got from them by this article.

VII. Things that are of absolute necessity cannot be reckoned prejudicial to a nation; but France produces nothing that is necessary, or even convenient, or but which we had better be without, except claret.

VIII. If the importation of commodities of mere luxury, to be consumed amongst us, be a sensible disadvantage, the French trade, in this particular, might be highly pernicious to this nation; for if the duties on French wines be lowered to a considerable degree, the least we can suppose would be imported into England and Scotland is 18000 tons a year, which being most clarets, at a moderate computation would cost in France 450,000*l*.

IX. As to brandy, since we have laid high duties upon it, the distilling of spirits from malt and molasses is much improved and increased, by means of which a good sum of money is yearly saved to the nation; for very little brandy hath been imported either from Italy, Portugal, or Spain, by reason that our English spirits are near as good as those countries brandies. But as French brandy is esteemed, and is indeed very good, if the extraordinary duty on that liquor be taken off, there is no doubt but great quantities will be imported. We will suppose only 3000 tons a year, which will cost Great Britain about 70,000*l*. yearly, and prejudice besides the extracts of our own malt spirits.

X. Linen is an article of more consequence than many people are aware of. Ireland, Scotland, and several counties in England, have made large steps towards the improvement of that useful manufacture, both in quantity and quality; and with good encouragement would doubtless, in a few years, bring it to perfection, and perhaps make sufficient for our own consumption; which, besides employing great numbers of people, and improving many acres of land, would save us a good sum of money, which is yearly laid out abroad in that commodity. As the case stands at present, it improves daily; but if the duties

on French linen be reduced, it is to be feared it will come over so cheap, that our looms must be laid aside, and 6 or 700,000*l*. a year be sent over to France for that commodity.

XI. The manufacture of paper is very near akin to that of linen. Since the high duties laid on foreign paper, and that none hath been imported from France, where it is cheapest, the making of it is increased to such a degree in England, that we import none of the lower sorts from abroad, and make them all ourselves: but if the French duties be taken off, undoubtedly most of the mills which are employed in the making of white paper must leave off their work, and 30 or 40,000*l*. a year be remitted over to France for that commodity.

XII. The last article concerns the silk manufacture. Since the late French wars, it is increased to a mighty degree. Spitalfields alone manufactures to the value of two millions a year, and were daily improving, till the late fears about lowering the French duties. What pity that so noble a manufacture, so extensive, and so beneficial to an infinite number of people, should run the hazard of being ruined! It is however to be feared, that if the French can import their wrought silks upon easy terms, they outdo us so much in cheapness of labour, and they have Italian and Levant raw silk upon so much easier terms than we, besides great quantities of their own in Provence, Languedoc, and other provinces, that in all probability half the looms in Spitalfields would be laid down, and our ladies be again clothed in French silks. The loss that would accrue to the nation by so great a mischief, cannot be valued at less than 500,000*l*. a year.

To sum up all, if we pay to France yearly,

For their wines	- - - -	450000
For their brandies	- - - -	70000
For their linen	- - - -	600000
For their paper	- - - -	30000
For their silks	- - - -	500000

1650000

And they take from us in lead, tin, leather, allum, copperas, coals, horn, plates, &c. and plantation goods, to the value of - - - - 200000

Great Britain loses by the balance of that trade yearly 1450000

All

All which is humbly submitted to your consideration by, Sir, your most humble servant,

GENEROSITY THRIFT.

ADVERTISEMENT,

FOR THE PROTECTION OF HONOUR, TRUTH, VIRTUE, AND INNOCENCE.

MR. Ironside has ordered his amanuensis to prepare for his perusal whatever he may have gathered, from his table-talk or otherwise, a volume to be

printed in twelves, called 'The Art of Defamation Discovered.' This piece is to consist of the true characters of all persons calumniated by the Examiner; and after such characters, the true and only method of fallying them set forth in examples from the ingenious and artificial author, the said Examiner.

N.B. To this will be added the true characters of persons he has commended, with observations to shew that panegyric is not that author's talent.

Nº CLXXI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.

UIT ISTA QUONDAM IN HAC REPUBLICA VIRTUS, UT VIRI FORTES ACRIORIBUS SUPPLICIIS CIVEM PERNICIOSUM, QUAM ACERBISSIMUM HOSTEM COERCERENT.

CICERO IN CATILIN.

THERE WAS ONCE THAT VIRTUE IN THIS COMMONWEALTH, THAT A BAD FELLOW-CITIZEN WAS THOUGHT TO DESERVE A SEVERER CORRECTION THAN THE BITTEREST ENEMY.

I Have received letters of congratulation and thanks from several of the most eminent chocolate-houses and coffee-houses, upon my late gallantry and success in opposing myself to the long swords. One tells me, that whereas his rooms were too little before, now his customers can saunter up and down from corner to corner, and table to table, without any let or molestation. I find I have likewise cleared a great many alleys and by-lanes, made the public walks about town more spacious, and all the passages about Court and the Exchange more free and open. Several of my female wards have sent me the kindest billets upon this occasion, in which they tell me, that I have saved them some pounds in the year, by freeing their furbelows, flounces, and hoops, from the annoyance both of hilt and point. A scout whom I sent abroad to observe the posture, and to pry into the intentions of the enemy, brings me word that the Terrible Club is quite blown up, and that I have totally routed the men that seemed to delight in arms. My lion, whose jaws are at all hours open to intelligence, informs me, that there are a few enormous weapons still in being; but that they are to be met with only in gaming-houses, and some of the obscure retreats of lovers in and about Drury Lane and Covent Garden. I am highly delighted with an adventure that befel my witty antagonist

Tom Swagger, captain of the band of long swords. He had the misfortune three days ago to fall into company with a master of the noble science of defence, who taking Mr. Swagger, by his habit, and the airs he gave himself, to be one of the profession, gave him a fair invitation to Marybone, to exercise at the usual weapons. The captain thought this so foul a disgrace to a gentleman, that he slunk away in the greatest confusion, and has never been seen since at the Tilt-yard Coffee-house, nor in any of his usual haunts.

As there is nothing made in vain, and as every plant and every animal, though never so noisome, has it's use in the creation; so these men of terror may be disposed of, so as to make a figure in the polite world. It was in this view that I received a visit last night from a person who pretends to be employed here from several foreign princes in negotiating matters of less importance. He tells me, that the continual wars in Europe have, in a manner, quite drained the Cantons of Switzerland of their supernumerary subjects, and that he foresees there will be a great scarcity of them to serve at the entrance of courts, and the palaces of great men. He is of opinion this want may very seasonably be supplied out of the great numbers of such gentlemen as I have given notice of in my paper of the 25th past, and that his design is in a few weeks, when the

the town fills, to put out public advertisements to this effect, not questioning but it may turn to a good account—That if any person of good stature and fierce demeanor, as well members of the Terrible Club, as others of the like exterior ferocity, whose ambition is to cock and look big, without exposing themselves to any bodily danger, will repair to his lodgings, they shall (provided they bring their swords with them) be furnished with shoulder-belts, broad hats, red feathers, and halberts, and be transported without farther trouble into several courts and families of distinction, where they may eat and drink, and strut at free cost.—As this project was not communicated to me for a secret, I thought it might be for the service of the abovesaid persons to divulge it with all convenient speed; that those who are disposed to employ their talents to the best advantage, and to shine in the station of life for which they seem to be born, may have time to adorn their upper lip, by raising a quick-set beard there in the form of whiskers, that they may pass to all intents and purposes for true Swissers,

INDEFATIGABLE NESTOR,

GIVE me leave to thank you, in behalf of myself and my whole family, for the daily diversion and improvements we receive from your labours. At the same time I must acquaint you, that we have all of us taken a mighty liking to your lion. His roarings are the joy of my heart; and I have a little boy, not three years old, that talks of nothing else, and who, I hope, will be more afraid of him as he grows up. That your animal may be kept in good plight, and not roar for want of prey; I shall, out of my esteem and affection for you, contribute what I can towards his sustenance; 'Love me, love my lion,' says the proverb. I will not pretend, at any time, to furnish out a full meal for him; but I shall now and then send him a savoury morsel, a tid-bit. You must know, I am but a kind of

holiday writer, and never could find in my heart to set my pen to a work of above five or six periods long. My friends tell me my performances are little and pretty. As they have no manner of connexion one with the other, I write them upon loose pieces of paper, and throw them into a drawer by themselves; this drawer I call the Lion's Pantry. I give you my word, I put nothing into it but what is clean and wholesome nouriture. Therefore remember me to the lion, and let him know, that I shall always pick and cull the pantry for him; and there are morsels in it, I can assure you, will make his chaps to water.

I am, with the greatest respect, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

And most assiduous reader.

I must ask pardon of Mrs. Dorothy Care, that I have suffered her billet to lie by me these three weeks without taking the least notice of it. But I believe the kind warning in it, to our sex, will not be now too late.

GOOD MR. IRONSIDE,

I Have waited with impatience for that same Unicorn you promised should be erected for the fair-sex. My business is, before winter comes on, to desire you would precaution your own sex against being Adamites, by exposing their bare breasts to the rigour of the season. It was this practice amongst the fellows which at first encouraged our sex to shew so much of their necks. The downy dock-leaves you speak of would make good stomachers for the beaus. In a word, good Nestor, so long as the men take a pride in shewing their hairy skins, we may with a much better grace set out our snowy chests to view. We are, we own, the weaker, but, at the same time, you must own, much the more beautiful sex. I am, Sir, your humble reader,

DOROTHY CARE.

N^o CLXXII. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28,

—VITAM EXCOLUERE PER ARTES.

VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 663.

THEY GRAC'D THEIR AGE WITH NEW-INVENTED ARTS.

DRYDEN.

MR. IRONSIDE,

I Have been a long time in expectation of something from you on the subject of speech and letters. I believe the world might be as agreeably entertained on that subject, as with any thing that ever came into the Lion's mouth. For this end I send you the following sketch; and am, yours,

PHILOGRAM.

UPON taking a view of the several species of living creatures our earth is stocked with, we may easily observe, that the lower orders of them, such as insects and fishes, are wholly without a power of making known their wants and calamities: others, which are conversant with man, have some few ways of expressing the pleasure and pain they undergo by certain sounds and gestures; but man has articulate sounds whereby to make known his inward sentiments and affections, though his organs of speech are no other than what he has in common with many other less perfect animals. But the use of letters, as significative of these sounds, is such an additional improvement to them, that I know not whether we ought not to attribute the invention of them to the assistance of a power more than human.

There is this great difficulty which could not but attend the first invention of letters, to wit, that all the world must conspire in affixing steadily the same signs to their sounds; which affixing was at first as arbitrary as possible, there being no more connexion between the letters and the sounds they are expressive of, than there is between those sounds and the ideas of the mind they immediately stand for: notwithstanding which difficulty, and the variety of languages, the *powers* of the letters in each are very nearly the same, being in all places about twenty-four.

But be the difficulty of the invention as great as it will, the use of it is manifest, particularly in the advantage it has above the method of conveying our

thoughts by words or sounds, because this way we are confined to narrow limits of place and time: whereas we may have occasion to correspond with a friend at a distance; or desire, upon a particular occasion, to take the opinion of an honest gentleman who has been dead this thousand years. Both which defects are supplied by the noble invention of letters. By this means we materialize our ideas, and make them as lasting as the ink and paper, their vehicles. This making our thoughts by *art* visible to the eye, which *nature* had made intelligible only by the ear, is next to the adding a sixth sense, as it is a supply in case of the defect of one of the five *nature* gave us, namely, hearing, by making the voice become visible.

Have any of any school of painters gotten themselves an immortal name by drawing a face or painting a landscape; by laying down on a piece of canvas a representation only of what nature had given them originals? What applauses will he merit, who first made his ideas fit to his pencil, and drew to his eye the picture of his mind! Painting represents the outward man, or the shell; but cannot reach the inhabitant within, or the very organ by which the inhabitant is revealed: this art may reach to represent a face, but cannot paint a voice. Kneller can draw the majesty of the queen's person; Kneller can draw her sublime air, and paint her bestowing hand as fair as the lily; but the historian must inform posterity, that she has one peculiar excellence above all other mortals, that her ordinary speech is more charming than song.

But to drop the comparison of this art with any other, let us see the benefit of it in itself. By it the English trader may hold commerce with the inhabitants of the East or West Indies, without the trouble of a journey. Astronomers seated at a distance of the earth's diameter asunder may confer; what is spoken and thought at one pole, may be heard and understood at the other.

The

The philosopher who wished he had a window in his breast, to lay open his heart to all the world, might as easily have revealed the secrets of it this way, and as easily left them to the world, as wished it. This silent art of speaking by letters, remedies the inconvenience arising from distance of time, as well as place; and is much beyond that of the Egyptians, who could preserve their mummies for ten centuries. This preserves the works of the immortal part of men, so as to make the dead still useful to the living. To this we are beholden for the works of Demosthenes and Cicero, of Seneca and Plato: without it the Iliad of Homer, and Æneid of Virgil, had died with their authors; but by this art those excellent men still speak to us.

I shall be glad if what I have said on this art gives you any new hints for the more useful or agreeable application of it. I am, Sir, &c.

I shall conclude this paper with an extract from a poem in praise of the invention of writing, 'Written by a Lady.' I am glad of such a quotation, which is not only another instance how much the world is obliged to this art, but also a shining example of what I have hereto-

fore asserted, that the fair sex are as capable as men of the liberal sciences; and indeed there is no very good argument against the frequent instruction of females of condition this way, but that they are but too powerful without that advantage. The verses of the charming author are as follow.

Blest be the man! his memory at least,
Who found the art thus to unfold his breast;
And taught succeeding times an easy way
Their secret thoughts by letters to convey;
To baffle absence, and secure delight,
Which, till that time, was limited to fight.
The parting farewell spoke, the last adieu,
The less'ning distance past, then loss of view,
The friend was gone which some kind mo-
ments gave,

And absence separated, like the grave.
When for a wife the youthful Patriarch sent,
The camels, jewels, and the steward went,
And wealthy equipage, tho' grave and slow;
But not a line, that might the lover show.
The ring and bracelets woo'd her hands and

arms,
But had the known of melting words and
charms,
That under secret seals in ambush lie
To catch the soul, when drawn into the eye;
The fair Assyrian had not took his guide,
Nor her soft heart in chains of pearl beent'y'd.

Nº CLXXIII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.

NEC SERO COMANTEM

NARCISSUM, AUT FLEXI TACUISSEM VIMEN ACANTHI,
FALLENTESQUE NEDERAS, ET AMANTES LYTORA MYRTOS.

VERG. GEORG. 4. v. 122.

THE LATE NARCISSUS, AND THE WINDING TRAIL
OF BEARS-FOOT, MYRTLES GREEN, AND IVY PALE.

DRYDEN.

I lately took a particular friend of mine to my house in the country, not without some apprehension that it could afford little entertainment to a man of his polite taste, particularly in architecture and gardening, who had so long been conversant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But it was a pleasant surprize to me, to hear him often declare, he had found in my little retirement that beauty which he always thought wanting in the most celebrated seats, or, if you will, villas of the nation. This he described to me in those verses with which Martial begins one of his epigrams:

*Baiana nostri villa, Bassæ, Faustini,
Non otiosis ordinata myrtatis,*

*Viduaque platano, tonsilique buxeto,
Ingrata lati spatia desinet campi;
Sed rure vero barbaroque letatur.*

EP. 58. L. 3.

Our friend Faustinus' country seat I've seen:
No myrtles, plac'd in rows, and idly green;
No widow'd platane, nor clipp'd box-tree,
there,

The useless soil unprofitably share;
But simple Nature's hand, with nobler grace,
Diffuses artless beauties o'er the place.

There is certainly something in the amiable simplicity of unadorned nature, that spreads over the mind a more noble sort of tranquillity, and a loftier sensation of pleasure, than can be raised from the nicer scenes of art.

This was the taste of the ancients in
X x their

their gardens, as we may discover from the description extant of them. The two most celebrated wits of the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a garden; wherein those great masters, being wholly unconfined, and painting at pleasure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they esteemed most excellent in this way. These, one may observe, consist entirely of the useful part of horticulture, fruit-trees, herbs, water, &c. The pieces I am speaking of are, Virgil's account of the garden of the old Corycian, and Homer's of that of Alcinoüs. The first of these is already known to the English reader, by the excellent versions of Mr. Dryden and Mr. Addison. The other having never been attempted in our language with any elegance, and being the most beautiful plan of this sort that can be imagined, I shall here present the reader with a translation of it.

THE GARDEN OF ALCINOÛS, FROM
HOMER'S ODYSS. 7.

CLOSE to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies:
Four acres was th' allotted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green inclosure all around.
Tall thriving trees confess the fruitful mold;
The redd'ning apple ripens here to gold:
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows:
The branch here bends beneath the weighty
pear,

And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail;
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise;
The same mild season gives the blooms to
blow,

The buds to harden; and the fruits to grow.
Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th' united labour of the year.
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the black'ning clusters in the sun.
Others to tread the liquid harvest join,
The groning presses foam with floods of
wine.

Here are the vines in early flow'r descri'd,
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,
And there in Autumn's richest purple dy'd.
Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beautiful order terminate the scene.

Two plentiful fountains the whole pro-
spect crown'd;

This thro' the gardens leads its streams
around,

Visits each plant, and waters all the ground:

While that in pipes beneath the palace flows;
And thence it's current on the town bestows;
To various use their various streams they
bring,

The people one, and one supplies the king.

Sir William Temple has remarked, that this description contains all the justest rules and provisions which can go toward composing the best gardens. It's extent was four acres, which in those times of simplicity was looked upon as a large one, even for a prince: it was inclosed all round for defence; and, for conveniency, joined close to the gates of the palace.

He mentions next the trees which were standards, and suffered to grow to their full height. The fine description of the fruits that never failed, and the eternal zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expressing the continual succession of one fruit after another throughout the year.

The vineyard seems to have been a plantation distinct from the garden; as also the beds of greens mentioned afterwards at the extremity of the inclosure, in the nature and usual place of our kitchen-gardens.

The two fountains are disposed very remarkably. They rose within the inclosure, and were brought by conduits, or ducts; one of them to water all parts of the gardens, and the other underneath the palace into the town for the service of the public.

How contrary to this simplicity is the modern practice of gardening? We seem to make it our study to recede from nature, not only in the various tinsure of greens into the most regular and formal shapes, but even in monstrous attempts beyond the reach of the art itself. We run into sculpture; and are yet better pleased to have our trees in the most awkward figures of men and animals, than in the most regular of their own.

*Hinc et nexilibus vineas & frondibus hortos,
Implexos latè muros, et mœnia circum
Porrigere, et latas & ramis surgere turres;
Dissecam et myrtum in puppes, atque aræ
vostre:*

*In busisque undare frutum, atque & tora ru-
dentes.*

*Parte aliâ frondere suis tentoria castris;
Scutaque spiculaque et jaculantia citra vallos.*

Here interwoven branches form a wall,
And from the living fence green turrets rise:
There ships of myrtle sail in seas of box;
A green encampment yonder meets the eye,
And loaded citrons bearing shields and spears.

I believe

I believe it is no wrong observation, that persons of genius, and those who are most capable of art, are always most fond of nature; as such are chiefly sensible, that all art consists in the imitation and study of nature. On the contrary, people of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantastical operations of art, and constantly think that *finest* which is least natural. A citizen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into giants, like those of Guildhall. I know an eminent cook, who beautified his country-seat with a coronation dinner in greens; where you see the champion flourishing on horseback at one end of the table, and the queen in perpetual youth at the other.

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taste, I shall here publish a catalogue of greens to be disposed of by an eminent town-gardener, who has lately applied to me upon this head. He represents, that for the advancement of a politer sort of ornament in the villas and gardens adjacent to this great city, and in order to distinguish those places from the mere barbarous countries of gross nature, the world stands much in need of a virtuous gardener who has a turn to sculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the ancients of his profession in the imagery of evergreens. My correspondent is arrived to such perfection, that he cuts family pieces of men, women, or children. Any ladies that please may have their own effigies in myrtle, or their husbands in horn-beam. He is a puritan wag, and never fails; when he shows his garden, to repeat that passage in the Psalms, 'Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine,

' and thy children as olive-branches round thy table.' I shall proceed to his catalogue, as he sent it for my recommendation.

Adam and Eve in yew; Adam a little shattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great storm: Eve and the serpent very flourishing.

The tower of Babel, not yet finished.

St. George in box; his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stick the dragon by next April.

A green dragon of the same, with a tail of ground-ivy for the present.

N. B. These two not to be sold separately.

Edward the Black Prince in cypress.

A laurustine bear in blossom, with a juniper hunter in berries.

A pair of giants, stunted, to be sold cheap.

A Queen Elizabeth in phyllyrae, a little inclining to the green sickness, but of full growth.

Another Queen Elizabeth in myrtle, which was very forward, but miscarried by being too near a savine.

An old maid of honour in wormwood.

A topping Ben Johnson in laurel.

Divers eminent modern poets in bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of, a pennyworth.

A quickset hog shot up into a porcupine, by it's being forgot a week in rainy weather.

A lavender pig with sage growing in his belly.

Noah's ark in holly, standing on the mount; the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

A pair of maidenheads in fir, in great forwardness.

Nº CLXXIV. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.

SALVE PRONIA LARGITOR NOBILIS UNDÆ,

SALVE DARDANII GLORIA MAGNA SOLII

PUBLICA MORBORUM REQUIES, COMMUNE MEDENTUM

AUXILIUM, PRÆSENS NUMEN, INEMPTA SALUS.

CLAUDI

MAIL, GREATEST GOOD DARDANIAN FIELDS BESTOW,

AT WHOSE COMMAND PRONIAN WATERS FLOW,

UNPURCHAS'D HEALTH! THAT DOST THY AIR IMPART,

BOTH TO THE PATIENT, AND THE DOCTOR'S ART!

IN public assemblies there are generally some envious splenetic people, who having no merit to procure respect, are

ever finding fault with those who distinguish themselves. This happens more frequently at those places where this

X x 1

season

season of the year calls persons of both sexes together for their health. I have had rains of letters from Bath, Epsom, Tunbridge, and St. Wenefrede's Well; wherein I could observe that a concern for honour and virtue proceeded from the want of health, beauty, or fine petticoats. A lady who subscribes herself Eudofia, writes a bitter invective against Chloë the celebrated dancer; but I have learned, that she herself is lame of the rheumatism. Another, who hath been a prude ever since she had the small-pox, is very bitter against the coquettes and their indecent airs; and a sharp wit hath sent me a keen epigram against the gamesters; but I took notice that it was not written upon gilt paper.

Having had several strange pieces of intelligence from the Bath; as, that more constitutions were weakened there than repaired; that the physicians were not more busy in destroying old bodies, than the young fellows in producing new ones; with several other common-place strokes of raillery; I resolved to look upon the company there, as I returned lately out of the country. It was a great jest to see such a grave ancient person as I am, in an embroidered cap and brocade night-gown. But, besides the necessity of complying with the custom, by these means I passed undiscovered, and had a pleasure I much covet, of being alone in a crowd. It was no little satisfaction to me, to view the mixtures of all ages and dignities upon a level, partaking of the same benefits of nature, and mingling in the same diversions. I sometimes entertained myself by observing what a large quantity of ground was hid under spreading petticoats; and what little patches of earth were covered by creatures with wigs and hats, in comparison to those spaces that were distinguished by flounces, fringes, and furbelows. From the earth, my fancy was diverted to the water, where the distinctions of sex and condition are concealed; and where the mixture of men and women hath given occasion to some persons of light imaginations, to compare the Bath to the fountain of Salmacis, which had the virtue of joining the two sexes into one person; or to the stream wherein Diana washed herself, when she bestowed horns on Actæon; but by one of a serious turn, these healthful springs may rather be likened to the Stygian waters, which made the body

invulnerable; or to the river of Lethe, one draught of which washed away all pain and anguish in a moment.

As I have taken upon me a name which ought to abound in humanity, I shall make it my business, in this paper, to cool and assuage those malignant humours of scandal which run throughout the body of men and women there assembled; and, after the manner of those famous waters, I will endeavour to wipe away all foul aspersions, to restore a bloom and vigour to decayed reputations, and set injured characters upon their legs again. I shall herein regulate myself by the example of that good man, who used to talk with charity of the greatest villains; nor was ever heard to speak with rigour of any one, until he affirmed with severity that Nero was a wag.

Having thus prepared thee, gentle reader, I shall not scruple to entertain thee with a panegyric upon the gamesters. I have indeed spoken incautiously heretofore of that class of men; but I should forfeit all title to modesty, should I any longer oppose the common sense of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom. Were we to treat all those with contempt who are the favourites of blind chance, few levees would be crowded. It is not the height of sphere in which a man moves, but the manner in which he acts, that makes him truly valuable. When therefore I see a gentleman lose his money with serenity, I recognize in him all the great qualities of a philosopher. If he storms, and invokes the gods, I lament that he is not placed at the head of a regiment. The great gravity of the countenances round Harrison's table, puts me in mind of a council-board; and the indefatigable application of the several combatants, furnishes me with an unanswerable reply to those gloomy mortals who censure this as an idle life. In short, I cannot see any reason why gentlemen should be hindered from raising a fortune by those means, which at the same time enlarge their minds. Nor shall I speak dishonourably of some little artifice and finessè used upon these occasions; since the world is so just to any man who is become a possessor of wealth, as not to respect him the less for the methods he took to come by it.

Upon considerations like these the ladies share in these diversions. I must own,

own, that I receive great pleasure in seeing my pretty countrywomen engaged in an amusement which puts them upon producing so many virtues. Hereby they acquire such a boldness, as raises them near the lordly creature man. Here they are taught such contempt of wealth, as may dilate their minds, and prevent many curtain-lectures. Their natural tenderness is a weakness here easily unlearned; and I find my soul exalted, when I see a lady sacrifice the fortune of her children with as little concern as a Spartan or a Roman dame. In such a place as the Bath I might urge, that the casting of a dye is indeed the properest exercise for a fair creature to assist the waters; not to mention the opportunity it gives to display the well-turned arm, and to scatter to advantage the rays of the diamond. But I am satisfied that the gamester-ladies have surmounted the little vanities of shewing their beauty, which they so far neglect, as to throw their features into violent distortions; and wear away their lilies and roses in tedious watching, and restless lucubrations. I should rather observe, that their chief passion is an emulation of manhood; which I am the more inclined to believe, because, in spite of all slanders, their confidence in their virtue keeps them up all night, with the most dangerous creatures of our sex. It is to me an undoubted argument of their ease of conscience, that they go directly from church to the gaming-table; and so highly reverence play, as to make it a great part of their exercise on Sundays.

The *Water Poets* are an innocent tribe, and deserve all the encouragement I can give them. It would be barbarous to treat those authors with bitterness, who never write out of the season, and whose works are useful with the waters. I made it my care therefore to sweeten some four critics who were sharp upon a few sonnets, which, to speak in the language of the Bath, were mere alkalis. I took particular notice of a lenitive electuary, which was wrapped up in some of these gentle compositions; and am persuaded that the pretty one

who took it was as much relieved by the cover as the medicine. There are a hundred general topics put into metre every year, viz. 'The lover is enflamed in the water;' or, 'he finds his death where he sought his cure;' or, 'the nymph feels her own pain, without regarding her lover's torment.' These being for ever repeated, have at present a very good effect; and a physician assures me, that laudanum is almost out of doors at the Bath.

The physicians here are very numerous, but very good-natured. To these charitable gentlemen I owe, that I was cured, in a week's time, of more distempers than I ever had in my life. They had almost killed me with their humanity. A learned fellow-lodger prescribed me a *little something*, at my first coming, to keep up my spirits; and the next morning I was so much enlivened by another, as to have an order to bleed for my fever. I was proffered a cure for the scurvy by a third, and had a recipe for the dropsy gratis before night. In vain did I modestly decline these favours; for I was awakened early in the morning by an apothecary, who brought me a dose from one of my well-wishers. I paid him, but withal told him severely, that I never took physic. My landlord hereupon took me for an Italian merchant that suspected poison; but the apothecary, with more sagacity, guessed that I was certainly a physician myself.

The oppression of civilities which I underwent from the sage gentlemen of the faculty, frightened me from making such enquiries into the nature of these springs, as would have furnished out a nobler entertainment upon the Bath than the loose hints I have now thrown together. Every man who hath received any benefit there, ought, in proportion to his abilities, to improve, adorn, or recommend it. A prince should found hospitals, and the noble and rich may diffuse their ample charities. Mr. Tompion gave a clock to the Bath, and I Nestor Ironside have dedicated a *Guardian*.

THE GUARDIAN. N° CLXXV. SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1741.

N^o CLXXV. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1.

QUIQUE SUI MEMORES ALIOS FECERE MERENDO.

VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 664.

WHO RAIS'D BY MERIT AN IMMORTAL NAME.

THE noble genius of Virgil would have been exalted still higher, had he had the advantage of Christianity. According to our scheme of thoughts, if the word *Memores* in the front of this paper were changed into *Similes*, it would have very much heightened the motive to virtue in the reader. To do good and great actions merely to gain reputation, and transmit a name to posterity, is a vicious appetite; and will certainly enslave the person who is moved by it, on some occasions, into a false delicacy for fear of reproach; and, at others, into artifices which taint his mind, though they may enlarge his fame. The endeavour to make men like you, rather than mindful of you, is not subject to such ill consequences, but moves with it's reward in it's own hand; or, to speak more in the language of the world, a man with this aim is as happy as a man in an office, that is paid out of money under his own direction. There have been very worthy examples of this self-denying virtue among us in this nation; but I do not know of a nobler example in this taste, than that of the late Mr. Boyle, who founded a lecture for the 'Proof of the Christian Religion against Atheists, and other notorious Infidels.' The reward of perpetual memory amongst men, which might possibly have some share in this sublime charity, was certainly considered but in a second degree; and Mr. Boyle had it in his thoughts to make men imitate him as well as speak of him, when he was gone off our stage.

The world has received much good from this institution, and the noble emulation of great men on the inexhaustible subject of the essence, praise, and attributes of the Deity, has had the natural effect, which always attends this kind of contemplation; to wit, that he who writes upon it with a sincere heart, very eminently excels whatever he has produced on any other occasion. It eminently appears from this observation, that a particular blessing has been be-

stowed on this lecture. This great philosopher provided for us, after his death, an employment not only suitable to our condition; but to his own at the same time. It is a sight fit for angels, to behold the benefactor and the persons obliged, not only in different places, but under different beings, employed in the same work.

This worthy man studied Nature, and traced all her ways to those of her unsearchable Author. When he had found him, he gave this bounty for the praise and contemplation of him: to one who has not run through regular courses of philosophical enquiries, (the other learned labourers in this vineyard will forgive me) I cannot but principally recommend the book entitled, 'Physico-Theology: Printed for William Innys in St. Paul's Church Yard.'

It is written by Mr. Derham, rector of Upminster in Essex. I do not know what Upminster is worth; but I am sure, had I the best living in England to give, I should not think the addition of it sufficient acknowledgment of his merits, especially since I am informed that the simplicity of his life is agreeable to his useful knowledge and learning.

The praise of this author seems to me to be the great perspicuity and method which render his work intelligible and pleasing to people who are strangers to such enquiries, as well as to the learned. It is a very desirable entertainment to find occasions of pleasure and satisfaction in those objects and occurrences which we have all our lives, perhaps, overlooked; or beheld without exciting any reflections that made us wiser or happier. The plain good man does, as with a wand, shew us the wonders and spectacles in all nature, and the particular capacities with which all living creatures are endowed for their several ways of life; how the organs of creatures are made according to the different paths in which they are to move and provide for themselves and families; whether they are to creep, to leap, to swim, to fly,

As, to walk; whether they are to inhabit the bowels of the earth, the covers of the wood, the muddy or clear streams; to howl in forests, or converse in cities. All life, from that of a worm to that of a man, is explained; and, as I may so speak, the wondrous works of the creation, by the observations of this author, lie before us as objects that create love and admiration; which, without such explications, strike us only with confusion and amazement.

The man who, before he had this book, dressed and went out to loiter and gather up something to entertain a mind too vacant, no longer needs news to give himself amusement; the very air he breathes suggests abundant matter for his thoughts. He will consider that he has begun another day of life, to breathe with all other creatures in the same mass of air, vapours, and clouds, which surround our globe; and of all the numberless animals that live by receiving momentary life, or rather momentary and new reprieves from death, at their nostrils, he only stands erect, conscious, and contemplative of the benefaction.

A man who is not capable of philosophical reflections from his own education, will be as much pleased as with any other good news which he has not before heard. The agitations of the wind, and the falling of the rains, are what are absolutely necessary for his welfare and accommodation. This kind

of reader will behold the light with a new joy, and a sort of reasonable rapture. He will be led, from the appendages which attend and surround our globe to the contemplation of the globe itself, the distribution of the earth and waters, the variety and quantity of all things provided for the uses of our world: then will his contemplation, which was too diffused and general, be let down to particulars, to different soils and moulds, to the beds of minerals and stones, into caverns and volcanos, and then again to the tops of mountains, and then again to the fields and valleys.

When the author has acquainted his reader with the place of his abode, he informs him of his capacity to make himself easy and happy in it by the gift of senses, by their ready organs: by shewing him the structure of those organs, the disposition of the ear for the receipt of sounds, of the nostril for smell, the tongue for taste, the nerves to avoid harms by our feeling, and the eye by our sight.

The whole work is concluded (as it is the sum of fifteen sermons in proof of the existence of the Deity) with reflections which apply each distinct part of it to an end, for which the author may hope to be rewarded with an immortality much more to be desired than that of remaining in eternal honour among all the sons of men.

A GENERAL

GENERAL INDEX

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